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CONTENTS

	Page
The Queen of Sheba. I.–III. *Thomas Bailey Aldrich*	1
Recreation and Solitude. *W. J. Stillman*	10
Crude and Curious Inventions at the Centennial Exhibition. III. *Edward H. Knight*	22
A Night-Picture. *C. P. Cranch*	34
At the Sign of the Savage. *W. D. Howells*	36
Love in May. *Annie R. Annan*	48
A Century of Congress. *James A. Garfield*	49
Freedom Wheeler's Controversy with Providence. A Story of Old New England. *Rose Terry Cooke*	65
Fireflies. *Edgar Fawcett*	84
Paige's History of Cambridge	85
Nightwatches. *James Russell Lowell*	93
The Contributors' Club	93

Public Feeling about the Old South. — A Curious Coincidence. — The Historic Value of Municipal Gorging. — The Close of The American. — Traits of Fechter's Hamlet. — Hope's Anastasius. — Phases of Culture. — The Yankee Dialect in Deephaven. — A Picture which Verse cannot paint. — Madcap Violet. — Tennyson as a Dramatist. — A new Kind in Criticism. — Constancy in Fiction, again. — A Book worthy to be a Cult. — Features of the New York Academy's Exhibition. — The Musical Critic.

Recent Literature	108

James's The American. — A Modern Mephistopheles. — Afterglow. — Black's Madcap Violet. — Daudet's Sidonie. — Gail Hamilton's First Love is Best. — L'Art. — Racinet's Le Costume Historique. — Burroughs's Birds and Poets. — Alcott's Table Talk. — Landor's Imaginary Conversations. — Fleming's Samson Agonistes. — The Poetical Works of John Keats. — Van Laun's History of French Literature. — Blochwitz's A Brief History of Turkey. — Shaw's A Brief History of Russia. — Bugbee's The Eastern Question Historically Considered. — Burton's Etruscan Bologna. — *French and German:* Musset's Biographie de Alfred de Musset — Lindau's Alfred de Musset. — Tourguéneff's Terres Vièrges. — Publications Received.

Music	125

The Wagner Festival Music in Boston. — The Exhibition of the Violin Pupils of the Boston Conservatory of Music. — Recent Music.

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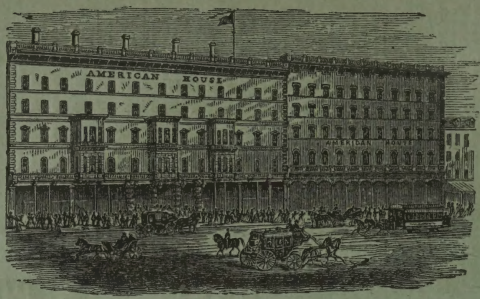

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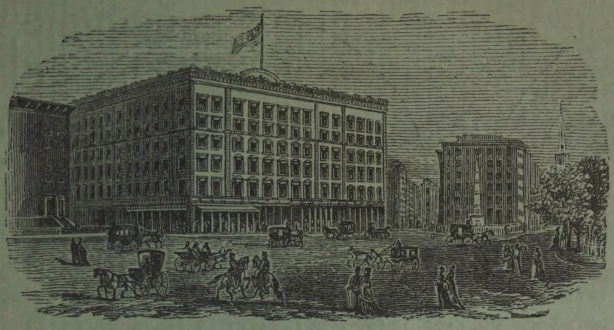

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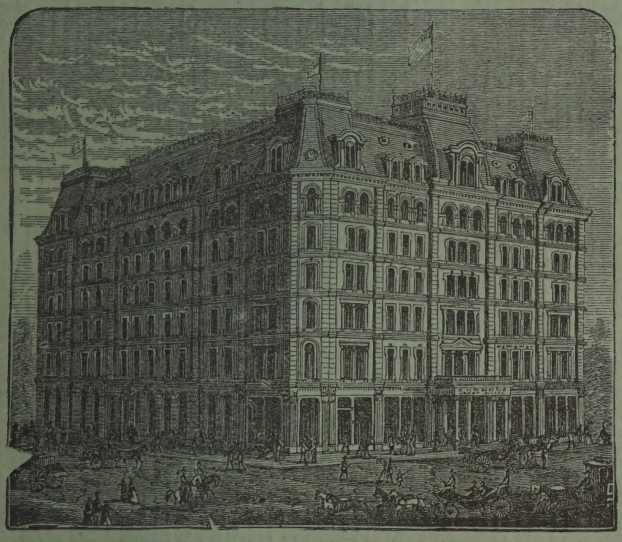

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CONTENTS.

		PAGE
American Iron-Master's Work, The	*R. W. Raymond*	525
Are Titles and Debts Property?	*David A. Wells*	347
Cambridge, Paige's History of		85
Carlo Goldoni	*W. D. Howells*	601
Century of Congress, A	*James A. Garfield*	49
Child of the State, The	*S. A. L. E. M.*	334
Consular Service and Society in Egypt	*Charles Hale*	280
Counterfeit Presentment, A, I., II., III.	*W. D. Howells*	148, 296, 448
Crude and Curious Inventions at the Centennial Exhibition, III., IV., V., VI., VII., VIII.	*Edward H. Knight*	22, 161, 305, 420, 548, 689
De Quincey, Some Aspects of	*George Parsons Lathrop*	569
De Stendhal, A Study of	*Eugene Benson*	290
Deimold: A Romance, I.	*W. H. Bishop*	732
Dickens's Great Expectations	*Edwin P. Whipple*	327
Early English, Ten Years in	*Arthur Gilman*	430
Echoes from an Old Parsonage	*Mrs. Edward Ashley Walker*	468
Fictitious Lives of Chaucer, I., II.	*T. R. Lounsbury*	269, 592
Freedom Wheeler's Controversy with Providence	*Rose Terry Cooke*	65
German Influence in English Literature	*Thomas Sergeant Perry*	129
Great Italian Noble's Palace and Household, A	*Angelo Tacchella*	197
Herculaneum, Can it be excavated?	*Robert A. McLeod*	641
How Captain Ascott floored the Ghost	*Will Wallace Harney*	207
How to change the North American Climate	*N. S. Shaler*	724
Kathern	*Fearn Gray*	561
King Cotton and his Gin		188
Modern Shoemaking	*T. A. D.*	669
Night in St. Peter's, A	*T. Adolphus Trollope*	409
Old-Fashioned Ghost Stories	*H. B. K.*	461
Portugal and the Portuguese, I., II.	*S. G. W. Benjamin*	539, 659
Procession of Flowers in Colorado, The	*H. H.*	40
Queen of Sheba, The, I., II., III., IV., V.,	*Thomas Bailey Aldrich*	1, 174, 257, 385, 513
Rambling Notes of an Idle Excursion, Some, I., II., III.	*Mark Twain*	443, 586, 713
Recreation and Solitude	*W. J. Stillman*	10
San Francisco Vigilance Committee, The	*Thomas G. Cary*	702
Shadow on Dickens's Life, The	*Edwin P. Whipple*	227
Sign of the Savage, At the	*W. D. Howells*	36
Three Boston Painters		710
Washington Society		652
Waverley Oaks		319
What They Said	*Mary A. King*	675

Poetry and Music.

"Ah, Chasms and Cliffs of Snow,"	*Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt*	547
Anticipation		651
Asters,	*Edgar Fawcett*	709
Autumnal Poems. Indian Summer,	*Edgar Fawcett.* The Rose in October, *Mary Townley.* November, *C. L. Cleaveland*	584
Beneath her Window,	*Charles H. Shinn*	669
Box,	*Edgar Fawcett*	268
Cousin Patty,	*Marian Douglas*	226
Crickets,	*John Weiss*	467
Dropping Corn,	*Maurice Thompson*	196
Fireflies,	*Edgar Fawcett*	84
Forward,	*J. W. De Forest*	173
Ghost, A,	*Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt*	187
In Memoriam. John Lothrop Motley,	*W. W. Story*	408
Love in May,	*Annie R. Annan*	48
Mutation,	*Celia Thaxter*	147
My Love,	*Anna M. Brockway*	475
Night Picture,	*C. P. Cranch*	34
Nightwatches,	*James Russell Lowell*	93
Old South Church, In the,	*John Greenleaf Whittier*	614

Sailing of King Olaf, The, *Alice Williams Brotherton* 536
Sermon, The, *Frank Sewall* 688
Silver Bridge, The, *Elizabeth Akers Allen* . 295
Song. "Dear Love, let this my song fly to you." Words by *G. P Lathrop*. Music by *George L. Osgood* 476
Survival of the Fittest, *C. P. Cranch* . 524
Temptation of Gabriel, The, *Catherine J. Schiller* 316
Wanderers, The, *C. P. Cranch* 206
Wapentake. To Alfred Tennyson, *Henry W. Longfellow* 731
Willow-Tree, A, *Edgar Fawcett* 447

Editorial.

Contributors' Club. A Book worthy to be a Cult, 104; A Call for a New Botany, 621; "A Conscientious, Plain-Spoken Man," 487; A Curious Coincidence, 94; A Curious Little Book, 493; A Disappointed Reader of Tourguéneff, 482; Æsthetic Uses of the Tramp, 621; Ancestral Preëxistence, 748; An Episcopal "Palace" in America, 490; A New Kind in Criticism, 102; A Picture which Verse cannot paint, 101; Art and Life, 748; A Shabby Piracy, 619; A Strange Piece of Impudence, 363; Certain Americanisms, 233; Cold Comfort for Manual Labor, 486; Constancy in Fiction, 103; Dark Wisdom in an English Critic, 485; Every Age its own Archæological Society, 239; Features of the New York Academy's Exhibition, 105; Feline Education, 236; Genius without Sense, 491; Goethe's Immorality, 494; Good Things in Mr. Walt Whitman's Poetry, 749; Hope's Anastasius, 97; Jews in Life and in Fiction, 488; Local Nomenclature, 367; Madcap Violet, 101; Manners for Statues, 241; Mr. R. G. White among the Composers, 236; Odds in Poets, 370; Origin of Skedaddle, 748; Persons in Tourguéneff's Terres Vièrges, 481; Phases of Culture, 99; Preacher and Listener, 748; Public Feeling about the Old South, 93; Realism of the Beautiful, 368; Robert Landor's Dramas, 489; Sambo's Solution of the Labor Question, 620; Schools of Acting, 484; "Servants," 492; Tennyson as a Dramatist, 102; Tennyson's Talking Oak and Drayton's Quest of Cynthia, 367; The Close of The American, 96; The Danicheffs, 235; The Debt we owe to Motley, 369; The Funeral of Thiers, 747; The Historic Value of Municipal Gorging, 95; The Musical Critic, 106; The Yankee Dialect in Deephaven, 100; Titles and Debts *are* Property, 622; Tourguéneff's Marianne again, 615; Traits of Cherbuliez's New Book, 617; Traits of Fechter's Hamlet, 97; Travelers' Tales, 744; True and False Culture, 624; Tweed as a Spectacle, Moral and Material, 623; Unequal Marriages in Fiction, 365; Unintentional Humor, 239; Unnecessary Munificence of the Postal Department toward Authors, 364; Vital Personality of Authors, 371; Weak Points of Fechter's Hamlet, 483; Welsh Rabbit and other Fallow Deer, 490; What constitutes an Interesting Character, 238.

Recent Literature. Afterglow, 109; Alcott's Table Talk, 114; A Modern Mephistopheles, 109; Anderson's History of the Missions of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, 626; Avery's California Pictures, 754; Baker's Turkey, 628; Beardsley's Life and Times of William Samuel Johnson, 243; Black's Madcap Violet, 110; Blochwitz's A Brief History of Turkey, 118; Brodribb's Demosthenes, 509; Bugbee's The Eastern Question Historically Considered, 118; Burrough's Birds and Poets, 113; Burton's Etruscan Bologna, 119; Cherbuliez's Samuel Brohl et Cie, 634; Cook's The House Beautiful, 752; Cooke's Canolles, 631; Daudet's Sidonie, 111; Davies' Catullus, Tibullus, and Propertius, 509; De Vere's St. Thomas of Canterbury, 632; Doings of the Bodley Family in Town and Country, 761; Fieldat and Aitiaiche's Popular Sayings from Old Iberia, 377; Flaubert's Trois Contes, 382; Fleming's Samson Agonistes, 117; Froude's Short Studies on Great Subjects, 498; Gail Hamilton's First Love is Best, 111; Gill's Life of Edgar Allan Poe, 373; Goodale's Wild Flowers of America, 761; Greene's A Short History of Rhode Island, 378; Gréville's La Princesse Oghérof, 382; Gréville's Les Koumiassine, 381; Griffin's From Traditional to Rational Faith, 249; Haller's Le Bleuet, 383; Hawthorne's Garth, 242; Hawthorne's The Scarlet Letter, 753; Hillebrand's Geschichte Frankreichs, 634; Jacquemart's History of the Ceramic Art, 758; James's The American, 108; Jensen's Fluth und Ebbe, 635; Josh Billings' Trump Kards, 633; Keep's Autenrieth's A Homeric Dictionary, 506; Landor's Imaginary Conversations, 115; L'Art, 112, 755; Lindau's Alfred de Musset, 119; Lodge's Life and Letters of George Cabot, 500; Martineau's Materialism and Theology, 249; Mélanges et Lettres de X. Doudan, 510; McLaughlin's China Painting, 760; Morgan's Ancient Society, 374; Mrs. Burnett's That Lass o' Lowrie's, 630; Mrs. Wister's Worthy Women of our First Century, 502; Musset's Biographie de Alfred de Musset, 119; Narjoux's A Journey of an Architect in the Northwest of Europe, 757; Nimport, 508; Osgood's Vest Pocket Series, 630; Packard's Half Hours with Insects, 380; Parkman's Count Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV., 496; Publications Received, 125, 251, 636; Racinet's Le Costume Historique, 112, 755; Reade's A Woman-Hater, 507; Shaw's A Brief History of Russia, 118; Spielhagen's Sturmflut, 383; Stephen's History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century, 245; Stephens's Christianity and Islam, 504; Tenney's Coronation, 381; The Bodleys Telling Stories, 761; The Poetical Works of John Keats, 117; The Scripture Club of Valley Rest, 381; Tourguéneff's Terres Vièrges, 122; Towle's A Brief History of Montenegro, 504; Towle's Modern Greece, 504; Trollope's The American Senator, 509; Turgenjew's Neu-Land, 384; Unger's Etchings, 754; Van Laun's History of French Literature, 113; Warner's Being a Boy, 763; "Warrington" Pen-Portraits, 379; Werner's Vineta, the Phantom City, 764; Wilkes's Shakespeare from an American Point of View, 247.

Music. Recent Music, 128; The Exhibition of the Violin Pupils of the Boston Conservatory of Music, 128; The Wagner Festival of Music in Boston, 125.

Education. Dr. Seguin's Report on Education, 251; The Fourth Year of the Society to Encourage Studies at Home, 254; The Harvard Examinations for Women, 637.

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THE QUEEN OF SHEBA.

I.

MARY.

IN the month of June, 1872, Mr. Edward Lynde, the assistant cashier and book-keeper of the Nautilus Bank at Rivermouth, found himself in a position to execute a plan which he had long meditated in secret.

A statement like this at the present time, when integrity in a place of trust has become almost an anomaly, immediately suggests a defalcation; but Mr. Lynde's plan involved nothing more criminal than a horseback excursion through the northern part of the State of New Hampshire. A leave of absence of three weeks, which had been accorded him in recognition of several years' conscientious service, offered young Lynde the opportunity he had desired. These three weeks, as already hinted, fell in the month of June, when Nature in New Hampshire is in her most ravishing toilet; she has put away her winter ermine, which sometimes serves her quite into spring; she has thrown a green mantle over her brown shoulders, and is not above the coquetry of wearing a great variety of wild flowers on her bosom. With her sassafras and her sweet-brier she is in her best mood, as a woman in a fresh and becoming costume is apt to be, and almost any one might mistake her laugh for the music of falling water, and the agreeable rustle of her garments for the wind blowing through the pine forests.

As Edward Lynde rode out of Rivermouth one morning, an hour or two before anybody worth mention was moving, he was very well contented with this world, though he had his grievances, too, if he had chosen to think of them.

Masses of dark cloud still crowded the zenith, but along the eastern horizon, against the increasing blue, lay a city of golden spires and mosques and minarets, — an Oriental city, indeed, such as is inhabited by poets and dreamers and other speculative people fond of investing their small capital in such unreal estate. Young Lynde, in spite of his prosaic profession of book-keeper, had an opulent though as yet unworked vein of romance running through his composition, and he said to himself as he gave a slight twitch to the reins, "I'll put up there to-night at the sign of the Golden Fleece, or may be I'll quarter myself on one of those rich old merchants who used to do business with the bank in the colonial days." Before he had finished speaking the city was destroyed by a general conflagration; the round red sun rose slowly above the pearl-gray ruins, and it was morning.

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In his three years' residence at Rivermouth, Edward Lynde had never chanced to see the town at so early an hour. The cobble-paved street through which he was riding was a commercial street; but now the shops had their wooden eyelids shut tight, and were snoozing away as comfortably and innocently as if they were not at all alive to a sharp stroke of business in their wakeful hours. There was a charm to Lynde in this novel phase of a thoroughfare so familiar to him, and then the morning was perfect. The street ran parallel with the river, the glittering harebell-blue of which could be seen across a vacant lot here and there, or now and then at the end of a narrow lane running up from the wharves. The atmosphere had that indescribable sparkle and bloom which last only an hour or so after day-break, and was charged with fine sea-flavors and the delicate breath of dewy meadow-land. Everything appeared to exhale a fragrance; even the weather-beaten sign of "J. Tibbets & Son, West India Goods & Groceries," it seemed to Lynde, emitted an elusive spicy odor.

Edward Lynde soon passed beyond the limits of the town, and was ascending a steep hill, on the crest of which he proposed to take a farewell survey of the picturesque port throwing off its gauzy counterpane of sea-fog. The wind blew blithely on this hill-top; it filled his lungs and exhilarated him like champagne; he set spur to the gaunt, bony mare, and, with a flourish of his hand to the peaked roof of the Nautilus Bank, dashed off at a speed of not less than four miles an hour, — for it was anything but an Arabian courser which Lynde had hired of honest Deacon Twombly. She was not a handsome animal either, — yellow in tint and of the texture of an ancestral hair-trunk, with a plebeian head, and mysterious developments of muscle on the hind legs. She was not a horse for fancy riding; but she had her good points, — she had a great many points of one kind and another, — among which was her perfect adaptability to rough country roads and the sort of work now required of her.

"Mary ain't what you 'd call a racer," Deacon Twombly had remarked while the negotiations were pending; "I don't say she is, but she 's easy on the back."

This statement was speedily verified. At the end of two miles Mary stopped short and began backing, deliberately and systematically, as if to slow music in a circus. Recovering from the surprise of the halt, which had taken him wholly unawares, Lynde gathered the slackened reins firmly in his hand and pressed his spurs to the mare's flanks, with no other effect than slightly to accelerate the backward movement.

Perhaps nothing gives you so acute a sense of helplessness as to have a horse back with you, under the saddle or between shafts. The reins lie limp in your hands, as if completely detached from the animal; it is impossible to check him or force him forward; to turn him around is to confess yourself conquered; to descend and take him by the head is an act of pusillanimity. Of course there is only one thing to be done; but if you know what that is you possess a singular advantage over your fellow-creatures.

Finding spur and whip of no avail, Lynde tried the effect of moral suasion: he stroked Mary on the neck, and addressed her in terms that would have melted the heart of almost any other Mary; but she continued to back, slowly and with a certain grace that could have come only of confirmed habit. Now Lynde had no desire to return to Rivermouth, above all to back into it in that mortifying fashion and make himself a spectacle for the town-folk; but if this thing went on forty or fifty minutes longer, that would be the result.

"If I cannot stop her," he reflected, "I'll desert the brute just before we get to the toll-gate. I can't think what possessed Twombly to let me have such a ridiculous animal!"

Mary showed no sign that she was conscious of anything unconventional or unlooked for in her conduct.

"Mary, my dear," said Lynde at last, with dangerous calmness, "you would be all right, or, at least, your proceeding would not be quite as flagrant a breach

of promise, if you were only aimed in the opposite direction."

With this he gave a vigorous jerk at the left-hand rein, which caused the mare to wheel about and face Rivermouth. She hesitated an instant, and then resumed backing.

"Now, Mary," said the young man, dryly, "I will let you have your head, so to speak, as long as you go the way I want you to."

This manœuvre on the side of Lynde proved that he possessed qualities which, if skillfully developed, would have assured him success in the higher regions of domestic diplomacy. The ability to secure your own way and impress others with the idea that they are having *their* own way is rare among men; among women it is as common as eyebrows.

"I wonder how long she will keep this up," mused Lynde, fixing his eye speculatively on Mary's pull-back ears. "If it is to be a permanent arrangement I shall have to reverse the saddle. Certainly, the creature is a *lusus naturæ* — her head is on the wrong end! Easy on the back," he added, with a hollow laugh, recalling Deacon Twombly's recommendation. "I should say she was! I never saw an easier."

Presently Mary ceased her retrograde movement, righted herself of her own accord, and trotted off with as much submissiveness as could be demanded of her. Lynde subsequently learned that this propensity to back was an unaccountable whim which seized Mary at odd intervals and lasted from five to fifteen minutes. The peculiarity once understood not only ceased to be an annoyance to him, but became an agreeable break in the ride. Whenever her mood approached, he turned the mare round and let her back to her soul's content. He also ascertained that the maximum of Mary's speed was five miles an hour.

"I did n't want a fast horse, any way," said Lynde philosophically. "As I am not going anywhere in particular, I need be in no hurry to get there."

The most delightful feature of Lynde's plan was that it was not a plan. He had simply ridden off into the rosy June weather, with no settled destination, no care for to-morrow, and as independent as a bird of the tourist's ordinary requirements. At the crupper of his saddle — an old cavalry saddle that had seen service in long-forgotten training-days — was attached a cylindrical valise of cowhide, containing a change of linen, a few toilet articles, a vulcanized cloth cape for rainy days, and the first volume of The Earthly Paradise. The two warlike holsters in front (in which Colonel Eliphalet Bangs used to carry a brace of flintlock pistols now reposing in the Historical Museum at Rivermouth) became the receptacle respectively of a slender flask of brandy and a Bologna sausage; for young Lynde had determined to sell his life dearly if by any chance of travel he came to close quarters with famine.

A broad-brimmed Panama hat, a suit of navy-blue flannel, and a pair of riding-boots completed his equipment. A field-glass in a leather case was swung by a strap over his shoulder, and in the breast pocket of his blouse he carried a small compass to guide him on his journey due north.

The young man's costume went very well with his frank, refined face, and twenty-three years. A dead-gold mustache, pointed at the ends and sweeping at a level right and left, like a swallow's wings, gave him something of a military air; there was a martial directness, too, in the glance of his clear gray eyes, undimmed as yet with looking too long on the world. There could not have been a better figure for the saddle than Lynde's, — slightly above the average height, straight as a poplar, and neither too spare nor too heavy. Now and then as he passed a farm-house, a young girl hanging out clothes in the front yard — for it was on a Monday — would pause with a shapeless snowdrift in her hand to gaze curiously at the apparition of a gallant young horseman riding by. It often happened that when he had passed, she would slyly steal to the red gate in the lichen-covered stone-wall, and follow him with her palm-shaded eyes down the lonely road; and it as frequently happened that he would glance back over his shoul-

der at the nut-brown maid, whose closely clinging, scant drapery gave her a sculpturesque grace to which her unconsciousness of it was a charm the more.

These flashes of subtile recognition between youth and youth — these sudden mute greetings and farewells — reached almost the dimension of incidents in that first day's eventless ride. Once Lynde halted at the porch of a hip-roofed, unpainted house with green paper shades at the windows, and asked for a drink of milk, which was brought him by the nut-brown maid, who never took her flattering innocent eyes off the young man's face while he drank, — sipping him as he sipped the milk; and young Lynde rode away feeling as if something had really happened.

More than once that morning he drew up by the roadside to listen to some lyrical robin on an apple bough, or to make friends with the black-belted Durham cows and the cream-colored Alderneys, who came solemnly to the pasture wall and stared at him with big, good-natured faces. A row of them, with their lazy eyes and pink tongues and moist india-rubber noses, was as good as a play.

At noon that day our adventureless adventurer had reached Bayley's Four-Corners, where he found provender for himself and Mary at what had formerly been a tavern, in the naïve stage-coach epoch. It was the sole house in the neighborhood, and was occupied by the ex-landlord, one Tobias Sewell, who had turned farmer. On finishing his cigar after dinner, Lynde put the saddle on Mary, and started forward again. It is hardly correct to say forward, for Mary took it into her head to back out of Bayley's Four-Corners, a feat which she performed to the unspeakable amusement of Mr. Sewell and a quaint old gentleman, named Jaffrey, who boarded in the house.

"I guess that must be a suck-cuss hoss," remarked Mr. Sewell, resting his loosely jointed figure against the rail fence as he watched his departing guest.

Mary backed to the ridge of the hill up which the turnpike stretched from the ancient tavern, then recovered herself and went on.

"I never saw such an out-and-out willful old girl as you are, Mary!" ejaculated Lynde, scarlet with mortification. "I begin to admire you."

Perhaps the covert reproach touched some finer chord of Mary's nature, or perhaps Mary had done her day's allowance of backing; whatever the case was, she indulged no farther caprice that afternoon beyond shying vigorously at a heavily loaded tin-peddler's wagon, a proceeding which may be palliated by the statement of the fact that many of Mary's earlier years were passed in connection with a similar establishment.

The afterglow of sunset had faded out behind the serrated line of hills, and black shadows were assembling, like conspirators, in the orchards and under the spreading elms by the roadside, when Edward Lynde came in sight of a large manufacturing town, which presented a sufficiently bizarre appearance at that hour.

Grouped together in a valley were five or six high, irregular buildings, illuminated from basement to roof, each with a monstrous chimney from which issued a fan of party-colored flame. On one long low structure, with a double row of windows gleaming like the port-holes of a man-of-war at night, was a squat round tower that now and then threw open a vast valve at the top and belched forth a volume of amber smoke, which curled upward to a dizzy height and spread itself out against the sky. Lying in the weird light of these chimneys, with here and there a gable or a spire suddenly outlined in vivid purple, the huddled town beneath seemed like an outpost of the infernal regions. Lynde, however, resolved to spend the night there instead of riding on further and trusting for shelter to some farm-house or barn. Ten or twelve hours in the saddle had given him a keen appetite for rest.

Presently the roar of flues and furnaces, and the resonant din of mighty hammers beating against plates of iron, fell upon his ear; a few minutes later he rode into the town, not knowing and not caring in the least what town it was.

All this had quite the flavor of foreign

travel to Lynde, who began pondering on which hotel he should bestow his patronage, a question that sometimes perplexes the tourist on arriving at a strange city. In Lynde's case the matter was considerably simplified by the circumstance that there was but a single aristocratic hotel in the place. He extracted this information from a small boy, begrimed with iron-dust and looking as if he had just been cast at a neighboring foundry, who kindly acted as cicerone and conducted the tired wayfarer to the doorstep of The Spread Eagle, under one of whose wings — to be at once figurative and literal — he was glad to nestle for the night.

II.

IN WHICH THERE IS A FAMILY JAR.

While Lynde is enjoying the refreshing sleep that easily overtook him after supper, we will reveal to the reader so much of the young man's private history as may be necessary to the narrative. In order to do this, the author, like Deacon Twombly's mare, feels it indispensable to back a little.

One morning, about three years previous to the day when Edward Lynde set forth on his aimless pilgrimage, Mr. Jenness Bowlsby, the president of the Nautilus Bank at Rivermouth, received the following letter from his wife's nephew, Mr. John Flemming, a young merchant in New York: —

NEW YORK, *May* 28, 1869.

MY DEAR UNCLE, — In the course of a few days a friend of mine, Mr. Edward Lynde of this city, will call upon you and hand you a note of introduction from myself. I write this to secure for him in advance the liking and interest which I am persuaded you will not be able to withhold on closer acquaintance. I have been intimate with Edward Lynde for ten years or more, first at the boarding-school at Flatbush, and afterwards at college. Though several years my junior, he was in the same classes with me, and, if the truth must be told, generally carried off all the honors. He is not only the most accomplished young fellow I know, but a fellow of inexhaustible modesty and amiability, and I think it was singularly malicious of destiny to pick him out as a victim, when there are so many worthless young men (the name of John Flemming will instantly occur to you) who deserve nothing better than rough treatment. You see, I am taking point-blank aim at your sympathy.

When Lynde was seven or eight years old he had the misfortune to lose his mother; his father was already dead. The child's nearest relative was an uncle, David Lynde, a rich merchant of New York, a bachelor, and a character. Old Lynde — I call him old Lynde not out of disrespect, but to distinguish him from young Lynde — was at that period in his fiftieth year, a gentleman of unsullied commercial reputation, and of regular if somewhat peculiar habits. He was at his counting-room precisely at eight in the morning, and was the last to leave in the evening, working as many hours each day as he had done in those first years when he entered as office boy into the employment of Briggs & Livingstone, — the firm at the time of which I am now writing was Lynde, Livingstone, & Co. Mr. David Lynde lived in a set of chambers up town, and dined at his club, where he usually passed the evenings at chess with some brother antediluvian. A visit to the theatre, when some old English comedy or some new English ballet happened to be on the boards, was the periphery of his dissipation. What is called society saw nothing of him. He was a rough, breezy, thick-set old gentleman, betrothed from his birth to apoplexy, enjoying life in his own secluded manner, and insisting on having everybody about him happy. He would strangle an old friend rather than not have him happy. A characteristic story is told of a quarrel he had with a chum of thirty or forty years' standing, Ripley Sturdevant, Sen. Sturdevant came to grief in the financial panic of 1857. Lynde held a mortgage on Sturdevant's house, and insisted on canceling it. Sturdevant refused to ac-

cept the sacrifice. They both were fiery old gentlemen, *arcades ambo*. High words ensued. What happened never definitely transpired; but Sturdevant was found lying across the office lounge, with a slight bruise over one eyebrow and the torn mortgage thrust into his shirt bosom. It was conjectured that Lynde had actually knocked him down and forced the mortgage upon him!

In short, David Lynde was warm-hearted and generous to the verge of violence, but a man in every way unfitted by temperament, experience, and mode of life to undertake the guardianship of a child. To have an infant dropped into his arms was as excellent an imitation of a calamity as could well happen to him. I am told that no one could have been more sensible of this than David Lynde himself, and that there was something extremely touching in the alacrity and cheerfulness with which he assumed the novel responsibility.

Immediately after the funeral — Mrs. Lynde had resided in Philadelphia — the uncle brought the boy to New York. It was impossible to make a permanent home for young Lynde in bachelor chambers, or to dine him at the club. After a week of inconvenience and wretchedness, complicated by the sinister suspicions of his landlady, David Lynde concluded to send the orphan to boarding-school.

It was at Flatbush, Long Island, that I made the acquaintance of the forlorn little fellow. His cot was next to mine in the dormitory; we became close friends. We passed our examinations, left Flatbush at the same time, and entered college together. In the mean while the boy's relations with his guardian were limited to a weekly exchange of letters, those of the uncle invariably beginning with "Yours of Saturday duly at hand," and ending with "Inclosed please find." In respect to pocket-money young Lynde was a prince. My friend spent the long vacations with me at Newburgh, running down to New York occasionally to pass a day or so with the uncle. In these visits their intimacy ripened. Old Lynde was now become very proud of his bright young charge, giving him astonishing dinners at Delmonico's, taking him to Wallack's, and introducing him to the old fossils at the club as "my boy Ned."

It was at the beginning of Lynde's last term at college that his uncle retired from business, bought a house in Madison Avenue, and turned it into a sort of palace with frescoes and upholstery. There was a library for my boy Ned, a smoking room in cherry-wood, a billiard room in black-walnut, a dining room in oak and crimson, — in brief, the beau ideal of a den for a couple of bachelors. By Jove! it was like a club-house, — the only model for a home of which poor old Lynde had any conception. Six months before Ned was graduated, the establishment was in systematic running order under the supervision of the pearl of housekeepers. Here David Lynde proposed to spend the rest of his days with his nephew, who might, for form's sake, adopt some genteel profession; if not, well and good, the boy would have money.

Now just as Ned was carrying off the first prizes in Greek and mathematics, and dreaming of the pleasant life he was to lead with his amiable old benefactor, what does that amiable old benefactor go and do but marry the housekeeper!

David Lynde knew very little of women: he had not spoken to above a dozen in his whole life; did not like them, in fact; had a mild sort of contempt for them, as persons devoid of business ability. It was in the course of nature that the first woman who thought it worth her while should twist him around her finger like a remnant of ribbon. When Ned came out of college he found himself in the arms of an unlooked-for aunt who naturally hated him at sight.

I have not the time or space, my dear uncle, to give you even a catalogue of the miseries that followed on the heels of this deplorable marriage; besides, you can imagine them. Old Lynde, loving both his wife and his nephew, was by turns violent and feeble; the wife cool, cunning, and insidious, — a Vivien of forty leading Merlin by the beard. I am not prepared to contend that the nephew

was always in the right, but I know he always got the worst of it, which amounts to about the same thing. At the end of eight or ten months he saw that the position was untenable, packed his trunk one night, and quitted the *ménage*, — the menagerie, as he calls it.

This was three weeks ago. Having a small property of his own, some fifteen hundred dollars a year, I believe, Lynde at first thought to go abroad. It was always his dream to go abroad. But I persuaded him out of that, seeing how perilous it would be for a young fellow of his inexperience and impressible disposition to go rambling alone over the Continent. Paris was his idea. Paris would not make a mouthful of him. I have talked him out of that, I repeat, and have succeeded in convincing him that the wisest course for him to pursue is to go to some pleasant town or village within hailing distance of one of our larger cities, and spend the summer quietly. I even suggested he should make the personal acquaintance of some light employment, to help him forget the gorgeous castle of cards which has just tumbled down about his ears. In six words, I have sent him to Rivermouth.

Now, my dear uncle, I have wasted eight pages of paper and probably a hundred dollars' worth of your time, if you do not see that I am begging you to find a position for Lynde in the Nautilus Bank. After a little practice he would make a skillful accountant, and the question of salary is, as you see, of secondary importance. Manage to retain him at Rivermouth if you possibly can. David Lynde has the strongest affection for the lad, and if Vivien, whose name is Elizabeth, is not careful how she drags Merlin around by the beard, he will reassert himself in some unexpected manner. If he were to serve her as he is supposed to have served old Sturdevant, his conduct would be charitably criticised. If he lives a year he will be in a frame of mind to leave the bulk of his fortune to Ned. *They* have not quarreled, you understand; on the contrary, Mr. Lynde was anxious to settle an allowance of five thousand a year on Ned, but Ned would not accept it. "I want uncle David's love," says Ned, "and I have it; the devil take his money."

Here you have all the points. I could not state them more succinctly and do justice to each of the parties interested. The most unfortunate party, I take it, is David Lynde. I am not sure, after all, that young Lynde is so much to be pitied. Perhaps that club-house would not have worked well for him if it had worked differently. At any rate he now has his own way to make, and I commend him to your kindness, if I have not exhausted it. Your affectionate nephew,

J. Flemming.

Five or six days after this letter reached Mr. Bowlsby, Mr. Edward Lynde presented himself in the directors' room of the Nautilus Bank. The young man's bearing confirmed the favorable impression which Mr. Bowlsby had derived from his nephew's letter, and though there was really no vacancy in the bank at the moment, Mr. Bowlsby lent himself to the illusion that he required a private secretary. A few weeks later a vacancy occurred unexpectedly, that of paying-teller, — a position in which Lynde acquitted himself with so much quickness and accuracy, that when Mr. Trefethen, the assistant cashier, died in the December following, Lynde was promoted to his desk.

The unruffled existence into which Edward Lynde had drifted was almost the reverse of the career he had mapped out for himself, and it was a matter of mild astonishment to him at intervals that he was not discontented. He thought Rivermouth one of the most charming old spots he had ever seen or heard of, and the people the most hospitable. The story of his little family jar, taking deeper colors and richer ornamentation as it passed from hand to hand, made him at once a social success. Mr. Goldstone, one of the leading directors of the bank, invited Lynde to dinner, — few persons were ever overburdened with invitations to dine at the Goldstones', — and the door of many a refined home turned willingly on its hinges for the young man.

At the evening parties, that winter, Edward Lynde was considered almost as good a card as a naval officer. Miss Mildred Bowlsby, then the reigning belle, was ready to flirt with him to the brink of the Episcopal marriage service, and beyond; but the phenomenal honeymoon which had recently quartered in Lynde's family left him indisposed to take any lunar observations on his own account.

With his salary as cashier, Lynde's income was Vanderbiltish for a young man in Rivermouth. Unlike his great contemporary, he did not let it accumulate. Once a month he wrote a dutiful letter to his uncle David, who never failed to answer by telegraph, "Yours received. God bless you, Edward." This whimsical fashion of reply puzzled young Lynde quite as much as it diverted him until he learned (through his friend, John Flemming) that his aunt Vivien had extorted from the old gentleman a solemn promise not to write to his nephew.

Lynde's duties at the bank left him free every afternoon at four o'clock; his work and his leisure were equally pleasant. In summer he kept a sail-boat on the river, and in winter he had the range of a rich collection of books connected with an antiquated public reading-room. Thus very happily, if very quietly, and almost imperceptibly the months rolled round to that period when the Nautilus Bank gave Edward Lynde a three weeks' vacation, and he set forth, as we have seen, on Deacon Twombly's mare, in search of the picturesque and the peculiar, if they were to be found in the northern part of New Hampshire.

III.

IN WHICH MARY TAKES A NEW DEPARTURE.

It was still dark enough the next morning to allow the great chimneys to show off their colored fires effectively, when Lynde passed through the dingy main street of K—— and struck into a road which led to the hill country. A short distance beyond the town, while he was turning in the saddle to observe the singular effect of the lurid light upon the landscape, a freight-train shot obliquely across the road within five rods of his horse's head, the engine flinging great flakes of fiery spume from its nostrils, and shrieking like a maniac as it plunged into a tunnel through a spur of the hills. Mary went sideways, like a crab, for the next three quarters of a mile.

To most young men the expedition which Edward Lynde had undertaken would have seemed unattractive and monotonous to the last degree; but Lynde's somewhat sedentary habits had made him familiar with his own company. When one is young and well read and amiable, there is really no better company than one's self, — as a steady thing. We are in a desperate strait indeed if we chance at any age to tire of this invisible but ever-present comrade; for he is not to be thrown over during life. Before now, men have become so weary of him, so bored by him, that they have attempted to escape, by suicide; but it is a question if death itself altogether rids us of him.

In no minute of the twenty-four hours since Lynde left Rivermouth had he felt the want of other companionship. Mary, with her peculiarities, the roadside sights and sounds, the chubby children with shining morning face, on the way to school, the woodland solitudes, the farmers at work in the fields, the blue jays and the robins in the orchards, the blonde and brown girls at the cottage doors, his own buoyant, unreproachful thoughts,— what need had he of company? If anything could have added to his enjoyment it would have been the possibility of being waylaid by bandits, or set upon in some desolate pass by wild animals. But, alas, the nearest approximation to a bandit that fell in his way was some shabby, spiritless tramp who passed by on the further side without lifting an eyelid; and as for savage animals, he saw nothing more savage than a monkish chipmuck here and there, who disappeared into his stone-wall convent the instant he laid eyes on Lynde.

Riding along those lonely New England roads, he was more secure than if he had been lounging in the thronged avenues of a great city. Certainly he had dropped on an age and into a region sterile of adventure. He felt this, but not so sensitively as to let it detract from the serene pleasure he found in it all. From the happy glow of his mind every outward object took a rosy light; even a rustic funeral, which he came upon at a cross-road that forenoon, softened itself into something not unpicturesque.

For three days after quitting K——, Lynde pushed steadily forward. The first two nights he secured lodgings at a farm-house; on the third night he was regarded as a suspicious character, and obtained reluctant permission to stow himself in a hay-loft, where he was so happy at roughing it and being uncomfortable that he could scarcely close an eye. The amateur outcast lay dreamily watching the silver spears of moonlight thrust through the roof of the barn, and extracting such satisfaction from his cheerless surroundings as would have astonished a professional tramp. "Poverty and hardship are merely ideas after all," said Lynde to himself softly, as he drifted off in a doze. Ah, Master Lynde, playing at poverty and hardship is one thing; but if the reality is merely an idea, it is one of the very worst ideas in the world.

The young man awoke before sunrise the next morning, and started onward without attempting to negotiate for breakfast with his surly host. He had faith that some sunburnt young woman, with a bowl of brown-bread and milk, would turn up further on; if she did not, and no tavern presented itself, there were the sausage and the flask of *eau-de-vie* still untouched in the holsters.

The mountain air had not wholly agreed with Mary, who at this stage of the journey inaugurated a series of abnormal coughs, each one of which went near to flinging Lynde out of the saddle.

"Mary," he said, after a particularly narrow escape, "there are few fine accomplishments you have n't got except a spavin. Perhaps you 've got that, concealed somewhere about your person."

He said this in a tone of airy badinage which Mary seemed to appreciate; but he gravely wondered what he could do with her, and how he should replace her, if she fell seriously ill.

For the last two days farm-houses and cultivated fields had been growing rarer and rarer, and the road rougher and wilder. At times it made a sudden detour, to avoid the outcropping of a monster stratum of granite, and in places became so narrow that the rank huckleberry bushes swept the mare's flanks. Lynde found it advisable on the morning in question to pick his way carefully. A range of arid hills rose darkly before him, stretching east and west further than his eye could follow, — rugged, forlorn hills covered with a thick prickly undergrowth, and sentineled by phantom-like pines. There were gloomy, rocky gorges on each hand, and high-hanging crags, and where the vapor was drawn aside like a veil, in one place, he saw two or three peaks with what appeared to be patches of snow on them. Perhaps they were merely patches of bleached rock.

Long afterwards, when Edward Lynde was passing through the valley of the Arve, on the way from Geneva to Chamouny, he recollected this bit of Switzerland in America, and it brought an odd, perplexed smile to his lips.

The thousand ghostly shapes of mist which had thronged the heights, shutting in the prospect on every side, had now vanished, discovering as wild and melancholy a spot as a romantic heart could desire. There was something sinister and ironical even in the sunshine that lighted up these bleak hills. The silver waters of a spring — whose source was hidden somewhere high up among the mossy bowlders — dripping silently from ledge to ledge, had the pathos of tears. The deathly stillness was broken only by the dismal caw of a crow taking abrupt flight from a blasted pine. Here and there a birch with its white satin skin glimmered spectrally among the sombre foliage.

The inarticulate sadness of the place

brought a momentary feeling of depression to Lynde, who was not usually given to moods except of the lighter sort. He touched Mary sharply with the spurs and cantered up the steep.

He had nearly gained the summit of the hill when he felt the saddle slipping; the girth had unbuckled or broken. As he dismounted, the saddle came off with him, his foot still in the stirrup. The mare shied, and the rein slipped from his fingers; he clutched at it, but Mary gave a vicious toss of the head, wheeled about, and began trotting down the declivity. Her trot at once broke into a gallop, and the gallop into a full run, — a full run for Mary. At the foot of the hill she stumbled, fell, rolled over, gathered herself up, and started off again at increased speed. The road was perfectly straight for a mile or two. The horse was already a small yellow patch in the distance. She was evidently on her way back to Rivermouth! Lynde watched her until she was nothing but a speck against the gray road, then he turned and cast a rueful glance on the saddle, which suddenly took to itself a satirical aspect, as it lay sprawling on the ground at his feet.

He had been wanting something to happen, and something had happened. He was unhorsed and alone in the heart of the hill country, — alone in a strange and, it seemed to Lynde as he looked about him, uninhabited region.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

RECREATION AND SOLITUDE.

I.

Among the inspired imaginings (if indeed the epithet be not tautological) of the Hellenic brain, perhaps the most incomprehensible in its inner meanings is the history of Hercules, from the fantastic mingling of the historic with the mythic, and the constantly recurring union of the true Hercules, the type of labor and reform, with the incarnations of that spirit which the earnest, resolute, combating life of the Hellenic race was constantly developing.

The myth tells us that Antæus, fighting with Hercules, was restored to new strength and life as often as, beaten, he returned to the bosom of his mother Earth. In Hercules I conjecture the divine-human spirit of labor, in whose arms the child of Earth, struggling, dies unless he can get back to his mother, to Nature, and find recreation in her supreme repose. It has been my habit for many years, at all times when I found myself broken down by fatigue, to resort to the wilderness for recuperation; and I have lured wiser men and better workers to follow me and find renewal, pillowing their heads on the breast of an *alma mater* uncorrupted by civilization, her power and sweetness undiminished by human association or human mending, — the only complete refuge of man from labor. Your country house harbors care and the devil of business, and thoughts for the morrow are written over every one of its walls; in the hotel, be it the most secluded, the postman comes and all the world is present. In the wilderness are silence and oblivion, which bring repose and render recreation possible.

We are cursed by the thrift of our forefathers, by the puritanical sense of the value of time; purged of all love of holidays and haunted by the ghost of a wasted minute; and in the fever of doing we forget the greater and final duty of being. As philanthropists we pursue the good of all but ourselves; as merchants we gather the means of happiness

with so much avidity that we lose sight entirely of happiness itself; we live in struggle and grow prematurely old, dwelling amidst utilities and angularities until all sense of beauty or capacity of repose is extinguished in us. Our only remedy is in the enjoyment of nature, thus by her influences acquiring something of that spiritual balance and harmony without which art and music and the last refinements of life remain curious exotics. There may be something in the fact of our civilization having been a struggle against nature and having left in us the seeds of this antagonism, but, however it may be, it is a fact that we do not love nature. We avoid her, indeed, until fashion has set a seal on her, and then pay a most formal and discreditable reverence. I happened to be at the end of one summer and late in the autumn in that most charming of summer resorts, the White Mountain Glen. While the heats of the city lasted, the hotel was crowded, but the instant the city became habitable, the whole guesthood fled, and during the changes of September, with weather the most perfect and nature in her most alluring phase, the Glen was deserted.

And as we do not love nature, so we do not as a people love art. I have long felt and reluctantly admitted this in spite of myself, without being able to assign any completely satisfactory reason why it should be so; yet it very clearly *is* so. With all our quickness of perception — technical excellence, indeed — in artistic processes, with the grandest motives in history and nature continually forced on our attention, we have nothing that approaches the popular love of art and sense of external beauty which characterizes the French, the Italian, and even the German people. As a nation we are comparatively devoid of the sense of beauty; and art, even, as applied to our houses, our costumes, our demeanor, is if not exotic at least sporadic.

Ruskin once gave a cross view of this subject which illuminated it somewhat and in a consolatory manner. We were traveling in Switzerland together, and one day, sketching near Geneva, he suggested to me to make a sketch of a group of dilapidated cottages near where he was drawing some mountain lines. The subject did not interest me and I made a careless sketch, bad enough in every sense. The houses were rickety, leaky, ready to fall, and I only felt that they were most unfit for human dwellings. On his abusing my sketch as it deserved I could only say that I did not enjoy the cottages, for I thought more of the rain that poured in and the fevers that bred there than of the picturesqueness of the lines. We were driving home, and he sat back in the carriage in silence for a long time, and then in reply said, "You are right; yours was a nobler way of looking at the subject than mine; and now I understand, for the first time in my life, how any one can live in New England."

Nature with us is not yet ripe for art, for the wilderness in which she keeps her primitive state, and where no transition forms jar on the sense, furnishes no adequate artistic motive, because all great art must be based in human emotion, and the very essence of the wilderness is that human associations shall not enter into it. This, which I believe to be logical and veridical, explains why unhumanized nature, while it refuses us the art which would in itself be the needed element of repose in our national character, furnishes us with another source of restfulness which no completely civilized country can give, in this wilderness where exists no link of suggestion to bind us to the labors and cares we leave behind us, and where we find the complete mental repose which responds to the Antæan need.

All this, dimly felt and in some sense long ago asserted by men of taste, especially by Ruskin, flashed on me as a demonstrated truth when I last passed through the wedge-end of civilization on my way to the grand old Maine woods for my summer's rest. I had lived the ten previous years in the Old World, mostly in Italy and Greece, where nature has found her *ne plus ultra* of artistic perfection; and to my sense, grown morbidly delicate, as with those not to

this manner born, the New England border village was concrete pain and constructive dislocation. The palings of the picket fences piqued me, the square dry-goods-box houses repelled me; even the neatness and the brightness of the white paint and Paris-green shutters jarred on my sense of color; and the ample door-yard where the sunflowers and hollyhocks stared between fruit-trees and were flanked with the hills of some variety of early potatoes, for convenience' sake, were a form of the *dulce cum utile* defying that sense of the proprieties which in my opinion should be regarded next after the laws of morality. I am glad to see the evidences of cleanliness and health, but why should white lead be healthier than red ochre or the natural color of weather-worn wood? or the front garden be planted with alternations of flowers and kitchen products? The fact is that our people have no sense of beauty, no taste, in other words; and, as I said, I never felt this so keenly as when the stage which linked the civilization of the railway with the woods carried me through Greenville to the shores of Moosehead Lake.

A small, straggling village on which in most unequivocal characters is written "lumber," being in fact a great lumber station. Two country taverns of a larger type of the dry-goods-box style; planks laid in the street to walk on, piles of them along the lake side, everywhere an evidence of that superabundance of wood which prevents us from having any rural architecture, or homesteads, or stability. This is the curse of the woods on us for our reckless and wicked sylvicide, a curse which falls most heavily on places like Greenville, which is the thin end of the wedge, and beyond which for miles and millions of acres, north, east, and west, stretches the grandest of our remaining forests; a wilderness where lake, river, and mountain mingle in labyrinthine confusion, to find one's way through which a special professional education is required, and in which man is known only as the lumberman or the hunter. The former has long since felled all the finest trees in the Moosehead country, and the latter has almost exterminated the great game except bears; but the trees are not missed, and for all our purposes the forest is as unbroken as ever, the felling of the occasional pines and spruces making no perceptible impression on the mass of vegetation which walls the lake in on all sides and covers the mountains to their very summits. Lumbering in fact might be carried on for a hundred years still, as it is now carried on, and still not affect the forest perceptibly, and it is only where fire follows the axe and clears huge tracts of all vegetable life, leaving a brown and dusty area of ghastly tree trunks, under which nature commences anew and at once her work, that the appearance of the country is changed.

Moosehead is the queen of all our forest lakes. It stretches wandering and spidering across and through a tract of about fifty by twenty miles, a puzzle of bays and inlets and islands. The latter are fabled to number three hundred and sixty-five, — a conventional term in such cases for an unknown number, as they used (and still use) forty in the East, — and into the bays and inlets run countless streams, the tribute bearers of lakes and ponds scattered through the woods in every direction for miles, little ponds and big ponds, marsh ponds and trouty ponds, single lakes and chains of lakes, by some of which you may go through to the far north where the moose and caribou are tranquil still.

I have not yet been able to decide if the introduction of a tiny steamer on Moosehead is an advantage or no. It is not so bad as it seems, however, for the steamer does not depend on tourists, and would probably not pay its expenses except in the lumbering season (when it is occupied towing rafts, etc.), were it not that wood costs but the cutting, and the crew is only of three men, captain, engineer, and bowsman; it is so primitive that it seems like a mechanical burlesque on a bark canoe. Its summer service is to carry passengers to the Mount Kineo hotel, half-way up the lake, and bring them their supplies and letters. So far as I am concerned this hotel is a convenience too much. I do not believe

we get the good of nature we might till we abandon ourselves to her, plunge with a bold "header" into the depths, and leave our planks and buoys behind us. We sink like Peter only with incomplete faith, and my faith in mother Nature is no hesitating one. I have no fear to cut adrift from spring mattresses and the provided table, defy rain as sunshine, and abandon myself to whatever the wild woods may bring.

But as a point of departure or convenience for those whom weakness or timidity prevent from taking the pure remedy, — crustacea of habit to break whose shell is to break their vertebræ, — the Mount Kineo House is an excellent make-shift. It stands on a point of land jutting far into the lake and commands the sunrise and the sunset. No noise, no disorder of civilization, no confusion of the state comes there, and if one had the hardiness to refuse the postman, he might live as quietly as need could be. Pleasant wood-paths, the only beneficent bequest of the lumberman, run into the forest and even give you a chance to try that elsewhere dangerous sensation of being lost in the woods; the clearing gives other ways for those otherways disposed, and the pebbly beach is charming at sunset, or the silently slipping bark canoe, flitting as if at a wave of the hand (only the paddler knowing the power of that wave), carries one off into vagaries aflood and by moonlight as it glides by the bold shores — where the cedars reach out for the light and the air their crowding forest kindred deny them in the limits of the land — as if the forest were moving past, or as if one had entered some huge river whose current carried him on without other guidance.

The hotel is not a fashionable one. All who come here come for love of quiet, of fishing, or of the forest's self: invalids to whom pure air is length of years; fishermen wise enough not to proclaim to the whole world that there is no such trout fishing on the wide continent, but whose places here are engaged with the regularity of the return of the season; and Bohemians, like myself, who chafe under the perpetual wear of governmental infliction, and must now and then get where the law and the gospel have not the weight of punishments.

The professor and I lay under the pine-trees soughing in the south wind on the Moosehead Lake shore until the sunset came and we heard the rolling of the hotel gong for supper, the evening of our first day on the lake.

II.

As between the great rival tracts of wilderness which remain to us, the Maine woods and the Adirondack, there is little characteristic difference. In the latter there is a certain amount of "settling" still, but in the former civilization seems to have met at least a temporary stay. The lumberer has left no accessible part of either in its primitive state; the pines have almost disappeared excepting a few invalids who could not pass even the merciless muster of the axe; but Maine was so long ago ravaged that the scars have healed, and except for the absence of the gaunt, humanesque pines towering above the solid forest, the most weird and preternatural of the sylvan phenomena where they can be found, there is almost nothing in the Maine woods, even about Moosehead, to show the passage of the lumberman.

Once in the woods one does not see where more trees could have grown; the thrones of the dead monarchs are dust and fungi, and renewing nature has replaced them; while in the Adirondack one sees the axe everywhere, the scars fresh and the vacancies yawning, the ravages of the fires that follow those of the wood-cutter and multiply them by infinity are wide-spread on hill and lake side. The nomad and irresponsible horde who crowd into the section and serve as guides in summer, woodsmen in winter, are not as in Maine a permanent feature, and holding a New-Englandly respect for the forest property, but, indifferent to all vested or other interests save their own, kindle fires and leave them to burn out their natural drift, or even set fire to huge tracts of forest purposely, to make

"slashes" on which to hunt the deer. They are Canadians, Yorkers, Vermonters, or anything else, neither to the manner born nor in it interested, and they come for the season, saying, "After us the fire." In Maine the men are as careful to put out a fire in the woods as if it were on their own farms.

That the Maine woodsmen are conservators appears in another curious feature of their woods economy, their continued use of the bark canoes, remnant, may be, of a lacustrine civilization of our own continent, as the flint weapons are of a stone period which has intruded into the golden age and tried issues with the fine steel of the Pilgrims and their successors. How absurd, by the way, of the chronologists to divide civilization into "ages," when we know that the day the Pilgrims landed the Parthenon of Athens was still perfect, the stone period unbroken in one part of America, and in another a sister civilization to that of Egypt sinking under the nascent barbarism of the corrupt Spanish empire. The bark canoe is a relic of the stone period which has never had justice done to its curious perfections. It is as noteworthy as the boomerang or any antique bronze work, and dates, doubtless, from the earliest ages of the stone working. All that was needed to make the canoe was a sharp-edged flint to crease the bark, cords of bark or twigs to lower it safely to the ground, and a stone wedge to split the wood strips which are placed inside to stiffen and support the bark. The bark is stripped from a standing tree, slit at the ends and gathered up into uniform bow and stern, slit and gathered again down the sides at intervals, to raise the lines fore and aft and give buoyancy to meet the waves, with gunwale added of strips of wood sewed on with thread of split spruce roots, the whole lined with thin strips fore and aft, and then thwart strips set to keep the longitudinals in their places; not a particle of metal occurs in it from stem to stern, and though doubtless the use of steel implements adds to the neatness of the work, it has not in the least modified the lines, which strangely enough are almost identical with those which are found in the model of the fastest ocean steamers, and of which Scott Russell claimed to have made the scientific discovery as the "wave line." For carrying power and fleetness the canoe cannot be improved. Driven in the same manner, that is by the paddle, there is no form of boat which with the same flotation will keep up with it.

Science has made study of the boomerang; why not of the canoe? Like its Australian relative, the canoe is a most dangerous implement for bunglers. Unsteady, "tottlish," it sits on the water like an egg-shell, and an awkward foot, a careless step, plunges the would-be passenger into the water beyond. The reversal is quicker than any possible voluntary motion, and constant care is required to prevent capsizing even when the canoe is properly loaded and skillfully paddled. Then it has other serious faults: its frame is too light to admit of the use of oars, and paddling is weary and tedious work, employing the muscular powers to poor advantage; having no keel the canoe makes leeway before the least wind, and is very unfit for rough water. The least touch on rocks or stumps starts a leak, and the comfortable drive on to the pebbly beach, bows on, of the Adirondack skiff, when one wants to land in a hurry, is certain ruin to the canoe, and the debarkation reminds you of an egg-shell still more forcibly than the embarkation. Your guide brings the canoe side on to the shore, carefully choosing his place with reference to rocks and stumps, and then, landing himself, holds it while his passenger steps out.

That the Maine man holds to the canoe, while the Adirondacker adopts a model of boat so different and so much more convenient, is due doubtless to that innate conservatism of localized man which leads him to protect all usages and products of the natal region; and the same element makes the Maine region the safer depository of woods instincts and characteristics, and the Maine forester, what one rarely finds in the Adirondacks, a true backwoodsman.

There was therefore highest reason

for taking passage in "barks" for our camp life. For me the bark had no terrors, and the professor found his centre of gravity in the midst of blankets and cooking-utensils, leaving propulsion to his guide; to me the accustomed paddle gave a workman's place.

Right across the lake from the Mount Kineo House is a bay into which debouches a little river, the outlet of a secluded lake which woods nomenclature distinguishes as Brassua Pond, and on this we determined to camp. A short, sharp paddle across, and we ran in amongst the lily pads of the shallow, tranquil water, "boomed in" by the chain of logs by which the lumberers hedge in their divinity. Joe, the guide, an old-fashioned Canadian of bulky frame and unwieldy wits, was half inclined to axe his way through, and it was curious how the restraint of woods law which protected lumbering property struggled against that higher law which protested against the blockade of a navigable stream. Fortunately for the boom owners, he found a bit of it so far submerged that the loaded canoes slipped over with no injury, and we slid into the quiet water beyond. A loon, which our approach had driven up the river, ha-ha'd and retreated beyond the next bend. A brood of half-fledged sheldrakes fluttered along the water past us into the lake. Nothing else moved. We glided in silence through the sluggish water, the aquatic plants parting right and left; the forest closed in on either side; another turn, and the lake was out of sight.

I know nothing of water scenery more impressive than these wilderness rivers, especially when, as in this, there are no rapids or perceptible current. The forest forms a wall about us, heavy, decaying, and growing; the unbroken mustering of the sylvan tribes; young trees pushing into the openings left by the last fallen; a dense curtain of green through which one feels rather than sees the antique world beyond; an ambush where lurk all mysteries of untamed nature. Down to the very water's edge the innumerable leaves turn outward their faces to catch the light, a huddle of eager, thirsty, outreaching entities, yearning for and worshiping the sun, the sole duty and desire of their brief existences.

A kingfisher flits before us with his kr-r-r; a brood of young ducks, catching the alarm even from the silent paddle, go scuttling along in the shelter of the overhanging alders; but except by these, we make our way unnoticed. The loon, which has from time to time reappeared in front of us, now driven to bay by the narrowing banks and the pursuing canoes, tries his last resource and dives past us, rising far astern with a shade of reassurance in his ha-ha! as he comfortably and leisurely rises on his feet in the water and shakes his wings and, crooning to himself a cadenza of laughter, swims leisurely away to the open flood.

Our silent river ended in shallows and a rapid through which the canoes must be dragged, half-lifted, sometimes lightened, and so we holiday-keepers went ashore to walk through to the pond, where the canoes would meet us. A path like a sheep track, hardly perceptible in the woods, led from the landing-place, and by it we plunged into the forest. The transition from the glare and heat of the hedged-in sunshine of the river to this more oppressively silent gloom, this shadow which Time has never seen broken since the accumulated dust of his earliest old age gave place to seed and growth, was one which deepened gloom and darkened shadow. If on the river we were shut out from the mystery, here we were shut into it. The sky twinkled through leafy interstices, little flecks of golden sunlight found their way to the sparse foliage below. Trees huddled round us, hung over us, tripped up our feet; their living branches brushed our faces and blocked our way; dead, they cracked under our tread as though we were walking amongst dry bones. It was not strange to me; year after year had renewed my knowledge of this phase of nature, yet only deepened my sense of its mightiness and the enchantment of its mystery and solemnity. I would give much to realize the quality and power of the impression this forest

would make on a matured and fully educated artistic sense, habituated only to the tame and use-shaped nature of old countries; yet the truest of new sensations could never equal in intensity of satisfaction that with which for the first time in so many years I hailed the familiar solitude, and sensed anew the rest, the peace, and oblivion. No one not bred in the shade of the pine can understand the homesickness which I had felt at times in the old European world, and which now found its cure.

It was not indeed the virgin forest of my earlier haunts; lumbermen years ago had disturbed the dryads, but their road, which we finally stumbled on, was buried in ferns, and the deep mosses muffled our footsteps on it. Moose-wood and whistle-wood put in their elder claim and held it, while the spruce and hemlock, of slower growth, prepared to wipe out the memory of invasion and injury; and the great birches and maples, the slender and columnar beeches bearing their vault of sheltering green above us, had never known axe or fire. Here life, such as it was, was at its flood; the accumulated mold of centuries, deep under moss, bearing a first crop of ferns, among which were mingled orchis, cypripedium, trillium, with delicate trefoil of the oxalis and countless minor plants which can live only in this humid and spongy bed, was overshadowed by the moose-wood, with precocious autumn in its leaves and hints of snow in its yet pure white clusters of berries, and the shrub maples, overlooked again by the lesser firs, with the topmost growth of the huge, deciduous trees, leaving no space uninvaded.

In no direction can the eye penetrate far. A labyrinth of egress makes traveling impossible save to him who holds the clew of use. The growth of the trees is modified by their closeness, and, lean and gaunt in the race for sunlight, they push up forty or fifty feet without limbs and then spread out in a canopy of foliage. The lesser trees below, not yet attained to their dignity of growth or destined by their species never to reach it, are thin, spindling, nearly destitute of leaves. A brisk breeze would throw them down if they stood "in the open;" a hot sun dry them up if it could reach them. The shelter of the nursery of nature fosters their precarious lives till death makes way for them as for the heirs of conservative and well-ordered estates.

The most striking feature in the forest, after one has become habituated to the gloom, the pathlessness, and the apparent impenetrability of the screen it forms around him, is the absence of animal life. You may wander for hours without seeing a living creature, unless you look sharply enough to see the insects which toil in the mosses underfoot, inhabit the bark and the decayed wood, or wait for you to rest before settling on you. The damp earth breeds in some months millions of mosquitoes and black flies, the pests of all forest lands. In the early spring I have found them so thick that my clothes were powdered with them, not a square inch of cloth lacking its gallinipper; but they seem to have no bite. The black fly, even more than the mosquito, so infests these regions, Maine as well as Adirondack, that it is impossible to exist without protection during the spring and early summer. He comes silently and inflicts no pain in biting, but leaves his bite bleeding, after which it swells and is very painful, so that I have known men blinded by the swelling of the bites received in a morning's fishing. I should advise no one to venture into the woods until after the hot days of midsummer have stopped the breeding of the black flies. Mosquitoes come all the year, I believe, when the ground is not frozen hard, for I have had them settle on me when the snow was in the woods, and I was painting with double overcoat and blanket above that to keep me comfortable. But they too are less troublesome after the great heats.

But all this insect life is to the pedestrian inaudible — is no part of the great impression the forest makes. One thinks of the woods and the wild beasts; yet in all the years of my wilderness living I can catalogue the wild creatures other

than squirrels, grouse, and small birds (never plenty, generally very rare), which I have accidentally encountered and seen while wandering for hunting or mere pastime in the wild forest: one deer, one porcupine, one marten (commonly called sable), and may be half a dozen hares. You may walk hours and not see a living creature larger than a fly, for days together without seeing a grouse, a squirrel, or a bird larger than the Canada jay, a most familiar coaxing bird, who comes to you as a pet bird would, sometimes, to see if you have no venison whose remnants he may hope for. Occasionally I have seen huge owls, buzzards, and the pretty little falcon. Once I came suddenly on a superb eagle feeding on a dead deer, who seemed half disposed to fight for his dinner, which he might safely have done, for I had no weapon.

This wonderful silence, which soon becomes weird, did not fail to impress the professor, and our commonplace ejaculations and observations died away. Before great facts men who can think and be impressed easily are disposed to be silent. The former lumber road had almost disappeared, and to be sure of the road I went first, while the professor, dropping into what we call Indian file, imperative where one can hardly go alone and two *cannot* walk abreast, fell behind. Here and there little branch roads, for lumbering convenience, perplexed the way and made me turn back to be sure that the professor was following.

This solitary peregrination has its perils not less than those of storm-beset highways, and to the unaccustomed eye the path which the woodsman finds clear as a river course is imperceptible. The mirage, the delirium tremens, any conceivable fallacy of the brain, is less terrible in its effect on the judgment and power of self-control than the sense of being lost in the woods. My own experience began early and under good guides, but I had to learn the full meaning of this awful peril from an experience not the least hazardous of many mortal dangers. I had been engaged for hours working my way up a brook on which I had been told was a capital fishing place, and, finding an end to navigation, took to the land. In making the circuit of a maze of alders impenetrable even to a bear, I lost the watercourse, and in looking for it crossed a low ridge and fell on another which ran the other side, and in the opposite direction from that which I had left. The reversal of the current was the instantaneous cause of a complete upset of all my ideas of material things. There was no reason in the thing, no reasoning against it.

The points of the compass had been as clear in my head as if I saw the needle, but the moment I found this ominous stream running the wrong way, everything was unsettled. The sun was shining out of the clear heavens, but it stared out of the north. One minute before I could have taken a bee-line back to my boat, but the minute after I had lost faith in every landmark. I was not a novice in woods matters. I could follow a trail readily, and find my way in the dark, and know the points of the compass as well as any trapper in the country, but now north had become south and the labor of my reason would not persuade my senses that the sun was not sinking north by east. I *dared* not travel by the sun, so firmly was my fallacy rooted.

I knew the thing at once and comprehended the danger. I knew that in ten minutes I should be as mad as any man ever was with delirum tremens, that I should be beyond self-control or human help. Not once in three months would a human foot pass within reach of my voice from where I was, but that wolves were nearer I knew by their abundant footprints in the wet sand where I had passed. I knew as well that if I lost my wits in that moment nothing lay between me and eternity but a nameless horror. In all my life I can recall no moment of terror like that which I felt gathering on me in that silent forest. I sat down on a rotting log, and, covering my face with my hands, waited until I felt calm and self-possessed again. I have no idea how long it was, but when I arose the sun had

got back into the southwest, and I made up my mind as I walked back to my boat never to trust myself in a strange wood again without blazing my path as I went along.

I might point the moral of my experience by more than one case not so fortunate. The most impressive one I remember is that of an Englishman who settled in one of the towns bordering on the Adirondack country, and who, having been fishing one day in the autumn with a neighbor, proposed to go back the next day and try it alone. He never returned, and after a day's absence an expedition set out to hunt him up. A light snow had fallen in the night and his foot-prints were found in one case crossing the road near the village, but plunging into the thickets and deviating in the most aimless and frenzied manner, with long strides like those of a man running, and then these even were lost. The second day after his departure from home, a man answering to his description came to the door of a house in the adjoining town and asked the way to his village. His face was haggard and he looked wild, the woman said who answered the door, and before she could reply he started away and raced frantically across the road into the woods again and disappeared. No trace of him was ever after found.

A friend who surveyed the county lines of Franklin County, New York, told me another more singular case in his experience. His party were running a line in the thick woods and had taken with them a young man from the city who fancied camping-out and had joined the gang as a volunteer. In returning from their work to camp they missed the blazed line and proceeded to find their way by the compass, when it was found that the compass itself had been lost. None of the gang were disturbed with worse fears than having to sleep out that night, save the novice, who was so fearfully panic-stricken that he became raving mad in five minutes, and they were obliged to bind him and finally carry him to the camp, the way to which they shortly rediscovered.

Yet, finding one's way is not so difficult to one who keeps and uses his wits. The north side of certain trees is always mossy, and whoever ventures into the forest must know at which point of the compass his destination lies, and walk always with reference to this direction, and as he goes slash a tree now and then, when if he misses his aim he can retrace his steps. Only if he misses his way, he must sit down, cover his eyes, and get perfectly composed before he moves again, knowing that he can easily be found in this way if he is sought for, and can only make matters worse by moving without certainty of direction. And don't trust your senses, but carry a compass.

Our way grew plainer as we progressed, and we came out on a cleared field where the rank long grass grew amongst burned stumps, and patches of raspberry bushes harbored and fed quantities of robins, thrushes, with divers fruit-eaters whose names I could not catch. Here had been a farm and here were its hay-fields; all, with the crumbling barn whose tottering corner posts kept up by the assistance of the clapboarding, were under reclamation by nature, and I felt glad at heart to see that here civilization had found its "thus far" and had been obliged to recede.

It was only a sort of hay-making station to feed the oxen during the winter's lumbering, but even at that I was delighted to find it a failure, and the grass unmowed and likely to remain so in years to come. I wish some law might be made forbidding the further destruction of these great forests. In default thereof I outlawed myself at heart, and gloated over the decay of this place like a red Indian. I felt even an itching to put fire to the tottering structure which gave me incomplete shelter from a coming rain. I think that every man ought to have one corner in his crooked heart devoted to barbarism, a kind of reserve of wild nature; something to draw on when his intellectual (and moral) nature is overdone with cultivation. I should expect the race which had become entirely domesticated to lose all human virtue and vigor, and pass amongst the perfected to

whom life has no more use, or amongst the corrupted to whom it gives no longer any hope of redemption. It seems to me that the vice of over-civilization is the utter eradication of the savage instincts and resources from the soul. I have little hope for the descendants of a man who has not some occasional glint of the fire that comes from our kindred with the brute; to whom there does not often come an untamable delight in untamed nature, and who does not love better at times the fierce beast than the gentle one.

The clearing was at the outlet of the lake, a lonely, beautiful sheet of water, winding away in the distance like a huge river, and lost in the shadow of blue mountains. The canoes presently came along, poled, pushed, lifted, and we deposited our weary limbs on the blankets while the guides paddled across to the camp. Save for the scar of the clearing we had just left, here all was satisfactorily free from human touch. Some beautiful pines, even, stood by the shore, saved to us by their imperfections in the lumberers' eyes, though they had none to the artistic sense.

We landed on a long, smooth beach, which from some unaccountable drollery the guides called Misery, a strip of herbless sand which marked the high-water or freshet limits of the lake. Balsam firs, arbor vitæ, birches, alders, with shrubs and stubs of various sorts, dead branches and decaying trunks, mosses and foliage, made a hedge so thick that I wondered where the entry into the wood could be. The guides landed the cargoes, carried the canoes gingerly up the beach, and turned them bottom up. One finds that these craft must be used as if they were of glass. Joe loaded himself with the traps, and leading the way through an almost imperceptible break in the thicket guided us to a comfortable lumbering camp; not a bark shelter, merely, but logged and roofed, with a hinged door, a fire-place in the centre, and a smoke-hole in the roof. The sleeping places, one each side of the door, were filled with old "feathers," that is, fine branches of firs, which make a bed far from the most delectable; and we at once proceeded, as rain threatened, to renew them by freshly cut limbs of balsam and arbor vitæ. Old beds are the harbor of innumerable fleas, and when it is possible I always burn over the ground before laying a bed; but the pungent odors of the fresh arbor vitæ and hemlock annoy them so that they keep in the dust underneath, and while the bed keeps its fragrance one is unmolested. So Sam rattled down a few small trees of the required species, and we set to work to pick the feathers.

It is an affectation of ease and luxury to talk of beds of fir branches being more comfortable than good elastic mattresses, as some would-be woodsmen will. Equally vain are the pretensions of the salutary effects of the odors of the leafage of balsam or pine, though the hunters do have a superstition that no one catches cold while sleeping on hemlock branches. A bed of boughs, when it is carefully made, is certainly, for two or three nights, not uncomfortable; but I should advise those who wish to sleep in perfect comfort in the woods even to carry a small mattress if they can. I never did, but I have found that in most cases people who have had some experience prefer going a little out of their way to find a house rather than sleep on boughs. Sleeping in the open air is unobjectionable, delicious, and when there has been no rain for several days I have often gone out from the camp and slept on the bare ground under a heavy-topped birch. There are no dews in the forest, no agues, and the fatigue of the life is enough to make sleep sure and profound; but I had never imagination enough to find that either the ground or the fir-branches were greater hypnotics than a good hair mattress.

Bed provided for, Joe and I went out to catch some trout for dinner. The fishing place was up a stream that came in not far from where we camped, sedgy at its mouth and meandering through boggy, flag-covered ground, sluggish and spreading in wide shoals, through which the canoe with difficulty found a channel. Ducks whirred up from amongst the lily pads. Herons flew from the

hummocks where they stood, one-legged, watching for frogs. It was long since they had been disturbed. The alders closed in on the bogs, the rushes gave way to small firs, and we could see where the brook issued from a dense grove of balsams, when, narrowing, it made a sudden turn and we slipped in on a basin of deep black water where the swift water debouched. Joe paddled gently up to the bank and, pushing the nose of the canoe into the soft mossy soil, sat astride the bow, with his feet on the land, to steady the boat, a precaution without which the effort to throw a fly makes an upset sure.

The water was without a ripple. The sky, overcast, made successful fly-casting barely possible, for of all coy creatures a trout is the shyest when he sees the fisherman; and nothing but the wiliest, most simulative fall of the fly on the water will lure him up. So I got not too near, and threw my lightest and best, just at the end of a log that jutted into the stream. A break immediately behind the fly, a tentative rise it might have been, showed me that there was no fish there in a hurry to be caught. The trout rarely rises out of the water except in running or cold streams, and at the mouth of a very cold brook I have seen them jump two feet out of the water to meet the falling fly; but here the water was neither swift nor cold, and the fish were slow and lukewarm. I made two or three more casts, however, crossing each time the direction of the first draw of the fly, when with a swirl of the tail and a nip of the fly that scarcely broke the glassy surface he took the feathered lie and went back to his refuge with it. Started, rather, for he never reached again the shelter of the unsunned nook from which he had made his exit.

While I fished, with poor success for Moosehead sport, the clouds were gathering in the west and thunderheads rolled up their gray summits above the overhanging forests. Nothing is more tenacious, not even the gaming table, than a spot where one knows that the trout are lurking and hopes that they may be taken. I held on for another and another, though Joe hinted danger of a wetting, and it was only when the first large drops began to dot the water that I consented to consider the propriety of a retreat. A crash of thunder settled the question, for though trout rise freely when rain is falling, thunder keeps them perfectly quiet. I knew that it was time to stop, and while I reeled in Joe pushed for camp. I took the other paddle; the wind came down in an incipient tornado and lent us speed, but the rain came on like a gray veil, — not rain, a deluge, not drops, but masses of water. It struck us, and in a minute we were as wet as though dipped in the lake. It came as if buckets of water were being thrown from an upper window on us; it hurt like hail; bolt after bolt of lightning blinded us and stunned us; we paddled as if for life, but before we had gone the short mile to the landing-place the rain ceased, open sky showed in the west, and the lake was rolling in petty imitation of a ground swell, glassy and lustrous under the golden sky above, where the sun had set, and as we gently drew up the water-logged canoe on the beach, the flaming fragments of the storm drifted across the serene west. To say that I never saw such a rain-storm would not be much, but Joe in all his backwoods life could recall nothing like it.

Fortunately we found a splendid fire blazing in the camp, and preparations for dinner complete and waiting only the trout. I stripped and, dry clad, threw myself on the timely bed exhausted. Joe stood and dried himself before the fire; he had not even a spare shirt to alternate with. Reckless of any change, he accepted all that fortune brought him with the imperturbability of an Indian. While Joe stood and steamed before the fire, Sam prepared the eatables. We were not quite dependent on the hook and line, but had in prudence brought a cold chicken and plenty of bread and salt pork, with sundry cans of preserved meats for emergencies. This kind of provision takes away the sentiment from the woods life, but to one who knows the precariousness of supplies there, the pre-

caution will not be superfluous. Lands running with game are like those flowing with milk and honey; and when the sporting books tell you that game is abundant, don't imagine that you are assured from starvation thereby. I have been reduced, in a country where deer were swarming, to live several days together on corn meal.

We ate well and with infinite pleasure, and, leaving the guides to their own contenting, strolled out in the twilight on the beach, smooth, hard beaten, resonant. Loons were calling on the lake, an owl now and then hooted from the wood. The sky overhead was blazing with stars; they never seemed so many or so bright. The atmosphere, cleared from all vapor by the storm, had deeper depths, and the bold overhanging tree-tops cut in bolder relief against the sky. The least sound seemed to perpetuate itself, as philosophy has told us all reverberations do. The cry of the loon ran along all the shore; when we spoke, it was as if the world were listening. There were no sounds of wild beasts, such as in the deeper woods of the Adirondack I have heard making night fearful. I told the professor of one evening when I was returning from work in the deep woods to my solitary camp, the light barely sufficing me, and heard a cry in the depths of the forest like that of a lost child, only no child, no man even, had such a "far cry" as that. I replied, and presently heard it repeated still nearer, and returned the cry thinking still that it was some one lost in the woods. Still nearer and nearer it came, the same unvarying note, half shriek, like one calling in mortal fear, in uncontrollable panic. It seemed too fine for a man's voice, too strong for a child's, and I assured myself that it was a woman lost in the forest. The first suspicion of anything uncanny I had in it was in finding that it approached too fast for any human creature. It was incredible that the voice should be anything but human, however, and the excitement and suspense became so great that I trembled with it, and my voice failed, not from fright, for I had a Sharp's rifle with me, but from the weird nature of the thing. I fired three shots to guide the supposed person, but from that moment heard nothing more of the voice.

The hunter who came to me once a week to bring my mail and bread told me afterwards that it was a panther. Only a few weeks earlier, coming to me, he had heard in passing the same ridge a cry which he took to be that of a lost man, and replied until it came near, when, hearing no articulate sound, he judged it to be a panther and paid no more attention, as he had no weapon, but presently heard the steps of the creature following at the side of his track, not in it but near enough to see him and remain unseen by him. It has a habit of following the hunters in this way, not with hostile intentions, but apparently because it has found that their main business is to set traps for sable and mink, which it amuses itself by tearing up, and devouring the bait, having itself no scent by which it can follow the trail.

No incident occurred to break the quiet of the night; incidents are rarer in the woods than anywhere except it be Sahara, and we went to bed early, the guides having long been asleep.

The camp built in the way this was has the advantage that the smoke which fills it drives out the mosquitoes, and the guides have a notion that smoke strengthens the eyes. It is however subject to the great discomfort of being very hot while the fire is burning, and getting cold while everybody is asleep. One wakes towards morning compelled to pull up the blankets, superfluous an hour earlier. I arose at various intervals to replenish the fires; the guides slept, and would have slept the same on snow. So the finer sense takes its toll of discomfort, which the wise pay, nothing grudging, the foolish grudging in vain.

W. J. Stillman.

CRUDE AND CURIOUS INVENTIONS AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

III.

(2.) *Wind Instruments.* — The use of wind instruments may be fairly held to have begun with the *reed*. This is actually assumed by all writers, and the musical pipe and the hollow reed are known by the same name in many languages.

In attempting to assemble the wind instruments of a crude and primitive kind, we are met by the difficulty that the distinction between the flute, clarinet, and horn methods has not been well maintained either in the translations from the ancients, in the accounts of the arts of savage or semi-civilized nations, or in the museums. The generation of the sound is produced in three different ways: by the division of a blast of air on an edge, by the tremulous motion of a reed, tongue, husk, or paper, by the motion of the lips. The whistle, flute, flageolet, and the syrinx, or pandean pipes form one class; the clarinet, bassoon, and all the instruments with vibratory reeds or tongues another; the horns and trumpets of metal or wood, horns, tusks, and shells a third.

Then, if we confine ourselves to the pipe, using the term as generic, we find various modes of blowing it: —

A kind of whistle and the syrinx are blown into at the open end.

The ordinary whistle and the flageolet are blown at a mouth-piece at the upper end, the wind striking upon a sharp edge.

The flute is blown at a lateral opening.

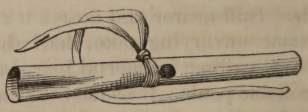
The clarinet is blown at the upper end, upon a reed.

Wind instruments of all these kinds, and of crude invention and construction, were shown at the Centennial. Some of them gave a single and invariable note; in others the tones were varied by changes in length or by finger holes, which had an equivalent effect. In others a number of tubes of varying length were associated in the same instrument. There are no keys upon any wind instrument included within the terms of our title.

Before describing the pipes which are blown by the breath, we may make a simple reference to two musical uses of the bamboo. The *anklung* of Sunda is a rude musical instrument in which five or more bamboos, from eight to twenty inches in length, are arranged somewhat loosely in a frame so as to rattle when shaken, and, as they are hard and resonant, they give a ringing noise, the note depending upon their size, that is, thickness and length. The people of Sunda have a tradition that the first musical notes were produced by the accidental admission of air into a bamboo tube, and that the anklung was the first improvement upon this natural æolian.

The Singhalese have a sort of æolian made of a bamboo thirty or forty feet long; the divisions at the joints are removed, several holes are made like those of a flute, and the instrument is set up among the trees in the garden to be played by the wind.

Perhaps the whistle or the pipe without holes, and emitting but one note, is the simplest form of wind instrument, and for our present purpose the flageolet is a whistle with finger holes to vary the tones.

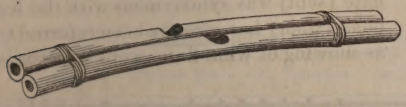


(Fig. 43.) Whistle of McCloud Indians. Smithsonian Exhibit.

Figure 43 shows a whistle also used as a bird-call by the McCloud and adjacent tribes of North American Indians. It is a single whistle made of the leg bone of a crane.

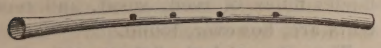
Figure 44 is a double whistle of plover leg bones; the two notes occurring together give a gurgling noise in imitation of some wild birds.

Late explorations on the islands off the coast of Lower California have furnished a great many curious memorials of a race of Indians now nearly extinct.



(Fig. 44.) Double Whistle or Bird-Call. Smithsonian Exhibit.

Figure 45 is a whistle or flute from a grave on Santa Barbara Island. It is



(Fig. 45.) Indian Flute from Grave. Smithsonian Exhibit.

made of a crane's leg bone and has four finger holes.

The prehistoric age of Europe, whose people were on a par in civilization with many tribes and races yet existing, has handed down to us several whistles. For instance, a whistle of the stone period, made of the first digital phalanx of a reindeer, was found in the department of Dordogne, in France, and yet yields a shrill note when blown. From a grave of the same period, at Poitiers, was exhumed a musical pipe with three finger holes.

The use of the tibia for a musical pipe is shown by the use of the word *sebi* in the hieroglyphics to indicate a flute, the word being also the Coptic name of the instrument as well as of the bone tibia. The Roman *ossea tibia* was the leg bone of a crane.

Bone is a natural tube of very superior construction and strength, and, like the reed, is abundant. It is quite reasonable that people of inferior constructive ability ready to seize what lay most conveniently at hand, should utilize it, and the use of bone for the purpose of musical pipes is very wide spread.

Athenæus, in the Deipnosophists, refers to the flute made of the leg bone of the kid as an invention of the (Grecian) Thebans, and states that the flute elephantine (ivory) was first bored among the Phœnicians. Flutes among the classic Greeks were also made of asses' bones, which are said to be remarkably solid. They are supposed to have a fullness of tone highly suggestive of the inflated style of their original proprietor.

Dr. Schliemann in his excavations at Hissarlik discovered a beautifully ornamented flute of bone.

The flutes of the Araucanians were made of the arm and leg bones of prisoners offered in sacrifice. The Caribs used human bones, but now use the bones of the jaguar. Their flute had three holes, and, like the Guiana flute of bamboo, is blown by the breath directed against the edge of the orifice. A Guiana flute in the National Museum at Washington is made of the thigh bone of a jaguar. The Uaupé Indians of Brazil use fifes and flutes of reed and of deer's bones. Wallace also noticed a whistle made of a deer's skull. The Brazilian flageolets are of bone: an average one has two bones, twelve inches long and three eighths inch bore, united by twine neatly wound and worked. On the back of the lower portion are finger holes. The whistle is formed of a cone of resinous cement beneath the mouth orifice, the ridge of cement rising to the centre of the tube.

The Kafir whistles are of bone or ivory, and are blown into in the manner of blowing a key, while holding the instrument against the lower lip. The flute of the Maories is made from a human thigh bone, that of a slain enemy being preferred. Two ancient Peruvian pipes of bone had five finger holes each; and one of human bone had four finger holes.

Statements might be multiplied, but it may be mentioned in brief that flageolets with four finger holes, and giving five notes, were used by the ancient Egyptians; the Chinese have flageolets twelve inches long, with seven finger holes; flageolets and whistles are found in the American mounds in Peru, Mexico, and the United States; and even among the Karagoos of Africa a flageolet with six finger holes is used.

Clay whistles made by the Mexicans before the conquest have been frequently found, and sometimes of very grotesque shapes. Some have holes by which the tone may be varied. One has a little ball of clay inside, making a trilling

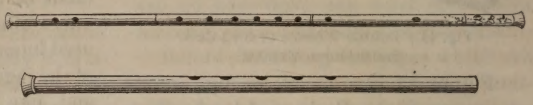
sound. The Chiriqui Indians of Central America have curious terra-cotta whistles. The Mexicans had conoidal flageolets of pottery, with four finger holes and with tones in conformity with the pentatonic scale.

A curious Chinese instrument (*hiuen*) is made of baked clay and is of sugar-loaf shape. It has five finger holes, three on one side and two on the other, and its tones are in conformity with the pentatonic scale, the fourth and seventh being omitted, as is usual in the Chinese instruments.

The true flute, as the word is now understood, is blown at a lateral hole, the breath dividing on the edge of the hole and setting up a vibration in the tube, thus producing the sound. The gravest tone is when all the holes are stopped, and the shorter the length of tube concerned in the vibration the more acute the note. Ptolemy understood this, and in his Harmonics thus explains it: "In strings and pipes, other things remaining the same, those strings which are stopped at a smaller distance from the bridge give the most acute notes; and in pipes, those notes which come through holes nearest to the mouth hole are most acute."

The appellation "flute" originated not in any peculiarity of the mode of blowing as distinguished from the clarinet or flageolet, but from *fluta*, an eel caught in Sicilian waters, the side of which is marked with seven spots like finger holes. The term has been exclusively applied to the one kind of instrument for less than one hundred years, that is, since the advent of the German flute. The English *flûte à bec*, which the German flute superseded, was a reed instrument, a clarinet in fact, and blown at the end. The name was derived from the resemblance of the mouth-piece to the beak of a bird.

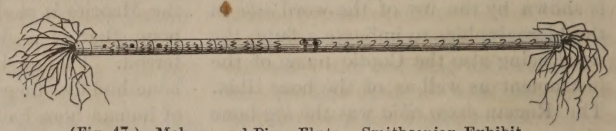
It is not, however, to be supposed that this lateral mouth hole was an innovation: such instruments are clearly shown in the Egyptian paintings, and of such length that the performer could reach the lowest finger hole with difficulty. The fact that the name of the ancient Egyptian flute (sebi) was synonymous with the leg bone (tibia) has already been referred to as showing of what flutes were sometimes made; flutes of reed, wood, and terra cotta are, however, found.



(Fig. 46.) Chinese Flutes.

There was no lack of flutes at the Centennial. The Chinese had a large number of flutes of bamboo, some of the natural yellow color and some stained black. One shown was twenty-six inches long, and had one mouth hole and eight finger holes. One additional hole beyond the mouth hole may have been used in varying the pitch, the hole not used being temporarily plugged. A piece of paper was in fact pasted over one.

The Japanese showed similar flutes with seven finger holes. Neither Chinese nor Japanese possessed keys, as might be supposed, as they have no knowledge of semitones. The Javanese flute has six finger holes.

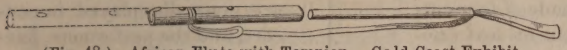


(Fig. 47.) Mohave and Pimo Flute. Smithsonian Exhibit.

The flute Figure 47 is used among the Mohave Indians, and is made from a reed: the two holes are on the respective sides of the natural septum of the reed, and the flute is capable of yielding four notes, two at each portion of its length. The Pimo uses a similar flute with four holes, which is gayly ornamented with tufts at its ends.

The flute Figure 48 has one feature which appears to be singular. The instrument was broken, and the dotted lines are a suggested reconstruction. It was in the Gold Coast exhibit of the English department in the Main Building. A pith tompion is connected with

the instrument, which was probably fifteen inches long; it is of reed covered with leather stained in black and red stripes. The portion which remains has



(Fig. 48.) African Flute with Tompion. Gold Coast Exhibit.

three holes. The tompion, by graduating the length of the pipe, would change the pitch of the note emitted.

The nose flute, reed trumpet, pandean pipes, triton shell, and wooden gong are the wind instruments of Fiji. The flutes of this group of islands are of various sizes and lengths, from two inches to three fourths of an inch in diameter, and from eighteen to thirty-six inches in length. Some of them, it is probable, are rather bamboo trumpets than flutes, the wind being generated by the motion of the lips, as with the horn, and not by splitting the plate of wind upon the edge of the hole, as in the flute. The nose flute of Fiji is played by placing the aperture close to one nostril and breathing through it, while the other nostril is stopped by the thumb of the left hand. The Hindoos have an instrument which is called a nose flute by the English, but it is probably of the clarinet method, as also are those, most likely, which are represented on the Egyptian monuments.

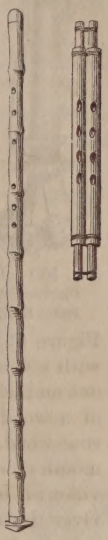
The Papuans have a bamboo flute two feet long. That of the Mittoos of the Upper Nile is on the German flute principle, that is, it is blown at a lateral hole.

We come now to the clarinet method, in which the sound is generated by the vibration of a reed, a husk, or what not. It cannot be exactly ascertained from the monuments of antiquity whether certain pipes are clarinets or flageolets; they are doubtless of each kind. The ancient Egyptian pipes were single or double (*mam*), blown at the end. They also had flutes played at the side. The pipes have — for they are now in the museums — from three to seven finger holes. In several of them straws were found inside, suggesting the reed of our oboe or clarinet.

Strabo says that the mouth-pieces of the musical pipes were made of a reed which grew in a lake above Celænæ in Phrygia.

The reed pipes now used in Egypt are represented in Figure 49. The single one is blown by the mouth; the double one by the nose, one tube being inserted in each nostril.

The New Zealanders also have a pipe played by a blast through the nostrils.



(Fig. 49.) Mouth and Nose Flutes. Egyptian Exhibit.

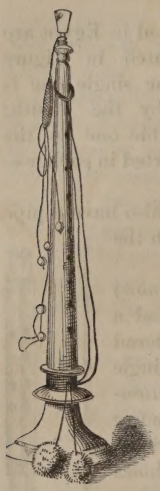
The Grecian pipe (*aulos*) was blown at the end, had a reed, and may be considered as a clarinet. It was single (*monaulos*) or double (*diaulos*). Their pipes had from five to seven finger holes. Some had a multiplicity of holes with stoppers; these doubtless were for playing in different keys, such a series of holes being left open for manipulation by the fingers as might suit a present purpose.

Athenæus, in his Deipnosophists (A. D. 220), speaks of about twenty varieties of pipes, taking their names from their construction, pitch, material, country whence derived, and so forth. He enumerates as many as ten writers on the subject who refer to special kinds. The Spartan army marched to the sound of "Dorian pipes and soft recorders."

Besides reeds, the tibiæ of man, animals, and birds, and the tusks of elephants, previously referred to, the ancients used wood, the *terebrato buxo*, indicating at once the tool and the boxwood upon which it operated.

The clarinet from Madras (Figure 50) is known by the native appellation of *timiri nagasuram*. It has a mouth-piece of wood in a brass setting. The black wooden body has eight holes; the *pavillon* is of brass; the instrument, eighteen inches in length. It appears to be nearly the same as the *tota sanayi* of the District of Ronggopur; the latter, how-

ever, has but seven holes, is all of wood save the mouth-piece which is of brass, and is surrounded by a round plate of brass as large as a rupee. The reed is made of four cuttings of the *tal* leaf (*Borussus*).



(Fig. 50.) Hindoo Clarinet. British India Exhibit.

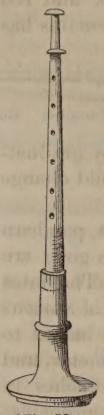
The reed of the Singhalese pipe (*horanawà*) has a mouth-piece of talipot leaf, a middle portion of wood, and the other parts of brass. A projecting piece is attached to separate the bits of leaf forming the reed, and to enlarge the orifice. It is extremely shrill, and its notes are not unlike those of the Highland bagpipe.

The Chinese pipe or clarinet (*heang-teih*), Figure 51, is from one to two feet long, with seven finger holes on one side and one on the other. It is of a wood resembling rose-wood, with brass mouth-piece and pavillon; it is very noisy. Over the mouth-piece is a husk, the vibrations of which generate the sound. The Japanese have a similar instrument.

(Fig. 51.) Chinese Clarinet.

The clarinet (*pee*) of the Siamese is shown at Figure 52. It is made of jack-wood and is telescopic. It has a brass mouth-piece, a reed, and six finger holes. Although the rebab, or two-stringed fiddle, is usually the instrument used by the leader of the Siamese orchestra (*gamelan*), the pee is sometimes used for the purpose.

The clarinet of the Tahitians has a slit mouth-piece, so that the pieces vibrate like a "reed" instrument. Surrounding this is a wooden ring which is slipped up or down to change the length of the reed concerned in the vibration, and thus tune the instrument. Several clarinets are generally played in concert, and the performers, having tuned their instruments in unison, sit in a circle, bend their heads forward, and play in excellent time as an accompaniment to the dance.



(Fig. 52.) Siamese Clarinet.

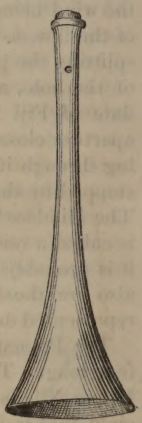
An Armenian trumpet of wood (Figure 53) with a reed mouth-piece was shown in the Turkish exhibit.

The *ambilta* of the Abyssinians is a combination of six pipes, each having a single note and played by a distinct performer.

The *cundan melakhat* is made of four cane tubes, each having a bell and a reed mouth-piece like a clarinet; the instruments are played in succession.

A reed pipe with holes is also used by the Zulus.

The instrument shown at Figure 54 is a noisy, squeaking affair used by some tribes of the North American Indians at wedding feasts, — a sort of *charivari*. It is composed of two pieces of cedar-wood bound with spruce-root fibre. The breath makes the portions of the thin, divided shell vibrate, and elicits a sound worthy of the authors and deemed by them quite satisfactory.

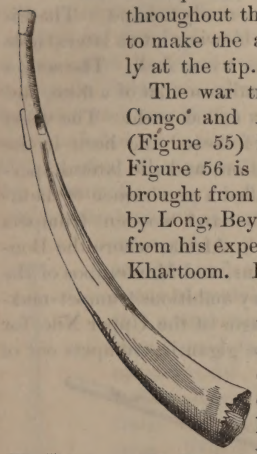


(Fig. 53.) Armenian Trumpet. Turkish Exhibit.

(Fig. 54.) Clarinet of North American Indians. Smithsonian Exhibit.

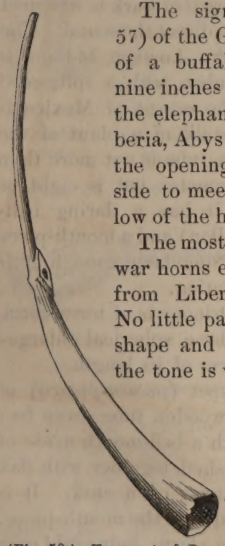
The original trumpet may be assumed to have been the horn of an animal, an ox or ram, for instance, and the present African form is indicative of the probable mode of adapting it to use. The buffalo

horns and elephant's tusks which form the signal horns of the African tribes have a hole at the side made to meet the natural cavity, a much quicker and easier operation than boring throughout the solid portion to make the aperture exactly at the tip.



(Fig 55.) Ivory War Trumpet of Angola. Portuguese Colonies Exhibit.

The war trumpet of the Congo and Angola tribes (Figure 55) is made thus. Figure 56 is a war trumpet brought from Central Africa by Long, Bey, on the return from his expedition south of Khartoom. It is made from an elephant's tusk, scraped away on the outside in order to make it lighter to carry, but leaving the natural surface projecting at the mouth-piece. The whole length of the tusk is preserved.

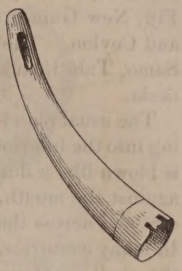


(Fig. 56.) Trumpet of Darfoor. Egyptian Exhibit.

The signal horn (Figure 57) of the Gold Coast is made of a buffalo's horn. It is nine inches long, and, as with the elephant's tusks from Liberia, Abyssinia, and Angola, the opening is made at the side to meet the natural hollow of the horn.

The most ornate of the tusk war horns exhibited was that from Liberia (Figure 58). No little pains were taken to shape and ornament it, and the tone is very deep, powerful, and mellow. It is inscribed: "King Bristol, St. John's River, Grand Bassa, African Coast." Like the others, the mouth-piece is at the side and intersects the natural cavity.

The horns of a great variety of ruminants are used for signal or musical instruments, the name of the thing itself and that of the object of which it is made being in fact synonymous. The war horn of Soudan (Figure 59), brought home by Long, Bey, is formed of an antelope's horn and is finished out at the smaller end with wood, leather-covered. It is three feet long, and the mouth-piece of the bamboo is made at the side, in the same manner as the tusk horns, showing the persistence with which methods are perpetuated after the necessity therefor no longer exists.



(Fig. 57.) African Signal Horn. Gold Coast Exhibit.

The Bongos of the Upper Nile make signal trumpets from the horns of various species of antelopes, and provide them with three finger holes. A horn made of the skin of a goat's leg is used by the Zulus, one end open and the other closed. It is blown through a hole in the side in the usual African manner. The Karagoo (Central Africa) trumpet is made of several gourd necks fitting one into another and covered with cow-skin. The notes of a common chord can be played on it, the thumb acting as a key. Speaking generally, it may be said that all African trumpets are blown at the side, and in some cases a vibrator is placed on the mouth-piece, like the reed of a clarinet. The Niam-niams of the Upper Nile sometimes add a bell (pavillon) of wood to the trumpet of ivory.

(Fig. 58.) African Ivory War Horn. Liberian Exhibit.

The Araucanian trumpet is formed by the insertion of a cow's horn in a hollow cane.

A favorite trumpet for the temples of Sikkim in the Himalayas is made of a human thigh.

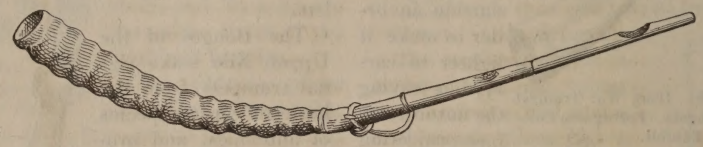
Several species of shells have been

used for trumpets, especially the shell of the triton, which is a favorite horn in Fiji, New Guinea, New Zealand, Japan, and Ceylon. The *murex* shell is used in Samo, Tahiti, and other islands of Polynesia.

The usual plan is to make a side opening into the interior canal, when the shell is blown like a flute, resting horizontally against the mouth, with the blast of air directed across the edge of the aperture. In many countries, however, the apex of the shell is ground off and a tubular mouth-piece attached, when it may be blown like a trumpet, the vibration being communicated by the motion of the lips.

The turbinate shells of the South Seas, mounted with apical mouth-pieces, are to be found in Fiji, New Zealand, and Japan, and are the ceremonial trumpets of Ceylon.

When trumpets came to be made of wood we may suppose that a bamboo was used, as that was ready to hand. The Fijians use such, blowing into a lateral hole as into a *conch* or triton shell. The action of blowing is similar to that of a flute, and they have been called such. The wood seems to have followed the horn in the order of invention, and the lateral aperture may be called a persistence of method. The horns and wooden trumpets exist together in Africa, where the Bongos, Niam-niams, and Monbuttoos of the interior are very ambitious trumpet-makers. The Bongos of the Upper Nile, for instance, make gigantic trumpets out of



(Fig. 59.) Antelope Horn. War Trumpet of Soudan. Egyptian Exhibit.

stems of trees. They are four or five feet long, open at one end, and blown at a side opening near the closed end. Another kind is shaped like a huge wine-bottle, which is sometimes taken between the musician's knees like a violoncello, but when too large to manage thus, or the player objects to standing during the all-night concert, is laid upon the ground, and the player bending over it on his hands and knees discourses most dire and dolorous music. It is called *manyin-yee*, and gives a deep and rolling bass like thunder.

Some curiously constructed trumpets are to be found among the South American tribes. The large trumpets of the Uaupés of the Amazon, used in making the Jurupari music, are of bamboos or palms hollowed out, some with trumpet-shaped mouths of bark and with mouth-holes of clay and leaf. They are used eight or twelve in concert; each pair of instruments gives a distinct note.

The wooden trumpet of the Orinoco Indians is seven feet in length, and is a tube made of slips of the *paxiaba* palm. When it is to be used a portion of leaf is placed over the square blow-hole, and a large conical sheath of bark is wrapped around the tube to direct the sound. The *turé* trumpet of the Amazon Indians is a long thick bamboo with a split reed mouth-piece. The *acocotl* of Mexico is made of the dry stalk of a plant of the same name. The tube is not more than two inches in diameter, but is eight or ten feet long. It has a flaring bell-shaped end (pavillon) and a mouth-piece like a clarinet. Singularly enough it is sounded by inhalation.

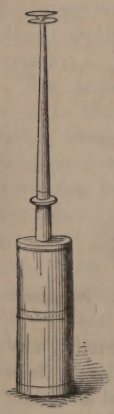
The *botuto* of Orinoco is of terra cotta, and has two or three spherical enlargements in the course of its length.

The war trumpet (*putara-putara*) of the Maories is a wooden tube seven feet in length and with a bell-mouth made of pieces of wood lashed together with flax fibre, like the staves of a cask. It is elaborately carved near the mouth-piece, and is blown as an alarm, being laid over the fence of the *pah*, or stockaded village.

Enormous trumpets are used in the Buddhist worship in Ladak, Thibet, and Nepaul. The larger of these are laid

along the floor and extend into another apartment where the player is stationed. They come in aid of the trumpets, triangles, clarinets, and cymbals at the *crescendo* of the performance. One English cavalry officer at a monastery near Lè speaks of the jingle, rattle, accelerated pace, noise, and final crash as reminding him of Ethiopian serenaders. The Buddhist and the Bongo concerts elsewhere alluded to come nearer to the African idea of a noise than anything else on record.

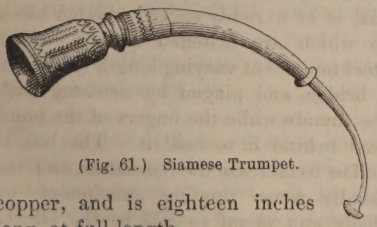
When the instrument came to be made of metal it was doubtless straight, and, though curved horns of metal are ancient, the actual winding of the tube is said to be only two centuries old.



(Fig. 60.) Chinese Trumpet.

The East has a great fancy for telescopic trumpets. Whether straight or C-shaped, we find that in several cases presented the smaller section slips into the larger to make it more compact for carriage. The Chinese straight trumpet (Figure 60) is of sheet-brass, slides telescopically, and is forty-two inches long when extended.

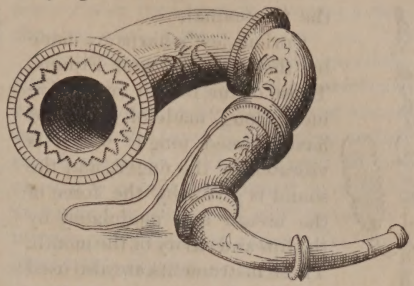
The Siamese trumpet (Figure 61, *kraa-gnawn*) is of beaten



(Fig. 61.) Siamese Trumpet.

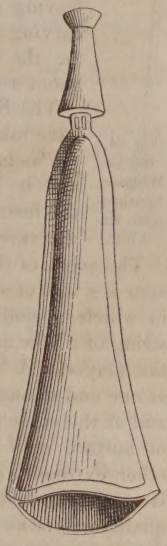
copper, and is eighteen inches long at full length.

The East Indian horn (Figure 62) is made of very thin sheet-copper and is quite light. At three places in its length it has hollow metallic collars containing something which rattles when the horn is shaken. The three pieces of which it is composed are movable on each other so that it may be turned into a circular or an S shape. It is known by the native name *roussinga*, and makes a hideous braying.



(Fig. 62.) East Indian Horn. British India Exhibit.

The nondescript instrument Figure 63 is used as a signal horn or gong, — in fact we have no name for it. It is used by grasping it by the handle and swinging round and round at arm's-length, just as boys whirl a piece of wood or metal at the end of a string, making a whirring noise. It is a thin, hollow, sheet-iron, trumpet-shaped instrument, and produces a deep-toned roar of very marked character, higher in tone and intensity the more rapid the motion. It may be said to be one contribution more, at this late day, to the list of musical instruments given by Africa to the "rest of mankind." Herodotus and Plato agree that music arose in Egypt and came thence to Greece.



(Fig. 63.) Signal Gong of Soudan. Egyptian Exhibit.

The North American Indians use the instrument Figure 64; it may be called a whizzer or whirrer; like that last described from Egypt we do not know it technically. It is a notched, flat piece of wood at the end of a string, tied at the end of a stick. It is whirled around, making a humming noise as an accompaniment to the dance.

That class of musical instruments in which either reeds or metallic tongues

are moved by wind or by the fingers had also its representatives at the Centennial.

(Fig. 64.) Indian Whizzer. Smithsonian Exhibit.

Curious jew's-harps are made by the Japanese and Fijians. Those of the former are twelve inches long, made of wood and have a reed tongue which is vibrated by the finger, and the sound is given by the force of the breath and modulated by the lips and cavity of the mouth. These instruments are also used in Burmah.

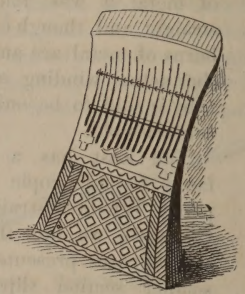
The Fijian jew's-harp is of bamboo: the tongue is made by leaving a vibratable slip when carving a longitudinal opening in the bamboo strip. It is about a foot long.

The Kafirs and the Tahitians have taken a great fancy to the jew's-harp of the white man, and it is rapidly superseding the instruments of native manufacture.

The *goura* of the South African bushman is a sort of complicated jew's-harp in which a quill is distended by the string of a bow and is breathed upon by the player. A gut string is attached at one end to one extremity of the bow, and at the other to an oval-shaped piece of bustard quill which is lashed to the other extremity of the bow. The quill is of an attenuated oval shape, and its quality as well as the tension of the string determines its musical tone. The performer holds the bow nearly horizontally, steadying himself by placing his elbows on his knees, his right forefinger into his right ear, and the forefinger of his left hand into his left nostril. He is then ready for duty. He breathes upon the quill, eliciting tones both in expiration and inspiration. The instrument is the most ingenious to be found in South Africa, and is a great favorite with the people, though monotonous and weak in tone. The string adds resonance to the tones, which are like those of a jew's-harp, though inferior to the latter. It seems that no regular tune is attempted, but the variations of tone follow each other much as when a person unskilled in the jew's-harp elicits sounds of varying pitch by changing the position of his lips and the strength of his breathing.

When the instrument is used by a woman she holds it differently: grasping the middle and holding the instrument perpendicularly she blows upon the quill and taps the string with a small stick. When the woman plays it, it is called a *joum-joum.*

Another instrument (Figure 65) peculiar to Africa, and which was shown from Angola in the Portuguese colonies



(Fig. 65.) Marimba of Angola, Africa. Portuguese Colonies Exhibit.

exhibit, and there called a marimba, may as well be described in this place. It is called *sansa* by the Kafirs, and doubtless has many different names among the African tribes, as it is known from Congo to Natal, from Senegambia to the Orange River.

The specimen shown at the Centennial is of a richly carved wooden block to which are fastened sixteen curved steel tongues of varying length lying over a bridge, and played by touching with the thumbs while the fingers of the hand pass behind it to hold it. The box is hollow to increase the resonance, and has usually some jingling attachments of shells and metal to add to the effect. It is held inside a calabash when played, and is principally used in accompanying songs. It is by no means unmusical, but has no great power.

The number of steel tongues is not uniform: one from Congo was observed to have twenty tongues; one from Guinea, six. Neither had any regular succession of notes. One observed in Mashona

land, South Africa, had two nearly full rows of vibrating tongues.

Where people are too poor to have the perfected instrument, they content themselves with a substitute. Slips of cane for eight notes were found on one from Senegambia. Livingstone noticed on the Zambesi an imitation made by attaching a number of cornstalks together for a frame and fastening to them tongues of split bamboo. The Batokas of the Zambesi also use wooden strips free at one end and sprung by the fingers to elicit musical notes.

This instrument has been carried with its possessors in Portuguese slavers to Brazil, and is used by the negroes in that country.

The sansa of Africa has several relatives in the musical line, the most familiar being the musical box, the steel tongues of which are vibrated by pins on a rotating barrel. The free reed of the accordeon, shown also in the parlor organ and the reed stops of the large organ, is another instance, and was introduced into Europe from China so late as the reign of Catherine II. of Russia. Another less known relative of the sansa is the *ou* of China, which looks like a crouching tiger on a wooden box, with the unusual addition of a saw whose teeth project all along the back-bone. These teeth are the ends of a range of metallic tongues which are struck with a plectrum (*tchen*), and are attached to a frame within the body of the animal, which rests on the lid of a box made of a resonant coniferous wood (*kieou*), acting as a sounding-board.

The pandean pipe or syrinx is found in many parts of the world, and was shown in several exhibits. It is not thought necessary to illustrate it here, as it follows the old fashion of a set of reeds of graduated lengths arranged parallel, with their open upper ends in line. It is a very ancient instrument and is the original of the Chinese *cheng*, the bagpipes, and the organ.

The Grecian syrinx had from three to nine tubes, but seven was the usual number. An organ represented on a coin of the Emperor Nero has ten pipes, and may be described as a magnified syrinx with a vibratable reed to each pipe and a mechanical blast of air.

The Bechuanas have a reed pipe (*lichâka*) of one note, which the performer sounds as often as he pleases and seems satisfied. He tunes it by a plug to the sound required. When played in orchestra a number are tuned to a scale and sound in succession with certain intervals, approximating a tune; like Clonglocketty's pipings, —

> "It was wild, it was fitful, as wild as the breeze,
> It wandered about into several keys;
> It was jerky, spasmodic, and harsh, I 'm aware,
> But still it distinctly suggested an air."

The Fiji syrinxes are made of reeds, as many as twenty-one in a row, and tuned to the diatonic scale. The lengths of the pipes in two instruments were respectively from sixteen to two inches and from eight inches to one. They thus embrace a compass of three octaves each. They are neatly lashed between strips of bamboo in the usual parallel arrangement, with their upper ends level. The occurrence of the diatonic scale in Polynesia is somewhat unexpected, but Sir Stamford Raffles detected the wood harmonicon (*gambang*) of Java to be tuned to the same scale, although the circle of gongs used in Java and Siam is tuned to the pentatonic scale. The matter has been referred to in a previous article, Musical Instruments of Percussion.

Two Tonga Island syrinxes in the British Museum have nine and ten pipes respectively, but have no regular succession of notes. The Sandwich Islanders have a syrinx of eight pipes; the Papuans one of seven pipes. The pandean pipes are also used in the Zambesi country.

The syrinx of British Guiana resembles the Chinese cheng, in connection with which it will be described.

The Peruvian syrinx (*huayra-puhura*) was made of reed or of stone. The reed pipes are in a double row of seven reeds each, like the Guiana instrument, but unlike it they are simply blown into at the top and have no common wind chamber. The reeds are about the same length in

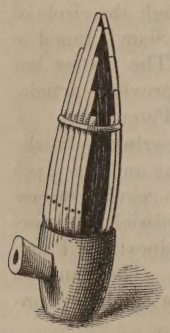
each row, ranging from three to six and one half inches and each now embraces a little over an octave. As one row is open and the other closed, the latter is one octave higher than the other. The notes are on the pentatonic scale.

A curious Peruvian syrinx contains eight pipes and is made of a greenish talcose stone. The second, fourth, sixth, and seventh pipes have finger holes, by stopping which the notes are lowered a semitone.

The Chinese syrinx (*koan-tse*) has twelve tubes of bamboo; the *siao* has sixteen. The Japanese have a syrinx of six pipes tuned to the pentatonic scale. A seven-reed syrinx is used at Laos.

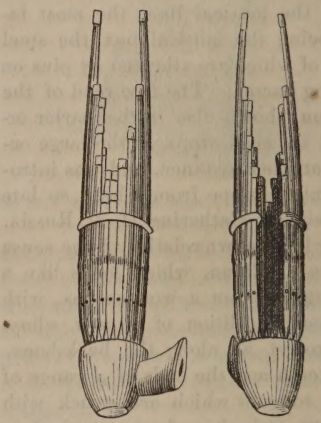
As before remarked, the syrinx is the original of the bagpipe; in the course of its modification it has assumed a number of shapes, but all of them agree in this, that the wind is blown into a chamber from whence it passes to pipes of a series. The fingers in some govern the entrance of air into the pipes; in others the ventages of the pipes modulate the sound.

The Chinese cheng, catalogued under the European name of *siren*, was shown in the Chinese exhibit in the Mineral Annex of the Main Building, and also in the Japanese department of the Main Building. It is shown in Figure 66, and has seventeen tubes of bamboo of different lengths, most of which have finger holes near the small black wooden bowl, two and one half inches in diameter, which answers as a wind chest to the whole set, and into which they are inserted in a nearly circular series. The mouth-piece projects from one side of the bowl, and is faced with ivory. A free metallic reed for each pipe gives the vibration which generates the sound in the pipe, and the length of the pipe determines the pitch. There may be differences in various instruments observed by travelers, and the descriptions do not agree. The instrument in the Chinese exhibit appeared to have stopped pipes which only sounded when their finger holes were left open. Some of the pipes seem to be mere dummies added for the sake of symmetry.



(Fig 66.) Chinese Cheng.

The instrument is really an organ of primitive construction, is very ancient, and is used in religious rites performed in honor of Kung-fu-tse. Tradition states that it formerly had thirteen, nineteen, or twenty-four tubes placed in a calabash, but it is almost certain that in its primitive condition it had a much smaller number of tubes; the instrument is found in various crude conditions in several Asiatic countries and in America, as we shall see. Figure 67 shows back and front views of the same description of instrument made of reeds.



(Fig. 67.) Chinese Cheng or Sang. (Front and Back Views.)

The instrument has a peculiar interest for us, as it was from it that the first knowledge of the *free reed* in musical instruments reached Europe. Kratzenstein, a Russian organ-builder in St. Petersburg in the reign of Catherine II., saw the cheng which had been brought overland from China, and from its suggestion adopted the free reed for several of his organ-stops. Our parlor organs, many stops of our large organs, the accordeon, concertina, and mouth organ are all derived from this suggestion.

It seems probable that the Chinese lack

of musical knowledge and of harmony prevents their obtaining from this instrument all of which it is capable. "The Chinese," said an attaché to Lord Macartney's embassy, "have an imperfect gamut, no knowledge of semitones, counterpoint, or parts in music, nor do they attempt any harmony. Whatever the number of performers, there is only one melody." This is not particularly surprising, as the knowledge of harmony is comparatively late in Europe, even. We say comparatively; down to the ninth century the performers, however many there might be and of whatever voices, all sang the melody. About the close of the ninth century harmony was practiced in a rude fashion, the octave, fourth, and fifth being only used, and all progressing together. Down to the middle of the sixteenth century no independent instrumental accompaniment was attempted, but the instruments played only from the vocal score.

The "imperfect gamut" and lack of knowledge of semitones complained of by Lord Macartney's attaché referred to the use by the Chinese of the pentatonic scale, which lacks the fourth and seventh of the diatonic, and, as has been stated in a previous article, may be heard by playing on the black keys of the piano from F-sharp up or down an octave. The Chinese use the pentatonic scale in both sacred and secular music.

It is a very interesting and somewhat curious fact that our cousins the Hindoos, although comparatively near to China, have the diatonic scale like ourselves. No great ethnological deduction is to be drawn from this, for the pentatonic is the simpler and perhaps cruder, and is the old popular scale of many European nations, the Scotch, for instance.

A traveler in China states of the cheng that "by covering the first set of tubes with the forefinger and breathing softly into the mouth-piece a most charming *concentus* of sweet sounds is heard, with the harmonic divisions of the octave and twelfth as the impulse is augmented. By stopping the second and third groups respectively, we get harmonies of three and two sounds which are loud and effective." This production of harmonic sounds in tubes by differences in pressure of wind must not be confounded with the production of harmonic chords by simultaneous emission of musical sounds of different pitch.

The Chinese distinguish eight kinds of sound under which all may be classed, — *metal*, *stone*, *silk*, *bamboo*, *gourd*, *earthenware*, *skin*, and *wood*. This, though arbitrary, is an approximation to correctness, but they must have been well aware that the list is not perfectly comprehensive. Stones vary from one another more than some of them vary from pottery, and the latter will scarcely ever equal *glass* in brilliancy of sound, which is not enumerated. The differences in woods are fully equal to those in stones, and those in metals scarcely less. Gut strings, not enumerated unless the term skin may be held to be inclusive, vary much from distended membrane, and also among themselves. Neither silk nor gut are like, in quality of sound, many strings of *vegetable* material. The African harp string is made of a little bine apparently, and is extremely sweet-toned and stronger than hempen string of the same size; it has also the advantage of being perfectly smooth.

The Japanese six-pipe instrument of similar character as the cheng has the pentatonic scale. The Burmese instrument (*heem*) has the same general features. There are two cruder forms of the instrument, found in Laos and Siam, and in British Guiana.

In one of these forms it consists of from four to twenty-four tubes planted in a calabash and with a long curved tube for a mouth-piece. In this shape it resembles the bagpipes in both appearance and effect.

The Laos instrument has seven reeds which are in a row, their lower ends penetrating the walls of a large calabash. The mouth-piece is attached to the neck of the gourd, and the whole looks much like the bagpipes. The same has been noticed at Bruni, in the Eastern Archipelago.

The Siamese instrument with a number of reed pipes and a common wind

chamber is called *luptuma*. It has from ten to fourteen bamboos in a double row, of an equal number each. These are of graduated lengths and pass through a short cylinder of wood into which wind is blown from the mouth. Each tube is perforated so as to connect with this common air chamber, and above this each bamboo has a hole which is stopped or unstopped by the finger of the player; where the bamboos pass through the wind chamber the joints are carefully stopped with wax. The instrument is about four and one half feet high, much larger than the Chinese cheng and less ornate. From the much greater length of the tubes the tones are graver, and have the peculiar *timbre* of reed, which differs decidedly from bored wood, especially if the latter be hard.

An instrument on similar principles is made in British Guiana. It is six feet high and has two parallel rows of seven reeds each. These vary in length, to give the required note. At a distance of about one foot above the lower end is a wind chamber with a mouth-piece at the end. Communication is made from this to each of the reeds, and a vibrating tongue gives the sound in the manner of the clarinet. Just above the wind chamber each pipe has a finger hole; six of these on the outside are for the fingers, one at the edge is for the thumb. Some of the tubes are closed at the upper ends.

More space has been devoted to this group than to some others, for while the flute, trumpet, drum, guitar, and harp have originated very long since, and in several distinct places for anything we know to the contrary, the cheng and its congeners mark a new departure; it is the most ingenious of Oriental instruments, and is probably the original of the organ, the king of musical instruments. At all events we are indebted to it for the suggestion from which the whole family of free-reed instruments is derived.

Edward H. Knight.

A NIGHT-PICTURE.

A GROAN from a dim-lit upper room,
A stealthy step on the stair in the gloom,
A hurried glance to left, to right,
In the court below — then out in the night
There crept a man through an alley dim,
Till lost in the crowd. Let us follow him.

The night was black as he hurried along,
The streets were filled with a jostling throng,
The sidewalks soaked in the drizzling rain.
He dared not look behind again,
And every stranger's eye he caught
Was sure to know his inmost thought.
The darkened casements looking down
From tall grim houses seemed to frown.
The globes in the druggist's window shone
Like fiery eyes on him alone,
And dashed great spots of bloody red
On the wet pavements as he fled,

And as he passed the gas-lamps tall,
He saw his lengthening shadow fall
Before his feet, till it grew and grew
To a giant self of a darker hue:
But turning down some lampless street
He left behind the trampling feet;
And on through wind and rain he strode,
Where far along on the miry road
The unwindowed shanties darkened stood
A beggarly and outlawed brood,
Mid half-hewn rocks and piles of dirt, —
The ragged fringe of the city's skirt.

Then on, still on through the starless night,
Shrinking from every distant light;
Starting at every roadside bush
Or swollen stream in its turbid rush;
On, still on, till he gained the wood
In whose rank depths his dwelling stood.
There over his head the billows of wind
Rocked and roared before and behind.
And all of a sudden the clouds let out
Their pale white moon-shafts all about
A dreary patch where the trees stood dead
By a rocky swamp and a ruined shed.
And a path through the tangled woods appeared
Between two oaks where the briars were cleared;
And under the gloom he reached at last
His door, — crept in, and locked it fast;
Then struck a match and lighted a lamp,
And drew from his pocket, heavy and damp,
A wallet of leather thick and brown.
Then at a table sitting down
To count the — Hark, what noise was that?
A rattling shutter? A rasping rat
Under the floor? He turned to the door,
And saw that his windows were all secure.
But down the chimney loud and fast,
Like distant cannon, roared the blast.
And on the wind came cries and calls,
And voices of awful waterfalls,
And ringing bells. Sometimes it seemed
He had not done the deed — but dreamed.
Ah, would it were a dream, this wild
Wet night, and he once more a child!

. . . . . .

On a flying train in the dawning day
And the fragrant morn he was far away.
But secret eyes had pierced the night,
And lightning words outstripped his flight.
And far in the North where none could know,
The Law's long arm had reached its foe.

C. P. Cranch.

AT THE SIGN OF THE SAVAGE.

As they bowled along in the deliberate German express train through the Black Forest, Colonel Kenton said he had only two things against the region: it was not black, and it was not a forest. He had all his life heard of the Black Forest, and he hoped he knew what it was. The inhabitants burned charcoal, high up the mountains, and carved toys in the winter when shut in by the heavy snows; they had Easter eggs all the year round; with overshot mill-wheels in the valleys, and cherry-trees all about, always full of blossoms or ripe fruit, just as you liked to think. They were very poor people, but very devout, and lived in little villages on a friendly intimacy with their cattle. The young women of these hamlets had each a long braid of yellow hair down her back, blue eyes, and a white bodice with a cat's-cradle lacing behind; the men had bell-crowned hats and spindle-legs; they buttoned the breath out of their bodies with round pewter buttons on tight, short crimson waistcoats.

"Now, here," said the colonel, breathing on the window of the car and rubbing a little space clear of the frost, "I see nothing of the sort. Either I have been imposed upon by what I have heard of the Black Forest, or this is not the Black Forest. I'm inclined to believe that there is no Black Forest, and never was. There is n't," he added, looking again, so as not to speak hastily, "a charcoal-burner, or an Easter egg, or a cherry blossom, or a yellow braid, or a red waistcoat, to enliven the whole desolate landscape. What are we to think of it, Bessie?"

Mrs. Kenton, who sat opposite, huddled in speechless comfort under her wraps and rugs, and was just trying to decide in her own mind whether it was more delicious to let her feet, now that they were thoroughly warm, rest upon the carpet-covered cylinder of hot water, or hover just a hair's breadth above it without touching it, answered a little impatiently that she did not know. In ordinary circumstances she would not have been so short with the colonel's nonsense. She thought that was the way all men talked when they got well acquainted with you, and as coming from a sex incapable of seriousness, she could have excused it if it had not interrupted her in her solution of so nice a problem. Colonel Kenton, however, did not mind. He at once possessed himself of much more than his share of the cylinder, extorting a cry of indignation from his wife, who now saw herself reduced from a fastidious choice of luxuries to a mere vulgar strife for the necessaries of life, — a thing any woman abhors.

"Well, well," said the colonel, "keep your old hot-water bottle. If there was any other way of warming my feet, I would n't touch it. It makes me sick to use it; I feel as if the doctor was going to order me some boneset tea. Give *me* a good red-hot patent car-heater, that smells enough of burning iron to make your head ache in a minute and sets your car on fire as soon as it rolls over the embankment. That 's what *I* call comfort. A hot-water bottle shoved under your feet — I should suppose I *was* a woman, and a feeble one at that. I 'll tell you what *I* think about this Black Forest business, Bessie: I think it 's part of a system of deception that runs through the whole German character. I have heard the Germans praised for their sincerity and honesty, but I tell you they have got to work hard to convince me of it, from this out. I am on my guard. I am not going to be taken in any more."

It became the colonel's pleasure to develop and exemplify this idea at all points of their progress through Germany. They were going to Italy, and as Mrs. Kenton had had enough of the sea in coming to Europe, they were going to Italy by the only all-rail route then existing: from Paris to Vienna, and so down through the Simmering to Trieste and

Venice. Wherever they stopped, whatever they did before reaching Vienna, Colonel Kenton chose to preserve his guarded attitude. "Ah, they pretend this is Stuttgart, do they?" he said on arriving at the Suabian capital. "A likely story! They pretended that was the Black Forest, you know, Bessie." At Munich, "And this is Munich!" he sneered, whenever the conversation flagged during their sojourn. "It 's outrageous, the way they let these swindling little towns palm themselves off upon the traveler for cities he 's heard of. This place will be calling itself Berlin, next." When his wife, guide-book in hand, was struggling to heat her admiration at some cold history of Kaulbach, and in her failure clinging fondly to the fact that Kaulbach had painted it, "Kaulbach!" the colonel would exclaim, and half close his eyes and slowly nod his head and smile. "What guide-book is that you 've got, Bessie?" looking curiously at the volume he knew so well. "Oh! — Baedeker! And are you going to let a Black Forest Dutchman like Baedeker persuade you that this daub is by Kaulbach? Come! That 's a little too much!" He rejected the birthplaces of famous persons one and all; they could not drive through a street or into a park, whose claims to be this or that street or park he did not boldly dispute; and he visited a pitiless incredulity upon the dishes of the *table d'hôte*, concerning which he always answered his wife's questions: "Oh, he *says* it 's beef," or veal, or fowl, as the case might be; and though he never failed to relish his own dinner, strange fears began to affect the appetite of Mrs. Kenton. It happened that he never did come out with these sneers before other travelers, but his wife was always expecting him to do so, and afterwards portrayed herself as ready to scream, the whole time. She was not a nervous person, and regarding the colonel's jokes as part of the matrimonial contract, she usually bore them, as I have hinted, with severe composure, accepting them all, good, bad, and indifferent, as something in the nature of man which she should understand better after they had been married longer. The present journey was made just after the close of the war; they had seen very little of each other while he was in the army, and it had something of the fresh interest of a bridal tour. But they sojourned only a day or two in the places between Strasburg and Vienna; it was very cold and very unpleasant getting about; and they instinctively felt what every wise traveler knows, that it is folly to be lingering in Germany when you can get into Italy; and so they hurried on.

It was nine o'clock one night when they reached Salzburg, and when their baggage had been visited and their passports examined, they had still half an hour to wait before the train went on. They profited of the delay to consider what hotel they should stop at in Vienna, and they advised with their Bradshaw on the point. This railway guide gave in its laconic fashion several hotels, and specified the Kaiserin Elisabeth as one at which there was a table d'hôte, briefly explaining that at most hotels in Vienna there was none.

"That settles it," said Mrs. Kenton. "We will go to the Kaiserin Elisabeth, of course. I 'm sure I never want the bother of ordering dinner in English, let alone German, which never was meant for human beings to speak."

"It 's a language you can't tell the truth in," said the colonel, thoughtfully. "You can't call an open country an open country; you have to call it a Black Forest." Mrs. Kenton sighed patiently. "But I don't know about this Kaiserin Elisabeth business. How do we know that 's the *real* name of the hotel? How can *we* be sure that it is n't an *alias*, an assumed name, trumped up for the occasion? I tell you, Bessie, we can't be too cautious as long as we 're in this fatherland of lies. What guide-book is this? Baedeker? Oh! Bradshaw. Well, that 's some comfort. Bradshaw 's an Englishman, at least. If it had been Baedeker" —

"Oh, Edward, Edward!" Mrs. Kenton burst out. "Will you *never* give that up? Here you 've been harping on

it for the last four days, and worrying my life out with it. I think it 's unkind. It 's perfectly bewildering me. I don't know where or what I am, any more." Some tears of vexation started to her eyes, at which Colonel Kenton put the shaggy arm of his overcoat round her, and gave her an honest hug.

"Well," he said, "I give it up, from this out. Though I shall always say that it was a joke that wore well. And I can tell you, Bessie, that it 's no small sacrifice to give up a joke that you 've just got into prime working order, so that you can use it on almost anything that comes up. But that 's a thing that you can never understand. Let it all pass. We 'll go to the Kaiserin Elisabeth, and submit to any sort of imposition they 've a mind to practice upon us. I shall not breathe freely, I suppose, till we get into Italy, where people mean what they say. Haw, haw, haw!" laughed the colonel, "honest Iago 's the man *I'm* after."

The doors of the waiting-room were thrown open, and cries of "Erste Klasse! Zweite Klasse! Dritte Klasse!" summoned the variously assorted passengers to carriages of their several degrees. The colonel lifted his little wife into a non-smoking first-class carriage, and established her against the cushioned barrier dividing the two seats, so that her feet could just reach the hot-water bottle, as he called it, and tucked her in and built her up so with wraps that she was a prodigy of comfort; and then folding about him the long fur-lined coat which she had bought him at Munich (in spite of his many protests that the fur was artificial), he sat down on the seat opposite, and proudly enjoyed the perfect content that beamed from Mrs. Kenton's face, looking so small from her heap of luxurious coverings.

"Well, Bessie, this would be very pleasant — if you could believe in it," he said, as the train smoothly rolled out of the station. "But of course it can't be genuine. There must be some dodge about it. I've no doubt you 'll begin to feel perfectly horrid, the first thing you know."

Mrs. Kenton let him go on, as he did at some length, and began to drowse, while he amused himself with a gross parody of things she had said during the past four days. In those years while their wedded bliss was yet practically new, Colonel Kenton found his wife an inexhaustible source of mental refreshment. He prized beyond measure the feminine inadequacy and excess of her sayings; he had stored away such a variety of these that he was able to talk her personal parlance for an hour together; indeed, he had learnt the trick of inventing phrases so much in her manner that Mrs. Kenton never felt quite safe in disowning any monstrous thing attributed to her. Her drowse now became a little nap, and presently a delicious doze, in which she drifted far away from actual circumstance into a realm where she seemed to exist as a mere airy thought of her physical self; suddenly she lost this thought, and slept through all stops at stations and all changes of the hot-water cylinder, to renew which the guard, faithful to Colonel Kenton's bribe, alone opened the door.

"Wake up, Bessie," she heard her husband saying. "We 're at Vienna."

It seemed very improbable, but she did not dispute it. "What time is it?" she asked, as she suffered herself to be lifted from the carriage into the keen air of the winter night.

"Three o'clock," said the colonel, hurrying her into the waiting-room, where she sat, still somewhat remote from herself but getting nearer and nearer, while he went off about the baggage. "Now, then," he cried cheerfully when he returned; and he led his wife out and put her into a *fiacre*. The driver bent from his perch and arrested the colonel, as he was getting in after Mrs. Kenton, with words in themselves unintelligible, but so probably in demand for neglected instructions that the colonel said, "Oh! Kaiserin Elisabeth!" and again bowed his head towards the fiacre door, when the driver addressed farther speech to him, so diffuse and so presumably unnecessary, that Colonel Kenton merely repeated, with rising impatience, "Kai-

serin Elisabeth, — Kaiserin Elisabeth, I tell you!" and getting in shut the fiacre door after him.

The driver remained a moment in mumbled soliloquy; then he smacked his whip and drove rapidly away. They were aware of nothing outside but the starlit winter morning in unknown streets, till they plunged at last under an archway and drew up at a sort of lodge door, from which issued an example of the universal gold-cap-banded Continental hotel *portier*, so like all others in Europe that it seemed idle for him to be leading an individual existence. He took the colonel's passport and summoned a waiter, who went bowing before them up a staircase more or less grandiose, and led them to a pleasant chamber, whither he sent directly a woman servant. She bade them a hearty good morning in her tongue, and, kneeling down before the tall porcelain stove, kindled from her apronful of blocks and sticks a fire that soon penetrated the travelers with a rich comfort. It was of course too early yet to think of breakfast, but it was fortunately not too late to think of sleep. They were both very tired, and it was almost noon when they woke. The colonel had the fire rekindled, and he ordered breakfast to be served them in their room. "Beefsteak and coffee — here!" he said, pointing to the table; and as he made Mrs. Kenton snug near the stove he expatiated in her own terms upon the perfect loveliness of the whole affair, and the touch of nature that made coffee and beefsteak the same in every language. It seemed that the Kaiserin Elisabeth knew how to serve such a breakfast in faultless taste; and they sat long over it, in that sense of sovereign satisfaction which beefsteak and coffee in your own room can best give. At last the colonel rose briskly and announced the order of the day. They were to go here, they were to stop there; they were to see this, they were to do that.

"Nothing of the kind," said Mrs. Kenton. "I am not going out at all to-day. It 's too cold; and if we are to push on to Trieste to-morrow, I shall need the whole day to get a little rested. Besides, I have some jobs of mending to do that can't be put off any longer."

The colonel listened with an air of joyous admiration. "Bessie," said he, "this is inspiration. *I* don't want to see their old town; and I shall ask nothing better than to spend the day with you here at our own fireside. You can sew, and I — I 'll *read* to you, Bessie!" This was a little too gross; even Mrs. Kenton laughed at this; the act of reading being so abhorrent to Colonel Kenton's active temperament that he was notorious for his avoidance of all literature except newspapers. In about ten minutes, passed in an agreeable idealization of his purpose, which came in that time to include the perusal of all the books on Italy he had picked up on their journey, the colonel said he would go down and ask the portier if they had the New York papers.

When he returned, somewhat disconsolate, to say they had not, and had apparently never heard of the Herald or Tribune, his wife smiled subtly: "Then I suppose you 'll have to go to the consul's for them."

"Why, Bessie, it is n't a thing I should have suggested; I can't bear the thoughts of leaving you here alone; but as you *say!* No, I 'll tell you: I 'll not go for the New York papers, but I will just step round and call upon the representative of the country — pay my respects to him, you know — if you *wish* it. But I 'd far rather spend the time here with you, Bessie, in our cosy little boudoir; I would, indeed."

Mrs. Kenton now laughed outright, and — it was a tremendous sarcasm for her — asked him if he were not afraid the example of the Black Forest was becoming infectious.

"Oh come now, Bessie; no joking," pleaded the colonel, in mock distress. "I 'll tell you what, my dear, the head waiter here speaks English like a — an Ollendorff; and if you get to feeling a little lonesome while I 'm out, you can just ring and order something from him, you know. It will cheer you up to hear the sound of your native tongue in a for-

eign land. But, pshaw! *I* shan't be gone a minute!"

By this time the colonel had got on his overcoat and gloves, and had his hat in one hand, and was leaning over his wife, resting the other hand on the back of the chair in which she sat warming the toes of her slippers at the draft of the stove. She popped him a cheery little kiss on his mustache, and gave him a small push: "Stay as long as you like, Ned. I shall not be in the least lonesome. I shall do my mending, and then I shall take a nap, and by that time it will be dinner. You need n't come back before dinner. What hour is the table d'hôte?"

"Oh!" cried the colonel, guiltily. "The fact is, I was n't going to tell you; I thought it would vex you so much; there *is* no table d'hôte here and never was. Bradshaw has been depraved by the moral atmosphere of Germany. I 'd as soon trust Baedeker after this."

"Well, never mind," said Mrs. Kenton. "We can tell them to bring us what they like for dinner, and we can have it whenever *we* like."

"Bessie!" exclaimed the colonel; "I have not done justice to you, and I supposed I had. I knew how bright and beautiful you were, but I *did* n't think you were so amiable. I did n't, indeed. This is a real surprise," he said, getting out at the door. He opened it to add that he would be back in an hour, and then he went his way, with the light heart of a husband who has a day to himself with his wife's full approval.

At the consulate a still greater surprise awaited Colonel Kenton. This was the consul himself, who proved to be an old companion-in-arms, and into whose awful presence the colonel was ushered by a *Hausmeister* in a cocked hat and a gold-braided uniform finer than that of all the American major-generals put together. The friends both shouted "Hollo!" and "*You* don't say so!" and threw back their heads and laughed.

"Why, did n't you know I was here?" demanded the consul when the hard work of greeting was over. "I thought everybody knew that."

"Oh, I knew you were rusting out in some of these Dutch towns, but I never supposed it was Vienna. But that does n't make any difference, so long as you *are* here." At this they smacked each other on the knees, and laughed again. That carried them by a very rough point in their astonishment, and they now composed themselves to the pleasure of telling each other how they happened to be then and there, with glances at their personal history when they were making it together in the field.

"Well, now, what are you going to do the rest of the day?" asked the consul at last, with a look at his watch. "As I understand it, you 're going to spend it with me, somehow. The question is, how would you like to spend it?"

"This is a handsome offer, Davis; but I don't see how I 'm to manage, exactly," replied the colonel, for the first time distinctly recalling the memory of Mrs. Kenton. "My wife would n't know what had become of me, you know."

"Oh, yes, she would," retorted the consul with a bachelor's ignorant ease of mind in a point of that kind. "We 'll go round and take her with us."

The colonel gravely shook his head. "She would n't go, old fellow. She 's in for a day's rest and odd jobs. I 'll tell you what, I 'll just drop round and let her know I 've found you, and then come back again. You 'll dine with us, won't you?" Colonel Kenton had not always found old comradeship a bond between Mrs. Kenton and his friends, but he believed he could safely chance it with Davis, whom she had always rather liked, — with such small regard as a lady's devotion to her husband leaves her for his friends.

"Oh, I 'll *dine* with you fast enough," said his friend. "But why don't you send a note to Mrs. Kenton to say that we 'll be round together, and save yourself the bother? Did you come here alone?"

"Bless your heart, no! I forgot him. The poor devil 's out there, cooling his heels on your stairs all this time. I came with a complete guide to Vienna. Can't you let him in out of the weather a minute?"

"We 'll have him in, so that he can take your note back; but he does n't expect to be decently treated; they don't, here. You just sit down and write it," said the consul, pushing the colonel into his own chair before his desk, and when the colonel had superscribed his note, he called in the *Lohndiener*, — patient, hat in hand, — and, "Where are you stopping?" he asked the colonel.

"Oh, I forgot that. At the Kaiserin Elisabeth. I 'll just write it" —

"Never mind; we 'll tell him where to take it. See here," added the consul in a serviceable Viennese German of his own construction. "Take this to the Kaiserin Elisabeth, quick," and as the man looked up in a dull surprise, "Do you hear? The Kaiserin Elisabeth!"

"*I* don't know what it is about that hotel," said the colonel, when the man had meekly bowed himself away, with a hat that swept the ground in honor of a handsome drink-money; "but the mention of it always seems to awaken some sort of reluctance in the minds of the lower classes. Our driver wanted to enter into conversation with me about it this morning at three o'clock, and I had to be pretty short with him. If you don't know the language, it is n't so difficult to be short in German as I 've heard. And another curious thing is that Bradshaw says the Kaiserin Elisabeth has a table d'hôte, and the head waiter says she has n't, and never did have."

"Oh, you can't trust anybody in Europe," said the consul, sententiously. "I 'd leave Bradshaw and the waiter to fight it out among themselves. We 'll get back in time to order a dinner, — it 's always better, and then we can dine alone, and have a good time."

"They could n't keep us from having a good time at a table d'hôte, even. But I don't mind."

By this time, they had got on their hats and coats and sallied forth. They first went to a café and had some of that famous Viennese coffee; and then they went to the imperial and municipal arsenals, and viewed those collections of historical bric-à-brac, including the head of the unhappy Turkish general who was strangled by his sovereign because he failed to take Vienna in 1683. This from familiarity had no longer any effect upon the consul, but it gave Colonel Kenton prolonged pause. "I should have preferred a subordinate position in the sultan's army, I believe," he said. "Why, Davis, what a museum we could have had out of the Army of the Potomac alone, if Lincoln had been as particular as that sultan!"

From the arsenals they went to visit the parade-ground of the garrison, and came in time to see a manœuvre of the troops, at which they looked with the frank respect and reserved superiority with which our veterans seem to regard the military of Europe. Then they walked about and noted the principal monuments of the city, and strolled along the promenades and looked at the handsome officers and the beautiful women. Colonel Kenton admired the life and the gay movement everywhere; since leaving Paris he had seen nothing so much like New York. But he did not like their shoveling up the snow into carts everywhere and dumping all that fine sleighing into the Danube. "By the way," said his friend, "let 's go over into Leopoldstadt, and see if we can't scare up a sleigh for a little turn in the suburbs."

"It 's getting late, is n't it?" asked the colonel.

"Not so late as it looks. You know we have n't the high American sun, here."

Colonel Kenton was having such a good time that he felt no trouble about his wife, sitting over her mending in the Kaiserin Elisabeth, and he yielded joyfully, thinking how much she would like to hear about the suburbs of Vienna: a husband will go through almost any pleasure in order to give his wife an entertaining account of it afterwards; besides, a bachelor companionship is confusing: it makes many things appear right and feasible which are perhaps not so. It was not till their driver, who had turned out of the beaten track into a wayside drift to make room for another vehicle, attempted to regain the road by too

abrupt a movement, and the shafts of their sledge responded with a loud crick-crack, that Colonel Kenton perceived the error into which he had suffered himself to be led. At three miles' distance from the city, and with the winter twilight beginning to fall, he felt the pang of a sudden remorse. It grew sorer with every homeward step and with each successive failure to secure a conveyance for their return. In fine, they trudged back to Leopoldstadt, where an absurd series of discomfitures awaited them in their attempts to get a fiacre over into the main city. They visited all the stands known to the consul, and then they were obliged to walk. But they were not tired, and they made their distance so quickly that Colonel Kenton's spirits rose again. He was able for the first time to smile at their misadventure, and some misgivings as to how Mrs. Ellison might stand affected towards a guest under the circumstances yielded to the thought of how he should make her laugh at them both. "Good old Davis!" mused the colonel, and affectionately linked his arm through that of his friend, and they stamped through the brilliantly lighted streets gay with uniforms and the picturesque costumes with which the Levant at Vienna encounters the London and Paris fashions. Suddenly the consul arrested their movement. "Did n't you say you were stopping at the Kaiserin Elisabeth?"

"Why, yes; certainly."

"Well, it's just around the corner, here." The consul turned him about, and in another minute they walked under an archway into a court-yard, and were met by the portier at the door of his room with an inquiring obeisance.

Colonel Kenton started. The cap and the cap-band were the same; and it was to all intents and purposes the same portier who had bowed him away in the morning; but the face was different. On noting this fact Colonel Kenton observed so general a change in the appointments and even architecture of the place that, "Old fellow," he said to the consul, "you 've made a little mistake; this is n't the Kaiserin Elisabeth."

The consul referred the matter to the portier. Perfectly; that was the Kaiserin Elisabeth. "Well, then," said the colonel, "tell him to have us shown to my room." The portier discovered a certain embarrassment when the colonel's pleasure was made known to him, and ventured something in reply which made the consul smile.

"Look here, Kenton," he said, "*you* 've made a little mistake, this time. You 're not stopping at the Kaiserin Elisabeth!"

"Oh, pshaw! Come, now! Don't bring the consular dignity so low as to enter into a practical joke with a hotel porter. It won't do. We got into Vienna this morning at three, and drove straight to the Kaiserin Elisabeth. We had a room and fire, and breakfast about noon. Tell him who I am, and what I say."

The consul did so, the portier slowly and respectfully shaking his head at every point. When it came to the name, he turned to his books, and shook his head yet more impressively. Then he took down a letter, spelled its address, and handed it to the colonel; it was his own note to Mrs. Kenton. That quite crushed him. He looked at it in a dull, mechanical way, and nodded his head with compressed lips. Then he scanned the portier, and glanced round once more at the bedeviled architecture. "Well," said he, at last, "there 's a mistake somewhere. Unless there are two Kaiserin Elisabeths — Davis, ask him if there are two Kaiserin Elisabeths."

The consul compassionately put the question, received with something like grief by the portier. Impossible!

"Then I 'm not stopping at either of them," continued the colonel. "So far, so good, — if you want to call it *good*. The question is now, if I 'm not stopping at the Kaiserin Elisabeth," he demanded, with sudden heat, and raising his voice, "how the devil did I get there?"

The consul at this broke into a fit of laughter so violent that the portier retired a pace or two from these maniacs and took up a safe position within his door-way. "You did n't — you did n't

— get there!" shrieked the consul. "That 's what made the whole trouble. You — you meant well, but you got somewhere else." He took out his handkerchief and wiped the tears from his eyes.

The colonel did not laugh; he had no real pleasure in the joke. On the contrary, he treated it as a serious business. "Very well," said he, "it will be proved next that I never told that driver to take me to the Kaiserin Elisabeth, as it appears that I never got there and am not stopping there. Will you be good enough to tell me," he asked, with polished sarcasm, "where I *am* stopping, and why, and how?"

"I wish with all my heart I could," gasped his friend, catching his breath, "but I can't, and the only way is to go round to the principal hotels till we hit the right one. It won't take long. Come!" He passed his arm through that of the colonel, and made an explanation to the portier, as if accounting for the vagaries of some harmless eccentric he had in charge. Then he pulled his friend gently away, who yielded after a survey of the portier and the court-yard with a frown in which an indignant sense of injury quite eclipsed his former bewilderment. He had still this defiant air when they came to the next hotel, and used the portier with so much severity on finding that he was not stopping there, either, that the consul was obliged to protest: "If you behave in that way, Kenton, I won't go with you. The man 's perfectly innocent of your stopping at the wrong place; and some of these hotel people know me, and I won't stand your bullying them. And I tell you what: you 've got to let me have my laugh out, too. You know the thing 's perfectly ridiculous, and there 's no use putting any other face on it." The consul did not wait for leave to have his laugh out, but had it out in a series of furious gusts. At last the colonel himself joined him, ruefully.

"Of course," said he, "I know I 'm an ass, and I would n't mind it on my own account. *I* would as soon roam round after that hotel the rest of the night as not, but I can't help feeling anxious about my wife. I 'm afraid she 'll be getting very uneasy at my being gone so long. She 's all alone, there, wherever it is, and" —

"Well, but she 's got your note. She 'll understand" —

"What a fool *you* are, Davis! *There 's* my note!" cried the colonel, opening his fist and showing a very small wad of paper in his palm. "She 'd have got my note if she 'd been at the Kaiserin Elisabeth, but she 's no more there than I am."

"Oh!" said his friend, sobered at this. "To be sure! Well?"

"Well, it 's no use trying to tell a man like you. But I suppose that she 's simply distracted by this time. You don't know what a woman is, and how she can suffer about a little matter when she gives her mind to it."

"Oh!" said the consul again, very contritely. "I 'm very sorry I laughed; but" — here he looked into the colonel's gloomy face with a countenance contorted with agony — "this only makes it the more ridiculous, you know," and he reeled away drunk with the mirth which filled him from head to foot. But he repented again, and with a superhuman effort so far subdued his transports as merely to quake internally, and tremble all over, as he led the way to the next hotel, arm in arm with the bewildered and embittered colonel. He encouraged the latter with much genuine sympathy, and observed a proper decorum in his interviews with one portier after another, formulating the colonel's story very neatly, and explaining at the close that this American Herr, who had arrived at Vienna before daylight and directed his driver to take him to the Kaiserin Elisabeth, and had left his hotel at one o'clock in the belief that it was the Kaiserin Elisabeth, felt now an added eagerness to know what his hotel really was from the circumstance that his wife was there quite alone and in probable distress at his long absence. At first Colonel Kenton took a lively interest in this statement of his case, and prompted the consul with various remarks and sub-statements; he was grateful for the compassion gen-

erally shown him by the portiers, and he strove with himself to give some account of the exterior and locality of his mysterious hotel. But the fact was that he had not so much as looked behind him when he quitted it, and knew nothing about its appearance; and gradually the reiteration of the points of his misadventure to one portier after another began to be as "a tale of little meaning, though the words are strong." His personation of an American Herr in great trouble of mind was an entire failure, except as illustrating the national apathy of countenance when under the influence of strong emotion. He ceased to take part in the consul's efforts in his behalf; the whole abominable affair seemed as far beyond his forecast or endeavor as some result of malign enchantment; and there was no such thing as carrying off the tragedy with self-respect. Distressing as it was, there could be no question but it was entirely ridiculous; he hung his head with shame before the portiers at being a party to it; he no longer felt like resenting Davis's amusement; he only wondered that he could keep his face in relating the idiotic mischance. Each successive failure to discover his lodging confirmed him in his humiliation and despair. Very likely there was a way out of the difficulty, but he did not know it. He became at last almost an indifferent spectator of the consul's perseverance. He began to look back with incredulity at the period of his life passed before entering the fatal fiacre that morning. He received the final portier's rejection with something like a personal derision.

"That 's the last place I can think of," said the consul, wiping his brow as they emerged from the court yard, for he had grown very warm with walking so much.

"Oh, all right," said the colonel languidly.

"But we won't give it up. Let 's go in here and get some coffee, and think it over a bit." They were near one of the principal cafés, which was full of people smoking, and drinking the Viennese *mélange* out of tumblers.

"By all means," assented Colonel Kenton with inconsequent courtliness, "think it over. It 's all that 's left us."

Matters did not look so dark, quite, after a tumbler of coffee with milk, but they did not continue to brighten so much as they ought with the cigars. "Now let us go through the facts of the case," said the consul, and the colonel wearily reproduced his original narrative with every possible circumstance. "But you know all about it," he concluded. "I don't see any end of it. I don't see but I 'm to spend the rest of my life in hunting up a hotel that professes to be the Kaiserin Elisabeth, and is n't. I never knew anything like it."

"It certainly has the charm of novelty," gloomily assented the consul; it must be owned that his gloom was a respectful feint. "I have heard of men running away from their hotels, but I never did hear of a hotel running away from a man before now. Yes — hold on! I have, too. Aladdin's palace — and with Mrs. Aladdin in it, at that! It 's a parallel case." Here he abandoned himself as usual, while Colonel Kenton viewed his mirth with a dreary grin. When he at last caught his breath, "I beg your pardon, I do, indeed," the consul implored. "I know just how you feel, but of course it 's coming out right. We 've been to all the hotels I know of, but there must be others. We 'll get some more names and start at once; and if the genie has dropped your hotel anywhere this side of Africa we shall find it. If the worst comes to the worst, you can stay at my house to-night and start new to-m— Oh, I forgot! — Mrs. Kenton! Really, the whole thing is such an amusing muddle that I can't seem to get over it." He looked at Kenton with tears in his eyes, but contained himself and decorously summoned a waiter, who brought him whatever corresponds to a city directory in Vienna. "There!" he said, when he had copied into his note-book a number of addresses, "I don't think your hotel will escape us this time," and discharging his account he led the way to the door, Colonel Kenton listlessly following.

The wretched husband was now suffer-

ing all the anguish of a just remorse, and the heartlessness of his behavior in going off upon his own pleasure the whole afternoon and leaving his wife alone in a strange hotel to pass the time as she might was no less a poignant reproach, because it seemed so inconceivable in connection with what he had always taken to be the kindness and unselfishness of his character. We all know the sensation, and I know none, on the whole, so disagreeable, so little flattering, so persistent when once it has established itself in the ill doer's consciousness. To find out that you are not so good or generous or magnanimous as you thought is, next to having other people find it out, probably the unfriendliest discovery that can be made. But I suppose it has its uses. Colonel Kenton now saw the unhandsomeness of his leaving his wife at all, and he beheld in its true light his shabbiness in not going back to tell her he had found his old friend and was to bring him to dinner. The Lohndiener would of course have taken him straight to his hotel, and he would have been spared this shameful exposure which, he knew well enough, Davis would never forget, but would tell all his life with an ever increasing garniture of fiction. He cursed his weakness in allowing himself to dawdle about those arsenals and that parade-ground, and to be so far misguided by a hardened bachelor as to admire certain yellow-haired German and black-haired Hungarian women on the promenade; when he came to think of going out in that sledge, it was with anathema maranatha. He groaned in spirit, but he owned that he was rightly punished, though it seemed hard that his wife should be punished too; and then he went on miserably to figure first her slight surprise at his being gone so long; then her vague uneasiness and her conjectures; then her dawning apprehensions and her helplessness; her probable sending to the consulate to find out what had become of him; her dismay at learning nothing of him there; her waiting and waiting in wild dismay as the moments and hours went by; her frenzied running to the door at every step and her despair when it proved not his. He had seen her suffering from less causes. And where was she? In what low, shabby tavern had he left her? He choked with rage and grief and could hardly speak to the gentleman, a naturalized fellow-citizen of Vienna, to whom he found the consul introducing him.

"I wonder if you can't help us," said the consul. "My friend here is the victim of a curious annoyance," and he stated the case in language so sympathetic and decorous as to restore some small shreds of the colonel's self-respect.

"Ah," said their new acquaintance, who was mercifully not a man of humor, or too polite to seem so, "that 's another trick of those scamps of fiacre-drivers. He took you purposely to the wrong hotel, and was probably feed by the landlord for bringing you. But why should you make yourselves so much trouble? You know Colonel Kenton's landlord had to send his name to the police as soon as he came, and you can get his address there at once."

"Good-by!" said the consul very hastily, with a crest-fallen air. "Come along, Kenton."

"What did he send my name to the police for?" demanded the colonel, in the open air.

"Oh! It 's a form. They do it with all travelers. It 's merely to secure the imperial government against your machinations."

"And do you mean to say you ought to have known," cried the colonel, halting him, "that you could have found out where I was from the police at once, before we had walked all over this moral vineyard, and wasted half a precious life-time?"

"Kenton," contritely admitted the other, "I never happened to think of it."

"Well, Davis, you 're a pretty consul!" That was all the colonel said, and though his friend was voluble in self-exculpation and condemnation, he did not answer him a word till they arrived at the police office. A few brief questions and replies between the commissary and the consul solved the long mystery, and Colonel Kenton had once more

a hotel over his head. The commissary certified to the respectability of the place, but invited the colonel to prosecute the driver of the fiacre in behalf of the general public, which seemed so right a thing that the colonel entered into it with zeal and then suddenly relinquished it, remembering that he had not the rogue's number, that he had not so much as looked at him, and that he knew no more what manner of man he was than his own image in a glass. Under the circumstances, the commissary admitted that it was impossible, and as to bringing the landlord to justice, nothing could be proved against him.

"Will you ask him," said the colonel, "the outside price of a first-class assault and battery in Vienna?" The consul put as much of this idea into German as the language would contain, which was enough to make the commissary laugh and shake his head warningly.

"It would n't do, he says, Kenton; it is n't the custom of the country."

"Very well, then, I don't see why we should occupy his time." He gave his hand to the commissary, whom he would have liked to embrace, and then hurried forth again with the consul. "There is one little thing worries me still," he said. "I suppose Mrs. Kenton is simply crazy by this time."

"Is she of a very — nervous — disposition?" faltered the consul.

"Nervous? Well, if you could witness the expression of her emotions in regard to mice, you would n't ask that question, Davis."

At this desolating reply the consul was mute for a moment. Then he ventured: "I 've heard — or read, I don't know which — that women have more real fortitude than men, and that they find a kind of moral support in an actual emergency that they would n't find in — mice."

"Pshaw!" answered the colonel. "You wait till you see Mrs. Kenton."

"Look here, Kenton," said the consul, seriously, and stopping short. "I 've been thinking that perhaps — I — I had better dine with you some other day. The fact is, the situation now seems so purely domestic that a third person, you know" —

"Come along!" cried the colonel. "I want you to help me out of this scrape. I 'm going to leave that hotel as soon as I can put my things together, and you 've got to browbeat the landlord for me, while I go up and reassure my wife long enough to get her out of that den of thieves. What did you say the scoundrelly name was?"

"The Gasthof zum Wilden Manne."

"And what does Wildun Manny mean?"

"The Sign of the Savage, we should make it, I suppose: the Wild Man."

"Well, I don't know whether it was named after me or not, but if I 'd found that sign anywhere for the last four or five hours, I should have known it for home. There has n't been any wilder man in Vienna since the town was laid out, I reckon; and I don't believe there ever was a wilder woman anywhere than Mrs. Kenton is at this instant."

Arrived at the Sign of the Savage, Colonel Kenton left his friend below with the portier, and mounting the stairs three steps at a time flew to his room. Flinging open the door, he beheld his wife dressed in one of her best silks, before the mirror, bestowing some last prinks, touching her back hair with her hand, and twitching the bow at her throat into perfect place. She smiled at him in the glass, and said, "Where 's Captain Davis?"

"Captain Davis?" gasped the colonel, dry-tongued with anxiety and fatigue. "Oh! *He 's* down there. He 'll be up directly."

She turned and came forward to him: "How do you like it?" Then she advanced near enough to encounter the mustache: "Why, how heated and tired you look!"

"Yes, yes, — we 've been walking. I — I 'm rather late, ain't I, Bessie?"

"About an hour. I ordered dinner at six, and it 's nearly seven now." The colonel started; he had not dared to look at his watch, and he had supposed it must be about ten o'clock; it seemed years since his search for the hotel had

begun. But he said nothing; he felt that in some mysterious and unmerited manner Heaven was having mercy upon him, and he accepted the grace in the sneaking way we all accept mercy. "I knew you 'd stay longer than you expected, when you found it was Davis."

"How did you know it was Davis?" asked the colonel, blindly feeling his way.

Mrs. Kenton picked up her Almanach de Gotha. "It has all the consular and diplomatic corps in it."

"I won't laugh at it any more," said the colonel humbly. "Were n't you — uneasy, Bessie?"

"No! I mended away, here, and fussed round the whole afternoon, putting the trunks to rights, and I got out this dress and ran a bit of lace into the collar; and then I ordered dinner, for I knew you 'd bring the captain; and I took a nap, and by that it was nearly dinner time."

"Oh!" said the colonel.

"Yes; and the head waiter was as polite as peas; they 've all been very attentive. I shall certainly recommend everybody to the Kaiserin Elisabeth."

"Yes," assented the wretched man. "I reckon it 's about the best hotel in Vienna."

"Well, now, go and get Captain Davis. You can bring him right in here; we 're only travelers. Why, what makes you act so queerly? Has anything happened?" Mrs. Kenton was surprised to find herself gathered into her husband's arms and embraced with a rapture for which she could see no particular reason.

"Bessie," said her husband, "I told you this morning that you were amiable as well as bright and beautiful; I now wish to add that you are sensible. I 'm awfully ashamed of being gone so long. But the fact is we had a little accident. Our sleigh broke down out in the country, and we had to walk back."

"Oh, you poor old fellow! No wonder you look tired."

He accepted the balm of her compassion like a candid and innocent man: "Yes, it was pretty rough. But *I* did n't mind it, except on your account. I thought the delay would make you uneasy." With that he went out to the head of the stairs and called, "Davis!"

"Yes!" responded the consul, and he ascended the stairs in such trepidation that he tripped and fell part of the way up.

"Have you been saying anything to that man about my going away?"

"No, I 've simply been blowing him up on the fiacre driver's account. He swears they are innocent of collusion. But of course they 're not."

"Well, all right. Mrs. Kenton is waiting for us to go to dinner. And look here," whispered the colonel, "don't you open your mouth, except to put something into it, till I give you the cue."

The dinner was charming and had suffered little or nothing from the delay. Mrs. Kenton was in raptures with it, and after a thimbleful of the good Hungarian wine had attuned her tongue, she began to sing the praises of the Kaiserin Elisabeth.

"The K—" began the consul, who had hitherto guarded himself very well. But the colonel arrested him at that letter with a terrible look. He returned the look with a glance of intelligence, and resumed: "The Kaiserin Elisabeth has the best cook in Vienna."

"And everybody about has such nice honest faces," said Mrs. Kenton. "I 'm sure I could n't have felt anxious if you had n't come till midnight: I knew I was perfectly secure here."

"Quite right, quite right," said the consul. "All classes of the Viennese are so faithful. Now, I dare say you could have trusted that driver of yours, who brought you here before daylight this morning, with untold gold. No stranger need fear any of the tricks ordinarily practiced upon travelers in Vienna. They are a truthful, honest, virtuous population, — like all the Germans in fact."

"There, Ned! What do you say to that, with your Black Forest nonsense?" triumphed Mrs. Kenton.

Colonel Kenton laughed sheepishly: "Well, I take it all back, Bessie. I was n't quite satisfied with the appearance of the Black Forest country when I came to it," he explained to the consul, "and

Mrs. Kenton and I had our little joke about the fraudulent nature of the Germans."

"*Our* little joke!" retorted his wife. "I wish we were going to stay longer in Vienna. They say you have to make bargains for everything in Italy, and here I suppose I could shop just as at home."

"Precisely," said the consul; the Viennese shop-keepers being the most notorious Jews in Europe.

"Oh, we can't stop longer than till the morning," remarked the colonel. "I shall be sorry to leave Vienna and the Kaiserin Elisabeth, but we must go."

"Better hang on awhile; you won't find many hotels like it, Kenton," observed his friend.

"No, I suppose not," sighed the colonel; "but I'll get the address of their correspondent in Venice and stop there."

Thus these craven spirits combined to delude and deceive the helpless woman of whom half an hour before they had stood in such abject terror. If they had found her in hysterics they would have pitied and respected her, but her good sense, her amiability and noble self-control subjected her to their shameless mockery.

Colonel Kenton followed the consul down-stairs when he went away, and pretended to justify himself. "I'll tell her one of these days," he said, "but there's no use distressing her now."

"I did n't understand you at first," said the other. "But I see now it was the only way."

"Yes; saves needless suffering. I say, Davis, this is about an even thing between us? A United States consul ought to be of some use to his fellow-citizens abroad, and if he allows them to walk their legs off hunting up a hotel which he could have found at the first police-station if *he had happened to think of it*, he won't be very anxious to tell the joke, I suppose?"

"I don't propose to write home to the papers about it."

"All right." So, in the court-yard of the Wild Man they parted. Long after that Mrs. Kenton continued to recommend people to the Kaiserin Elisabeth. Even when the truth was made known to her she did not see much to laugh at. "I 'm sure I was always very glad the colonel did n't tell me at once," she said, "for if I had known what I had been through, I certainly *should* have gone distracted."

W. D. Howells.

LOVE IN MAY.

So sweet, they say, to fall asleep
  Some night a bud and wake a rose,
Which means a queen, by right of all
  The wind-blown bounties she bestows.

And sweet to find a sudden ring
  Of suitors round one's new-born wiles, —
To tilt and glow on bending stem
  In the full summer of their smiles;

To read one's fairness in their eyes,
  To turn a velvet cheek to each,
To blush on all, but when the bold
  Essay to pluck, sway out of reach.

But I am only this, a poor
Pale promise of a rose, you see, —
No queen as yet with largess sweet,
And only one has smiled on me.

To the dear faith that guesses at
The rose I yield, nor can withstand;
Each folded grace its summer finds
In the warm hollow of thy hand.

Annie R. Annan.

A CENTURY OF CONGRESS.

We have seen the close of our memorial year, during which societies, the States, and the nation have been reviewing the completed century and forecasting the character of that which has just begun.

Our people have been tracing the footprints of the fathers along the many paths which united to form the great highway whereon forty-four millions of Americans are now marching. If we would profit by the great lessons of the centennial year, we must study thoughtfully and reverently the elements and forces that have made the republic what it is, and which will in a great measure shape and direct its future.

No study of these themes can lead to a just view of our institutions which does not include within its range a survey of the history and functions of

THE AMERICAN CONGRESS.

Indeed, the history of liberty and union in this country, as developed by the men of 1776 and maintained by their successors, is inseparably connected with the history of the national legislature. Nor can they be separated in the future. The Union and the Congress must share the same fate. They must rise or fall together.

The germ of our political institutions, the primary cell from which they were evolved, was the New England town; and the vital force, the informing soul, of the town was the town-meeting, which for all local concerns was king, lords, and commons in one. It was the training-school in which our fathers learned the science and the art of self-government, the school which has made us the most parliamentary people on the globe.

In what other quarter of the world could such a phenomenon have been witnessed as the creation of the state government of California, in 1849, when out of the most heterogeneous and discordant elements a constitution and body of laws were framed and adopted which challenge comparison with those of the oldest governments in the world? This achievement was due to the law-making habit of Americans. The spirit of the town-meeting guided the colonies in their aspirations for independence, and finally created the Union. The Congress of the Union is the most general and comprehensive expression of this legislative habit of our people.

The materials for tracing the origin of Congress are scanty; but they are sufficient to show the spirit which gave it birth.

The idea of a congress on this continent sprang from the necessity of union among the colonies for mutual protection; and the desire for union logically expressed itself in an intercolonial representative assembly. Every such as-

sembly in America has been a more or less marked symbol of union.

AMERICAN UNION.

The first decisive act of union among the colonists was the convention of 1690, at New York. The revolution of 1689, in England, resulted in immediate and desperate war between that country and France, and soon involved the British and French colonies of America. The French of Canada, aided by the northern Indians, determined to carry the flag of Louis XIV. down the valley of the Hudson, and thus break in twain the British colonies. To meet this danger and to retaliate upon France, the General Court of Massachusetts, ever watchful of the welfare of its people, addressed letters of invitation to the neighboring colonies, asking them to appoint commissioners to meet and consult for the common defense. These commissioners met in convention, at New York, on the 1st of May, 1690, and determined to raise an "army" of eight hundred and fifty-five men, from the five colonies of New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Plymouth, and Maryland, to repel the threatened invasion and to capture Canada in the name of William and Mary.[1] Some of our historians have called this meeting of commissioners "the first American Congress." I find no evidence that the name "Congress" was then applied to that assembly; though it is doubtless true that its organization and mode of procedure contained the germ of the future Congress.

The New York convention called upon each of the five colonies for its quota of troops for the little army, and intrusted the management of the campaign to a board or council of war consisting of one officer from each colony. The several quotas were proportioned to the population of the several colonies, while the great and small colonies had an equal voice in directing the expedition. Here, in embryo, was the duplex system of popular and state representation.

[1] Doc. History of New York, vol. ii., page 239, and Bancroft's History, vol. iii., page 183.

THE FIRST AMERICAN CONGRESS.

Sixty-four years later, a convention of commissioners from seven of the colonies met at Albany and called themselves a "Congress." So far as I have been able to discover, this was the first American assembly which called itself by that name. It was probably adopted because the convention bore some resemblance to that species of European international convention which in the language of diplomacy was called a congress.

In order to obtain a clearer view of this important Albany Congress of 1754, we must understand the events which immediately preceded it.

In 1748, in obedience to orders from England, the governors of the northern colonies met at Albany to conclude a treaty of peace with the Six-Nations. After this was accomplished, the governors, sitting in secret council, united in a complaint that their salaries were not promptly and regularly paid, but that the colonial legislatures insisted upon the right to determine, by annual appropriations, the amounts to be paid.

This petition, forwarded to the dissolute Duke of Bedford, then at the head of the colonial administration, was answered by a royal order directing the governors to demand from the colonial legislatures the payment of fixed salaries for a term of years, and threatening that if this were not done, Parliament would impose upon the colonies a direct tax for that purpose. Thus the first overt act which led to the Revolution was a demand for higher salaries; and, on the motion of the colonial governors at Albany, the British Board of Trade opened the debate in favor of parliamentary supremacy. Six years later came the reply from seven colonies through the Albany Congress of 1754.

War with France was again imminent. Her battalions had descended the Ohio, and were threatening the northern frontier. The colonial governors called upon the legislatures to send commissioners to Albany to secure the alliance of the Six-Nations against the French, and to adopt measures for the common defense.

On the 19th of June, 1754, twenty-five commissioners met at the little village of Albany, and, following the example of the governors who met there six years before, completed their treaty with the Indians, and then opened the question of a colonial union for common defense.

Foremost among the commissioners was Benjamin Franklin; and through his voice and pen the Congress and the colonies replied to the demands of England by proposing a plan of union to be founded upon the rights of the colonies as Englishmen. If his plan had been adopted, independence might have been delayed for half a century. Curiously enough, it was rejected by the colonies as having "too much of the prerogative in it," and by England as having "too much of the democratic."

But the talismanic words "Union" and "Congress" had been spoken, and from that hour were never forgotten. The argument for colonial rights had also been stated in the perfect style of Franklin, and was never to be answered.

THE CONGRESS OF 1765.

The second assembly which called itself a Congress met at New York, in 1765. The mercantile policy of England, embodied in the long series of navigation acts, had finally culminated in Lord Grenville's stamp act and the general assertion of the right of Parliament to tax the colonies in all cases whatsoever. Again Massachusetts led the movement for union and resistance. On the 6th of June, 1765, her legislature adopted a resolution, offered by James Otis, to call a congress of delegates of the thirteen colonies, "to consult together" and "consider of a united representation to implore relief." This call was answered by every colony; and on the 7th of October, 1765, twenty-seven delegates met at New York, and elected Timothy Ruggles, of Massachusetts, chairman.

There for the first time James Otis saw John Dickinson; there Gadsden and Rutledge sat beside Livingston and Dyer; there the brightest minds of America joined in the discussion of their common danger and common rights. The session lasted eighteen days. Its deliberations were most solemn and momentous. Loyalty to the crown and a shrinking dread of opposing established authority were met by the fiery spirit which glowed in the breasts of the boldest thinkers. Amidst the doubt and hesitation of the hour, John Adams gave voice to the logic and spirit of the crisis when he said: "You have rights antecedent to all earthly governments; rights that cannot be repealed or restrained by human laws; rights derived from the great Lawgiver of the universe."

Before adjourning they drafted and adopted a series of masterly addresses to the king, to the Parliament, to the people of England, and to their brethren of the colonies. They had formulated the thoughts of the people, and given voice to their aspirations for liberty. That Congress was indeed "the day-star of the Revolution;" for though most of its members were devotedly loyal to the crown, yet, as Bancroft has said, some, like James Otis, as they went away from that Congress, "seemed to hear the prophetic song of the sibyls chanting the spring-time of a new empire."

THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS OF 1774.

Nine more years of supplication and neglect, of ministerial madness and stubborn colonial resistance, bring us to the early autumn of 1774, when the Continental Congress was assembling at Philadelphia. This time, the alarm had been sounded by New York that a sister colony was being strangled by the heavy hand of a despotic ministry. The response was immediate and almost unanimous. From eleven colonies came the foremost spirits to take counsel for the common weal. From the assaulted colony came Samuel and John Adams, Cushing and Paine. They set out from Boston in August, escorted by great numbers as far as Watertown. Their journey was a solemn and triumphant march. The men of Hartford met them

with pledges to "abide by the resolves which Congress might adopt," and accompanied them to Middletown with carriages and a cavalcade. The bells of New Haven welcomed them, and Roger Sherman addressed them. After visiting the grave of the regicide Bidwell, they left New Haven to be received at New York by the "Sons of Liberty," who attended them across the Hudson. Everywhere they were exhorted to be true to the honor of England and the liberties of America.[1]

With them, from New York and New England, came Jay and Livingston, Sherman and Deane, Hopkins and Duane. From the south came Washington and Henry, Randolph and Lee, Gadsden and Rutledge, and many other names now familiar; in all fifty-five men, sent by eleven colonies.

On Monday, the 5th of September, 1774, they met at Smith's Tavern, in Philadelphia, and proceeded in a body to the Hall of the Carpenters. With what dignity and solemnity they began their work! Choosing for president Peyton Randolph, of Virginia, and for secretary the gentle and learned Charles Thomson, the translator of the Septuagint and the Greek Testament, they formally declared themselves "the Congress," and their chairman "the President." And how soon the spirit of union, in the presence of a common danger, began to melt down the sharp differences of individual opinion!

The first psalm and prayer to which that Congress listened sounded like a chapter of history and prophecy combined. The psalm was not selected for the occasion, but was a part of the regular Episcopal service for that day, the 7th of the month: "Plead thou my cause, O Lord, with them that strive with me, and fight thou against them that fight against me. Lay hand upon the shield and buckler, and stand up to help me. Bring forth the spear, and stop the way against them that persecute me. Let them be turned back and brought to confusion that imagine mischief for me. Let them be as the dust before the wind, and let the angel of the Lord scatter them." When the minister had ended the formal service, the spirit of the occasion burst forth from his lips in these memorable words of prayer: "Look down upon these American States who have fled to thee from the rod of the oppressor, and have thrown themselves on thy precious protection, desiring to be henceforth dependent only on thee; to thee they have appealed for the righteousness of their cause."

What would we not give for a complete record of the proceedings of that Congress! It sat with closed doors, with no reporters, and made no official record except the brief journal of motions and votes. To this journal, to private letters, and tradition, we are indebted for all we know of its proceedings.

The delegates were clothed with no legislative powers. They could only consult and recommend. But they held higher commissions than any which can be embodied in formal credentials. It was their high duty to formulate the thoughts and express the aspirations of the New World. Yet no organized body of men ever directed with more absolute sway the opinions and conduct of a nation.

As a reply to the Boston Port Bill, they requested all merchants and traders to send to Great Britain for no more goods until the sense of the Congress should be taken on the means for preserving the liberties of America. And this request was at once complied with. Knowing that the conduct of England was inspired by greed, that she had adopted the shop-keepers' policy, Congress resolved that, after a given date, the colonies would not buy from England nor sell to her merchants any commodity whatever, unless before that date the grievances of America should be redressed. And public sentiment rigidly enforced the resolution. With more distinctness and solemnity than ever before, the cause of the colonists, based on the inalienable laws of nature and the principles of the English constitution, was declared in addresses to the king, to the Parliament, and to the people of Amer-

[1] Bancroft, vol. vii., chaps. viii., ix.

ica; and, recommending that a new Congress be called the following spring, the Congress of 1774 adjourned, without day, on the 14th of October. The most striking fact connected with that Congress is that its resolutions were obeyed as though they had been clothed with all the sanctions of law. I doubt whether any law of Congress or of any state legislature has been so fully obeyed, in letter and spirit, as were the recommendations of the Continental Congress of 1774. But its action had been far from unanimous. There were strong men, like Jay, who were conservative by nature and culture, and who restrained the more fiery enthusiasm of Henry and Adams; there were timid members who shrank from a contest with the royal authority; and there were traitors to the cause, who, like Galloway, secured a seat that they might more effectively serve the king as a royal spy.

The resolves of that Congress and its address to the colonies were potent educating forces which prepared the people for a great struggle.

Franklin was in England at that time, as the agent of the colonies, and presented the petitions of Congress. Parliament answered by declaring Massachusetts in rebellion. The king replied by sending an army to Boston and by offering to protect all loyal Americans, but ordering all others to be treated as traitors and rebels.

THE CONGRESS OF THE REVOLUTION AND OF THE CONFEDERATION.

On the 10th of May, 1775, on the morning of the capture of Ticonderoga by Ethan Allen, the second Continental Congress assembled at Philadelphia. The conduct of the king and Parliament, and the events at Boston, Lexington, and Concord, had already demonstrated the impossibility of reconciliation. It is difficult to imagine a situation more perplexing and more perilous than that which confronted the fifty-four members of the Congress of 1775. Their jurisdiction and powers were vague and uncertain; they were in fact only committees from twelve colonies, deputed to consult upon measures of conciliation, but with no means of resistance to oppression beyond the voluntary agreement to suspend importations from Great Britain. "They formed no confederacy. They were not an executive government. They were not even a legislative body. They owed the use of a hall for their sessions to the courtesy of the carpenters of the city; there was not a foot of land on which they had a right to execute their decisions, and they had not one civil officer to carry out their commands, nor the power to appoint one." They had no army, no treasury, no authority to tax, no right but to give counsel. "They represented only the unformed opinion of an unformed people."

Yet that body was to undertake the great argument of reason with the foremost statesmen of Europe, and the greater argument of war with the first military power of the world. That Congress was to consolidate the vast and varied interests of a continent, express the will and opinion of three millions of people, and, amid the wreck and chaos of ruined colonial governments, rear the solid superstructure of a great republic. Strange as it now seems to us, timidity and conservatism controlled its action for nearly a year. The tie of affection that bound the colonists to England was too strong to be rudely severed. They deluded themselves by believing that while the tory party was their enemy, England was still their friend. Though their petition had been spurned with contempt, yet they postponed the most pressing necessities of the time in order to send a second humble petition and await an answer. After all, this delay was wise: the slow process of growth was going forward and could not be hastened. It was necessary that all thoughtful men should see the hopelessness of reconciliation. It was necessary that the Dickinsons and the Jays should be satisfied. In the mean time, Congress was not idle: it was laying the foundation of the structure soon to be reared. In its proceedings, we find the origin of many customs which still prevail. On the 15th of May, 1775, it was

ordered "that this body will to-morrow resolve itself into a committee of the whole, to take into consideration the state of America." This formula, modified only by the change of a single word, still describes the act by which each branch of our Congress resolves itself into "a committee of the whole on the state of the Union."

On the 31st of May, 1775, on motion of Dr. Franklin, a committee was appointed to provide for "establishing post for conveying letters and intelligence through the continent." Franklin was made chairman of the committee, and thus became, in fact, the first postmaster-general of the United States.

By resolution of June 14, 1775, Washington was made the chairman of our first committee on military affairs.

On the 27th of May, 1775, it was resolved that Mr. Washington, Mr. Schuyler, Mr. Mifflin, Mr. Deane, and Mr. Samuel Adams be a committee to consider of ways and means to supply these colonies with ammunition and military stores. Thus Washington was the chairman of our first committee of ways and means.

While Congress was waiting for the king's answer to its second petition, Franklin revived the "plan of union" which he had suggested twenty-one years before, at the Albany Congress, and which finally, with a few changes, became the Articles of Confederation.

It was not until the spring of 1776 that the action of the British government destroyed all hopes of reconciliation; and when, at last, the great declaration was adopted, both the colonies and the Congress saw that their only safety lay in the boldest measures. By the Declaration of Independence, the sovereignty of the colonies was withdrawn from the British crown and lodged in the Continental Congress. No one of the colonies was ever independent or sovereign. No one colony declared itself independent of Great Britain; nor was the declaration made by all the colonies together *as colonies*.[1] It was made in the name and by the authority of the good people of the colonies as one nation. By that act they created not independent States, but an independent nation, and named it "The United States of America;" and, by the consent of the people, the sovereignty of the new nation was lodged in the Continental Congress. This is true, not only in point of law, but as a historical fact. The Congress became the only legislative, executive, and judicial power of the nation; the army became the army of the Continental Congress. One of its regiments, which was recruited from the nation generally, was called "Congress's Own," as a sort of reply to the "King's Own," a royal regiment stationed at Boston. Officers were commissioned by Congress, and were sworn to obey its orders. The president of Congress was the chief executive officer of the nation. The chairmen of committees were heads of the executive departments. A committee sat as judges in admiralty and prize cases. The power of Congress was unlimited by any law or regulation, except the consent of the people themselves.

On the first day of March, 1781, the Articles of Confederation, drafted by Congress, became the law of the land. But the functions of Congress were so slightly changed that we may say, with almost literal truth, that the Continental Congress which met on the 10th of May, 1775, continued unchanged in its character, and held an almost continuous session for thirteen years.

"History knows few bodies so remarkable. The Long Parliament of Charles I. and the French National Assembly of the last century are alone to be compared with it." Strange as it may appear, the acts of the Continental Congress which finally brought most disaster to the people were those which gave to Congress its chief power. With no authority to levy direct taxes, Congress had but one resource for raising revenue: forced loans, in the form of bills of credit. And, so long as the Continental money maintained a reasonable share of credit, Congress was powerful. It was able to pay its army, its officers, and its agents, and

[1] Von Holst's Constitutional History of the United States, page 6.

thus to tide over the most difficult period of the Revolution.

Great and conspicuous as were the services of the Continental Congress, it did not escape the fate which has pursued its successors. Jealousy of its power was manifested in a thousand ways; and the epithet "King Cong" was the by-word of reproach during the latter half of the war. The people could not hear with patience that the members of Congress were living in comfort while the soldiers were starving and freezing at Valley Forge. They accused Congress of weakness, indecision, and delay; of withholding its full confidence from Washington; and finally of plotting to supersede him by assigning an ambitious rival to his place. It is no doubt true that some intriguing members favored this disgraceful and treacherous design; but they would not have been representative men if all had been patriots and sages.

The Continental Congress was a migratory body, compelled sometimes to retire before the advance of the British army, and sometimes to escape the violence of the mob who assaulted its doors and demanded appropriations. Beginning its session in Philadelphia, it took refuge in Baltimore before the end of 1776. Later, it returned to Philadelphia; went thence to Lancaster; thence to York; then again to Philadelphia; thence, in succession, to Princeton, to Annapolis, and to Trenton; and finally terminated its career in the city of New York.

The estimation in which that Congress was held is the best gauge by which to judge of the strength and weakness of our government under the confederation. While the inspiration of the war fired the hearts of the people, Congress was powerful; but when the victory was won, and the long arrears of debts and claims came up for payment, the power of Congress began to wane. Smitten with the curse of poverty and the greater curse of depreciated paper money, loaded with debts they could not pay, living as "pensioners on the bounty of France, insulted and scouted at by the public creditors, unable to fulfill the treaties they had made, bearded and encroached upon by the state authorities, finally begging for additional authority which the States refused to grant, thrown more and more into the shade by the very contrast of former power, the Continental Congress sank fast into decrepitude and contempt." [1]

During the last three or four years of its existence, few men of first-class abilities were willing to serve as members; it was difficult to secure the attendance of those who were elected; and when a quorum was obtained, it was impossible, under the articles of confederation, to accomplish any worthy work. Even after the adoption of the new constitution, the old Congress was so feeble that for many months it was doubtful whether it had enough vitality left to pass the necessary ordinance appointing the day for the presidential election and the day for putting the new government in motion.

With a narrowness and selfishness almost incredible, the old Congress wrangled and debated and disagreed for weeks and months before they could determine where the new government should find its temporary seat.

It is sad to reflect that a body whose early record was so glorious should be doomed to drag out a feeble existence for many months, and expire at last without a sign, with not even the power to announce its own dissolution.

I have always regarded our national constitution as the most remarkable achievement in the history of legislation. As the weakness of the old confederation became more apparent, the power of the separate States became greater, and the difficulties of union were correspondingly increased. It needed all the appreciation of common danger, springing from such popular tumults as Shay's Rebellion, all the foreign complications that grew out of the weakness of the confederation, and, finally, all the authority of the fathers of the Revolution, with Washington at their head, to frame the constitution and to secure its adoption.

[1] Hildreth, vol. iii., page 547.

We are apt to forget how near our government was brought to the verge of chaos, and to forget by how small a vote the constitution was adopted in many of the States. Only in Delaware, New Jersey, and Georgia was the vote unanimous. Even Massachusetts gave it but a majority of nineteen out of a vote of three hundred and fifty-six. In Virginia it received but ten majority, in New Hampshire eleven, and in Pennsylvania twenty-three. These votes disclose the strength of the political parties, federal and anti-federal, to which the constitution gave birth. This brings us to

THE CONGRESS OF THE CONSTITUTION,

which began its first session at New York on the 4th of March, 1789.

Fears were entertained that some of the States might neglect or refuse to elect senators and representatives. Three States had hitherto refused to adopt the constitution. More than a month passed before a quorum of the senate and house appeared in New York; but on the 6th of April, 1789, a quorum of both houses met in joint session and witnessed the opening and counting of the votes for president and vice-president by John Langdon. Having dispatched the venerable Charles Thomson, late secretary of the old Congress, to Mount Vernon to inform Washington of his election, the new Congress addressed itself to the great work required by the constitution. The three sessions of the first Congress lasted in the aggregate five hundred and nineteen days, exceeding by more than fifty days the sessions of any subsequent Congress. It was the high duty of this body to interpret the powers conferred upon it by the constitution, and to put in motion not only the machinery of the senate and house, but the more complex machinery of the executive and judicial departments.

It is worth while to observe with what largeness of comprehension and minuteness of detail the members of that Congress studied the problems before them. While Washington was making his way from Mount Vernon to New York, they were determining with what ceremonials he should be received, and with what formalities the intercourse between the president and the Congress should be conducted. A joint committee of both houses met him on the Jersey shore, in a richly furnished barge, and, landing at the Battery, escorted him to the residence which Congress had prepared and furnished for his reception. Then came the question of the title by which he should be addressed. The senate insisted that "a decent respect for the opinion and practice of civilized nations required a special title," and proposed that the president should be addressed as "his highness, the president of the United States of America, and protector of their liberties." At the earnest remonstrance of the more republican house, the senate gave way, and finally agreed that he should be addressed simply as "the president of the United States."

It was determined that the president should, in person, deliver his "annual speech," as it was then called, to the two houses in joint session; and that each house should adopt an address in reply, to be delivered to the president at his official residence.

These formalities were manifestly borrowed from the practice of the British Parliament, and were maintained until near the close of Jefferson's administration.

Communications from the executive departments were also to be made to the two houses by the heads of those departments in person. This custom was unfortunately swept away by the republican reaction which set in a few years later.

Among questions of ceremony were also the rules by which the president should regulate his social relations to citizens. Washington addressed a long letter of inquiry to John Adams, and to several other leading statesmen of that time, asking their advice on this subject. The inquiry resulted in the conclusion that the president should be under no obligation to make or return any social call; but regular days were appointed,

on which the president should hold levees and thus maintain social intercourse with his fellow-citizens. At these assemblages the president and Mrs. Washington occupied an elevated dais, and introductory ceremonies of obeisance and salutation were carefully prescribed.

Not less curious, as indicating the spirit of that time, were the formalities of intercourse between the two branches of Congress. When a communication was sent from one house to the other, the messenger was required to make his obeisance as he entered the bar, a second as he delivered his message to the presiding officer, a third after its delivery, and a final obeisance as he retired from the hall. It was much debated whether the members of each house should remain standing while a communication was being delivered from the other. These formalities were subsequently much abridged, though traces of them still remain.

In adopting its rules of procedure, the house provided, among other things, that the sergeant-at-arms should procure a proper symbol of his office, of such form and device as the speaker should direct, to be placed *on* the table during the sitting of the house, but *under* the table when the house is in committee of the whole; said symbol to be borne by the sergeant-at-arms when executing the commands of the house during its sitting. This symbol, now called the speaker's mace, modeled after the Roman *fasces*, is a bundle of ebony rods, fastened with silver bands, having at its top a silver globe surmounted by a silver eagle. In the red-republican period of Jefferson's administration, an attempt was made to banish the mace; and a zealous economist in the House of Representatives proposed to melt down and coin its silver, and convert the proceeds into the treasury. The motion failed, however, and the mace still holds its place at the right hand of the speaker, when the house is in session.

The house conducted its proceedings with open doors; but the senate, following the example of the Continental Congress, held all sessions in secret until near the end of the second Congress. Since then, its doors have been closed during executive sessions only.

It is greatly to the credit of the eminent men who sat in the first Congress that they deliberated long and carefully before they completed any work of legislation. They had been in session four months when their first bill, "relating to the time and manner of administering certain oaths," became a law. Then followed in quick succession the great statutes of the session: to provide a revenue to fill the empty treasury of the nation; to create the department of the treasury, the department of foreign affairs, the department of war; to create an army; to regulate commerce; to establish the government of our vast territory; and, that monument of juridical learning, the act to establish the judiciary of the United States.

I must not omit from this summary the ninth statute in the order of time, the "act for the establishment and support of light-houses, beacons, buoys, and public piers." As an example of broad-minded statesmanship on the subject, that statute stands alone in the legislative history of the last century. Everywhere else the commerce of the ocean was annoyed and obstructed by unjust and vexatious light-house charges. But our first Congress, in a brief statute of four sections, provided "that from the 15th day of August, 1789, all the light-houses, beacons, buoys, and public piers of the United States shall be maintained at the expense of the national treasury." From that date the lights of our coast have shone free as the sunlight for all the ships of the world.

Great as were the merits of that first Congress, it was not free from many of the blemishes which have clouded the fame of its successors. It dampens not a little our enthusiasm for the "superior virtues of the fathers" to learn that Hamilton's monument of statesmanship, the funding bill, which gave life to the public credit and saved from dishonor the war debts of the States, was for a time hopelessly defeated by the votes of one section of the Union, and was car-

ried at last by a legislative bargain, which in the mildest slang of our day would be called a "log-rolling job." The bill fixing the permanent seat of the government on the banks of the Potomac was the argument which turned the scale and carried the funding bill. The bargain carried them both through. Nor were demagogues of the smaller type unknown among our fathers. For example, when a joint resolution was pending in the house of the first Congress to supply each member at the public expense with copies of all the newspapers published in New York, an amendment was offered to restrict the supply to one paper for each member, the preamble declaring that this appropriation was made "because newspapers, being highly beneficial in disseminating useful knowledge, are deserving of public encouragement by Congress." That is, the appropriation was not to be made for the benefit of members, but to aid and encourage the press! The proprietors of our great dailies would smile at this patriotic regard for their prosperity. It is scarcely necessary to add that the original resolution passed without the amendment.

Whatever opinions we may now entertain of the federalists as a party, it is unquestionably true that we are indebted to them for the strong points of the constitution, and for the stable government they founded and strengthened during the administrations of Washington and Adams. Hardly a month passed, during that period, in which threats of disunion were not made with more or less vehemence and emphasis. But the foundations of national union and prosperity had been so wisely and deeply laid that succeeding revolutions of public opinion failed to destroy them.

With the administration of Jefferson came the reaction against the formal customs and stately manners of the founders. That skillful and accomplished leader of men, who had planted the germ of secession in the resolutions of 1798, brought to his administration the aid of those simple, democratic manners which were so effectual in deepening the false impression that the preceding administration had sought to establish a monarchy.

In delivering his inaugural, Jefferson appeared before Congress in the plainest attire. Discarding the plush breeches, silk stockings, and silver knee-buckles, he wore plain pantaloons; and his republican admirers noted the fact that no aristocratic shoe-buckles covered his instep, but his plain American shoes were fastened with honest leather strings. The carriage and footmen, with outriders in livery, disappeared; and the spectacle of the president on horseback was hailed as the certain sign of republican equality. These changes were noted by his admirers as striking proofs of his democratic spirit; but they did not escape the equally extravagant and absurd criticism of his enemies. Mr. Goodrich has preserved an anecdote which illustrates the absurdity of both parties. Near the close of Jefferson's term, the congressional caucus had named Mr. Madison for the president. The leading barber of Washington (who was of course a federalist), while shaving a federalist senator, vehemently burst out in this strain: "Surely this country is doomed to disgrace and shame. What presidents we might have, sir! Just look at Daggett, of Connecticut, and Stockton, of New Jersey! What queues they have got, sir,—as big as your wrist, and powdered every day, sir, like real gentlemen as they are. Such men, sir, would confer dignity upon the chief magistracy; but this little Jim Madison, with a queue no bigger than a pipe-stem! Sir, it is enough to make a man forswear his country!"

Many customs of that early time have been preserved to our own day. In the crypt constructed under the dome of the Capitol, as the resting-place for the remains of Washington, a guard was stationed, and a light was kept burning for more than half a century. Indeed, the office of keeper of the crypt was not abolished until after the late war.

For the convenience of one of the early speakers of the house, an urn filled with snuff was fastened to the speaker's desk; and until last year, I have never known

it to be empty during the sessions of the house.

The administration of Madison, notwithstanding the gloomy prediction of the federalist barber, restored some of the earlier customs. It had been hinted that a carriage was more necessary to him than to the widower Jefferson. Assisted by his beautiful and accomplished wife, he resumed the presidential levees; and many society people regretted that the elevated dais was not restored, to aid in setting off the small stature of Mr. Madison.

The limits of this article will not allow me to notice the changes of manners and methods in Congress since the administration of the elder Adams. Such a review would bring before us many striking characters and many stirring scenes. We should find the rage of party spirit pursuing Washington to his voluntary retreat at Mount Vernon at the close of his term, and denouncing him as the corrupt and wicked destroyer of his country. We should find the same spirit publicly denouncing a chief-justice of the United States as a "driveler and a fool," and impeaching, at the bar of the senate, an eminent associate justice of the supreme court for having manfully and courageously discharged the high duties of his office in defiance of the party passions of the hour. We should see the pure and patriotic Oliver Wolcott, the secretary of the treasury, falsely charged, by a committee of Congress, with corruption in office and with the monstrous crime of having set on fire the public buildings for the purpose of destroying the evidences of his guilt. We should see the two houses in joint session witnessing the opening of the returns of the electoral colleges and the declaration of a tie vote between Thomas Jefferson and Aaron Burr; and then in the midst of the fiercest excitement we should see the House of Representatives in continuous session for eight days, several members in the last stages of illness being brought in on beds and attended by their wives, while the ballotings went on which resulted in Jefferson's election. And we should witness a similar scene, twenty-four years later, when the election of the younger Adams, by the house, avenged in part the wrong of his father.

In the long line of those who have occupied seats in Congress, we should see, here and there, rising above the undistinguished mass, the figures of those great men whose lives and labors have made their country illustrious, and whose influence upon its destiny will be felt for ages to come. We should see that group of great statesmen whom the last war with England brought to public notice, among whom were Ames and Randolph, Clay and Webster, Calhoun and Benton, Wright and Prentiss, making their era famous by their statesmanship, and creating and destroying political parties by their fierce antagonisms. We should see the folly and barbarism of the so-called code of honor destroying noble men in the fatal meadow of Bladensburg. We should see the spirit of liberty awaking the conscience of the nation to the sin and danger of slavery, whose advocates had inherited and kept alive the old anarchic spirit of disunion. We should trace the progress of that great struggle from the days when John Quincy Adams stood in the House of Representatives, like a lion at bay, defending the sacred right of petition; when, after his death, Joshua R. Giddings continued the good fight, standing at his post for twenty years, his white locks, like the plume of Henry of Navarre, always showing where the battle for freedom raged most fiercely; when his small band in Congress, reinforced by Hale and Sumner, Wade and Chase, Lovejoy and Stevens, continued the struggle amid the most turbulent scenes; when daggers were brandished and pistols were drawn in the halls of Congress; and later, when, one by one, the senators and representatives of eleven States, breathing defiance and uttering maledictions upon the Union, resigned their seats and left the Capitol to take up arms against their country. We should see the Congress of a people long unused to war, when confronted by a supreme danger, raising, equipping, and supporting an army greater than all the armies of Napoleon and Wellington combined;

meeting the most difficult questions of international and constitutional law; and, by new forms of taxation, raising a revenue which, in one year of the war, amounted to more than all the national taxes collected during the first half century of the government. We should see them so amending the constitution as to strengthen the safeguards of the Union and insure universal liberty and universal suffrage, and restoring to their places in the Union the eleven States whose governments, founded on secession, fell into instant ruin when the Rebellion collapsed; and we should see them, even when the danger of destruction seemed greatest, voting the largest sum of money ever appropriated by one act, to unite the East and the West, the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts, by a material bond of social, commercial, and political union.

In this review we should see courage and cowardice, patriotism and selfishness, far-sighted wisdom and short-sighted folly joining in a struggle always desperate and sometimes doubtful; and yet, out of all this turmoil and fierce strife we should see the Union slowly but surely rising, with greater strength and brighter lustre, to a higher place among the nations.

Congress has always been and must always be the theatre of contending opinions; the forum where the opposing forces of political philosophy meet to measure their strength; where the public good must meet the assaults of local and sectional interests; in a word, the appointed place where the nation seeks to utter its thought and register its will.

CONGRESS AND THE EXECUTIVE.

This brings me to consider the present relations of Congress to the other great departments of the government, and to the people. The limits of this article will permit no more than a glance at a few principal heads of inquiry.

In the main, the balance of powers so admirably adjusted and distributed among the three great departments of the government have been safely preserved. It was the purpose of our fathers to lodge absolute power nowhere; to leave each department independent within its own sphere; yet, in every case, responsible for the exercise of its discretion. But some dangerous innovations have been made.

And first, the appointing power of the president has been seriously encroached upon by Congress, or rather by the members of Congress. Curiously enough, this encroachment originated in the act of the chief executive himself. The fierce popular hatred of the federal party, which resulted in the elevation of Jefferson to the presidency, led that officer to set the first example of removing men from office on account of political opinions. For political causes alone he removed a considerable number of officers who had recently been appointed by President Adams, and thus set the pernicious example. His immediate successors made only a few removals for political reasons. But Jackson made his political opponents who were in office feel the full weight of his executive hand. From that time forward, the civil offices of the government became the prizes for which political parties strove; and, twenty-five years ago, the corrupting doctrine that "to the victors belong the spoils" was shamelessly announced as an article of political faith and practice. It is hardly possible to state with adequate force the noxious influence of this doctrine. It was bad enough when the federal officers numbered no more than eight or ten thousand; but now, when the growth of the country, and the great increase in the number of public offices, occasioned by the late war, have swelled the civil list to more than eighty thousand, and to the ordinary motives for political strife this vast patronage is offered as a reward to the victorious party, the magnitude of the evil can hardly be measured. The public mind has, by degrees, drifted into an acceptance of this doctrine; and thus an election has become a fierce, selfish struggle between the "ins" and the "outs," the one striving to keep and the other to gain the prize of office. It is not possible for any president to select, with any degree of intelligence, so vast an army of

office-holders without the aid of men who are acquainted with the people of the various sections of the country. And thus it has become the habit of presidents to make most of their appointments on the recommendation of members of Congress. During the last twenty-five years, it has been understood, by the Congress and the people, that offices are to be obtained by the aid of senators and representatives, who thus become the dispensers, sometimes the brokers of patronage. The members of state legislatures who choose a senator, and the district electors who choose a representative, look to the man of their choice for appointments to office. Thus, from the president downward, through all the grades of official authority, to the electors themselves, civil office becomes a vast corrupting power, to be used in running the machine of party politics.

This evil has been greatly aggravated by the passage of the Tenure of Office Act, of 1867, whose object was to restrain President Johnson from making removals for political cause. But it has virtually resulted in the usurpation, by the senate, of a large share of the appointing power. The president can remove no officer without the consent of the senate; and such consent is not often given, unless the appointment of the successor nominated to fill the proposed vacancy is agreeable to the senator in whose State the appointee resides. Thus, it has happened that a policy, inaugurated by an early president, has resulted in seriously crippling the just powers of the executive, and has placed in the hands of senators and representatives a power most corrupting and dangerous.

Not the least serious evil resulting from this invasion of the executive functions by members of Congress is the fact that it greatly impairs their own usefulness as legislators. One third of the working hours of senators and representatives is hardly sufficient to meet the demands made upon them in reference to appointments to office. The spirit of that clause of the constitution which shields them from arrest "during their attendance on the session of their respective houses, and in going to and from the same," should also shield them from being arrested from their legislative work, morning, noon, and night, by office-seekers. To sum up in a word: the present system invades the independence of the executive, and makes him less responsible for the character of his appointments; it impairs the efficiency of the legislator by diverting him from his proper sphere of duty, and involving him in the intrigues of aspirants for office; it degrades the civil service itself by destroying the personal independence of those who are appointed; it repels from the service those high and manly qualities which are so necessary to a pure and efficient administration; and finally, it debauches the public mind by holding up public office as the reward of mere party zeal.

To reform this service is one of the highest and most imperative duties of statesmanship. This reform cannot be accomplished without a complete divorce between Congress and the executive in the matter of appointments. It will be a proud day when an administration senator or representative, who is in good standing in his party, can say as Thomas Hughes said, during his recent visit to this country, that though he was on the most intimate terms with the members of his own administration, yet it was not in his power to secure the removal of the humblest clerk in the civil service of his government.

This is not the occasion to discuss the recent enlargement of the jurisdiction of Congress in reference to the election of a president and vice-president by the States. But it cannot be denied that the electoral bill has spread a wide and dangerous field for congressional action. Unless the boundaries of its power shall be restricted by a new amendment of the constitution, we have seen the last of our elections of president on the old plan. The power to decide who has been elected may be so used as to exceed the power of electing.

I have long believed that the official relations between the executive and Congress should be more open and direct. They are now conducted by correspond-

ence with the presiding officers of the two houses, by consultation with committees, or by private interviews with individual members. This frequently leads to misunderstandings and may lead to corrupt combinations. It would be far better for both departments if the members of the cabinet were permitted to sit in Congress and participate in the debates on measures relating to their several departments, — but, of course, without a vote. This would tend to secure the ablest men for the chief executive offices; it would bring the policy of the administration into the fullest publicity by giving both parties ample opportunity for criticism and defense.

CONGRESS OVERBURDENED.

As a result of the great growth of the country and of the new legislation arising from the late war, Congress is greatly overloaded with work. It is safe to say that the business which now annually claims the attention of Congress is tenfold more complex and burdensome than it was forty years ago. For example: the twelve annual appropriation bills, with their numerous details, now consume two thirds of each short session of the house. Forty years ago, when the appropriations were made more in block, one week was sufficient for the work. The vast extent of our country, the increasing number of States and Territories, the legislation necessary to regulate our mineral lands, to manage our complex systems of internal revenue, banking, currency, and expenditure, have so increased the work of Congress that no one man can ever read the bills and the official reports relating to current legislation; much less can he qualify himself for intelligent action upon them. As a necessary consequence, the real work of legislation is done by the committees; and their work must be accepted or rejected without full knowledge of its merits. This fact alone renders leadership in Congress, in the old sense of the word, impossible. For many years we have had the leadership of committees and chairmen of committees; but no one man can any more be the leader of all the legislation of the senate or of the house than one lawyer or one physician can now be foremost in all the departments of law or medicine. The evils of loose legislation resulting from this situation must increase rather than diminish, until a remedy is provided.

John Stuart Mill held that a numerous popular assembly is radically unfit to *make good laws*, but is the best possible means of *getting good laws made*. He suggested, as a permanent part of the constitution of a free country, a legislative commission, composed of a few trained men, to draft such laws as the legislature, by general resolutions, shall direct, which draft shall be adopted by the legislature, without change, or returned to the commission to be amended.[1]

Whatever may be thought of Mr. Mill's suggestion, it is clear that some plan must be adopted to relieve Congress from the infinite details of legislation, and to preserve harmony and coherence in our laws.

Another change observable in Congress, as well as in the legislatures of other countries, is the decline of oratory. The press is rendering the orator obsolete. Statistics now furnish the materials upon which the legislator depends; and a column of figures will often demolish a dozen pages of eloquent rhetoric.

Just now, too, the day of sentimental politics is passing away, and the work of Congress is more nearly allied to the business interests of the country and to "the dismal science," as political economy is called by the "practical men" of our time.

CONGRESS AND THE PEOPLE.

The legislation of Congress comes much nearer to the daily life of the people than ever before. Twenty years ago, the presence of the national government was not felt by one citizen in a hundred. Except in paying his postage and receiving his mail, the citizen of the interior rarely came in contact with the national authority. Now, he meets it in a thou-

[1] Mill's Autobiography, pp. 26-45.

sand ways. Formerly the legislation of Congress referred chiefly to our foreign relations, to indirect taxes, to the government of the army, the navy, and the Territories. Now a vote in Congress may, any day, seriously derange the business affairs of every citizen.

And this leads me to say that now, more than ever before, the people are responsible for the character of their Congress. If that body be ignorant, reckless, and corrupt, it is because the people tolerate ignorance, recklessness, and corruption. If it be intelligent, brave, and pure, it is because the people demand those high qualities to represent them in the national legislature. Congress lives in the blaze of "that fierce light which beats against the throne." The telegraph and the press will to-morrow morning announce at a million breakfast tables what has been said and done in Congress to-day. Now, as always, Congress represents the prevailing opinions and political aspirations of the people. The wildest delusions of paper money, the crudest theories of taxation, the passions and prejudices that find expression in the senate and house, were first believed and discussed at the firesides of the people, on the corners of the streets, and in the caucuses and conventions of political parties.

The most alarming feature of our situation is the fact that so many citizens of high character and solid judgment pay but little attention to the sources of political power, to the selection of those who shall make their laws. The clergy, the faculties of colleges, and many of the leading business men of the community never attend the township caucus, the city primaries, or the county convention; but they allow the less intelligent and the more selfish and corrupt members of the community to make the slates and "run the machine" of politics. They wait until the machine has done its work, and then, in surprise and horror at the ignorance and corruption in public office, sigh for the return of that mythical period called the "better and purer days of the republic." It is precisely this neglect of the first steps in our political processes that has made possible the worst evils of our system. Corrupt and incompetent presidents, judges, and legislators can be removed, but when the fountains of political power are corrupted, when voters themselves become venal and elections fraudulent, there is no remedy except by awakening the public conscience and bringing to bear upon the subject the power of public opinion and the penalties of the law. The practice of buying and selling votes at our popular elections has already gained a foot-hold, though it has not gone as far as in England.

It is mentioned in the recent biography of Lord Macaulay, as a boast, that his three elections to the House of Commons cost him but ten thousand dollars. A hundred years ago, bribery of electors was far more prevalent and shameless in England than it now is.

There have always been, and always will be, bad men in all human pursuits. There was a Judas in the college of the apostles, an Arnold in the army of the Revolution, a Burr in our early politics; and they have had successors in all departments of modern life. But it is demonstrable, as a matter of history, that on the whole the standard of public and private morals is higher in the United States at the present time than ever before; that men in public and private stations are held to a more rigid accountability, and that the average moral tone of Congress is higher to-day than at any previous period of our history.[1] It is certainly true that our late war disturbed the established order of society, awakened a reckless spirit of adventure and speculation, and greatly multiplied the opportunities and increased the temptations to evil. The disorganization of the Southern States and the temporary

[1] On this point I beg to refer the reader to a speech delivered by Hon. George F. Hoar, in the House of Representatives, August 9, 1876, in which that distinguished gentleman said: "I believe there is absolutely less of corruption, less of maladministration, and less of vice and evil in public life than there was in the sixteen years which covered the administration of Washington, the administration of John Adams, and the first term of Jefferson." This assertion is maintained by numerous citations of unquestioned facts in the speech.

disfranchisement of its leading citizens threw a portion of their representation in Congress, for a short time, into the hands of political adventurers, many of whom used their brief hold on power for personal ends, and thus brought disgrace upon the national legislature. And it is also true that the enlarged sphere of legislation so mingled public duties and private interests that it was not easy to draw the line between them. From that cause also the reputation, and in some cases the character, of public men suffered eclipse. But the earnestness and vigor with which wrong-doing is everywhere punished is a strong guaranty of the purity of those who may hold posts of authority and honor. Indeed, there is now danger in the opposite direction, namely, that criticism may degenerate into mere slander, and put an end to its power for good by being used as the means to assassinate the reputation and destroy the usefulness of honorable men. It is as much the duty of all good men to protect and defend the reputation of worthy public servants as to detect and punish public rascals.

In a word, our national safety demands that the fountains of political power shall be made pure by intelligence, and kept pure by vigilance; that the best citizens shall take heed to the selection and election of the worthiest and most intelligent among them to hold seats in the national legislature; and that when the choice has been made, the continuance of their representative shall depend upon his faithfulness, his ability, and his willingness to work.

CONGRESS AND CULTURE.

In Congress, as everywhere else, careful study — thorough, earnest work — is the only sure passport to usefulness and distinction. From its first meeting in 1774 to its last in 1778, three hundred and fifty-four men sat in the Continental Congress. Of these, one hundred and eighteen — one third of the whole number — were college graduates. That third embraced much the largest number of those whose names have come down to us as the great founders of the republic. Since the adoption of the constitution of 1778, six thousand two hundred and eighteen men have held seats in Congress; and among them all, thorough culture and earnest, arduous work have been the leading characteristics of those whose service has been most useful and whose fame has been most enduring. Galloway wrote of Samuel Adams: "He drinks little, eats temperately, thinks much, and is most indefatigable in the pursuit of his objects." This description can still be fittingly applied to all men who deserve and achieve success anywhere, but especially in public life. As a recent writer has said, in discussing the effect of Prussian culture, so we may say of culture in Congress: "The lesson is, that whether you want him for war or peace, there is no way in which you can get so much out of a man as by training, not in pieces, but the whole of him; and that the trained men, other things being equal, are pretty sure, in the long run, to be masters of the world."

Congress must always be the exponent of the political character and culture of the people; and if the next centennial does not find us a great nation, with a great and worthy Congress, it will be because those who represent the enterprise, the culture, and the morality of the nation do not aid in controlling the political forces which are employed to select the men who shall occupy the great places of trust and power.

James A. Garfield.

FREEDOM WHEELER'S CONTROVERSY WITH PROVIDENCE.

A STORY OF OLD NEW ENGLAND.

I.

AUNT HULDY and Aunt Hanner sat in the kitchen: Aunt Huldah bolt upright in a straight-backed wooden chair, big silver-bowed spectacles astride her high nose, sewing carpet rags with such energy that her eyes snapped, and her brown, wrinkled fingers flew back and forth like the spokes of a rapid wheel; Aunt Hannah in a low, creaky old rocker, knitting diligently but placidly, and rocking gently; you could almost hear her purr, and you wanted to stroke her; but Aunt Huldah! — an electric machine could not be less desirable to handle than she, or a chestnut bur pricklier.

The back-log simmered and sputtered, the hickory sticks in front shot up bright, soft flames, and through the two low, green-paned windows the pallid sun of February sent in a pleasant shining on to the clean kitchen floor. Cooking-stoves were not made then, nor Merrimac calicoes: the two old women had stuff petticoats and homespun short gowns, clean mob-caps over their decent gray hair, and big blue check aprons; hair dye, wigs, flowered chintz, and other fineries had not reached the lonely farms of Dorset in those days. "Spinsters" was not a mere name; the big wool-wheel stood in one corner of the kitchen, and a little flax-wheel by the window; in summer both would be moved to the great garret, where it was cool and out of the way.

"Curus, ain't it?" said Aunt Huldah. "Freedom never come home before, later 'n nine o'clock bell, and he was mortal mighty then; kep' his tongue between his teeth same way he did to breakfast this mornin'. There 's suthin a-goin' on, Hanner, you may depend on 't."

"Mabbe he needs some wormwood tea," said Aunt Hannah, who like Miss Hannah More thought the only two evils in the world were sin and bile, and charitably preferred to lay things first to the physical disorder.

"I du b'lieve, Hanner, you think 'riginal sin is nothin' but a bad stomick."

"Ef 't ain't 'riginal sin, it 's actual transgression pretty often, Huldy," returned the placid old lady with a gentle cackle. The Assembly's Catechism had been ground into them both, as any old-fashioned New Englander will observe, and they quoted its forms of speech as Boston people do Emerson's essays, by "an automatic action of the unconscious nervous centres."

The door opened and Freedom walked in, scraping his boots upon the husk mat, as a man will who has lived all his days with two old maids, but nevertheless spreading abroad in that clean kitchen an odor of the barn that spoke of "chores," yet did not disturb the accustomed nostrils of his aunts. He was a middle-sized, rather "stocky" man, with a round head well covered with tight-curling short hair, that revenged itself for being cut too short to curl by standing on end toward every point of the compass. You could not call him a common-looking man; something in his keen blue eye, abrupt nose, steady mouth, and square chin always made a stranger look at him twice. Rugged sense, but more rugged obstinacy, shrewdness, keen perception tempered somewhat by a certain kindliness that he himself felt to be his weak spot, all these were to be read in Freedom Wheeler's well-bronzed face, sturdy figure, positive speech, and blunt manner.

He strode up to the fire-place, sat down in an arm-chair rudely shaped out of wood by his own hands, and plunged, after his fashion, at once into the middle of things.

"Aunt Huldy and Aunt Hanner, I'm a-goin' to git married." The domestic bomb-shell burst in silence. Aunt Hannah dropped a stitch and could n't see to pick it up for at least a minute. Aunt Huldah's scissors snipped at the rags with a vicious snap, as if they were responsible agents and she would end their proceedings then and there; presently she said, "Well, I *am* beat!" to which rather doubtful utterance Freedom made no reply, and the scissors snipped harder yet.

Aunt Hannah recovered herself first: "Well, I 'm real glad on 't!" purred she; it was her part to do the few amenities of the family.

"I dono whether I be or not, till I hear who 't is," dryly answered Aunt Huldah, who was obviously near akin to Freedom.

"It 's Lowly Mallory," said the short-spoken nephew, who by this time was whittling busily at a peg for his ox-yoke.

"Du tell!" said Aunt Hannah in her lingering, deliberate tones, the words running into each other as she spoke. "She 's jest 's clever 's the day is long; you 've done a good thing, Freedom, 's sure 's you live."

"He might ha' done wuss, that 's a fact." And with this approval Freedom seemed satisfied, for he brushed his chips into the fire, ran his fingers through his already upright hair, eyed his peg with the keen aspect of a critic in pegs, and went off to the barn; he knew instinctively that his aunts must have a chance to talk the matter over.

"This is the beateree!" exclaimed Aunt Huldah as the door shut after him. "Lowly Mallory, of all creturs! Freedom 's as masterful as though he was the Lord above, by natur, and ef he gets a leetle softly cretur like that, without no more grit 'n a November chicken, he 'll ride right over everything, and she won't darst to peep nor mutter a mite. Good land!"

"Well, well," murmured Aunt Hannah, "she is a kind o' feeble piece, but she 's real clever; an' I dono but what it 's as good as he could do; ef she was like to him, hard-headed 'n' sot in her way, I tell ye, Huldy, the fur 'd fly mightily, and it 's putty bad to have fight to home, when there 's a fam'ly to fetch up."

"Well, you be forecastin' I must say, Hanner; but mabbe you 're abaout right. Besides, I 've obsarved that folks will marry to suit themselves, not other people; an' mabbe it 's the best way, seein' it 's their own loss or likin' more 'n anybody else's."

"But, Huldy, 'pears as if you 'd forgot one thing: I expect we 'd better be a-movin' out into the old house ef there 's goin' to be more folks here."

"Well, I declare! I never thought on 't. 'T is best, I guess. I wonder ef Freedom 's got the idee!"

"I dono; but that had n't oughter make no difference; there never was a house big enough for two families, an' ef we go before we 're obleeged to, it 's a sight better 'n stayin' till we be."

"That 's so, Hanner; you allers was a master-hand for takin' things right end foremost. I 'll sort out our linen right off, 'nd set by our furnitoor into the back chamber. I guess the old house 'll want a leetle paintin' an' scrapin'. It 's dreadful lucky Amasy Flint's folks moved to Noppit last week; seems as though there was a Providence about it."

"I should n't wonder ef Freedom had give 'em a sort o' hint to go, Huldy."

"Well, you do beat all! I presume likely he did."

And Aunt Huldah picked up the rags at her feet, piled them into a splint basket, hung the shears on a steel chain by her side, and lifting her tall, gaunt figure from the chair betook herself upstairs. But Aunt Hannah kept on knitting; she was the thinker and Huldah the doer of the family; now her thoughts ran before her to the coming change, and she sighed, for she knew her nephew thoroughly, and she pitied the gentle, sweet nature that was to come in contact with his.

Dear Aunt Hannah! She had never had any romance in her own life; she did not know anything about love ex-

cept as the placid and quite clear-eyed affection she felt for Freedom, who was her only near relation, and she saw little Lowly Mallory's future on its hardest side. But she could not help it, and her nature was one that never frets against a difficulty, any more than the green turf beats against the rock to whose edge it clings.

So the slow, sad New England spring, with storm and tempest, drifting snows and beating rains, worked its reluctant way into May; and when the lilacs were full of purple and white plumes, delicate as cut coral sprays and luscious with satiating odor, and the heavy-headed daffodils thrust golden locks upward from the sward, Aunt Huldah and Aunt Hannah moved their wool-wheel and their flax-wheel, the four stiff-backed chairs, the settle and big red chest, the high four-post bedstead, and the two rush-bottomed rockers that had been Grandsir Wheeler's, back into the small red house for which these furnishings had been purchased sixty years before, laid the rag carpet that Aunt Huldah had sewed and dyed and woven on the "settin'-room" floor, and with a barrel of potatoes and a keg of salt pork went to housekeeping.

There was some home-made linen belonging to them, and a few cups and dishes; also a feather-bed and a pair of blankets. Freedom kept them supplied with what necessaries they wanted, and though he was called "dreadful near" in the town, he was not an unjust man; his two aunts had taken him in charge, an orphan at six, and been faithful and kind to him all his days; and he could do no less than care for them now. Beside, they owned half the farm; and though one was fifty-six and the other fifty-eight, there was much hard work left in them yet. Aunt Huldah was a skillful tailoress, in demand for miles about, and Aunt Hannah was the best sick-nurse in the county. They would not suffer, and, truth to tell, they rather enjoyed the independence of their own house, for Freedom and Aunt Huldah were chips of the same block, and only Aunt Hannah's constant quiet restraint and peace-making kept the family tolerably harmonious. And in the farm-house a new reign began, — the reign of Queen Log!

Lowly Mallory was a fragile, slender, delicate girl, with sweet gray eyes and plenty of brown hair; pale as a spring anemone, with just such faint pinkness in her lips and on her high cheek-bones as tints that pensile, egg-shaped bud when its

> "Small flower layeth
> Its fairy gem beneath some giant tree"

on the first warm days of May. She had already the line of care that marks New England women across the forehead like a mark of Cain, the signal of a life in which work has murdered health and joy and freedom; for Lowly was the oldest of ten children, and her mother was bedridden. Lovina was eighteen, now, and could take her place, and Lowly loved Freedom with the reticent, undemonstrative affection of her race and land; moreover, she was glad of change, of rest. Rest! — much of that awaited her! Freedom's first step after the decorous wedding and home-coming was to buy ten cows — he had two already — and two dozen new milk-pans.

"I calkerlate we can sell a good lot of butter 'n' cheese down to Dartford, Lowly," he said, on introducing her to the new dairy he had fitted up at one end of the woodshed; and if the gentle creature's heart sank within her at the prospect, she did not say so, and Freedom never asked how she liked it. He was "masterful" indeed, and having picked out Lowly from all the other Dorset girls because she was a still and hard-working maiden, and would neither rebel against or criticise his edicts, he took it for granted things would go on as he wished.

Poor little Lowly! Her simple, tender heart went out to her husband like a vine feeling after a trellis, and even when she found it was only a bowlder that chilled and repelled her slight ardors and timid caresses, she did still what the vine does, flung herself across and along the granite faces of the rock, and turned her trembling blossoms sunward, where life and light were free and sure.

Aunt Huldah and Aunt Hannah soon grew to be her ministering angels, and if they differed from the gold-haired, pink-enameled, straight-nosed creations of Fra Angelico, and would have figured ill, in their short gowns and mob-caps, bowing before an ideal Madonna, Lowly wanted no better tendance and providing than they gave her when in due season there appeared in the farm-house a red and roaring baby, evidently patterned after his father, morally as well as physically; the white down on his raw pink head twisting into tight kinks, and his stubby fists set in as firm a grasp as ever Freedom's big brown paws were. Lowly was a happy little woman: she had loved children always, and here was one all her own. Two weeks were dreamed away in rest and rapture, then Freedom began to bustle and fret and growl about the neglected dairy, and the rusty pork, and the hens that wanted care.

"Don't ye s'pose she 'll git 'raound next week, Aunt Huldy? Things is gittin dredful behindhand!" Freedom had left the bedroom door open on purpose. Aunt Huldah got up and shut it with a slam, while he went on: "Them hens had oughter be set, 'n' I never git time to be a half a day prowlin' araound after 'em; they 've stole their nests, I expect, the hull tribe; 'nd Hepsy don't make butter to compare along-side o' Lowly's; then there 's that 'ere pork a-gittin rusty, 'n' Aunt Hanner, she 's over to Mallory's nussin Loviny, so 's 't I can't call on you, 'n' it doos seem 's though two weeks was a plenty for well folks to lie in bed!"

Here Aunt Huldah exploded: "Freedom Wheeler, you hain't got a mite o' compassion into ye! Lowly ain't over 'n' above powerful, any way; she 'll break clear down ef she ain't real keerful; mabbe I ain't" —

The shutting of the back door stopped her tirade; while she hunted in a table drawer for her thimble, Freedom had coolly walked off; he did not choose to argue the subject, but next day Lowly got up and was dressed; there were two lines across the sad, low forehead now, but she went about her work in silence; there is a type of feminine character that can endure to the edge of death and endure silently, and that character was eminently hers.

"Good little feller, so he was, as ever was; there, there, there! should be cuddled up good 'n' warm; so he should!" Aunt Hannah purred to the small boy a month after, seeing him for the first time, as she had been taking care of Lovina Mallory through a low fever when he was born.

"What be ye a-goin' to call him, Freedom?"

"I calkerlate he 'll be baptized Shearjashub. There 's allus ben a Shearjashub 'nd a Freedom amongst our folks; I 've heered Grandsir Wheeler tell on 't more 'n forty times, how the' was them two names away back as fur as there 's grave-stones to tell on 't down to Litchfield meetin'-house, 'nd back o' that in the old grave-yard to Har'ford. I expect this here feller 'll be called Shearjashub 'nd the next one Freedom; that 's the way they 've allus run."

"For the land's sakes!" sputtered Aunt Huldah. "I was in hopes you had n't got that notion inter your head! Why can't ye call the child some kind o' pootty scripter name, like David, or Samwell, or Eber, 'nd not set him a-goin' with a kite's tail like that tied on to him?"

"I guess what 's ben good 'nough for our folks time out o' mind 'll be good 'nough for him," stiffly answered Freedom; and Aunt Huldah, with inward rage, accepted the situation, and went out to the barn to help Lowly set some refractory hens, where she found the poor little woman, with suspiciously red eyes, counting eggs on a corner of the haymow.

"Hanner 's come, Lowly," said she; "so she 's got baby, 'nd I come out to give ye a lift about them hens. I 've ben a-dealin' with Freedom about that there child's name, but you might jest as well talk to White Rock; I will say for 't he 's the sottest man I ever see! I b'lieve he 'd set to to fight his own way out with the Lord above, if he hed to!"

Lowly gave a little plaintive smile, but, after the manner of her sex, took her husband's part: "Well, you see, Aunt Huldy, it 's kind o' nateral he should want to foller his folks's ways. I don't say but what I did want to call baby Eddard, for my little brother that died. I set great store by Eddy,"— here Lowly's checked apron wiped a certain mist from her patient eyes,— "and 't would ha' been my mind to call him for Eddy; but Freedom don't feel to, and you know scripter says wives must be subject to husbands."

"Hm!" sniffed Aunt Huldah, who was lost to the strong-minded party of her sex by being born before its creation. "Scripter has a good deal to answer for!" with which enigmatical and shocking remark she turned and pounced upon the nearest hen. Poor old hen! she evidently represented a suffering and abject sex to Aunt Huldah, and exasperated her accordingly. Do I not know? Have not I, weakly and meekly protesting against their ways and works, also been hustled and bustled by the Right Women (?), even as this squawking, crawking, yellow biddy was pluffed and cuffed and shaken up by Aunt Huldah and plunged at last, in spite of nips and pecks and screaks, into the depths of a barrel, the head wedged on above her, and the unwilling matron condemned to solitary confinement, with hard labor, on thirteen eggs!

So Freedom had his way, of course; and Lowly went on, with the addition of a big naughty baby to take care of, waking before light to get her "chores" out of the way, prepare breakfast, skim cream, strain new milk and set it, scald pans, churn, work and put down butter, feed pigs and hens, bake, wash, iron, scrub, mend, make, nurse baby, fetch wood from the shed and water from the well; a delicate, bending, youthful figure, with hands already knotted and shoulders bowed by hard work; her sole variety of a week-day being when one kind of pie gave place to another, or when the long winter evenings, with dim light of tallow candles, made her spinning shorter and her sewing longer.

For Sundays were scarce a rest: breakfast was as early, milk as abundant, on that day as any other; and then there was a five-mile ride to meeting, for which ample lunch must be prepared, since they stayed at noon; there was baby to dress and her own Sunday clothes to put on, in which stiff and unaccustomed finery she sat four mortal hours, with but the brief interval of nooning, on a hard and comfortless seat; and then home again to get the real dinner of the day, to feed her pigs and hens, to get the clamorous baby quiet; this was hardly rest! And summer, that brings to overstrained nerves and exhausted muscles the healing of sun, sweet winds, fresh air, and the literal "balm of a thousand flowers," only heralded to her the advent of six strong hungry men at haying, shearing, and reaping time, with extra meals, increased washing, and, of course, double fatigue. Yet this is the life that was once the doom of all New England farmers' wives; the life that sent them to early graves, to mad-houses, to suicide; the life that is so beautiful in the poet's numbers, so terrible in its stony, bloomless, oppressive reality. It would have been hard to tell if Lowly was glad or sorry when on a soft day in June Aunt Hannah, this time at home, was hurriedly called from the red house to officiate as doctor and nurse both, at the arrival of another baby. This time Freedom growled and scowled by himself in the kitchen instead of condescending to look at and approve the child; for it was a girl!

Aunt Hannah chuckled in her sleeve. Freedom had intimated quite frankly that this child was to be called after himself, nothing doubting but that another boy was at hand; and great was his silent rage at the disappointment.

"Imperdent, ain't it?" queried Aunt Huldah, who sat by the kitchen fire stirring a mess of Indian-meal porridge. "To think it darst to be a girl when ye was so sot on its turnin' out a boy! Seems as though Providence got the upper hand on ye, Freedom, arter all!"

But Freedom never gave retort to Aunt Huldah: he had been brought up

in certain superstitions, quite obsolete now, about respecting his elders, and though the spirit was wanting sometimes, the letter of the law had observance; he could rage at Aunt Huldah privately, but before her he held his tongue; it was his wife who suffered as the sinner should for disturbing his plans in this manner; he snubbed her, he despised the baby, and forthwith bought two more cows with the grim remark, "Ef I've got to fetch up a pack o' girls, I guess I'd better scratch around 'n' make a leetle more money!"

But if the new baby was an eye-sore to Freedom, she was a delight to Lowly. All the more because her father ignored and seemed to dislike her, the affluent mother heart flowed out upon her. She was a cooing, clinging, lovely little creature, and when, worn out with her day's work, Lowly had at last coaxed her cross teething boy to sleep, and she sat down in the old creaky rocker to nurse and tend her baby, the purest joy that earth knows stole over her like the tranquil breath of heaven: the touch of tiny fingers on her breast, the warm shining head against her heart, the vague baby smile and wandering eyes that neither the wistfulness of doubt, the darkness of grief, nor the fire of passion clouded as yet; the inarticulate murmurs of satisfaction, the pressure of the little helpless form upon her lap, the silent, ardent tenderness that awoke and burned in her own heart for this precious creature, all made for the weary woman a daily oasis of peace and beauty that perhaps saved her brain from that common insanity we call nervousness, and her body from utter exhaustion; for happiness is a medicine of God's own sending; no quack has ever pretended to dispense its potent and beneficent cordial, and the true, honest physician, he whose very profession is the nearest approach to that of the Saviour and Healer of men, knows well that one drop of the only elixir he cannot bring outweighs all he can. Shearjashub grew up to the height of three years and the baby toddled about and chattered like a merry chipping-bird, when one Fast Day morning Lowly stayed at home from meeting with a sinking heart, and Aunt Hannah was sent for again. Freedom went off to hear the usual sermon, on a pretense of taking Shearjashub out of the way, he being irrepressible except by his father, whom alone he feared. Mother and aunts the youngster manfully defied and scorned, but the very sound of his father's steps reduced him to silence; shingles were not out of fashion then as a means of discipline, and the hot tingle of the application dwelt vividly in the boy's mind ever since he had been "tuned mightily," as his father phrased it, for disobedience and obstinacy, Aunt Huldah's comment at the first punishment being, "Hemlock all three on 'em, man an' boy an' shingle; it 's tough to tell which 'll beat!"

Little Love stayed at home with old Hepsy and prattled all day long in the kitchen; Lowly could not spare the sweet voice from her hearing, and she had need of all its comfort, for when Freedom came home from Dorset Centre a great girl baby lay by Lowly in the bed, and if its welcome from the mother had been bitter tears whose traces still shone on her wan face, from the father came far bitterer words, curses in all but the wording, for Freedom was a "professor" and profanity was a sin. Mint and anise and cumin he tithed scrupulously, but mercy and judgment fled from him and hid their shamefaced heads. Aunt Huldah and Aunt Hannah made their tansy pudding that day after the custom of their forefathers, and ate it with unflinching countenances, but Lowly fasted in her secret soul; and since her husband grimly remarked, "'T ain't nothin' to me what ye call her, gals ain't worth namin' anyhow!" the new baby was baptized Marah, and behaved herself neither with the uproarious misconduct of Shearjashub nor the gentle sweetness of Love, but quite in defiance of her name was the merriest, maddest little grig that could be, afraid of nothing and nobody, but as submissive to Lovey as a lamb could be, and full of fight when Shearjashub intruded himself on her domains. For this baby was a sturdy rosy girl of three before the fourth appeared. Lowly by

this time had fallen into a listless carelessness toward her husband that was simply the want of all spring in a long down-trodden heart. Lovey alone could stir her to tears or smiles. Marah tired and tormented her with her restless and overflowing vitality, though she loved her dearly; and her boy was big enough now to cling a little to "mother," and reward her for her faithful patience and care; but Lovey was the darling of her secret heart, and being now five years old the little maid waited on mother like a cherub on a saint, ran of errands, wound yarn, and did many a slight task in the kitchen that saved Lowly's bent and weary fingers.

It was with an impotent rage beyond speech that Freedom took the birth of another daughter; a frail, tiny creature, trembling and weak as a new-born lamb in a snow-drift, but for that very reason rousing afresh in Lowly's breast the eternal floods of mother-love, the only love that never fails among all earthly passions, the only patience that is never weary, the sole true and abiding trust for the helpless creatures who come into life as waifs from the great misty ocean, to find a shelter or a grave. Lowly was not only a mother according to the flesh, — for there are those whose maternity goes no further, and there are childless women who have the motherliness that could suffice for a countless brood, — but she had too the real heart; she clung to her weakling with a fervor and assertion that disgusted Freedom and astounded Aunt Huldah, who, like the old Scotch woman, sniffed at the idea of children in heaven: "No, no! a hantle o' weans there! an' me that could never abide bairns onywhere! I 'll no believe it."

"It doos beat all, Hanner, to see her take to that skinny, miser'ble little critter! The others was kind o' likely, all on 'em, but this is the dreadfullest weakly, peeked thing I ever see. I should think she 'd be sick on 't!"

"I expect mothers — any way them that 's real motherly, Huldy — thinks the most of them that needs it the most. I 've seen women with children quite a spell now, bein' out nussin' 'round, an' I allers notice that the sickly ones gets the most lovin' an' cuddlin'. I s'pose it 's the same kind o' feelin' the Lord hez for sinners; they want him a sight more 'n the righteous do."

"Why, Hanner Wheeler, what be you a-thinkin' of! Where 's your catechis'? Ain't all men by nater under the wrath an cuss o' God 'cause they be fallen sinners? and here you be a-makin' out he likes 'em better 'n good folks."

"Well, Huldy, I warn't a-thinkin' of catechism, I was a-thinkin' about what it sez in the Bible."

Here the new baby cried, and Aunt Huldah, confounded but unconvinced, gave a loud sniff and carried off Shearjashub and Marah to the red house, where their fights and roars and general insubordination soon restored her faith in the catechism.

Lowly got up very slowly from little Phœbe's birth, and Freedom grumbled loud and long over the expense of keeping Hepsy a month in the kitchen, but his wife did not care now: a dumb and sudden endurance possessed her; she prayed night and morning with a certain monomaniac persistence that she and Lovey and the baby might die, but she did her work just as faithfully and silently as ever, and stole away at night to lie down on the little cot bed in the back chamber by Lovey and Marah, her hot cheek against the cool soft face of her darling, and the little hand hid deep in her bosom, for an hour of rest and sad peace.

Freedom, meanwhile, worked all day on the farm, and carried Shearjashub, whose oppressive name had lapsed into Bub, into wood and field with him; taught him to drive the oxen, to hunt hens' nests in the barn on the highest mow, to climb trees, in short to risk his neck however he could, "to make a man of him;" and the boy learned among other manly ways a sublime contempt for "gals," and a use of all the forcible words permitted to masculine tongues. But Shearjashub's sceptre was about to tremble; little Phœbe had lingered in this world through a year of fluttering life when another baby was announced, but this time

it was a boy! — small even to Phœbe's first size, pallid, lifeless almost, but still a boy.

"By Jinks!" exclaimed Freedom, his hard face glowing with pleasure; "I told ye so, Aunt Huldy! there 's bound to be a Freedom Wheeler in this house whether or no!"

"Hm!" said Aunt Huldah, "you call to mind old Hepsy Tinker, don't ye? she that was a-goin' to Har'ford a Tuesday, Providence permittin', an' Wednesday whether or no. Mabbe ye 'll live to wish ye had n't fit with the Lord's will the way ye hev."

"I 've got a boy, anyhow," was the grim exultant answer. "And he 'll be Freedom Wheeler afore night, for I 'm a-goin' to fetch the parson right off."

Strenuously did Parson Pitcher object to private baptism; but he was an old man now, and Freedom threatened that he would go to Hartford and fetch the Episcopal minister, if Parson Pitcher refused, and the old doctor knew he was quite sure to keep to his word; so, with a groan at the stiff-necked brother, he got out his cloak and hat and rode home with victorious Freedom to the farm-house. Here the punch-bowl was made ready on a stand in the parlor, and a fire kindled on the hearth, for it was a chilly April day, and from the open door into Lowly's bedroom the wailing day-old baby was brought and given into its father's arms, a mere scrid and atom of humanity, but a boy!

The rite was over, the long prayer said, and Freedom strode into the chamber to lay his namesake beside its mother; but as he stooped, the child quivered suddenly all over, gasped, opened its half-shut eyes glazed with a fatal film, and then closed the pallid violet-shadowed lids forever.

The next entry in the family Bible was, —

"Freedom: born April 11th: died same day."

"Well, he hain't got nobody but the Lord to querrel with this bout!" snapped Aunt Huldah. "He 's had his way, 'nd now see what come on 't!"

Lowly got up again after the fashion of her kind, without a murmur: she felt her baby's death, she mourned her loss, she was sorry for Freedom. She had loved him once, dearly; and if she had known it Freedom loved her as much as he could anything but himself, but it was not his way to show affection, even to his boy; as much of it as ever came to the surface was a rough caress offered now and then to Lowly, a usage that had died out, and died with no mourning on either side. But as there is a brief sweet season oftentimes, in our bitter climate, that comes upon the sour and angry November weather like a respite of execution, a few soft, misty, pensively sweet days, when the sun is red and warm in the heavens, the dead leaves give out their tender and melancholy odor, and the lingering birds twitter in the pine boughs as if they remembered spring, so there came to Lowly a late and last gleam of tranquil pleasure.

Aunt Huldah brought it about, for her tongue never failed her for fear; she caught Freedom by himself one day, looking like an ill-used bull-dog, all alone in the barn, setting some new rake-teeth.

"I 've hed it on my mind quite a spell, Freedom," began the valorous old woman, "to tell ye that ef ye expect Lowly is ever a-goin' to hev a rousin' hearty child ag'in, you 'll hev to cosset her up some. She ain't like our folks."

"That 's pretty trew, Aunt Huldy," was the bitter interruption.

"She ain't a nether millstone, thet 's a fact," answered Aunt Huldah, with vigor. "Nor she ain't bend leather by a good sight; she 's one o' the weakly, meekly sort, 'nd you can't make a whistle out o' a pig's tail, I 've heerd father say, 'nd you no need to try; no more can ye make a stubbid, gritty cretur out o' Lowly; she 's good as gold, but she 's one o' them that hankers arter pleasantness, an' lovin', an' sich; they 're vittles an' drink to her, I tell ye. You an' I can live on pork an' cabbage, and sass each other continooal, without turnin' a hair, but Lowly won't stan' it; 'nd ef ye expect this next baby to git along, I tell ye it 's got to be easy goin' with her. You want to keep your fight with the

Lord up, I s'pose; you 're sot on hevin' another Freedom Wheeler?"

"I be," was the curt response. But though Aunt Huldah turned her back upon him without further encouragement, and marched through the ranks of "garden-sass" back to the house, her apron over her head and her nose high in air, like one who snuffeth the battle from afar, her pungent words fell not to the ground. Freedom perceived the truth of what she said, and his uneasy conscience goaded him considerably as to past opportunities; but he was an honest man, and when he saw a thing was to be done, he did it. Next day he brought Lowly a new rocking-chair from the Centre; he modified his manners daily. He helped her lift the heavy milk-pails, he kept her wood-pile by the shed door well heaped, and was even known to swing the heavy dinner pot off the crane, if it was full and weighty.

"For the land sakes!" exclaimed Aunt Hannah. "What 's a-comin' to Freedom? He does act half-way decent, Huldy."

Aunt Huldah shook her cap ruffle up and down, and looked sagacious as an ancient owl. "That 's me! I gin it to him, I tell ye, Hanner! Lowly wants cossetin' 'nd handlin' tender-like, or we 'll be havin' more dyin' babies 'round. I up an' told him so Wednesday mornin', out in the barn, 's true 's I 'm alive."

"I 'm glad on 't! I 'm real glad on 't!" exclaimed Aunt Hannah. "You done right, Huldy; but massy to me! how darst ye?"

"Ho!" sniffed Aunt Huldah, "ef you think I 'm afeard o' Freedom, you 're clean mistook. I 've spanked him too often, 'n' I wish to goodness I 'd ha' spanked him a heap more; he 'd ha' ben a heap the better for 't. You reklect I had the tunin' of him, Hanner? You was allus a nussin' mother; Freedom come to us jest as she got bedrid. Land! what a besom he was! his folks never tuned him, nor never took him to do, a mite. I hed it all to do, 'nd my mind misgives me now I did n't half do it; 'jest as the twig is bent the tree 's inclined,' ye know it says in the speller."

"But, Huldy, 't ain't so easy bending a white-oak staddle; 'specially ef it 's got a six years' growth."

"Well, I got the hang of him, anyhow, 'nd he 'll hear to me most allus, whether he performs accordin' or not."

"Mabbe it 's too late, though, now, Huldy."

"Law, don't ye croak, Hanner; the little cretur 'll hev a pleasant spell anyhow for a while."

And so she did. Lowly's ready heart responded to sunshine as a rain-drenched bird will, preening its feathers, shaking its weary wings, welcoming the warm gladness with faint chirps and tiny brightening eyes, and then — taking flight!

A long and peaceful winter passed away, and in early May another boy was born; alas, it was another waxen, delicate creature. The old parson was brought in haste to baptize it; the pallid mother grew more white all through the ceremony, but nobody noticed her; she took the child in her arms with a wan smile and tried to call it by name; "Free—" was all she said; her arms closed about it with a quick shudder and stringent grasp, her lips parted wide; Lowly and her baby were both "free," for its last breath fluttered upward with its mother's; and in the family Bible there was another record: —

"Lowly Wheeler, died May 3d.

"Freedom Wheeler, born May 3d, died same day."

"Well," said Aunt Huldah, as they came back to the ghastly quiet of the shut and silent house, after laying Lowly and her boy under the ragged turf of Dorset grave-yard, "I guess Freedom 'll give up his wrastle with Providence, now, sence the Lord 's took wife 'nd baby 'nd all."

"I don't feel sure of that!" answered Aunt Hannah, for once sarcastic.

II.

Aunt Huldah and Aunt Hannah took Love and Phœbe over to the red house to live with them, for they found a little

note in Lowly's Bible requesting them to take charge of these two, and their father did not object. Phœbe was a baby still; hopelessly feeble, she could not stand alone, though she was more than two years old, and Love was devoted to her. Bub and Marah could "fend for themselves," and the old woman who came, as usual, in Lowly's frequent absences from the kitchen, had promised to stay all summer. But before the summer was over Phœbe faded away like a tiny snow-wreath in the sun, and made a third little grave at her mother's feet; and Lovey grieved for her so bitterly that Aunt Hannah insisted she should stay with them still, and made her father promise she should be their little girl always; certain forebodings of their own as to the future prompting them to secure her a peaceful home while they lived.

As for Freedom, if he mourned Lowly it was with no soft or sentimental grief, but with a certain resentful aching in his heart, and a defiant aspect of soul toward the divine will that had overset his intentions and desires, — a feeling that deepened into savage determination, for this man was made of no yielding stuff. Obstinacy stood him in stead of patience, an active instead of a passive trait, and in less than six months after Lowly's death he was "published," according to the custom of those days; the first intimation his aunts or his children had of the impending crisis being this announcement from the pulpit by Parson Pitcher, that "Freedom Wheeler, of this town, and Melinda Bassett, of Hartland, intend marriage."

Aunt Huldah looked at Aunt Hannah from under her poke-bonnet with the look of an enraged hen; her cap-frill trembled with indignation, and Lovey shrank up closer to Aunt Hannah than before, for she saw two tears rise to her kind old eyes as they met Huldah's, and she loved Aunt Hannah with all her gentle little soul. As for Freedom he sat bolt upright and perfectly unmoved.

"Set his face as a flint!" raged Aunt Huldah as soon as she got out of church, and went to take her "noon-spell" in the grave-yard, where the basket of doughnuts, cheese, pie, cake, and early apples was usually unpacked on the stone-wall, on pleasant Sundays, and the aunts sitting on a tombstone and the children on the grass ate their lunch. To-day Lovey and Marah were left on the stone to eat their fill. Bub had gone to the spring for water, and Freedom nobody knew where, while the aunts withdrew to "talk it over."

"Yis," repeated Aunt Huldah, "set his face like a flint! I tell ye he hain't got no more feelin' than a cherub on a tombstone, Hanner! She ain't cold in her grave afore he 's off to Hartland buyin' calves. Calves! I guess likely, comin' home jest as plausible as a passnip: 'I shan't make no butter this year, so I bought a lot o' calves to raise.' Ho! heifer calves every one on 'em, mind ye. Ef we had n't ha' ben a pair o' fools we should ha' mistrusted suthin. Ef that gal 's Abigail Bassett's darter, things 'll fly, I tell ye." And here Aunt Huldah blew a long breath out, as if her steam was at high pressure and could not help opening a valve for relief, and wise Aunt Hannah seized the chance to speak.

"Well, Huldy, I declare I 'm beat, myself; but we can't help it. I must say I looked forrard to the time when he would do it, but I did n't reelly expect it jest yet. We 've got Lovey, any way; and ef Melindy ain't a pootty capable woman she 'll hev her hands full with Bub and Marah."

"Thet 's a fact," returned Aunt Huldah, whose inmost soul rejoiced at the prospect of Bub's contumaciousness under new rule, for he was not a small boy any more, and shingles were in vain; though he still made a certain outward show of obedience. Marah, too, was well calculated to be a thorn in the flesh of any meek step-mother, with her high spirits, untamed temper, and utter willfulness; and Aunt Huldah, whose soul was sore, — not because of Freedom's marriage, for she recognized its necessity, but because of its indecent haste, which not only seemed an insult to gentle Lowly, whom Aunt Huldah had loved dearly, but a matter of talk to all the

town where the Wheelers had been "respectit like the law" for many a long year, — Aunt Huldah rejoiced in that exasperated soul of hers at a prospect of torment to the woman who stepped into Lowly's place quite unconscious of any evil design or desire on the part of her new relatives.

But it was no meek step-mother whom Freedom brought home from a very informal wedding, in his old wagon, some three weeks after. Melinda Bassett was quite capable of holding her own, even with Aunt Huldah; a strapping, buxom, rosy-faced girl, with abundant rough dark hair and a pair of bright, quick dark eyes, an arm of might in the dairy, and a power of work and management that would have furnished forth at least five feeble pieces like Lowly. Freedom soon found he had inaugurated Queen Stork. Bub was set to rights as to his clothes, and "pitched into," as he sulkily expressed it, in a way that gave him a new and unwilling respect for the other sex; and Marah entered at once into an alliance, offensive and defensive, with the new "mammy," for Melinda was pleasant and cheerful when things went right, and generally meant they should go right. She was fond of children, too, when they were "pretty behaved," and Marah was bright enough to find out, with the rapid perception of a keen-witted child, that it was much better for her to *be* pretty behaved than otherwise.

But Freedom! — it was new times to him to have his orders unheeded and his ways derided; he had been lord and master in his house a long time, but here was a capable, plucky, courageous, and cheery creature who made no bones of turning him out of her dominions when he interfered, or ordering her own ways without his help at all.

"Land of Goshen!" said Melinda to the wondering Aunt Hannah. "Do you s'pose I'm goin' to hev a man tewin' round in my way all the time, jest cos he's my husband? I guess not. I know how to 'tend to my business, and I expect to 'tend right up to it; moreover I expect he'll tend to his'n. When I get a holt of his plow, or fodder his team, or do his choppin', 'll be time enough for him to tell me how to work butter 'n' scald pans. I ain't nobody's fool, I tell ye, Aunt Hanner."

"I 'm glad on 't, — I 'm dredful glad on 't!" growled Aunt Huldah, when she heard of this manifesto.

"That 's the talk; she 'll straighten him out, I 'll bet ye! Ef poor Lowly 'd had that spunk she might ha' been livin' to-day. But I guess she 's better off," suddenly wound up Aunt Huldah, remembering her catechism, no doubt, as she walked off muttering, "Are at their death made perfect in holiness, and do immediately pass into glory," — an assurance that has upheld many a tried and weary soul more conversant with the language of the Assembly of Divines than that of their Lord and Head; for in those old days this formula of the faith was ground into every infant memory, though the tender gospel words were comparatively unknown.

So the first year of the new reign passed on, and in the next February Freedom was mastered by a more stringent power than Melinda, for he fell ill of old-fashioned typhus fever, a malign evil that lights down here and there in lonely New England farm-houses, utterly regardless of time or place; and in a week this strong man was helpless, muttering delirious speech, struggling for life with the fire that filled his veins and consumed his flesh. Aunt Hannah came to his aid, and the scarce neighbors did what they could for him; brother farmers snored away the night in a chair beside his bed, and said they had "sot up with Freedom Wheeler last night," — ministrations worse than useless, but yet repeated as a sort of needful observance; and at the end of the first week Aunt Hannah was called away to the "upchamber" room, where Melinda slept now, and a big boy was introduced into the Wheeler family; while Moll Thunder, an old woman skilled in "yarbs," as most of her race are, — for she was a half-breed Indian, — was sent for from Wingfield, and took command of the fever-patient, who raged and raved at

his will, dosed with all manner of teas, choked with lukewarm porridge, smothered in blankets, bled twice a week, and kept as hot, as feeble, and as dirty as the old practice of medicine required, till disease became a mere question of "the survival of the fittest;" our grandfathers and grandmothers are vaunted to this day as a healthy, hard working race, because the weakly share of each generation was neatly eliminated according to law.

But if Freedom was helpless and wandering, Melinda was not; a week was all she spared to the rites and rights of the occasion: and when she first appeared in the kitchen, defying and horrifying Aunt Huldah, there ensued a brief and spicy conversation between the three women concerning this new baby, who lay sucking his fist in the old wooden cradle, looking round, hard and red as a Baldwin apple, and quite unconscious what a fire-brand he was about to be.

"It 's real bad, ain't it?" purred Aunt Hannah, "to think Freedom should n't know nothin' about the baby? He 'd be jest as tickled."

"I don' know what for," snapped Melinda. "I should think there was young uns enough 'round now, to suit him."

"But they was n't boys," answered Aunt Hannah; "Freedom is sot on havin' a boy to be called for him; there 's allus ben a Freedom Wheeler amongst our folks, as well as a Shearjashub: and I never see him more pestered by a little thing than when them two babies died, both on em bein' baptized Freedom; and he 's had a real controversy with Providence, Parson Pitcher sez; his mind 's so sot on this business."

"Well, this little feller is n't a-goin' to be called Freedom, now, I tell ye," uttered Melinda with a look of positiveness that chilled Aunt Hannah to the heart. "He 's jest as much my baby 's he is his pa's, and a good sight more, I b'lieve; shan't I hev all the trouble on him? an' jest as quick as he 's big enough to help instead o' hinder, won't he be snaked off inter the lots to work? I 've seen men folks afore; and I tell ye, Aunt Hanner, you give 'em an inch 'n' they take a harf a yard, certain!"

"Well, Melindy," interfered Aunt Huldah, for once in her life essaying to make peace, "Freedom 's dreadful sick now; reelly he 's dangerous" (this is New England vernacular for in danger); "what ef he should up 'n' die? Would n't ye feel kind o' took aback to think on 't?"

"Things is right 'n' wrong jest the same ef everybody dies; everybody doos, sooner or later; I don't see what odds that makes, Aunt Huldy. I ain't a-goin' to make no fuss about it; fust Sunday in March is sacrament day, and childern is allers presented for baptism then. I 'll jest fix it right, and ef his pa gits well, why there 'tis, 'nd he 'll hev to git used to 't; and ef he don't, it ain't no matter, he won't never know. I guess I 've got folks as well as you, and names, too: there 's old Grandsir Bassett; he sot a sight by me, 'nd he was ninety years old 'n' up'ards when he died; why, he fit the British out to Ticonderogy long o' Ethan Allen! He was a dredful spry man, and had a kind o' pootty name, too; smart-soundin', and I 'm a-goin' to call the boy for him. Freedom! Land o' Goshen! tain't a half a name anyhow; sounds like Fourth o' July oh-rations, 'nd Hail Columby, 'nd fire-crackers, 'nd root beer, 'nd Yankee Doodle thrown in! Now Grandsir Bassett's name was Tyagustus. That sounds well, I tell ye! kinder mighty an pompous, 's though it come out o' them columns o' long proper names to the end of the speller."

Here Melinda got out of breath, and dismayed Aunt Huldah followed Aunt Hannah, who had stolen off to Freedom's room with a certain instinct of protecting him, as a hen who sees the circling wings of a hawk in the high blue heaven runs to brood her chicks.

Moll Thunder was smoking a clay pipe up the wide chimney, and Freedom lay on the bed with half-shut eyes, drawn and red visage, parched lips, and restless tossing head, murmuring wild words: here and there calls for Lowly, a tender word for Love, whom he scarce ever no-

ticed in health, or a muttered profanity at some balky horse or stupid ox-team.

"Kinder pootty sick," grunted Moll Thunder, nodding to the visitants. "Plenty much tea-drink drown him ole debbil fever clear out 'fore long. He, he, he! Moll knows; squaw-vine, pep'mint, cohosh, fever-wort; pootty good steep." And from a pitcher of steaming herbs, rank of taste and evil of smell, she proceeded to dose her patient, — a heroic remedy that might have killed or cured but that now Aunt Hannah was no more needed up-stairs and could resume her place by Freedom; and Moll was sent home to Wingfield with a piece of pork, a bag of meal, and a jug of cider-brandy, a professional fee she much preferred to money.

But even Aunt Hannah could not arrest the fever; it had its sixty days of fight and fire. While yet it raged in Freedom's gaunt frame with unrelenting fierceness, Melinda carried out her programme, and had her baby baptized Tyagustus Bassett. Parson Pitcher came now and then to visit the sick man; but even when recovery had proceeded so far that the reverend divine thought fit to exhort and catechise his weak brother in reference to his religious experience, the old gentleman shook his head and took numerous pinches of snuff at the result.

"There seems to be a root of bitterness, — a root of bitterness remaining, Huldy. His speritooal frame is cold and hard; there is a want of tenderness, — a want of tenderness."

"He did n't never have no great," dryly remarked Aunt Huldah.

"Grace has considerable of a struggle, no doubt, with the nateral man; it is so with all of us; but after such a dispensation, an amazing dispensation, brought into the jaws of death, Huldy, where death got hold of him and destruction made him afraid, in the words of scripter, I should expect, I did expect, to find him in a tender frame; but he seems to kick against the pricks, — to kick against the pricks."

"Well, Parson Pitcher, folks don't allus do jest as ye calc'late to have 'em, here below; and grace doos have a pootty hard clinch on 't with Freedom, I 'm free to confess. He 's dredful sot, dredful; and I don't mind tellin' ye, seein' we 're on the subject, that he 's ben kinder thwarted in suthin whilst he was sick, an' he hain't but jest found it out, and it doos rile him peskily; he dono how on airth to put up with 't."

"Indeed! — indeed! Well, Huldy, the heart knoweth its own bitterness. I guess I will pray with the family now, and set my face homeward without dealing with Freedom further to-day.'

"I guess I would," frankly replied Aunt Huldah. "A little hullsome lettin' alone 's 's good for grown folks as 't is for children; and after a spell he 'll kinder simmer down; as Hanner sez, when ye can't fix a thing your way, you 've got to swaller it some other way; but it doos choke ye awful sometimes."

There is no doubt that "Tyagustus" did choke Freedom, when he found that sonorous name tacked irremediably on to the great hearty boy he had hoped for so long, but never seen till it was six weeks old and solemnly christened after Grandsir Bassett. A crosser and a more disagreeable man than this convalescent never made a house miserable: the aunts went delicately in bitterness of soul, after Agag's fashion; Bub fled from before the paternal countenance, and almost lived in the barn; Marah had been for two months tyrannizing over Lovey at the red house, as happy and as saucy as a bobolink on a fence post; while Melinda, quite undaunted by the humors of her lord and master, went about her work with her usual zeal and energy, scolding Bub, working the hired man up to his extremest capacity, scrubbing, chattering, and cheery; now and then stopping to feed and hug the great good-tempered baby, or fetching some savory mess to Freedom, whose growls and groans disturbed her no more than the scrawks and croaks of the gossiping old hens about the doorstep.

By June he was about again, and things had found their level. If this were not a substantially true story, I should like to branch off here from the

beaten track and reform my hero, make the gnarly oak into a fluent and facile willow-tree, and create a millennial peace and harmony in the old farm-house, just to make things pleasant for dear Aunt Hannah and gentle little Lovey; but facts are stubborn things, and if circumstances and the grace of God modify character, they do not change it; Peter and Paul were Paul and Peter still, though the end and aim of life was changed for them after conversion.

So Freedom Wheeler returned to his active life unchastened, indeed rather exasperated by his illness. The nervous irritation and general unhingeing of mind and body that follow a severe fever added, of course, to his disgust and rebellion against the state of things about him. His heart's desire had been refused him over and over, but it grew up again like a pruned shrub, the stronger and sturdier for every close cutting; and grinding his teeth against fate, — he dared not say against God, — he went his bitter way.

Melinda never feared him, but he was a terror to the children; and had there been any keen observer at hand, it would have been painful to see how "father" was a dreadful word instead of a synonym for loving protection and wise guidance. Aunt Hannah was shocked when Marah refused to say the Lord's prayer one night. "Me won't! me don't want father in heaven; fathers is awful cross; me won't say it, aunty."

"Now you jest clap down 'nd say 'Now I lay me' quick as a wink!" interposed Aunt Huldah. "Hanner, don't ye let that child talk so to ye. *I'd* tune her, afore I would, I tell ye."

But in the secrecy of her own apartment, Aunt Huldah explained: "You see, Hanner, I've took the measure of that young un's foot; she's pa all over; no more like Lowly 'n chalk is like cheese! Ef you'd ha' battled it out with her she'd ha' got the better of ye, 'nd more'n likely gone home an' told the hull story, and then Freedom would nigh about ha' slartered her; 'nd I don't want the leetle cretur's sperit broke. Fact is, I feel jes' so myself; he is so all-fired ugly, seems as though I should bust, sometimes. Moreover 'nd above all, 't ain't never best to let childern git the better of ye. They don't never go back on their tracks ef they do. I put in my finger that time so 's 't she should n't querrel with you, 'nd she said t' other thing jest like a cosset lamb; she was sort o' surprised into 't, ye see."

"I presume likely, I presume likely, Huldy; she 's a masterful piece, Marah is; I 'm afeard she 'll taste trouble afore she dies. Sech as she has to have a lot of discipline to fetch 'em into the kingdom."

"Don't seem to be no use to Freedom, 'flictions don't, Hanner. Sometimes, I declare for 't, I have my doubts ef he ever got religion, anyhow."

"Why, Huldy Wheeler!" Aunt Hannah's eyes glowed with mild wrath; "'nd he 's ben a professor nigh on to thirty year. How can ye talk so? I 'm clean overcome."

"Well, I can't help it. There 's some things stand to reason, ef they be speritooal things, 'nd one on 'em is that ef a man's born again he 's a new cretur. You 're paowerful on Bible texts, so I won't sling no catechism at ye this time, but there is suthin somewhere, 'long in some o' the 'Pistles, about 'love, joy, peace, gentleness, goodness, meekness,' 'nd so on, for quite a spell; and if that cap fits Freedom, why I 'm free to say I don't see it.'".

"Well, Huldy, we must make allowances; ye see he 's dreadful disapp'inted."

"That 's so! you 'd better b'lieve *he* don't say the Lord's Prayer, no more 'n Marah; or ef he doos, it goes, 'My will be done:' he hain't learnt how to spell it t' other way." Aunt Hannah sighed; she was getting old now, and Freedom was as dear to her as an only child — wayward and willful though it be — to a loving mother; but she rested her heart on its life-long comfort, a merciful presence that was her daily strength, and hoped for the best, for some future time, even if she did not live to see it, when this stubborn heart of her boy's should become flesh, and his soul accept

a divine Master, with strong and submissive faith.

Poor Aunt Hannah! she had shed countless tears and uttered countless prayers to this end, but as yet in vain. Next year only brought fresh exasperation to Freedom in the birth of a daughter, as cross, noisy, and disagreeable as she was unwelcome. He flung out of the house and went to plowing the ten-acre lot, though the frost was only out of the surface; he broke his share, goaded his oxen till even those patient beasts rebelled, and at last left the plow in the furrow and took a last year's colt out to train. Melinda escaped a great deal through that poor colt, for what he dared not pour on her offending head in the way of reviling, he safely hurled at the wild creature he found so restive in harness; and many a kick and blow taught the brute how superior a being man is, particularly when he is out of temper!

"Keep that brat out o' my sight, Aunt Hanner," was his first greeting to the child. "Don't fetch it 'round here: it 's nothin' but a noosance."

Aunt Hannah retreated in dismay, but she dared not tell Melinda, whose passion for fine-sounding names was mightily gratified at the opportunity to select a girl's appellation; before she issued from her sick room she made up her mind to call this child Chimera Una Vilda.

Dear reader, give me no credit for imagination here! These are actual names, registered on church records and tombstones; with sundry others of the like sort, such as Secretia, Luelle, Lorilla Allaroila, Lue, Plumy, Antha, Loruhama, Lophelia, Bethursda, and a host more. But it mattered little to Freedom; the child might have any name or no name as far as he cared; it was a naughty baby, and rent the air with cries of temper in a manner that was truly hereditary.

"I never see such a piece in all my days," sighed Aunt Hannah, whose belief in total depravity became an active principle under this dispensation. "I declare for 't, Huldy, you can hear her scream way over here."

"Well, I b'lieve you, Hanner: the winders is wide open, and we ain't but jest acrost the road. I guess you could hear her a good mile; an' she keeps it up the hull endurin' time. Makes me think o' them cherubims the Rev'lations tells about, that continooally do cry; only she ain't cryin' for praise."

"I expect she 'd cry for suthin besides crossness ef she knew how her pa feels about her; it 's awful, Huldy, it is awful to see him look at the child once in a while."

"She knows it in her bones, I tell ye. Talk about 'riginal sin! I guess she won't want no sin more 'riginal than what 's come down pootty straight from him. She 's jest another of 'em, now I tell ye."

But Melinda was equal to the situation: whether she picked up the last maple twig Marah brought in from driving the cows, or pulled the stiff wooden busk from her maternal bosom, or "ketched off her shoe," or even descended upon that chubby form with her own hard hand and pungently "reversed the magnetic currents," as they say in Boston, those currents were reversed so often it might have been matter of doubt which way they originally ran after a year or two! But the old Adam was strong, and when Chimera — no chimera to them, but a dreadful reality — was sent over to stay a while at the red house, the aunts were at their wits' ends, and Lovey both tired and tormented.

This time — for Chimera's visit to the aunts was occasioned by the immediate prospect of another baby — Aunt Hannah was not able to take care of Melindy: the dear old woman was getting old; a "shockanum palsy," as Aunt Huldah called a slight paralytic stroke, had given her warning; her head shook perpetually, and her hands trembled; she could still do a little work about the house, but her whole failing body was weary with the perpetual motion, and she knew life was near its end for her. So they sent to Dorset Centre for the village nurse, a fat, good-natured creature, and one morning, early, a boy — a rosy, sturdy, big boy — appeared on the stage.

Now Freedom exulted; he strode over

to the red house to tell the news. "Fact, Aunt Hanner! I've got him now; a real stunner, too. You won't see no tricks played now, I tell ye! By jingo! I 'm goin' off for Parson Pitcher quicker 'n lightnin'. I 'll bet ye, Melindy won't git ahead o' me this time; that leetle feller 'll be Freedom Wheeler in two hours' time, sure 's ye live."

"Providence permitting," put in Aunt Hannah softly, as if to avert the omen of this loud and presumptuous rejoicing; but soft as the prayer was, Freedom heard it, and as he opened the door turned on his heel and answered, "Whether or no, this time."

Aunt Hannah lay back in her chair, utterly shocked; this was rank blasphemy in her ears; she did not remember the illustrative story Aunt Huldah told Freedom on a time long past about a certain old woman's intention to go to Hartford, or she might perhaps have been less horrified. Still, it was bad enough, for if the words were lightly spoken the spirit within the man accorded fully with his tone, and never was keener triumph rampant in any conqueror's heart than in this rough, self-willed farmer's as he drove his horse, full tilt, down the long hills and up the sharp ascents that lay between him and the parsonage. But Parson Pitcher had been called up higher than Freedom Wheeler's. That very morning he had fallen asleep in his bed, weak and wasted with a long influenza, and being almost ninety years old the sleep of weakness had slipped quietly into the deeper calm of death.

He had for a year past been obliged to have a colleague, so Freedom hunted the young man up at his boarding place, and took him instead; a little aggrieved, indeed, for long custom made Parson Pitcher seem the only valid authority for religious observances of this kind, and years after he ceased to preach the little children were always brought to him for baptism.

"But I s'pose one on 'em 's reelly as good as t' other for this puppus," hilariously remarked Freedom to the old lady who lodged the colleague, receiving a grim stare of disapproval for his answer, as he deserved. However, there was one advantage in having Mr. Brooks instead of the parson. Freedom was but slightly acquainted with the new-comer, so he poured out all his troubles, his losses, and his present rejoicing all the way home with a frankness and fluency strange enough; for New Englanders as a race are reticent both of their affairs and their feelings, and Freedom Wheeler was more so by nature than by race. This exultation seemed to have fused his whole character for the time into glowing, outpouring fervor; a deep and ardent excitement fired his eye and loosed his tongue, and Mr. Brooks, who had a tinge of the metaphysical and inquisitive about him, was mightily interested in the man; and being, as he phrased it, a "student of character," which is, being interpreted, an impertinent soul who makes puppets of his fellows to see how their wires work and discover the thoughts of their hearts for his own theories and speculations, he gently drew out this intoxicated man, "drunken, but not with wine," as he was, with judicious suggestions and inquiries, till he knew him to the core; a knowledge of use to neither party, and to the young clergyman only another apple off the tree from which Eve plucked sin and misery, and a sour one at that.

Once more the old china punch-bowl that had been a relic in the Wheeler family beyond their record, and would have crazed a china fancier with the lust of the eye, was filled from the spring and set on the claw-footed round table in the parlor, the door left open into Melinda's room so she could see all the ceremony, the aunts and nurse assembled in solemn array (all the children being sent over to Lovey's care, at the red house), and with due propriety the new baby, squirming and kicking with great vigor in his father's arms, was baptized Freedom Wheeler.

Why is it that "the curse of a granted prayer" comes sometimes immediately? Why do we pant and thirst, and find the draught poisonous? or after long exile come home, only to find home gone? Alas! these are the conditions of human-

ity: the questions we all ask, the thwarting and despair we all endure; and also the mystery and incompleteness which tell us in hourly admonition that this life is a fragment and a beginning, and that its ends are not peace and rapture, but discipline and education. Freedom Wheeler was no apt pupil, but his sharpest lesson came to-day.

Full of exultation over fate, Melinda, and the aunts, chuckling to himself with savage satisfaction at the conscious feeling that it was no use for anybody — even the indefinite influence he dared not call God — to try to get the better of him, he strode across the room to give his boy back to Melinda, stumbled over a little stool that intruded from below the sofa, fell full length on the floor, with the child under him, and when he rose to his feet, dazed with the jar of the fall, it was but just in time to see those baby eyelids quiver once and close forever: the child was dead!

Melinda rose up in the bed with a dreadful face; shriek on shriek burst from her lips. The women crowded about Freedom and took the limp little body from his arms; he leaned against the door-way like a man in a dream; the torrents of reproach and agony that burst from Melinda's lips seemed not to enter his ears: "Now you 've done it! you 've killed him! you have! you have!" But why repeat the wild and bitter words of a mother bereft of her child in the first hours of its fresh, strong life? Melinda was not a cruel or ungenerous woman naturally, but now she was weak and nervous, and the shock was too much for her brain.

In this sudden stress Mr. Brooks forgot his metaphysics and fell back on the old formulas, which after all do seem to wear better than metaphysics in any real woe or want; he drew near to Freedom and put his hand on the wretched man's shoulder. "My brother," said he, gently, "this evil is from the hand of the Lord; bear it like a Christian."

"He ain't no Christian!" shouted Melinda, with accents of concentrated bitterness. "Christians ain't that sort, growlin' and scoldin' and fightin' with the Lord that made him, cos he could n't hev his own way, and uplifted sky-high when he got it; 'nd now look to where 't is! The hypocrite's hope is cut off, cut off! Oh, my baby! my baby! my baby!" Here she fell into piteous wailing and fainting, and Mr. Brooks led the passive, stricken man away, while Aunt Huldah dispatched Reuben Stark for the doctor, and Aunt Hannah and the nurse tried to calm and restore Melinda.

But it was idle to try to draw Freedom from his silent gloom; he would neither speak nor hear, apparently, and Mr. Brooks, seeing Reuben hitching the horse to the wagon, took his hat to leave. Aunt Huldah followed him to the door for politeness.

"Send for me when you are ready for the funeral, Miss Huldah," said he, in taking leave. "I feel deeply for you all, especially for brother Wheeler; the Lord seems to have a controversy with him indeed."

"That 's so," curtly replied Aunt Huldah; "an' I don't see but what he 's kep' up his end on 't pootty well; but I guess he 's got to let go. This makes three on 'em, and it 's an old sayin', three times an' out."

A suddenly subdued smile curled the corners of Mr. Brooks' mouth for a second; poor man, he had a keen sense of the ludicrous and was minister in a country parish!

"Good day," nodded Aunt Huldah, quite unaware that she had said anything peculiar, and then she returned to Freedom; but he had gone out of the kitchen, nor did any one know where he was, till the horn called to supper, when he came in, swallowed a cup of tea, and went speechless to bed, not even asking about Melinda, whom the doctor found in the first stage of fever, and pronounced "dangerous."

But Melinda was strong and could bear a great deal yet; she was comparatively a young woman, and after a month's severe illness she began to improve daily, and in another month was like her old self again; perhaps a trifle less cheery, but still busy, vivacious, and unsparing of herself or others. But

Freedom was a changed man; the scornful and bitter words Melinda had uttered in her frantic passion burnt deep into his soul, though he gave no sign even of hearing them.

Kingsley speaks of "the still, deep-hearted Northern, whose pride breaks slowly and silently, but breaks once for all; who tells to God what he never will tell to man, and having told it is a new creature from that day forth forever;" and something after this fashion was Freedom Wheeler shaped. He had been brought up in the strictest Calvinism, had his "experience" in due form, and then united with the church; but Parson Pitcher never preached to anybody but unconverted sinners: hell fire drove him on to save from the consequences of sin; its conditions people who were once converted must look out for themselves; and Freedom's strong will, sullen temper, and undisciplined character grew up like the thorns in the parable and choked the struggling blades of grain that never reached an ear Melinda's accusations were the first sermon that ever awoke his consciousness; he had always prided himself on his honesty, and here he saw that he had been an utter hypocrite.

With all his faults he had a simple faith in the truths of the Bible and a conscientious respect for ordinances, and now there fell upon him a deep conviction of heinous sin, a gloom, a despair that amounted almost to insanity; but he asked no counsel, he implored no divine aid; with the peculiar sophistry of religious melancholy he considered that his prayers would be an abomination to the Lord. So he kept silence, poring more and more over his Bible, appropriating its dreadful texts all to himself, and turning his eyes away from every gracious and tender promise, as one unworthy to read them.

He worked more faithfully than ever; worked from day's first dawn into the edge of darkness, as if the suffering of a worn-out body had a certain counter-irritation for the tortured mind. There are many rods of stone-wall on that old farm to-day, laid up of such great stones, made so wide and strong and close, that the passer-by looks at it with wonder, little knowing that the dreadful struggles of a wandering and thwarted soul mark the layers of massive granite and record the exhaustion of flesh mastered by strong and strenuous spirit.

When Melinda was herself again, it was yet some time before she noticed the change in Freedom; there was a certain simple selfishness about her that made her own grief hide every other, and impelled her to try with all her might to forget her trouble, to get rid of the sharp memory that irked her soul like a rankling thorn. She hid all her baby clothes away in the garret, she sent the cradle out to the shed loft, and never opened her lips about that lost boy, whose name Aunt Huldah had recorded in the same record with the two who had preceded him, and whose little body lay under the mulleins and golden-rods, beside the others at Lowly's feet.

But as time wore on Melinda began to see that some change had passed over her husband. She had quite forgotten her own mad words, spoken in the first delirium of her anguish, and followed by the severe fever that had almost swept away life as well as memory; no remorse therefore softened her heart, but it was not needed. Though Melinda was an incisive, stirring, resolute woman, with her warm temper she had also a warm heart; she could not live in the house with a dog or a cat without feeling a certain kindly affection for the creature. Her step-children never suffered at her hands, but shared in all the care she gave her own, and loved her as well as shy, careless children of a healthy sort love anybody. She loved her husband truly. Her quick, stormy ways meant no more than the scolding of a wren; in her heart she held Freedom dear and honored, only he did not know it.

But she began now, in her anxiety about his sad and gloomy ways, to soften her manner toward him daily: she remembered the things he liked to eat and prepared them for the table; she made him a set of new shirts, and set the stitches in them with scrupulous neatness; she kept the house in trim and

pleasant order, and sat up at night to mend his working-clothes, so that they were always whole, — homely services and demonstrations, no doubt, but having as much fitness to place and person as the scenic passion of a novel in high life, or a moral drama where the repentant wife throws herself into a stern husband's arms, and with flying tresses and flowing tears vows never to vex or misunderstand his noble soul again.

Freedom's conscious controversy with his Maker still went on within him, and raged between doubt and despair; but he was human, and the gentle ray of affection that stole from Melinda's "little candle" did its work in his "naughty world." He felt a certain comfort pervading home when he came in at night, sad and weary: the children's faces were clean, the hearth washed, the fire bright; warmth and peace brooded over the old kitchen, crackled softly from the backlog, purred in the cat, sang from the kettle-nose; Melinda's shining hair was smooth, her look quiet and wistful; the table was neatly spread, — little things, surely, but life is made up of them, and hope and happiness and success.

The dark cloud in this man's soul began to lift imperceptibly; and he was called out of himself presently to stand by Aunt Hannah's bed and see her die. A second shock of paralysis suddenly prostrated her, and she was laid on the pillows speechless and senseless; twenty-four hours of anxiety and tears passed, and then she seemed to revive; she stirred her hand, her face relaxed, her eyes opened, but the exhaustion was great and she was unable to speak. Conscious and patient she endured through a few days more, and then the final message came: another paralysis, a longer silence, and those grouped about her bed in the old red house, thinking every moment to see the shadow of death fall over those beloved features, beheld with surprise the soft brown eyes open and fix upon Freedom such a look of longing, tender, piteous affection as might have broken the heart of a stone; a long, long gaze, a very passion of love, pity, and yearning, and then those eyes turned heavenward, grew glorious with light and peace, and closed slowly, — closed forever.

Freedom went out and wept bitterly: he had denied his Lord, too, and it was a look that smote him to the heart, as that divine glance did Peter. But no man knew or saw it. Hidden in the barn, a dim and fragrant oratory that has seen more than one struggle of soul in the past and unknown records of New England, Freedom "gave up," and gave up finally.

He was no longer a young man, and he was not the stuff that saints are made of, but he had a stern honesty, an inward uprightness that held him to his new resolve like hooks of steel. If his temper softened a little, his obstinacy yielded here and there, his manner gave out now and then some scanty spark of affection and consideration, these were the outward signs of a mighty change within; for an old and weather-beaten tree does not bloom in its spring resurrection with the flowers and promise of a young and vigorous growth; it is much if the gnarled boughs put out their scanty share of verdure, if there is a blossom on a few branches, and shelter enough for a small bird's-nest from sun or rain. Lovey, grown by this time a tall and helpful girl, with her mother's delicate sweetness in face and figure, was first perhaps to feel this vital change in her father. Aunt Hannah's death was a woful loss to her tender, clinging nature, and she turned to him with the instinct of a child, and found a shy and silent sympathy from him that was strangely dear and sweet and bound them together as never before. Aunt Huldah, too, noticed it. "Dear me!" said she to herself, as she sat alone by the fire, knitting red stockings for Chimera, who had begun to mend her ways a little under the steady birch and shingle discipline. "Dear me, I'm real afraid Freedom ain't long for this world. He is kinder mellerin', like a stone-apple in June; it's onnateral. I expect he's struck with death, Hanner, don't you? Oh, my land; what a old fool I be! Hanner 's gone, 'nd here I be a-talkin' to her jest as though" — Aunt Huldah wiped her

dimmed eyes with a red silk handkerchief, and rubbed her misty glasses before she went on, still leaving the sentence unfinished: "Mabbe it 's a triumph o' grace; I s'pose grace can get the better o' Freedom: seems kinder doubtful, I must confess; but I don't see nothin' else that could fetch him, and he is a growin' soft, sure as ye live."

But Melinda, less sensitive or perceptive, perceived only that her efforts had "kinder sorter slicked him down," as she said.

It was reserved for the birth of another child to demonstrate how Freedom had laid down his arms and gone over to the king at last. Yes, two years after Aunt Hannah's death another fine and hearty boy entered the family, but not this time with such acclaim and welcome as the last. Melinda, weak and happy, grew gentler than ever before, between present bliss and future fear, and Freedom, hiding his face in his hard brown hands, thanked God with shame and trembling for this undeserved mercy; and even while he shuddered, naturally enough, at the possibilities the past recalled, he could say humbly and fervently, "Thy will be done."

Nobody spoke of sending for the minister now, nor was even a name for baby suggested till two months after, when Melinda said to Freedom one night when the children were all in bed, and they sat alone by the fire waiting for the last brand to fall in two before it could be raked up, "Next Sunday but one is sacrament Sunday, Freedom. It 's good weather now; had n't the little feller better be presented fur baptism?"

"I guess so," answered he.

"What do ye calkerlate to call him?" asked Melinda, shyly, after a pause.

"That 's for you to say, Melinda; I wish ye to do jest as ye 're a mind to," he said, gently, with a stifled sigh.

"That 's easy settled then," she replied, a pretty smile about her red lips, and laying her hand on her husband's knee; "I don't want to call him nothin' more nor less than Freedom."

He put his hand on hers for a moment, looked the other way, and then got up and went out silently.

So one bright June day baby was taken to the meeting-house and received his name, and was duly recorded in the family Bible, but with no ominous monosyllable added to his birth-date; and Aunt Huldah, as she went out of church, said to Mr. Brooks, by no means inaudibly, "I guess Freedom's gin up his controversy finally; he did keep up his end on 't quite a spell, but he 's gin up for good now, I expect."

"Yes," answered the young parson, with a smile of mingled feeling and reverence. "The Lord was in the still small voice."

Rose Terry Cooke.

FIREFLIES.

I SAW, one sultry night, above a swamp,
The darkness throbbing with their golden pomp!
And long my dazzled sight did they entrance
With the bright chaos of their dizzy dance.

Quicker than yellow leaves, when gales despoil,
Quivered the brilliance of their mute turmoil,
Within whose light was intricately blent
Perpetual rise, perpetual descent,

As though their scintillant flickerings had met
In the vague meshes of some airy net!
And now mysteriously I seemed to guess,
While watching their tumultuous loveliness,
What fervor of deep passion strangely thrives
In the warm richness of these tropic lives,
Whose wings can never tremble but they show
The hearts of living fire that beat below!

Edgar Fawcett.

PAIGE'S HISTORY OF CAMBRIDGE.[1]

If we New Englanders admire ourselves in a representative way for the slow and painful displacement of nature, — for our cities, towns, inclosures, and all that belongs to our rectilinear life, — what shall we say of the man who by one touch of his art sweeps away the whole incumbrance in a moment; who, in our Cambridge of to-day, makes the pine to soar again in the market-place, the dandelion to pave the dusty Main Street with gold, the wolf to utter his hungry howl where now is the almshouse, the wild pigeon to coo love and peace at the Divinity School, and the 'possum to play his innocent tricks at the City Hall? The antiquarian does all this, and without cost or damage but to himself. He finds us blinking at an uncertain future or weary with a commonplace present, and promises to show us the past, where we may walk leisurely among toiling activities, undisturbed among tumults, unharmed amid dangers, lighted by a sun that does not scorch at noonday and a moon that will not harm us if we catch a nap under its rays. Thereupon he wrestles single-handed with the great destroyer in cobwebbed garrets or gloomy rooms of registry, or creeping among graves makes even death tributary to his work. Now he wiles an expiring tradition from the lips of dotage, and now in libraries discovers a golden link of history embedded in the flinty contents of some aged folio. At night his incoherent treasures are orderly strung together, or, as the case may be, forged and welded, until appears the symmetrical chain of facts which we call history.

The town of Cambridge claims a prominent place in colonial history for its early settlement, its proposed purpose as a place of refuge and defense, its college, its synod of 1637, and for its military position, and its attendant facts, in 1775. For its personal and municipal merits, we have the record before us.

But to the old inhabitant, — to him who remembers Cambridge as a loose combination of three communities not far past the village condition, — all that carries him back to and beyond his early recollections is the essence, the quintessence, of local history. The description of old localities is to him a living picture; the old bounds are restored instantly to his vision as he reads; he hears the tinkle of the cowbells in the common pasture. And in his delight at the remoter history he incidentally exercises a just criticism. It is there that we find what is most precious, because most obscure, and most perishable. It is there that we most need an able and learned inquirer to rescue, select, and arrange.

At the outset of Dr. Paige's present work we discover a strong tendency to

[1] *History of Cambridge, Massachusetts*, 1630-1877. With a Genealogical Register. By Lucius R. Paige. Boston: H. O. Houghton & Co. 1877.

compression. The first chapter is quite a model in this respect. In five pages it gives us the settlement of "Newetowne," the arrangement of its boundaries, its enlargement by grants from the General Court until it reached from the most northerly part of Charles River (including the present Dedham and Newton) to the most southerly part of Merrimack River, a length of thirty-five miles, and the successive separation from the parent town of the present Billerica, Newton, Lexington, Arlington, and Brighton (District). The struggle attending each dismemberment is related afterward in its proper place. A map accompanies this chapter, on which appears "the *smallest* of her daughters, *Cambridge.*"

The second chapter gives us the particulars of the first settlement of the town, which may be considered established in 1631. Newtown was designed for the citadel of the new colony, perhaps for its capital. The site was selected, "as a fit place for a fortified town," in 1630, and the fortifications, which were a "pallysadoe"—with such unsparing force did our ancestors spell the word—and ditch, were apparently completed in 1632. If the founding of Rome should occur to the reader, he need not repel it too readily as an exaggeration. None among the historical bases on which has grown an empire of forty million sovereigns, who have lately proved their power of self-control, need defer too humbly to the city that governed the world, but could not govern itself. It is probable that no Remus could have slighted our pallysadoe; if he had, our Romulus would have given him half a day in the stocks or a fine of five shillings.

The colonists at Charlestown and Boston were open to attack by sea. "Wherefore they rather made choice to enter further among the Indians than hazard the fury of malignant adversaries, who in a rage might pursue them." They intended to remove their "ordnance and munition" to Newtown, and make it a place of arms and a refuge for all in case of need. A few leading men began the settlement of the town in 1631. Mr. Hooker's or the Braintree company removed hither in 1632 from Mount Wollaston by order of the General Court. These mostly removed again to Connecticut in 1635, and Mr. Shepard's company, newly arrived, took their place. The order of the General Court for erecting the pallysadoe is of February 3, 1631–32: "that there should be threescore pounds levied out of the several plantations in this patent;" and among the assessments is three pounds to be paid by "the New Towne" itself. Before the arrival of Mr. Hooker's company "an order was adopted by the inhabitants in regard to the paling around the common lands." The course of this primitive inclosure is given by Dr. Paige in a note, and the division of the paling, or fence, among the proprietors, for the purpose of repairs, gives us a list of the townsmen at that time.

Coming to "the division of lands and the establishment of highways," our author proceeds vigorously with the restoration of the primitive Newtown, giving us names of streets and fields whose antique flavor has been preserved by disuse. In some four compact pages he enables the reader to follow intelligently the tracks of the earliest fathers of our town. He may come from "West End Field" down the "highway to the Fresh Pond," and, entering the pallysadoe at some point which he must find for himself, take the "path from Charlestown to Watertown," visit "Graves his Neck," where, falling into the "highway to the common pales," he will soon reach "Field Lane," and come by "Braintree Street" to our modern Harvard Square. This route will show him our ancestors at work in the "Old Field" and on "Smallot-Hill," astonished at the perspiratory power which our sun develops, and fast parting with their English complexions. Such a perambulation will be a good test of the reader's retrospective qualities. If when he arrives at the present Dana Hill he beholds a certain glorious vision (which we shall not describe for him), if passing along Braintree Street he has a glimpse of the good Dunster in Cow Lane ruminating on infant baptism,

or again, in Crooked Street, of Shepard wrestling in spirit with Antinomianism, and if he applies for a cup of small beer at good "Sister Bradishes" on the corner, before he awakes to modern realism, then he is free of the guild. Let him wander as he will, and ever enlarge the bounds of his existence by annexing the domain of the past. But for others, incompetent because insincere, reckless improvers, bark-stained arboricides, frivolous seekers of the new and contemners of the long-established, — may all the nightmare shapes that can haunt such twilight ground unite their terrors to repel such from the past, and keep them at home in the present.

The first act of the town on record is the agreement of March 29, 1632, to pale in the neck. The next, of December 24, 1632, is an agreement made by a general consent for a monthly meeting, namely, "that every person undersubscribed shall [meet] every first Monday in every month within [the] meeting-house, in the afternoon within half [an hour] after the ringing of the bell;" with a penalty for absence or quitting without leave of xii*d*. The first act bears the aspect of a neighborly agreement; the second is a spontaneous growth of democratic government in its first stage of self-construction. The town found occasion to exercise its powers quite freely. "At the first meeting held in pursuance of this 'agreement' several municipal arrangements were made to secure the beauty and safety of the town." The first orders waver between the language of authority and of compact.

January 7, 1632–33. "It is *ordered* that no person whatever [shall set] up any house in the bounds of this town [without] leave from the major part. Further, it is *agreed*, by a joint consent, [that the] town shall not be enlarged until all [the vacant] places be filled with houses. Further, it is *agreed* that all the houses [within] the bounds of the town shall be covered [with] slate or board, and not with thatch. Further, it is *ordered* that all [the houses shall] range even and stand just six [feet on each man's] own ground from the street."

These four provisions for character, compactness, incombustibility, and seemliness are unobjectionable testimony of the settlers in their own favor. With reference to the fourth article, it may be mentioned that some forty years since it was found that many of the successors of the settlers had taken six (or more) feet from the public ways, we must hope with a pious desire to bring their houses within the letter of this old ordinance.

An order of January 5, 1634, provides that every inhabitant in the town shall keep the street clear from wood and all other things against his own grounds. Such an ordinance, even at this day, would occasionally cause small items of personal property to disappear from the streets cared for by the successors of these thrifty self-governors. It is to be noticed that this provision was made while the pallysadoe yet "secured all their weaker cattle from the wild beasts."

Five men were shortly after chosen to compile a miniature Domesday Book, that is, to make a complete survey of all lands and buildings of every free inhabitant, and to enter the same in a book "fairly written in words at length and not in figures, and shall deliver a transcript thereof into the court . . . and the same so entered and recorded shall be a sufficient assurance to every such free inhabitant . . . of such estate of inheritance, or as they shall have," etc. This commencement of a registry system shows a fixed purpose to leave the land on which they had so lately settled themselves "for an inheritance for their children after them forever," with the most effectual possible provision against uncertainty and fraud. It was at the same date that our town passed from the purely democratic to the representative form of self-government. February 3, 1634–35. "At a general meeting of the whole town, it was agreed upon by a joint consent that seven men should be chosen to do the whole business of the town, and so to continue until the first Monday in November next, and until new be chosen in their room. So there was then elected," etc. Montesquieu's fa-

mous aphorism that power is constantly stealing from the many to the few is here disarmed of its force by the voluntary surrender of power as the first step toward rational self-government.

In 1635 and 1636 Mr. Hooker with the greater part of his company migrated, as before mentioned, from Newtown to Connecticut. "Their possessions in New Town were purchased by Mr. Shepard and his friends, who opportunely arrived in the autumn of 1635 and the following spring and summer."

As we advance through Mr. Paige's book we find a multitude of apt and quaint particulars. No one with a spark of the antiquarian's slow fire or village patriot's zeal can read this without becoming antedated: for our own part we have become quite recolonized, and now and then fancy we hear wolves.

Alluding to the recent displacement and renewal of inhabitants our author says: "With a change of inhabitants came a change of customs. Some of the common planting fields became private property. Thus the Old Field, containing about sixty-three acres, was divided. . . . Small-lot-Hill, in like manner, passed into fewer hands. Farms were granted to such as desired, both on the south side of the river and in the territory now embraced in Arlington and Lexington. Much the larger portion of the inhabitants continued to reside in the 'town' and West End, very few venturing beyond the line of Sparks, Wyeth, and Garden streets." The town here specified consisted of the compact squares with which we are familiar at this day, where the people, girded with their pallysadoe and well-neighbored, slept, as the French say, on both ears, — that is, turned themselves for their equinoctial nap with a sense of security denied to the outlying settler.

We have to remember that the peaceable disposition of the natives was not ascertained, as at a later day. At that time, too, surrounded by strangeness and novelties, the settler might be justified in supposing that, beside bears and wolves, nondescript monsters of any imaginable pattern might lurk even so near as Kidder's Swamp. How is it, then, with our oppidan people in the town? Shall they venture, may be, to the extreme line of safety at Linnæan Street in search of their kine? — they who sleep on both ears, are but semi-pastoral, and who consider it an exploit to go after sundown as far as the present Stoughton Hall? Let our chronicler answer: "February, 1635–36. Agreed with Mr. Chapline that his man shall keep the goats, and to have three half pence a week for one goat." "March 1, 1635–36. Agreed with Richard Rice to keep 100 cows for the space of three months . . . and is to have ten pounds paid him within ten days after the ships be come in, or in June. . . . Also he is to fetch the cows into the town every morning out of the common, half an hour after the sun is up, at the farthest, and to bring them into the town half an hour before the sun goeth down, and to pay iii*d.* a cow for every night he leaveth out any." The clause "after the ships be come in," so poetically introduced into this pastoral contract, makes us glance seaward toward the old country.

The alewife fishery is provided for with the same care that we have found in everything else. The town promises John Clark, who contracts with them to carry on this fishery, "to make good all those fish that he shall be damnified by the Indians, that is, shall himself deliver unto them, being appointed before by the townsmen how many he shall deliver." The Indians appear but little in our town records; and it is interesting to find them here receiving, apparently as eleemosynary dependents, a share of the products of their late possessions.

It is about this time that enterprise begins to look at the broad marsh and promising upland over the river, and it is clear that a public conveyance across is needed. Accordingly we find the seasonable order passed . . . "that there shall be a sufficient bridge made down to low water mark on this side the river, and a broad ladder [set up] on the farther side the river, for convenience of landing." "Mr. Joseph Cooke" is to "keep the ferry," and have a penny

over, and a half-penny on lecture days. In the novelty of the thing we seem to hear the voices of young maidens crying, "Oh, Goodman Cooke, have a care!" "Prithee, Keren Happuch, sit thee still!" "Oh, Solomon, I am so glad thou camest; it was a sweet providence!" And our retrospective vision being attracted thither, we observe that at landing Solomon pays Mr. Cooke two pennies, although his fare is but one. This ferry was at the foot of Dunster Street, where is now the college wharf; and the traces of the highway on the other side of the river, mentioned in a note, are, we think, still visible.

It may be well to finish here with the ferry. The town agreed, November 10, 1656, to pay 200*l.* towards the building of a bridge over Charles River, "but the work was too great to be accomplished at once." Three years afterward the vote was reaffirmed. "The structure was probably completed before March 23, 1662–63, when it was ordered 'that the bridge be laid in oil and lead [that is, painted] provided that it exceed not 40*l.* charge to the town.'" The cost of maintaining this bridge was very great for the times, and was a consideration in the resistance which Cambridge made on various occasions to the creation of new towns out of her territory. It is very strange that no other bridge should have been built for one hundred and twenty-three years. The heavy taxation arising from Indian wars, Phips's and Walker's expeditions, the French and Indian wars of the last century, and the Revolutionary War, must explain it.

An order of April 4, 1636, "that whosoever finds a cock, hen, or turkey in a garden," etc., and providing a mulct of threepence or, in case of refusal, death to the trespasser, indicates the rapid advance of the settlers in the comforts of the Old Word.

On the 23d, it was "agreed with Andrew Warner to fetch home the alewives from the weir . . . and to have power to take any man to help him, he paying of him for his work." This power of impressment granted in the same year to Andrew Warner shows that our fathers knew when to supersede speculative liberty for practical reasons.

About this time William Reskie is appointed to make a pound. This once important institution of our town was the prison for bovine and other animal trespassers, there to be held as security for damage done until delivered in due course of law. There the trespassee assuaged his wrath by depositing the unconscious wrong-doer, and thence the owner, equally wroth, plucked him forth by replevin; after which followed lively litigation. None can tell the animosities that clustered about the village pound.

On October 3, 1636, it was "agreed with Mr. Cooke to take up all the stubs that are within the bounds of the town, that is, within the town gates." Our people of the town were tired of stumbling at evening over the "stubs," with shocks suggestive of sudden Indian assault; and we thus learn the date when the forest disappeared from our central thoroughfares. A note informs us that the "town gates" inclosed but a small space in the immediate neighborhood of the town. So long after this as 1651–52, William Manning is to come with his building as far as "the great pine stump," but this was on the border of the river, near the ferry way.

We note the increasing sense of security by a grant of January 14, 1638–39, to Joseph Cooke, of "the hill by his house which hath hitherto been preserved for a place to build a fort on for defense," reserving a right, however, in case of need.

The provision of January 14, 1638–39, against swine, "at a general meeting of the townsmen, with a general consent of the inhabitants," was probably made under great irritation. The peremptory restrictions inserted seem to be spoken through closed teeth, yet the tone is calm and even Christian: the two *brethren* are mentioned who are to execute the order; and after the statement of the penalty there seems something of charitable reaction, — "unless in case there should be any failing by unexpected providence . . . in that case there may be a mitigation of this fine;" then the

irritation recurs, — "otherwise to take place without all excuses, to the end that each man and this commonweal may be preserved from damage by that creature." The term "that creature" seems to show a complete alienation of feeling from this species of property.

It appears that under an order of the General Court leaving the matter to the towns to arrange for themselves, Cambridge proprietors of swine had allowed them abroad on the common lands, each trusting to the talent of his own animals to get as much good and do as much mischief as another's; but the inequality of numbers and the aggregate power of devastation caused not only individual heart-burning but general anger and disgust. Hence the order of January 14th, probably drawn up by one who had been able to send but a small force into the field.

October 28, 1636, "The court agreed to give 400*l.* towards a school or college." November 15, 1637. About one year after the stubs were removed from the town "the college is ordered to be at Newetown" and is there soon after. May 2, 1638, it is ordered that Newtown shall henceforward be called Cambridge. December 4, 1638. The town of Cambridge was fined 10*s.* for want of a watch-house, pound, and stocks. March, 1639, Stephen Daye brought over his "printery," as Hugh Peters styled it.

It seems that it must have been the primeval innocence of Cambridge that placed her on record as a delinquent in the matter of watch-house and stocks. If so, it may go with other testimonials to the excellent influence of Mr. Shepard. The sentence was only provisional; "time was given them to the next court," when the town was doubtless properly supplied.

August 30, 1637, was held the famous synod at Cambridge, at which were condemned "about eighty opinions, some blasphemous, others erroneous, and all dangerous." The colonists of 1630 came here established in a religious belief which was that of England and a large part of Protestant Europe. The governing powers became by common consent the custodians of religion. The Bible was believed to be in all its contents the word of God, and all enactments, civil and ecclesiastical, were made to accord with its spirit and sometimes with its letter. It was looked to as a guide in all matters of church or state. For this purpose interpretation was necessary, and the ministers with their learned expositions and their prayers were enabled to reach what was considered an authoritative decision. Thus our fathers in the wilderness, with Governor Winthrop for their Moses and the ministers for their prophets, conceived themselves to be under the immediate guidance of God. "After much deliberation and serious advice, *the Lord directed* the teacher, Mr. Cotton, to make clear by Scripture," etc. (Winthrop, i. 121.) But our fathers believed that death as well as life might be found in the Scriptures. The insincere, rash, ignorant, or perverted seeker might draw from them opinions "blasphemous" or "erroneous" and therefore "dangerous." The Bible being interdependent, as they considered, in all its parts, as all truth must be, a wrong construction of one part might corrupt and render pernicious a whole system of belief. It was the first object of government, therefore, to keep religion pure and consistent with itself, and for this purpose the labors and prayers of the ministers were in constant requisition. There was here no worldly interest to mislead, no reciprocal support of church and state; there were no endowments to distribute. The church and state were one, and one in interest with the people. The attitude, therefore, of one who published a new and adverse religious opinion was sufficiently hostile. He usurped the jurisdiction of the government, put himself in opposition to the representative sense of the people, asserted superior intelligence or peculiar enlightenment from above which was denied to his fellow Christians, and attempted to make the word of God equivocal by a double interpretation. He attacked his brethren at once in the stronghold of their faith

and in the weakest points of their (confessedly) depraved nature. To the dogmatic view of that day he was ready to sow the seeds of perdition broadcast over the land. It is hard to see how the doctrine of toleration could be applied in this state of things. On the other hand, if we look at the colonists as a sort of close corporation which had adopted a certain religious plan and were resolved to carry it out unmolested, toleration had still less claims, — a schismatic was a mere intruder. We have endeavored to state the case as it appeared to the colonists. However wise the practice of toleration might have been, the theory was in their circumstances absurd. The intolerance of Massachusetts was needed, to create the toleration of Rhode Island.

In 1656 the august name of Cromwell appears in the history of our town. He was desirous that the Massachusetts colonists should remove to Jamaica, lately conquered from the Spaniards, under his administration. Captain Gookin, of Cambridge, was his agent here to forward the project, but it appears from a letter to the Protector, given in the book, that he received little encouragement. Next, and fittingly in order, glide across the stage two figures bearing the portentous title of Regicides. They are Goffe and Whalley, seeking here congenial refuge from the restored monarchy. The visit of these two men, who had sat in judgment on a king, to the poor Elder Frost in Cambridge is a historical picture under which may be inscribed the accompanying words of Goffe in his journal: "A glorious saint makes a mean cottage a stately palace ; were I to make my choice, I would rather abide with this saint in his poor cottage than with any of the princes that I know of at this day in the world." The imposing shade of Wallenstein, their contemporary, with its ruined ambition and gloomy wrath, is dwarfed beside these figures of men who had helped make a new political era.

The experience of Cambridge under the government of Andros is well and concisely told by Dr. Paige. We can imagine the effect upon our ancestors of the "warrant sent up from Boston to Cambridge on the Sabbath-day morning by a boat, which was an unusual thing in that place, to see the Sabbath-day so profaned, and a warrant posted on the meeting-house to give notice." We can sympathize with the pleasure of our townsmen when Sir Edmund was committed, without a warrant, on the 18th of April, 1689. In the declaration accompanying his seizure, the following allusion to James the Second's policy is interesting : "Lest ere we are aware, we find (what we may fear, being on all sides in danger) ourselves to be by them given away to a foreign power, before such orders can reach us." It might have made a serious break in our colonial history, if a French squadron had appeared in our waters, to take possession under a grant from James.

After an account of our pauper establishments comes the history of our houses of entertainment. Here a faint hum of conviviality comes up from the past, but divested by time of all immoral influence. Deacon Thomas Chesholm, afterward steward of Harvard College, was the first person licensed "to keep a house of intertainment at Newe Towne," September 8, 1636. He was also one of the first to wield the solemn spigot of that day, being licensed "to draw wine at Cambridge," May 13, 1640, which he did with due regard to his own and the town's character.

In the chapter on Heresy and Witchcraft our excellent Dunster appears, firm in his protest against infant baptism, while in another chapter he is naïvely amiable in his testimony to the good character and "comfortable pennyworths" of Sister Bradish! Next after Dunster comes the scarred figure of his kinsman, Benanuell Bower, as conscientious as he but less wise, whose poor poetry hinders sympathy by suggesting self-conceit. The case of Gibson *v.* Holman, in the same chapter, discloses incomparably the imbecility and danger of the witchcraft notion. The rooster there mentioned, who pursued a solitary path in life, appears a dignified character beside the

featherless simpletons who would implicate him in the supposed witchcraft.

We can notice but a few items in the early military history of Cambridge. On the 11th of January, 1675–76, "the committee of militia of Charlestown, Cambridge, and Watertown were "ordered and required to impress such armor, breasts, backs, and head-pieces, . . . as you can find in your respective towns," etc. The inevitable contest with the Indians had come, and our armor which had so long "lain by the wall" was to be opposed to their blankets, poor fellows.

The vigilant preparation of our ancestors for defense is shown by a previous entry of June, 1659: "William Kerley, aged about seventy-six years, is released from all ordinary trainings, paying five shillings per annum to the use of the military company in the town where he dwelleth." A pension of five shillings per mensem for past service would seem more to the point. "In 1689 the term of service had been shortened."

The martial enthusiasm of Samuel Green, "the veteran printer," attracts our attention. He "was sergeant in the expedition against Gorton in 1643," was promoted ensign in 1660 at the age of forty-five, and captain in 1689 at the age of seventy-four, and if he could have lived and continued to be promoted would have been a general at the time of our Revolution, at the age of one hundred and sixty. "He took such great delight in the military exercise that the arrival of their training days would always raise his joy and spirit; and when he was grown so aged that he could not walk, he would be carried out in his chair into the field, to view and order his company."

After bringing our civil history through the Revolution, Dr. Paige maps out the pre-revolutionary ownership of the lands east and north of the present Dana Street, then about to be brought into the range of settlement. He gives a very interesting account of the speculative period in which the three great bridges were built, when Cambridge Port and Lechmere's Point (now East Cambridge) were settled, and the war of roads was waged between Andrew Craigie and Royal Makepeace and their respective followers.

We have not attempted the analysis which such a work deserves, but have only selected a few specimens to show its richness in points of interest. We follow the author with zeal in all the divisions of his subject until his antiquarian lamp begins to pale in the light of modern day, and after that with no diminished estimate of his work. He has restored for us the Newtown of 1631, and by his selection and arrangement of facts has made a picturesque narrative, while he has shown us the method and vigor of its early growth. We find in him no irrelevancy or waste of words. In particular we find none of the extravagant panegyric which is apt to infest local histories. On the contrary, he bestows a slight passing censure on the admirable Winthrop, and gives Oakes a hint of the historian's retributive function. All excellence of character is duly recognized. In his judicial and narrative capacity he is fair, decided, concise. The size of the book indicates the limit to which the author felt himself confined. One should be aware of the immense collection of facts which Dr. Paige's industry amassed, to appreciate properly the judgment and taste which has eliminated from it the present history.

Two plans of Cambridge, in 1635 and in 1750; an outline map of the same as bounded from 1644 to 1655; a plan of the Phips farm in 1759, which comprised a large part of the present Cambridgeport and East Cambridge; a ground-plan of the meeting-house of 1756, which designates the original occupancy of the pews; lists of the inhabitants at various periods, of persons and estates, of officers of the various church organizations, and of officers and soldiers at different periods, and others, deserve mention as aids to interest and as evidence of thorough work.

Arriving at the end of the history, we pass out through the long lines of family groups in the Genealogical Register, which is itself a history.

NIGHTWATCHES.

While the slow clock, as they were miser's gold,
Counts and recounts the mornward steps of Time,
The darkness thrills with conscience of each crime
By Death committed, daily grown more bold;
Once more the list of all my wrongs is told,
And ghostly hands stretch to me from my prime
Helpless farewells, as from an alien clime;
For each new loss redoubles all the old:
This morn 't was May; the blossoms were astir
With southern wind; but now the boughs are bent
With snow instead of birds, and all things freeze:
How much of all my past is dumb with her,
And of my future, too, for with her went
Half of that world I ever cared to please!

James Russell Lowell.

May 13, 1877.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

How can so large a thing as commerce be thought in danger of injury from the keeping sacred of a few square feet of land covered by the Old South house of prayer, which after all is on the outskirts of the chief commercial part of Boston? Yet I have heard intelligent men with gentle hearts, men particularly fond of associations connected with special places and things in private life, who argue that the interests of American progress demand the removal of this national relic. On the other hand, the movement for preserving the church has found some of its most effectual and ardent support from men engaged in this same commerce, the interests of which are said to be hostile to it. The truth is, the complexion of American opinion is very much mottled on the question whether we ought to preserve an edifice which is the birthplace of so many noble memories. We are not used to passing upon points like this; and only a certain proportion of our people appear to have been educated liberally enough to meet the emergency. With all the prosaic keenness rightly attributed to us as a nation, we have a great deal of sentiment in some directions, and in others are even open to the charge of sentimentality. My own observation leads me to think we have more sentiment than the English. Yet, curiously enough, we do not understand how to apply it to a simple problem like that of preserving the Old South meeting-house. One cause, perhaps, is the general neglect of American history in our schools and colleges. Another is that so few of our traditions centre upon or are embodied in buildings. At any rate, it is certain that the apathy which now delays the rescue of the Old South is distributed through all classes of society. I myself know of individuals of old family, and wealthy, who — perhaps to ward off the reproach of being unrepublican — express the most rabid iconoclasm; others, of historic name and descent,

who content themselves with excusing their indifference on the ground that the subject has been too long before the public and excites *ennui*. Again, through all classes are scattered the enthusiasts, side by side with the skeptics. One banker, perhaps, out of fifty cultivated, rich, and intelligent bankers will give a respectable sum, say five hundred dollars. Only one church in Boston, I believe, has made an appreciable contribution. Certain of the poor farming towns painfully collect a score or two of dollars, while flourishing cities around them absolutely do not yield a cent. Professor William Everett, lecturing in the Old South course, on Friends of America in 1764, alluded with enthusiasm to the fact that Pittsfield had been named after William Pitt, Lord Chatham. The allusion was an unconscious satire, for Pittsfield not only has done nothing to show herself a "friend of America" in the Old South matter, but has not so much as returned an answer of any sort to a single one of the many appeals from the preservation committee. Throughout the States outside of Massachusetts there is the same alternate indifference or earnestness in the cause. Much of it arises from ignorance ; many cases have come to light where well-informed and educated persons have confessed that they knew nothing about the Old South. The barbarous Turkish government, against which we are now deploying our rhetoric, is so far in advance of popular sentiment here that it bought a part of the hill of Hissarlik and turned it over to Herr Schliemann for his excavations. European powers pursue a similar policy. Holland and Denmark have secured the preservation of their megalithic monuments through government; in Italy all historic remains are taken under a law of eminent domain; France has a monument commission, which is provided with two hundred thousand dollars a year; and in England there is now a bill before Parliament for putting the ancient British stones, mounds, etc., in charge of a commission. These are all cases where the interest is merely archæologic and scientific. There is no large national idea or inspiration involved, as in the case of the Old South. It is not the custom with us to rely on government in such emergencies. A single family, modestly withholding its name, has promised one hundred thousand dollars, or one fourth of the whole price for the Old South land. It seems strange that out of forty million people there are not enough who will share expenses, to make up the other three quarters. My view is not colored by anything but cordial sympathy, for I have no connection with the enterprise. But I entirely agree to the sentiment of Mr. Wirt Dexter, of Chicago, who — in sending a substantial sum to the committee — said of the Old South: "It happens to be in Boston, but it is the meeting-house of the whole country."

— Is it not remarkable that, among the countless articles written upon Daniel Deronda, none has yet touched upon a very striking coincidence between its most exciting chapter and a scene in Paul Heyse's charming little story of Die Einsamen? And this, too, when in both England and America German literature is so familiar to all, either in the original or through translations. I presume, of course, that Heyse has been published in English; but, having at hand only the original, I venture to do my best for those curious in coincidences. Other than a coincidence it cannot be. George Eliot should rise, both mentally and morally, high above any suspicion of conveyance.

Tommaso, a fisherman, had gone out, some years before, in a boat with a friend, and returned alone. He is now, for the first time, confessing the facts:—

"No, I told no lie. His feet got entangled in the net, and he was drawn overboard. I did not upset the boat. But that was not all. I was still sitting in the stern after he had gone down. My limbs were ice, my eyes stared at the whirlpool at my side which had just closed over his head. I saw the bubbles rise as if to call to me that he was still breathing below! And now, now one of his hands rose above the waves and struggled after the firm grasp of his

friend. It was but a boat's length from me. I saw a silver ring upon his finger, gleaming in the sun. I had but to stretch out an oar, and he was saved, Lucia. Did I wish *not* to save him? Did I desire it in spite of myself? Did I not hold an oar upon my knees? and it was but a turn of my arm, and the hand with the ring would have clung to it!

"But there was a demon in my breast that numbed every fibre and froze every drop of my blood. As if stricken with palsy, I sat motionless. I grew dizzy, and tried to cry out. My eyes were fixed upon the hand. It sank slowly: now the water reached the ring, — now the tips of the fingers, — and now all was gone!

"Then, and not till then, hell set me free. I cried like a madman. I sprang overboard. The boat upset, and I dived below. Once more to the surface, and again below. I could not find him, — no, although a hundred times I had brought coins from the bottom of the sea. I swam back to my boat, despair in my heart."

— I feel somewhat doubtful about the propriety of presenting in this department anything on a subject so far removed from the questions usually discussed here as that of municipal junketing; but nowhere else, probably, could I obtain readers who, as Matthew Arnold says, will "let their consciousness play freely around the subject," who will bow to the teachings of history and defer to the traditions of race, and who, although belonging to that much-appealed-to class, the tax-payers, will not allow any considerations as to the amount of their tax-bills to interfere with a custom sanctified by immemorial usage.

The recent performance of a Boston alderman who devoured seventeen dollars' worth of food at one sitting has been very harshly commented upon by the newspapers. No voice has been raised in defense of that alderman. The alderman himself has disdained to justify the deed. A man cast in the antique mold of greatness, a man who, in these degenerate days, possesses the capacity for eating and drinking which marked the Grecian hero of Homer's time, can well afford to await the vindication of impartial history. I cannot undertake to do him and his aldermanic brothers full justice, but I can at least call attention to influences of history and tradition under which they act, and say something in justification of a much-misunderstood class of officials.

This habit of eating and drinking in connection with the transaction of the public business is as old as the oldest Athenian traditions. Professor Wilson, commenting on the entertainment which Achilles prepared for the embassy, described in the ninth book of the Iliad, says: —

"In nothing was the constitution of the heroes more enviable than its native power — of eating at all times and without a moment's warning. Never does a meal to any distinguished individual come amiss. Their stomachs were as heroic as their hearts, their bowels magnanimous. It cannot have been forgotten by the reader, who hangs with a watering mouth over the description of this entertainment, that about two hours before these three heroes, Ulysses, Ajax, and old Phœnix, had made an enormous supper in the pavilion of Agamemnon. But their walk

> 'Along the margin of the sounding deep'

had reawakened their slumbering appetite."

In addition to the immense banquets in which all the Athenian citizens participated, a "spread" was prepared every day for a certain number of men chosen for the purpose. These men were required to eat together, in the name of the city, within the inclosure of the Prytaneum, in the presence of the sacred fire and the protecting gods. "The citizens who sat at the sacred table," says M. de Coulanges, in La Cité Antique, "were clothed for the time with a sacerdotal character; they were called *parasites*."

As early as the time of Tacitus, the Teutonic tribes from which we sprang had their sacrificial feasts after they had transacted the political business for which they were called together. Then each

householder was obliged to provide his share of the feast. How natural it is, therefore, that when the plan was adopted of having the business done by representatives instead of the whole people, the representatives should continue the custom of feasting, and should deem it a sacred duty to try to eat and drink as much as the householders had been called upon to provide, when the business was transacted in general meeting. When we look at it in that way, and reflect that this custom has been handed down from the ealdorman of the Teutonic village community to the aldermen who now frequent the Parker House, the action of that Boston alderman who has been held up to the execration of the tax-payers appears in a very different light from that in which it has heretofore been seen. That man was simply obeying an impulse transmitted to him from his ancestor who presided over the assemblies on the banks of the Elbe some sixteen or seventeen centuries ago. Doubtless Darwin could describe how there comes to be a selection of the fittest for such work. In Greece and Rome the gods were believed to have a hand in it. Clearly, there 's a divinity in these latter days that directs our votes for men of an unbounded stomach. Nature appears to have provided every alderman with a capacity for taking in and digesting seventeen dollars' worth of food at a time. Every one has heard of the wonderful feats performed by aldermen in the way of eating and drinking, but who ever heard of an alderman having an indigestion, or being troubled with loss of appetite? History does not record a single instance. Let us, then, recognize the fact that these men are set apart for the performance of a sacred duty, and let us not waste our time or hurt their feelings by saying unpleasant things when called upon to minister to such heroic appetites. As the low-browed villain of the play says of the disposition among gentlemen to keep their word, "It 's a sort of a religion with them fellers."

— I was disposed at first to find fault with the close of The American. I had of course a certain sense of personal grief and disappointment for Newman's sake — though, indeed, every reader of Mr. James must be more or less accustomed to these disappointments, for none of his stories end "happily;" "they never get each other;" all his heroes are left in the end with their dearest desires unsatisfied, and with scarcely even a glimmer of hope for the remote future. Moreover, I felt that the thoroughly American idea of social equality which Newman so happily typifies — to the extent, indeed, of an absolute lack of capacity to comprehend why he should not be considered as good as any one else under the sun — ought to triumph over the antiquated and crumbling institutions and prejudices of Europe, and also that such triumph would be more consistent with Newman's individual character than the defeat to which we see him submitting. But on second consideration, indeed even while we peruse the last chapters of The American, the irresistible conviction forces itself upon us that in this very defeat and apparent inconsistency, in the failure to seize the golden fruits of victory when they already seem within his grasp, in the patience, hesitation, and indecision that in a nature so prompt, active, and energetic as Newman's appear almost inexplicable, we have one of the finest strokes and subtlest touches among the many with which Mr. James has delighted us in his stories; while the psychological portrait, as it were, of Newman's peculiar frame of mind, the indefinable moods and almost imperceptible steps by which he is brought to recede more and more, and gradually forego all his advantages, until "the bottom suddenly falls out of his revenge," is as admirable as anything I am acquainted with in modern literature. The very love, too, which being, so to speak, in a measure premeditated and "got up" by a third party stands for a time in some danger of being looked upon as a half imaginary sentiment, so far from suffering by it, receives through this very renunciation of Newman's, and all the subtle motives that enter into it, not only a certain tragic sanction, but assumes all the large pro-

portions of a true and profound passion. Fancy for a moment it had been otherwise, — that Newman had allowed his great bomb to burst, and compelled the Bellegardes by moral brute force, if I may so express it, to accede to his wishes, — how commonplace, nay coarse, would have been the *dénoûment* compared to the conclusion which Mr. James's artistic sense has really given us, and which cannot, I am sure, be unsatisfactory to any one save novel-readers whose taste has been corrupted by a low class of literature. Newman would in that case have triumphantly carried off Madame de Cintré, but we should have cared very little more about him; while now this same Newman, deceived, defeated, crushed, and heart-broken, if you will, retires from the scene of action bearing with him not only our profoundest respect, but also our warmest love and sympathy.

— I am one of the faithful few whose zeal for Mr. Fechter's great interpretation of Hamlet has survived from the first time I saw it; and I felt a personal grief, almost, at the thinness of the house which greeted it at the Boston Theatre this spring. But Mr. Fechter himself was not dashed by his cold welcome. To my thinking he never played so well, with such luminous insight into the involved and sombre creation of the poet, and I felt more than ever before that this living, breathing, impassioned presence was the true Dane of Shakespeare. It was a curious triumph over inherent faults that seem rather to have grown than diminished in Mr. Fechter. His English is worse than ever it was; there were points of it so deliciously bad that I took leave to enjoy them amidst my admiration for his high effects, from which they did not detract. To hear him say, "Frile-*tee*, thy name is — wumman," was alone a delight almost sufficient for the evening. Yet, his impersonation of the character was so deep and vivid that the accent of his English was a matter of no moment; I felt that it was better to have the mispronunciation of that rich, tender, sympathetic voice, which with the incomparable action made Hamlet a real man, than the best accent that left him a metaphysical abstraction. I am not at all of those who think Fechter's forte is in melodrama. I have seen him in Monte Cristo, and know how good he can be in melodrama, — he was the very life in that disguise of the abbé, — but he is greatest in his greatest part, Hamlet; and beside him I think we have seen no other tragedian so great except Salvini. Both are of the Latin school of acting, which is never approached in excellence on our stage, except by some specialist like Jefferson or Sothern, whose work in its narrow way is, of course, perfect.

Their way is probably for us the only way out of the thoroughly bad old ideal of the English theatre. Now and then one sees this still in all its original badness, — for example, Mrs. Lander's Hester Prynne. There was a beautiful and sublime tragedy, in which the subordinate persons all bore their parts uncommonly well, quite ruined by the teeth-setting-on-edge falseness of the leading lady's art. It was an interesting anomaly. The drama was a great surprise to me. I had not thought that the playwright's skill could give so much of the darkling and elusive life of the terrible romance; and yet there on the stage, before one's face and eyes, was almost all that one could recall of the Scarlet Letter. Mrs. Lander's clear understanding of the romance, her sympathy with the author's idea, was evidently what vitalized the whole performance; undoubtedly she perfectly conceived of Hester Prynne's character; and yet her *school* was so bad that her own acting was what destroyed the effect of the piece. It was as sad a thing of its kind as one might see.

— A revered bibliophile, who knows the literary chart from the Ægean Sea to Sandy Bar, counseled me to read Anastasius, if for no other reason, for the light it would indirectly shed upon the Eastern Question. "Here," he said, "is one of the great books of the world, more neglected even than Clarissa Harlowe or Tom Jones." Yes, and open to the same ethical criticism, but none

the less a marvel of erudition, eloquence, and profound insight into human character. The diverse and absorbing interest of Anastasius begins with the authorship. Thomas Hope had a hobby which he rode well and so furiously that the Edinburgh Review critics covered him with ridicule. But without his hobby we never should have had Anastasius: the two are related as the gold from the steep mountain side to the inspired pack-mule. His mania was architecture, and at eighteen, finding that he was master of himself and a large fortune, he set out from London to gratify his taste, and traveled for eight years in Europe, Asia, and Africa. Returning to London in 1796, he embodied his advanced ideas in the interior of a mansion which outrivaled anything in England for novelty and good taste. He published a book on furniture and decorations, revolutionized the public taste, and became the fashion of the hour. He was the first to recognize Thorwaldsen's genius; printed elaborate books on ancient and modern costume, and in 1810 had a quarrel with the French portrait-painter, Dubost, which made a pretty scandal. Hope had married the very beautiful daughter of Lord Decies, and their home was the resort of literary and social celebrities. Lord Byron speaks of a flirtation he had "at a rout at Mrs. Hope's." Dubost, thinking an affront had been put upon him concerning an art commission, painted a caricature portrait of Mr. and Mrs. Hope and exhibited it over the title of Beauty and the Beast. Hope was probably absorbed in developing the warlike spirit of Anastasius. A fiery son of Lord Decies took up his sister's cause, ran his cane through the portrait, and brought Dubost into public ridicule. Willis's story of Beauty and the Beast is possibly based on this episode.

Twenty-three years after Hope's return from the East (1819) was published anonymously Anastasius; or, Memoirs of a Greek, written at the Close of the Eighteenth Century. The book made a profound sensation, and in the gossip over the authorship Thomas Hope was placed above suspicion. Lord Byron was singled out as the only living writer equal to the performance, which is said to have flattered the poet's pride. At least he was somewhat taciturn. Replying, from Ravenna, September 28, 1820, to Mr. Murray, who had sought apparently once before for an opinion, Byron laconically writes, "I thought *Anastasius excellent;* did I not say so?" The Edinburgh Review reserved its opinion till the authorship was no longer a secret, and in 1821 affected great surprise that Thomas Hope, "the man of chairs and tables, the gentleman of sphinxes, the Œdipus of coal-boxes," had hidden all his eloquence and poetry till Anastasius, which was criticised for its great length; and what seems singularly absurd, Mr. Hope was told to avoid in the future any attempt at humor, while De Quincey says that Hope's wit would lead one to presume him an opium eater if he had not erred in describing the effects of opium. The Review could not say enough in praise of Hope's style, affirming that his descriptions were worthy of Tacitus, that he had displayed a depth of feeling and vigor of imagination which Lord Byron could not excel, and that Anastasius placed Hope "at once in the highest list of eloquent writers and superior men."

Hope disowned his hero for a model, certain, perhaps, that while the reader condemned the loose principles of this "Oriental Gil Blas," the insinuating Anastasius would ingratiate himself with the public by his few good qualities, quick-wittedness, charming affectation, and popular heroism, and excite something like pity for his merited misfortunes. Intended for the priesthood, Anastasius ran away from the man "who had the honor of being his father" and became an adventurer: by turns a soldier of fortune, beggar, quack doctor, high official in Egypt, merchant pilgrim or freebooter in Asia. His fortunes vary like the wind, and in keeping with his character his soul is stained with human blood. An intrigue with a rich Jewess compelled him to turn Mussulman to save his life. The pitiful story of Euphrosyne and numerous descrip-

tions, as of the plague and of Welid's trust in Providence, are done with consummate power. The narrative of Suleiman, who in the beautiful slave purchased for his harem made a timely discovery of a sister, suggests Pelagia in Charles Kingsley's Hypatia. The moral of Anastasius is good in its ultimate teachings, though while the hero touchingly speaks of the death of his son and groans with final remorse, one cannot but feel that the graceless scamp is taking a secret delight in his recollections. In language notable for acute characterization and bold imagery the author presents a faithful picture of Turkish history and civilization, interweaving its weeds and flowers, its hates and loves, its license and fanaticism. Anastasius sparkles with the peculiar humor of the autobiographical style. We judge the Greek with leniency equal to his candor, receive his sorrows with a sort of pity, and cry, "Oh, you affected rascal!" when he drops burning tears into his own bleeding wounds, which sometimes almost look as if he had gashed himself to gain the exaltation of a hero.

— One of the most obvious signs of erroneous culture is the inclination to regard conversation as a game in which conundrums are asked and the truly cultivated alone are able to give the right answers. The effort is made not so much to acquire the ability to form opinions for one's self as to get at second or third hand the right opinions; one learns not how to think but what to think. The consequence is that we have about us a tiresome similarity of æsthetical belief, on one side of which, it is generally held, lies barbarism, and on the other heresy or bold eccentricity. People spend their time in proving their own and in testing their acquaintance's claims to being considered cultivated, and when all the passports have been examined and found satisfactory, calm self-congratulation is the only result. Unanimity is delightful, and there is seldom too much agreement between different human beings, but at times it seems as if strife were better than the monotonous similarity of people of pseudo-culture. So far as nothing more than social enjoyment is concerned but little need be said. Those who have much to do with society learn to endure the complacent calm of culture or its temperate glow with perfect patience, and there is no need of discussing the influences that combine to make dinner parties dull. But, looking at the question more seriously, it is impossible not to mourn the misdirected effort, the ineffectual energy put into the abandonment of originality and the imitation of some popular ideal — into the desire of becoming one of a thousand who bandy about the generally accepted æsthetic truths.

It has become fashionable to be cultivated, and hence comes the din of culture that forever fills our ears; yet the harm coming from its commonness is not merely the social blight it causes, but the fact that it gives rise to mistaken notions about what culture is. Encouragement is given to the notion that culture need be but skin-deep; that it is an accomplishment like dancing or wood-carving and not the serious education of a good part of the mind. It is really a development of what runs great risk of being neglected; it is the rounding of the whole man; by it life is breathed into what would otherwise be unused members, the individuality is enlarged and strengthened by forming new sympathies and by acquiring new means of enjoyment. This enjoyment must certainly lie in real appreciation of what is good and admirable, and not in the consciousness of the speaker that he, or it may be she, is uttering the opinion with which every one will soon be agreeing. To take an example, the exchange of enthusiastic comments on the profundity of certain forms of musical expression is but a frigid pleasure in comparison with real enjoyment of the music; not that the two are incongruous, but sometimes perhaps the rapture is expressed more strongly than it is felt. An ardent heart will not rest satisfied with the knowledge that the Belvedere Apollo and the Laocoön are fine statues, but that in the present century excessive admiration of them is a mark of faulty training; nor yet be contented with pitying refer

ence to Sir Walter Scott as a harmless, kindly old man with a craze for writing unreadable novels. The aim of education and culture is not to get facility in the utterance of such ready-made opinions, nor yet to nourish unseemly pride in such cheap methods of imposing upon the ignorant, but in the place of all this pretense to put the genuine expression of opinions which shall be felt and not learned by rote. Culture is not a code of mental etiquette which smothers all original feeling beneath a superficial array of accomplishments. So long as this mistaken view is held, independence of thought becomes a flaw like color-blindness; worse than this, all chance is lost of strengthening the mind by the natural and healthy process of getting rid of old errors. In the place of normal growth the victim of faulty cultivation has thrust upon him a succession of formulas, and he learns early to comply with the demands of his special coterie. The precocious wisdom of the young is far from being the only result; the old become precocious, overwise, and impatient of anything but the results of study. Various forms of affectation assert themselves; innocent people who are really anxious to do better are led astray to join the band which considers itself alone wise and of good repute.

— Miss Jewett's Deephaven sketches are remarkable in a good many ways, but most of all, it seems to me, for the perfect *justesse*, as the French have it, of their Yankee dialect. Many a literary crime has been committed in the name of that mode of speech. It is sometimes employed at a venture, but in perfect good faith, by those with whom it is really a purely theoretic *façon de parler*, and in whose hands it becomes the strangest possible farrago of insane spelling and impossible abbreviations. There is a good instance of this in Jean Ingelow's Fated to be Free, where her young American, Gifford Crayshaw, is evidently drawn with the most amiable feelings towards the United States. He is a youth of wit and spirit who is enjoying the advantages of an English public school, and who cherishes as an accomplishment and frequently displays to his school fellows a nasal lingo which he calls his "Yankee," — the like of which was never heard this side the Gulf Stream. But more frequently and less excusably the speech of rustic New England is misrepresented by those who have had ample opportunity to know what it really is, and who seem to distort and vulgarize it from a kind of snobbish desire to enhance the effect of their own "culchur." Here, however, comes a refined and unpretending young author who is content to listen gently, respectfully, and sympathetically, and to set down what she hears; and her modesty results in perfect art. The "captains" of Deephaven do not talk like Matthew Arnold, still less like Dr. Johnson, but they do talk a good deal like Chaucer, as their attentive interlocutor observes. I think it is somewhere in the Modern Painters that Ruskin points out the difference between a veritable dialect, like broad Scotch, and the speech which is merely slipshod and degenerate, like Mrs. Gamp's "Who deniges of it?" The former, he says, is never vulgar; the latter, always so. Now the Yankee speech of Deephaven has the dignity of a genuine dialect. It is more or less coarse according to the nature of the person employing it, and so are the phrases of the drawing-room, but it is not always ridiculous nor essentially low. It is fit to describe the gravest facts of life, and capable of the utmost pathos. Its archaisms are especially pathetic, witnessing, as they do, to the long poverty and isolation of the speakers. In this matter of dialogue, and in some others, Deephaven is a striking instance of the exquisite excellence which may be imparted to literary work by qualities which are chiefly moral: by delicacy of feeling, ready sympathy, and an entire absence of anxiety about one's own appearance or a straining after effect. It is — O rarest of all charms in print! — a *thorough-bred* book; and if it comes to be widely known and loved, I shall take it as a better proof than any which the newspapers have offered that the "era of good feeling" is indeed begun.

— Have you ever thought of how at one point, and only one, the poet falls short of the painter or pencil-sketcher, namely, in representing or rather presenting the infinite beauties of still or comparatively still water? I have often tried to produce in verse the effect of a transparent pool rimmed with flags and tall, aquatic grass, and dotted over with lily pads, but have never reached a measure of success that would warrant printing the result. Bird-song, leaf-rustle, and even the perfumes of flowers slip easily into verse. The aerial effects so charmingly handled by landscape painters are quite as successfully caught by the poets, whilst the sublime features of mountain scenery have been sung in verse as expressive as the rills and torrents themselves. But even Tennyson, who wrote The Brook, fails to depict still water. William Morris, where in his Riding Together he speaks of "the bubble-making bream," though it is running water he is describing, gives us a delicate hint of what he might do were he to try his hand on sketching an eddy where, in May and June, the perch and bream have their sandy nests; but those liquid shadows and inverted spears of light, those nameless blendings of gloom and sheen, the duplicate moon and stars, the hush, the coolness visible, the conscious slumber hovering everywhere, — these are not to be fully gathered into a poem as an artist would put them into a sketch. I first became fully aware of this on Okechobee, that mysterious Floridian lake. I tried for days together, while sailing on its still, shallow bosom, to hit upon some method of phrasing applicable to the expression of its weird blending of vines above and shadow vines below, vast reaches of sleeping water, islands of lettuce and lily pads, masses of fierce-flowered air-plants, and wild tangles of gourd and elder-bush. The following sonnet is the meagre result, given as a "clincher" to my theory: —

Thy shadowy margin, O still, tropic Lake,
Is like a thought that hovers in the brain
Beyond the reach of phrase to make it plain,
Divinely sweet for its dim mystery's sake.
The real and ideal matched so well
In yonder palm-trees and their ghosts below
Have but a doubtful line between to tell
That from a common root they do not grow!
The delicate shifting shades that cloud the sheen
Of water too harmonious to flow
Flit over tufts of flags and willows green
Which never have felt the gentlest summer swell.
. . . . . .
O Lake! thy beauty inexpressible is
Except by some song-wrought antholysis!

— What an unsatisfactory book is Madcap Violet! We read on and read on, hoping for some scene or person which may interest us, when behold! the book comes to an end, and there is nothing. Could two more uninteresting heroes have been selected from the world of men? One is dull and commonplace, and the other a vague, rambling sort of fellow without even sense enough to hold on to poor Violet when she has come to him, as it were, with all her love in her hand! Certainly the fine lines that separate a fool and a philosopher have not been distinctly enough drawn in the description of James Drummond, although the author, evidently, has given all the careful work of the book to that portraiture. Yet, with all the detail, we do not grasp the man, cannot understand him from first to last, or take him in as a reality. His eccentricities one might pardon, and even be interested in, if they were the outer fringings of a strong character; but when we look, there seems to be nothing of him but eccentricity. Violet herself has but little power over us. Who cares much about her, one way or the other, at any time? I venture to say that not one tear has been shed over her fate.

As there is no interesting person in this novel, we turn to the plot; unfortunately there is none. The school-girl freaks that begin the book are not entertaining. Why was the heroine sent vaguely off to Canada for so long a time? It does not represent anything either to us or to her, and it spoils the continuity of the interest we ought to feel in her. The yachting through the Northern waters, too, and the dialect parts, which gave such a flavor to The Princess of Thule, are not well managed. They should have been either more of a feature, or less. If the description was intended as a vivid local background, there is not enough of it; if it was mere-

ly incidental, — an episode, — there is too much. I will add a final comment: nothing will ever make a *woman* reader of this novel believe that a girl so beautiful and brilliant as Violet North could have gone through those young years with literally no lovers, admirers, or even friends save these two men. It is impossible. Any girl of one half — one quarter — of her beauty and attractive powers will tell you so. Admirers spring up on all sides as a fair girl moves onward through her spring and early summer; they are like the sands of the sea. Let Mr. Black win the confidence of a flesh-and-blood Violet, and she will soon teach him the truth.

— I am sorry to see in the papers this rumor, that Tennyson is "engaged upon another historical drama." I have thus far held out against the undermining influence of Queen Mary and Harold; but as those assaults shook me more or less, I fear the next may wholly overthrow my loyalty to the sovereign laureate, — a result more injurious to me than to him, you will say. That is precisely why I dread it. Tennyson can joyously go on nailing dramas together as long as he lives; but I, unfortunately, shall not be able to read them. But while yet my faith endures, let me say that I like Harold better than Queen Mary. In Queen Mary, as we are led along "the corridors of time," Mr. Tennyson insists upon our looking in at all the doors that can be made to open out of the main passage. But in Harold our eyes are kept much more certainly upon one great figure. However ill this may affect the shape and life of the drama, it undoubtedly makes the reading more definitely impressive. I seem to find the character of Harold outlined on these pages in dark heavy strokes, like the lines of lead which circumscribe some knightly figure in a rich mediæval window of stained glass. Looking at the book as a work of dramatic art, however, I own that the fact of falsehood and the idea of retribution are rubbed into one's consciousness too persistently. As Titus Andronicus is a mere continuous gash of tragedy, so Harold strikes me as a rather monotonous reproving shake of the head over the mistakenness of lying. This is all I have to say, except that I do not pretend on the whole to consider Tennyson at all a successful dramatist; and I do not believe that any one in his inmost and secret soul *can* consider him so. At the best, his dramatic style is what a friend of mine — with entire want of reverence but a good deal of truth — calls "shaky Shakespearian."

— I have been amused at a recent critical discovery in regard to Hawthorne. A reverend gentleman lecturing before the Christian Union, in Boston, pointed out that "the revolting story which Hawthorne has wrought out in his Scarlet Letter is without even the shadow of a foundation in fact. It was all conjured up from his own distempered and nightmare brain." Yet, notwithstanding that the romance had "no shadow of a foundation in fact," the same authority assures us that Dimmesdale is by various particulars given in the story "identified" as "the Rev. John Cotton, as revered and holy a man as ever lived." This is attributing to Hawthorne a skill which no one has before suspected in him. It must require a singular dexterity to write a romance without foundation in fact, yet at the same time to base that romance, beyond dispute, upon so solid a fact as the Rev. John Cotton. Some of us — speculating perhaps too boldly — have thought that the eminent writer *did* found his fiction upon the curious fact of human fallibility, the fact that there have been sinners in the most sacred callings, and the fact that the inhabitants of Massachusetts *circa* 1649 belonged to the mundane race, and not to any of the heavenly orders. They were therefore subject to study and interpretation as human beings. Under this view I had taken the Scarlet Letter to be simply an artistic invention based upon a chosen period of human history and chosen phases of character, precisely as many romances, novels, dramas, and poems have been founded upon this and other periods. I, for my part, reading the book as a boy, accepted it in that way, without for a moment ar-

guing that it presumed any actual person or very probable crime among the Pilgrims. I have since found that there is more historic plausibility as to that than I could then know; but still I regard the romance as an ideal projection, and not an historic hint. Hawthorne, I think, meant to show what might be the result of sin under certain circumstances which are suggestive to any deep student of human nature, and circumstances the like of which he could not have found anywhere else. At least he was thoroughly familiar with these; and according to a law of artistic growth the time, place, and scenery which suggested the story were inseparable from it; therefore these circumstances formed the only suitable basis for his creation. As to historic probability, there was quite justification enough. This is shown by laws and occurrences not long after the date at which the romance is placed. The critic in reply to citation of one of these laws against adultery, in 1694, alludes to its having been made half a century later than the date of the story, and so dismisses it. What would he say to the law of 1658, only nine years later, and enacted in Plymouth, the centre of undegenerated separatism? Perhaps those were the critical nine years in which human character underwent a total revolution in the Massachusetts territory. If we only *could* gain this critic's level, what immense discoveries might be made! Wherever in literature any allusion is made to specified places and times, we should secure a totally new interpretation by merely applying this ingenious canon, namely, That fiction is libel upon every one whom the fiction-writer carefully avoids indicating. As romancers will thus be found to have maligned men who lived long before them, perhaps we shall discover that poets and playwrights have also represented persons as yet unborn. For instance, there is Shakespeare's "Sir Nathaniel, a curate," who thought he knew what literature was, — and did n't.

— A contributor in your May number has, I see, touched upon a matter which is likely sometime to become one of general grievance, namely, the inconstancy of characters in fiction; and, indeed, if the fashion continues to grow, as it bids fair to do, even with the best of novelists, it is quite natural to question, Where is it likely to stop? Is it not that we have all been assuming to like realism, naturalism, etc.? And now, when writers are about ready to give it us with a vengeance, we try to protest against it, ward off or modify it, much the same as we would act with a friend who, at our own solicitation, laid bare certain failings which had always lurked at the bottom of our own consciousness.

I cannot, however, agree with your contributor in wondering why the author of Mercy Philbrick made her a widow! What other condition so fit for so susceptible and chameleon-hued a young woman? Supposing a young maiden so unconventional were introduced to us at the start, how might we not have trembled for her future! But as a widow we felt she ought to know how to adjust herself to each situation, how to balance feeling with circumstance; and so she very consistently did. It was, also, no less than an intuition of genius in the author to have made Mercy a woman of genius. If only a pretty little creature with pleading eyes, it would have been harder to forgive her her many loves; but a genius, many-sided, ever changing and shifting from old ideals into new, even when feminine, may lay claim to masculine prerogatives and question the natural right to plurality in love! How could a creature with such all-pervading gifts let herself be absorbed in the life of any one commonplace individual? However, poor Mercy, with her gushing spontaneity and puritanical relapses, must have led a very trying sort of life — pity it was so long, and that we were allowed to see the end: it is almost enough to make the average young woman act upon the average principle and accept the first eligible man that offers!

There is no use in sighing over lost ideals, though. The chivalric man and patient *one-idea* woman of fiction are as completely gone from our view as are

some other old-time beliefs. We live in a scientific age, and our novelists are bound to deal with us scientifically, after their different fashions. We may oppose their facts or their way of putting them forth better than we can deny them; and we are forced back into the trenches of old beliefs to cry out with the theologians, What can you give us in lieu of our faith? The universe is pitiless against man, urges the scientist. The will of man is as nothing against the world, in the shape of established institutions, tacitly admit the novelists. This being so, thinks the impressionable reader, what is there to urge me to exertion? why not drift?

To look from Mercy Philbrick to work of quite a different calibre, here has Mr. Henry James, Jr., just given us in The American one of the best written stories of the present generation, and for what purpose? Why, presumably, to show how a good fellow, — a little "set up," perhaps, owing, no doubt, to his previous unbroken luck, — who keeps our sympathy all along, is finally balked of his honest-hearted desire by agencies so impalpable that you can't actually give them an intelligible name; just as it is in real life, and with the same intangible diabolical persistency!

— I know of two or three people, — and perhaps there are many more, — who when they read the remarks, in a late Contributors' Club, about books with a *cult* must immediately have sent up a silent ascription out of loyal souls to Thomas Thyrnau, otherwise known as the Citizen of Prague. The book is rather old for a novel, having been published, I believe, in the late thirties or early forties of this century; and the present writer inherited his religious convictions about it, but was confirmed, so to speak, at so early an age that it invariably surprises him when new converts find it antiquated. It was first introduced to English readers by Mary Howitt, but the knowing young people of the present generation may read it in German if they like, — and fine, rich, involved, long-winded German it is, which will give them some trouble and repay it. It is the work of a woman, and is, perhaps, the greatest work in that line which any woman ever did before the days of Scenes from Clerical Life. In one respect, indeed, it surpasses every novel of George Eliot's except Silas Marner; and that is the elegance of its construction, the beauty, consistency, and perfect finish of its plot. There seems some danger that novel-writing will subside into the power of making single sketches, of which the minutest details are finished with a kind of lazy delicacy and fidelity. These carefully gotten-up people "compose" with great difficulty. At best they will but group into a motionless tableau. But the people in the worshipful story herein celebrated are there to *act*, not to *look*, and act they do, with unfailing spirit and noble effect. They don't disdain to look splendid, either, but that is a secondary consideration. The story involves important political events and interests, and these are handled with an easy intelligence, as remote as possible from the labored and somewhat too conspicuous erudition even of that great book, Romola. There is great variety and delicacy of characterization, beginning with that of the hero, who is a man of seventy and justifies the well-worn motto from Hamlet, "We shall not look upon his like again." The noble romanticism which marked the literature of fifty years ago had hardly begun to wane when this stately yet fascinating chronicle was written. The sunset splendors of that period shone, as we all know, shortly afterward, in 1848; but the personages of this drama move and speak in an atmosphere of generous illusions, which exaggerates their own proportions a trifle, may be, but gives a singularly soft and gracious unity to the scene.

Sainte-Beuve says somewhere that there are modest books which one likes to have flower periodically in the memory, like the lilacs and the hawthorn. How many times the return of spring has sent the present panegyrist back to his Bohemian muttons he would be quite ashamed to confess, amid the press, not to say crush, of solid reading in which

we live. But it need detract from nobody's dignity to taste that spring lamb once, — to essay it, and then see if he does not want more.

— There was a great deal in the exhibition at the New York Academy of Design that interested me exceedingly. To the intricate study of Duveneck, in whose favor very much has been said of late, an excellent opportunity was afforded, and I think the more one studies him the more one is impressed with the real genius of the man. His Turkish Page[1] had a prominent position in the south room, where it is said the best paintings are usually hung, and I found in the northwest room — a small and rather cramped sub-gallery — a painting by W. M. Chase, of St. Louis, the subject of which is essentially the same as in Duveneck's. It is called Unexpected Intrusion, and must have attracted very much attention, although it was hung too high to be seen to advantage.

The two pictures were painted in the same studio, under Bonnat, and are representatives of the best work that the artists were capable of. Duveneck's has been on exhibition in a number of galleries, and has become popular, while Chase's was, as I understand, exhibited now for the first time. Naturally the two paintings are brought into comparison, in which it is quite plain that Duveneck is the loser. Not only has Chase surpassed him in the manner in which he has painted his picture, but he has improved on the composition, in one important respect at least. By leaving out the urn, which Duveneck has painted so excellently that it detracts from the *ensemble*, Chase has added very much to the general effect; and in leaving out all accessories that were not absolutely necessary, he is to be credited with a boldness such as is not too often seen, and is always commendable. He was trying in this picture to paint a homely boy so true to life in every respect that people would be compelled to admire his work, and he has made the boy much more the central figure than has Duveneck, who, through his urn, seeks to gain in the estimation of the observer enough to compensate for loss occasioned by the choice of a disagreeable subject. The pose of the boy is the same in both cases, but Duveneck's urchin has the advantage in point of beauty. For a background Chase has a different rug of darker color, which assists considerably in bringing the boy forward. In a general way, the two pictures are painted in the same style. Both are strong in color, free in handling, and, to a large extent, accurate in drawing. But wherever they differ, on a scale of genuine merit, the balance is in favor of Chase, who has painted his with more delicacy and, largely speaking, with more accuracy. Duveneck has used the same free, swinging style throughout. There is no difference between the texture of the flesh and the plush covering, or the dish and parrot. With Chase it is very different. He has varied his texture in each case and with great care. Besides, he has been very much more subtle. The plush looks tangible; the rug, against which the boy is leaning, is real drapery, capable of being folded, and has not the hard, immobile appearance which characterizes Duveneck's. It has been very properly said that with Duveneck, the parrot, the dish, and urn were mere excuses for the boy. Chase, on the other hand, by the attention he has paid to texture and by using more care has made everything in the picture of actual value. If he has failed anywhere, in the comparison, it is in the drawing and painting of the boy's feet, to which he probably paid too much attention. He is entitled to more than ordinary credit for his success, because Duveneck has come to be regarded by many artists as almost invulnerable. Where he has failed here, Chase has succeeded; and whenever Chase has faltered, Duveneck has not been, as a rule, more resolute.

It is through his portrait of Mr. Charles Dudley Warner that the latter in a measure redeems himself and adds to his reputation. It is remarkable for the strength and vigor with which it has been painted. The face is not an easy one to deal with, but the artist has put it on canvas

[1] See Art in The Atlantic for May

with such a charming sense of freedom in handling and decision in color that one admires it as a work of art without regard to how great its excellence may be as a likeness. At the same time I hesitate to pronounce it a complete success, for I remember certain studies of heads which the artist has sent to this country from time to time. By their merit I was led to expect somewhat more in his portraits than I find in this one. There is something about it not entirely satisfactory. It may be in the modeling of the face, which he has hardly carried far enough.

Mr. F. D. Millet's portrait of Mark Twain, which with his Mr. Adams was hung up almost out of sight in this exhibition, has much to recommend it, and, as compared with any other portrait the artist has painted in this country, it is probably the best. The pose which he has given Mr. Clemens is striking and original, and carries with it difficulties which a less confident artist would have sought to avoid. He has caught a difficult expression exactly, and in delineating it he has not failed to keep all the character in the face. The modeling is excellent, although perhaps more labored than need be; and the flesh color has been painted in a free and bold style, such as can be safely adopted only when the artist is familiar with the face before him. The color is strong throughout, but better in the hand, which has fallen to the lap and rests against a dark background, than in the face. The hand is remarkably well drawn, and as a piece of flesh color is superior to anything else I have seen for some time. It was probably painted more freely than the face, — which has the look of having been worked over too much, — and for that reason is better done. The portrait is thoroughly unconventional and original in many qualities.

The prominent fact of the exhibition was the success of the younger artists. It is only in their work that one could find any appreciable progress. The older and more firmly established artists seem to have contented themselves with presenting such paintings as would be the most likely to keep up their reputations, and have simply shown us that they can still paint in their old style. But Shirlaw, Millet, Wyatt, Eaton, Miss Lea, Waterman, and the sculptor, O'Donovan, are all working, with others, in a new vein. They have one determination in common — to represent everything as far as possible just as they see it, without inventing excuses to apologize for the roughnesses which they find in Nature herself. I remember distinctly a study of a Peasant Girl of Brittany (301), by Julian A. Weir. It is a plain, unattractive face, but the study is full of sentiment and good feeling, without ornamental accessories. The artist must have known that only those who are more or less intimately acquainted with art would even stop to look at it, and that the public would pass it by; but he was doubtless consoled by knowing also that his study would be appreciated and admired by artists.

The best thing in landscapes, by the way, was a medium-sized painting by Waterman, of Boston. It is called July, and is an out-door study of a hay field on a hot, sultry day, when there is evidently just enough strength in the puffs of wind to blow the hay about. The white clouds overhead give the impression that a storm is expected, though not immediately. I am sure there are not a dozen artists in this country who could have painted in that blue sky. It is a most difficult contrast of color successfully done. Prominent among the other good landscapists was R. C. Minor, of New York, who is certainly one of the best in the city. He is an earnest worker and a careful student of nature. His best pictures are low in tone and as full of poetry as can be, but always painted with a delicacy and refinement that are charming. They are unlike any other landscapes that I found in the collection, with a decided leaning toward the Dutch.

— I like critics, especially musical critics. Audacity in any form always has a certain charm. A man who will go to a concert or opera at eight P. M., stay there until ten or half past eleven, and then

evolve from his own brain (and the programme) half a column of infallibility for the next morning's newspaper before he goes to bed is certainly an object for admiring wonder. But why, oh why, should he, living as he does in an English-speaking community, not write English? Is the English language insufficient for him to disguise his thought in? No one can fairly quarrel with him for using the technical terms of the art he is writing about, if he uses them rightly. No one objects to a carpenter's talking about his handsaw, instead of calling that serviceable implement "a small, thin trapezoid of steel, serrated on its longest side, fixed to a wooden handle by one end, and used for dividing pieces of wood in a direction perpendicular to the grain." Time is precious. Let the musical critic launch forth about adagios, tessitura, climaxes, double-stopping, martellatos, staccatos, etc., as much as he pleases. These are his technical terms; he must call a spade a spade, — no, that smacks rather of Swinburne and rehabilitation of the flesh; say, at least, a handsaw a handsaw. But, apart from unavoidable technicalities, why should he not write English? Here is what I complain of: "Signor Smascini gave a fine rendition of" — no matter what. *Rendition!* Rendition to whom? Did the artist surrender the piece to some one else, or, perhaps, give it back with thanks to the composer? No, he performed it himself. I find the word *artiste* to be much in favor. Is the English word *artist* so inexpressive that we must fly to the French one? But after long observation I find that artiste (as also *pianiste*) is applied solely to performers of the fair sex. There may be an implied compliment in this, for French is known to be a specially graceful language; or can it be that critics imagine that the final *e* is a feminine termination? "Herr Bangitoff showed some fine traits of pianism." Pianism! Here we have a full-fledged new word. If it means anything, it should, by analogy, mean a system of philosophy or æsthetics based upon or founded by the piano-forte, like anthropomorphism, platonism, fetichism, Wagnerism, or any other *ism*. Did the Herr worship the piano-forte? If he did, it did not look much like it, for he treated it with great apparent severity. Would not "piano-forte playing" do as well? As for *violinity*, it has been found too sublime for common use, and even a critic's daring often recoils before the employment of so superb a word. So much can be done with superlatives, misplaced metaphors, fine zoölogical allusions, and the like, that it hardly seems worth while to write unnecessarily bad English. A Western critic once wrote that "Miss Nilsson sang as if she had a nightingale in her throat." Now that is good straightforward English, besides being poetic, and to a certain extent Shakespearian. To be sure, one may, not unreasonably, be in doubt as to how a person would sing under such circumstances. I by no means ask critics to write intelligibly; that would be going too far; but it would be gratifying to find them couching their unintelligibility in language that one can at least read without the aid of a polyglot slang dictionary.

RECENT LITERATURE.

It is perfectly manifest that The American[1] takes a place in advance of Roderick Hudson; it has the same sort of merits and the same sort of faults, yet on the whole it must be rated as more successful than Mr. James's former effort. Precisely why it deserves this distinction may not be a thing fully explainable; but there are at least three points that support the claim: the characters are better chosen, the hero and heroine and Madame de Bellegarde having far more intrinsic interest than any corresponding persons in Roderick Hudson; the movement, the grouping, and final disposition of all the persons contain more of that symbolic quality essential to the best artistic successes; and lastly, the author's treatment has gained perceptibly in approaching nearer to an air of simple human fellowship. It would be hard, among recent novels, at least, to find a more acute or vigorous full-length portrait than that of Christopher Newman, in the first pages of this book. We will transfer only this description of Newman's countenance: "It had that typical vagueness which is not vacuity, that blankness which is not simplicity, that look of being committed to nothing in particular, of standing in an attitude of general hospitality to the chances of life, of being very much at one's own disposal, so characteristic of many American faces." This is one out of a hundred similar bits of vivid picturing woven into Mr. James's pages with a lavish hand. It is a little too long for the point involved; and in general Mr. James begins to show as a distinct trait of style a fluency which tends at times to the verbose; but we cite it as recalling the perfect clearness, combined with ease, which the author commands at will. This "touch" of his stands him in good stead for familiarizing the reader with a situation and a scenery rather unusual. The scheme of bringing a keen, hardy, broad-hearted but intensely commercial American into contact with a French family of the old *régime* is, so far as we know, entirely new; and Mr. James has carried it out with a brilliancy and a nice application of details that make his novel delightful to a refined taste. He is untiring in accumulating the details requisite for illustrating the diversities of these alien elements, and the contrast between the healthy, sagacious Newman and the thoroughly Parisian Valentin de Bellegarde, in their respective dealings with Mademoiselle Nioche, is very effectually enforced. There is something very neat, too, in the distribution of destinies as the story comes to a close. Yet we are bound to take some serious exceptions. The episode of young Babcock, the feebly æsthetic Unitarian, is expanded beyond all proportion. We cannot at all countenance Mr. James's optimistic estimate of young Valentin, whom he expressly calls "the best fellow in the world," and otherwise gilds beyond his deserving; and the fate which overtakes the persons whose side the reader is compelled to favor is to our thinking not a fair reward for one's sympathy. A more mature consideration might very possibly have shown Mr. James that Madame de Cintré, Newman, and their pathetic auxiliary, Mrs. Bread, were by no means forced by their circumstances to the wretched condition he assigns them. Merely as a question of artistic obligation, it seems to us that having introduced the element of intrigue, in Newman's discovery of the paper criminating old Madame de Bellegarde, Mr. James should have treated this element more consistently. One may disdain incident of that sort, but the appetite which it excites for some striking and dramatic result is a perfectly lawful one. The plot having been turned into the channel of intrigue, therefore, our æsthetic sense is not satisfied by the event here led up to. Mr. James pleads indirectly for a judgment that this issue was made inevitable by the character of Newman. It was his "fundamental good-nature," we are told, which caused him to refrain from publishing the Bellegarde secret to the *beau monde;* and on this good-nature the Bellegardes relied. Perhaps we ought to accept this reasoning, but it seems to us that good-nature is a meagre excuse for a man so profoundly in love as Newman with Madame de Cintré. So insufficient is it that the course which he takes in destroying his paper makes his passion appear suddenly and totally to evaporate, notwithstanding Mr. James's careful portrayal of his despondent and blighted after-years. We may admit

[1] *The American.* By Henry James, Jr. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1877

that Newman could not have disgraced the family and then married Madame de Cintré as a daughter of that family; the attitude of triumph would have been too petty, even if practicable. But is it any more dignified for him to exult in having at least given Madame de Bellegarde a terrible scare? Another defect is that this French noble family are far from likely to have had the faintest conception of that American good-nature on which Mr. James hints that they relied. The logic of fiction is not that of philosophy, and this story might have had a different ending without defeating consistency. Nevertheless it is good as it stands. It is an impressive composition, and will repay a second reading. That it so naturally raises the question just discussed is a fact in proof of its force; and even if one should be seriously dissatisfied with the termination, it is worth considering whether the catastrophe was not essential in order to show how venomous and fatal is the power belonging to aristocracy when it has been warped by age, avarice, and falsehood.

— We have not much doubt that Julian Hawthorne is the author of A Modern Mephistopheles;[1] and the belief should be understood as implying a compliment to his powers, for the book is certainly a remarkable one and instinct with ability. The parallel with Goethe's Faust which its title at once challenges is not very close or continuous, but it is as much so as it need be. Indeed the author, whoever he or she, male or female, may be, has managed this variation on the master's theme with much good sense. We do not think Helwyze, who takes the Mephistophelian part, is supplied with a sufficient motive. He is, to be sure, created in a vacuum from which all real human nature has been previously withdrawn, and cannot, therefore, be expected to have very rational motives. With this we have no quarrel; but even after making such allowance, we fancy that he begins operations too much as if he were moved by a crank. Still, when once he has started on his career of inhuman mischief, he works with entire consistency, and his relations with the other characters, Olivia, Canaris, and Gladys, are harmonious and probable. Probable, that is, when we take into account the figurative and hyperbolical atmosphere which the author has chosen. It is a question whether the *outré* effect gained by such a choice is worth while, measured by any profound truth enforced in the present case. The whole drama seems like a movement of shadows thrown from a *porte-lumière* upon a curtain of rather lurid mist; and we cannot see how the heart is to be touched by it. But granting that the lesson will be ardently received by most readers, it amounts only to this, that wanton exercise of the intellect and a suppression of the better forces in the heart are very dangerous and devilish. It is not always the case that this kind of work involves high qualities of imagination; not infrequently "cold performs the effect of fire," and invention aided by talent may put on the likeness of genuine creative ability. But define and qualify as we may, it remains none the less true that there is signal force of some sort in this peculiar production. The turns in the plot, the changes, the surprises, the mystery for some time not even remotely decipherable, all this is well done. The character of Gladys is shaped with dignity and some sweetness; and the chapter in which Canaris undergoes the temptation to murder fastens one's attention with the gradual and conclusive pressure of a vise. The language is vigorous and clear, having a sculpturesque effect, and the succession of periods and paragraphs is often so admirable that many pages together seem to be set to solemn rhythm.

— With the exception of the delicately written sketch, Is That All, none of the No Name books have been so good literature as Afterglow,[2] the latest on the list; and the qualities of this story stand in an order which ought to gain it the favor of the best readers. The good writing is the first thing in it, then the character drawing, then the plot. The plot is not bad, either; the intrigue is involved, but not obscure, and there is a steady rise of interest to the climax. Its weakness lies in a certain insufficiency of motive, the results being less the necessary consequences of the situation than the evident intention of the author. One does not quite see why Allen Bishop should not have had Lily Daggett; nor why, when Captain Ritthold gets her, he should be killed in the next battle. Still less are we willing that the principal share of the small remaining happiness should fall to Lily's intriguing mother, who marries Bishop's father, a rejected lover of her youth, and passes a comfortable afterglow of the affections in his house on the Hudson; this

[1] *No Name Series. A Modern Mephistopheles.* Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1877.

[2] *No Name Series. Afterglow.* Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1877.

should hardly be the last end — at least in fiction — of somebody very like an adventuress. But the reader, if not thoroughly reconciled to all these arrangements, will see some advantages from them. It was well to content the elder Bishop with the possession of Mrs. Daggett, since his heart had been so long set on her, and from Allen's death comes the highest poetic effect of the book, in his union beyond this world with the lovely Ellen Lorother. This young girl, serious, beautiful, and devout, the child of American converts to the Catholic religion, who becomes a nun, is very admirably presented, with all her social circumstances. She is of an old New York family which keeps itself socially aloof from the loudness and fastness of the recent city, and has its own kindred circle, in which Allen Bishop feels lost and alien. Ellen and her people and associations are not only well sketched, but very probably done, and are a real addition to the slender stock of materials for American fiction; they are distinguished from other Americans with an almost Tourguéneffian fineness. In fact, the simple and direct narration, and the treatment of incidents and characters, in Afterglow more than once recall the master of modern fiction.

The scene of the story is in Dresden, and the persons are nearly all imaginary members of the American colony there. No doubt they are to be found in most American colonies abroad. It is to the praise of the author of Afterglow that he seems to succeed best with his Americans; his foreigners are less well done. Some of the Americans suggested, like Mrs. Barley and Mr. Droop, verge on caricatures; but Byrne, the Bishops, the Daggetts, are really characters. All four of the young girls, with their differences and their difficult gradations of difference, are especially well painted, and the dashing Miss Dartpointer is as carefully and sympathetically studied as Miss Lorother; she is perhaps the most originally managed of the four, and one is glad to be allowed to like her at last.

— Mr. Black's Madcap Violet[1] is certainly a readable novel, and indeed it deserves much more than this faint praise, for it is in many ways one of the best, if not the very best, of this writer's stories. It owes its great merit, for the most part, to the capital way in which the heroine is not described, but brought before the reader with all her fascination and those qualities which in combination with unfortunate circumstances bring the book to a gloomy end. We see her first at school, the leader in every kind of mischief, and Mr. Black takes considerable pains to impress upon his readers, by the prominence he gives to her escapades, what a curious compound the girl is of willfulness, impulsiveness, and affection, while at the same time it is made clear that her education has done nothing in the way of remedying her faults. She is ill-treated at home by her step-mother, and spoiled by her father; at school she knows no authority, and is very conscious of her freedom from responsibility; and the other influences of her life, her relations to George Miller and to the Drummond family, are not of a sort certainly to repair the harm that has been done.

In writing at this date about the novel, it may be fairly taken for granted that every one has read it, and there is no need of referring vaguely to the complications of the plot from dread of disclosing it to those who do not yet know the story. Assuming this, it is fair to say that all those things which were intended in part to prepare us for an inevitably mournful end have more certainly the effect of making us fond of the heroine, so that grief, disappointment, and wrath seize upon us when the tragedy culminates in the death of the hero and the insanity of Violet herself. It was doubtless meant that the relation between Violet and Drummond should distinctly forebode some such conclusion, she being what we have described, while he, with his eccentricities and fantastic notion of what is expected of him, shows, or is designed possibly to show, that incompetence to manage his own affairs which brings them to such a gloomy end. But in fact the little misunderstanding which poisons these two lives gives the reader the impression that the one word which could not fail to set it all right would have been spoken in real life, and he is more likely to close the book with a desire to indict Mr. Black for manslaughter than with renewed amazement at the indissoluble connection between cause and effect. The mark is too shining not to arouse a wail of indignant grief from pampered novel-readers. That an author has the right to put any end to his stories which is consistent with the nature of the characters and the combination of incidents cannot be

[1] *Madcap Violet.* A Novel. By William Black. Author of The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton, A Princess of Thule, etc. New York: Harper Brothers. 1877

denied, but one revolts at having such dire events spring from so trivial a cause. That is in one way too much like real life, and in the novel we want to see more clearly the work of the imagination consistently unfolded from beginning to end.

While Violet is one of the very best of Mr. Black's characters, it is hard to agree that James Drummond is drawn with equal success. We read a great many things about him, and there is no lack of talk put into his lips, but yet, in spite of that and the writer's evident admiration of him, the reader does not feel convinced that this hero of the story is a man so much as an accumulation of attractive qualities which lack not exactly coherence but possibly the core of verisimilitude which is to be found in Violet, for example. After all, this is only saying over again in longer words that Drummond does not seem like a living person, and if the reader does not notice this, his enjoyment of the book will be so much the greater. Those who feel this objection will consider him not quite so amusing as he is said to have been, and like a man whom we are told about, but do not see with our own eyes.

Even those who most detest novels which end sadly will be forced to confess that, barring the gloom of the tragedy and the silly tone of the last paragraph, which might well have been left unwritten, the book is decidedly an important one in the field of fiction. It is a good deal to be natural in describing commonplace people, but it is a good deal more to be natural in describing a girl like Madcap Violet, who is anything but commonplace.

— We have already spoken of this much-praised novel[1] of Alphonse Daudet's on the occasion of the appearance of a new edition of the original, and we see no reason for revising the opinion then expressed, that this story, clever as it is, has been very highly overrated.[2] The novel has been carefully written and contains many very good touches, but what injures it is the very fault which French writers are so often charging upon English writers of fiction, that is to say, the superfluous belittling of the wicked hero or heroine. In this case it is Sidonie, who is represented as not only faithless, but also vulgar in manners and dress, and wholly without one decent quality. Most of the other characters, however, are better described. The earnestness, too, with which the whole story is told makes it undoubtedly impressive.

The translation is for the most part very good, but the perpetual use of *each* for *every* is to be condemned.

— It is a long time since Miss Dodge, better known as Gail Hamilton, last came before the public with a new book; and in resuming the volume-form of literature she is careful to respect the vested interests of established novel-writers, both by her qualifying sub-title and by her preface. In the preface she explains that her story[1] was begun merely as a magazine-sketch, to illustrate the possibility of writing something interesting and effective without a tragic ending. The preface is amusing, but it endangers the attractiveness of the story, since readers, though they grumble at bad endings, are really helped on by the suspense which the prospect of tragedy excites. But, fortunately, there prevails a wholesome custom of skipping prefaces. We confess to having read the tale first, and the preface afterward; and accordingly we enjoyed them both. However, we doubt if in any case the real drift of the story shall be foreseen. There are two lovers, and one maiden, who has returned the first swain's passion and does not marry him. She marries instead Mr. Glynn, the other lover, who is a banker as well; but she does not love him. Naturally one supposes that the "first love" indicated in the title is the heroine's sentiment for the first young man; but as one reads on this becomes far from certain. It is precisely this little puzzle which Miss Dodge relies on to pique curiosity, and she has shown a good deal of skill in sustaining a situation so peculiar. Nothing but a premature resort to the last pages (a privilege belonging only to the cultured and cold reviewer) can clear up the mystery till the whole has been read. The author's other strong points lie in the frequent brightness of the conversations, and her own wit, the style of which her essays have made familiar. First Love is Best fully exemplifies Gail Hamilton's characteristic qualities as a keen, humorous essayist; but it also shows that she has the skill to write entertaining stories. Still, the moment we apply the higher standards of art, we shall have to register decided short-comings in this first effort of Miss Dodge's at fiction. The conversa-

[1] *Sidonie.* (*Froment Jeune et Risler Aîné.*) From the French of Alphonse Daudet. Boston: Estes and Lauriat. 1877.

[2] See Atlantic Monthly for August, 1876.

[3] *First Love is Best.* A Sentimental Sketch By Gail Hamilton. Boston: Estes and Lauriat. 1877.

tions, though readable, and, as we have said, frequently sparkling, are often terribly discursive. There is too much like the following between the heroine and Mr. Glynn: —

"'What is a club-supper?'

"'Tobacco-smoke, whisky, cards, men, — which things I hate.'

"'Why do you eat club-suppers, then?'

"'Heaven only knows — or the other place.'

'If it were not for the cards and the tobacco I should think the men would be nice.'

"'The men, to be sure, I do barely tolerate.'

"'I should think men would like to be by themselves best. Clever men, I mean. If there are women you have to be polite to them.'

"'As if that would come hard,'" etc.

A large range of topics, treated in this commonplace tone, is brought into dialogue which appears neither to help the story nor to teach us anything about the characters. Another fault is that the writer does not connect her scenes, and passes some of the most important incidents too quickly: the heroine's engagement to Laballe is taken too much for granted.

— The first volume of L'Art,[1] for 1877, which was completed with the last issue for April, offers to our admiration those characteristics of richness and fineness which we have already noticed in the work. The generous plan of the publication, which not only professedly but actually deals with the art of the whole world, gives it a field practically inexhaustible, and when any one volume differs from another, it is not in abundance, but in selection. Only by comparison with those of last year could the present volume be thought less attractive; less valuable it is not, and but for its own predecessors it easily holds its vast superiority over everything of the kind that has gone before. The first number opens with a paper on that Alessandro Leopardi who made the great equestrian statue of Colleoni, in the Campo San Giovanni e Paolo, at Venice, of which a superb etching is given, with other very interesting illustrations of Leopardi's work; this paper is by Charles Yriarte, and is followed by one on Eugéne Fromentin, even more attractive in the character of its illustrations. Chief of these is an etching, exquisitely soft and rich, of Fromentin's picture, in the Luxembourg, of the Chasse au Faucon, and besides this there are four of the artist's *croquis* of Moorish heads and figures, with a full-page wood-engraving of his own likeness. Further on in the volume is a paper on Diaz, by the same writer, — Jean Rousseau, — who gives some interesting details of the painter's life, and whose essay is enriched with eighteen wood-engravings of characteristic pictures and studies by Diaz; his portrait on wood, and an etching, full of the depth and calm of his painting, of a Trônc d'Arbre, are the large illustrations. Articles on Camphuysen, Jacques Callot, Carle Vernet, and the sculptor, Corbet, are among other papers of similar character.

The curious and interesting series on the Iconographie Voltairienne is continued through three numbers; there is a paper of like interest on Rousseau at Venice; and for readers of the charming novel of Erckmann-Chatrian there is the delight of an abundantly illustrated article on the dramatization of L'Ami Fritz, as it was lately given at the Théâtre Français.

All artistic matters of current importance in Europe and America are treated in the editor's notes and correspondence, and there is nothing wanting to keep the reader informed of what passes in the world of art. The brief glance which we are able to give at the contents and quality of the work do it no sort of justice, and we can but send the reader to it for a fair understanding of its value.

Americans will be interested to perceive among the nine large etchings in the volume a reproduction of Daubigny's Printemps, from Mrs. Blodgett's collection.

— Mr. J. W. Bouton, of New York, is the American agent of M. Racinet's new work on Historic Costume,[2] of which two parts have appeared. The design of the work is to complement the study of history with illustrations of the costumes, architecture, armor, ornaments, and furniture of all peoples in all ages, which the vast researches of modern travelers and scholars, and the perfection of the different processes of artistic reproduction, enable the author to accomplish with a degree of completeness till now impossible. The two numbers already published do not clearly indicate what is to

[1] *L'Art.* Revue hebdomadaire illustrée. Paris: A. Ballue, Éditeur. New York: J. W. Bouton. Troisième Année. Tome Ier. 1877.

[2] *A. Racinet. Le Costume Historique. Cinq cents Planches: trois cents en Couleurs, Or et Argent; deux cents en Camaïeu.* Avec des Notices Explicatives et une Étude Historique. Paris: Libraire de Firmin-Didot & Cie. 1876.

be the final arrangement of the subjects treated, but this will doubtless be satisfactorily done in the historical study which is to conclude the work. Apparently we are to proceed in some degree chronologically and in some degree ethnologically. The first number, for example, opens with an exquisite fac-simile of Indo-Persian painting representing Zuleika, (*sic*) the wife of Potiphar, introducing Joseph to her ladies, in personal proof of his extreme good looks; these ladies are peeling oranges, in various elegant attitudes, and one of them drops her knife in amazement at Joseph's beauty; it will be imagined that the picture is valuable as a study of Indo-Persian rather than Egyptian costume and architecture. Then we have a plate of Japanese costumes; then a Roman interior; then illustrations of the dress and armor of the Middle Ages, chiefly Italian and French. There is a beautiful plate representing the espousals of Boccaccio Adunari and Lisa Ricasoli at Florence, in 1420, after a painting in the Guerrazzi gallery, which is as satisfactory as a chapter from some old chronicle. Costumes of Italian religious orders of the sixteenth century, a Dutch interior of the seventeenth, charmingly illustrative of the local life and dress, and French fashions of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries form part of the riches of the first number. An added value of the illustrations is that many of them are also portraits of interesting and famous people. Following the fourteen colored plates are ten in that improved tinted lithography which the French call *camaïeu*, and which here gives us innumerable objects, curious and instructive in character, — armor, ornament, table furniture, and the like.

The second part has much the same desultory order, which, however, is corrected for the reader's present enjoyment by the succinct explanations and historical notices which accompany each plate. Chief among the treasures of this fascicle is an interior of a French *château* of the twelfth century: the great hall where the noble family talked, read, ate, and slept. It is from a restoration made by M. Paul Binard, architect, who has followed M. Viollet-le-Duc in his study of the period: to look at it is to be for the moment a favored guest of the unconscious castellan. There is also an old Egyptian interior (necessarily in large degree conjectured), and then as rich a succession as in the first number of plates in colors and in camaïeu, giving abundant illustrations of costume, fashion, and *bric-à-brac;* the most charming, of course, being the Watteauish French people of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It is interesting to note how instantly, when dress became a matter of taste, the French genius shone superior.

We have not spoken of the rich perfection of the colored plates, which are in gold and silver as well as tint, and which have the delicate finish of miniatures on ivory. There are to be three hundred of these and two hundred in camaïeu in the whole work of twenty parts.

— Perhaps the best form of review for a book like Birds and Poets [1] would be a series of quotations. Not that the essays composing the volume are written with a view to quotation; but Mr. Burroughs has a freshness and pithiness impossible to describe and needing to be seen in order to be felt. In rambling through his pages the critic is apt to seize upon particular passages, exactly as in taking a walk in early spring one is inclined to pick the choicest sprays of new greenery and the first flowers, to show to those who have not been fortunate enough to see them. If readers have heeded our recommendations in the past, they are now acquainted with some of the merits of this delightful out-of-door essayist. In the present volume they will see something of him in another phase; they will find him with various books in his hands, seated against a background of wide landscape, and disposed to lecture on literature. The first essay, that on Birds and Poets, presents some of the good points and some of the defects in poetical interpretations of bird life; the essay on Spring Poems has a similar cast; April and A Bird Medley are concerned more exclusively with the themes to which Mr. Burroughs has happily established a peculiar right. There is one delectable chapter on the cow, an animal which the writer honors with the title of Our Rural Divinity.

But the drift of the book is preponderatingly in the direction of literature. That Mr. Burroughs has the native gift of discernment lying at the base of keen and wholesome conclusions as to books might be pointed out in many passages. By way of brief and casual example take this: "Thoreau is the Lamb of New England fields and woods, and Lamb is the Thoreau of London streets and clubs." We find, however, a

[1] *Birds and Poets. With other Papers.* By John Burroughs. Author of Wake-Robin and Winter Sunshine. New York: Published by Hurd and Houghton. Cambridge: The Riverside Press. 1877.

tendency on Mr. Burroughs's part to discourse a little too much off-hand, and to judge literature as if it were a mere fringe of flowers by the side of the road along which he is striding for the benefit of his legs and lungs. He gives us pedestrian criticism, fresh and lively, but incomplete. He patronizes the creators, a trifle, — recognizing their successes pleasantly and liberally, but giving a little compensatory cut at almost every one, and managing to intimate that after all there are few things quite so worthy of approval as the critic's own love of nature, his acquaintance with the habits of animals, and his hearty sensuous enjoyment of bodily existence. Nevertheless, Mr. Burroughs's individuality yields many excellent suggestions. It becomes monotonous, yet it is useful, to have him always insisting on the "stomachic" quality in literature. His paper on Emerson is, we think, the best in this group, excepting the closing one — an eloquent, defense of Walt Whitman, whom Mr. Burroughs places above all other American poets. He honors him as the only thorough-going exponent of a dignified, poetic, prophetic democracy whom our literature can yet show; and, while praising his peculiar powers and practice, reveals a proper reverence for the traditional forms. He underrates these, somewhat; but it ought to go a good way with those who still regard Whitman only with impatience to find an author enamored of him who is himself so variously appreciative, and so full of qualities that all lovers of original, half-poetic, half-humorous essay-writing must agree in commending.

— Mr. Alcott quotes, on the title-page of his recent volume,[1] from Novalis, to the effect that "Fragments of this kind are literary seed-corn." Long before Novalis, Archbishop Huet pointed out that the method of making up books from detached paragraphs was a shirking of the difficulties of composition; and as the astute prelate chose that method himself, he may be considered good authority. There are certain books which have a birthright entitling them to this form, or want of form; and Mr. Alcott endeavors to place his pages under the shield of one of these species. But they do not unfold what we from association expect to find under the head of table-talk, the endeavor to lead readers into an unsuspected examination of Mr. Alcott's "philosophy" being too apparent in them. On the other hand, as an exposition of philosophy the volume disappoints because it takes the desultory course of table-talk. One is thus invited to a place between two chairs, a thing unfavorable to beneficial reading. We find also two main divisions, entitled Practical and Speculative; but we cannot help thinking that the author has given himself unnecessary trouble in thus distributing his paragraphs, for their places might be exchanged without much disturbance. Considering the book as a pack of motto-cards, let us draw forth two at hazard. The first is headed Observatory: —

"Everything in matter is respirable in thought. Every atom drifts mindwards to partake of the brain's endowments, an omniscient brain being spirit's culmination in matter, and its observatory of things terrestrial. Mind thus becomes the common menstruum, and thought the solvent of all substances, material and immaterial. The mind is so great because void of quantity, and the universe so spacious because spirit pervades every part and particle of its matter."

The second comes under the designation of Ideas, and begins abruptly: —

"Ideas first and last: yet it is not till these are formulated and utilized that the devotees of the common sense discern their value and advantages. The idealist is the capitalist on whose resources multitudes are maintained life-long. Ideas in the head set hands about their several tasks, thus carrying forward all human endeavors to their issues. Thought feeds, clothes, educates the population of the globe, — all economies, natural, social, intellectual, spiritual, taking their rise in this stream and power of performance," etc. The first of these extracts is from the speculative department, the second from the practical. Mr. Alcott's leading suggestion (if any can be said to lead in a mass so loosely organized) is that "personal identity is the sole identity," and that the great object of being is to embody the Universal in the Particular, and acquire "the freedom of the self from the self." A short section between the two main divisions of the book, called Interleaves, gives an extract from the Journal of Speculative Philosophy, analyzing Mr. Alcott's mode of thinking. This analysis is pretty well in harmony with its subject, and neither can be said to issue in any great intellectual profit. There are many interesting quotations in this Table-Talk, and it certainly affords a curious study of a mind isolated from the

[1] *Table-Talk.* By A. Bronson Alcott. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1877

vital interests of men, and playing with idealism as if everything depended on the perpetual rearrangement of little formulæ. But unless we have fallen into deplorable error, Mr. Alcott discourses upon thinking rather than thinks. He deals with philosophy as one who should point out how to sew by piercing a fabric and then drawing the thread through and out, so that the process might go on forever without fastening anything.

— The latest volumes[1] in the reissue of Landor's works are the ones, if any, which may lay claim to popularity. The general reader who does not treat himself severely in the matter of reading may be expected to pass by the earlier volumes and to rest at these; for while all the dialogues presuppose a knowledge of history and literature, the actors in these are most familiar to the reader, and the topics discussed are neither so recondite nor so remote from common interest as were those previously presented. Not that Landor is ever exclusive in his interests; it is the very reach of his sympathy which makes some of his dialogues more unreadable than others, for there are few humiliations to the ingenuous reader of modern English literature deeper than that which awaits him when he tries to follow the lead of this remarkable writer, who passes without the sign of toil from converse with ancients to talk with moderns, and seems capable of displaying a wonderful puppet-show of all history.

Perhaps the rank respectfully but without enthusiasm accorded to Landor is due mainly to the exactions which he makes of the reader. There must be omniscient readers for such an omniscient writer, and it cannot be denied that the ordinary reader takes his enjoyment of Landor with a certain stiffening of his faculties; he feels it impossible to read him lazily. The case is not very unlike that of a listener to music, who has not a musical education and has an honest delight in a difficult work, while yet perfectly aware that he is missing, through his lack of technical knowledge, some of the finest expression. With classical works as with music, one commonly prefers to read what he has read before. Hamlet to the occasional reader of Shakespeare is like the Fifth Symphony to the occasional hearer of Beethoven. To ask him to read Landor is to ask him to hear Kalkbrenner, requiring him to form new judgments upon the old standard.

The pleasure which awaits the trained reader, on taking up Landor, is very great. At first there is the breadth and sweetness of the style. To come upon it after the negligence, the awkwardness, or the cheap brilliancy of much that passes for good writing is to feel that one has entered the society of one's intellectual superiors. One might almost expect, upon discovering how hard Landor rode his hobby of linguistic reform, to find conceits and archaisms, or fantastic experiments in language; but as it was Landor's respect for sound words which lay at the bottom of his inconsistent attempts to remove other inconsistencies, the same respect forbade him to use the English language as if it were an individual possession of his own. Neither can it be said that his familiarity with Latin forms misled him into solecisms in English; here, again, the very perfection of his classical skill was turned to account in rendering his use of English the masterly employment of one of the dialects of all language. Yet, though there is no pedantry of a scholar perceptible in the English style, the phrase falls upon the ear almost as a translation. It is idiomatic English, yet seems to have a relation to other languages. This is partly to be referred to the subjects of many of the dialogues, partly to the dignity and scholarly tone of the work, but is mainly the result of the cast of mind in Landor, which was eminently classic, freed, that is, from enslaving accidents, yet always using with perfect fitness the characteristics which seem at a near glance to be merely accidents. This is well illustrated by those dialogues which are placed in periods strongly individualized, as the Elizabethan and the Puritan, or present speakers whose tone is easily caught when overheard. A weaker writer would, for example, mimic Johnson in the conversations which occur between him and Horne Tooke; Landor catches Johnson's tone without tickling the ear with idle sonorous phrases. A writer who had read the dramatists freely, and set out to represent them in dialogue, would be very likely to use mere tricks of speech, but Landor carefully avoids all stucco ornamentation, and makes the reader sure that he has overheard the very men themselves. It was the pride of Landor's design not to insert in any one of his conversations

[1] *Imaginary Conversations.* By Walter Savage Landor. Third Series. Dialogues of Literary Men. Fourth Series. Dialogues of Literary Men (continued), Dialogues of Famous Women, and Miscellaneous Dialogues. Two Volumes. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1877.

"a single sentence written by or recorded of the personages who are supposed to hold them." In the conversation between Lord Brooke and Sir Philip Sidney, he makes Sidney say, "To write as the ancients have written, without borrowing a thought or expression from them, is the most difficult thing we can achieve in poetry;" and the task which Landor set himself was an infinitely higher and finer one than the merely ingenious construction of a closely joined mosaic. He has extended the lives of the men and women who appear in his dialogues.

The faithfulness with which Landor has reproduced the voices of his characters follows from the truthfulness of the characters themselves, as they betray their natures in these conversations. This we have already intimated, and it is the discovery of the reader who penetrates the scenes and is able in any case to compare the men and women of Landor with the same revealed in history or literature. The impersonations are necessarily outlined in conversation. Action as a revealer is not granted, except occasionally in some such delicate form as hinted in the charming scene between Walton, Cotton, and Oldways. These delicate hints of action will sometimes escape the reader through their subtlety, but they tell upon the art of the conversations very strongly. Still, the labor of disclosing character is borne by the dialogue, and success won in this field is of the highest order. No one who uses conversation freely in novel-writing, when the talk is not to advance the incidents of the story, but to fix the traits of character held by the persons, can fail to perceive Landor's remarkable power. He deals, it is true, with characters already somewhat definitely existing in the minds of his intelligent readers, yet he gives himself no advantage of a setting for his conversation, by which one might make place, circumstance, scenery, auxiliary to the interchange of sentiment and opinion. Perhaps the most perfect example of a conversation instinct with meaning, and permitting, one may say, an indefinite column of footnotes, is the brief, exquisitely modulated one between Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn.

It may be that we have received the best good to be had from literature when we have been enabled to perceive men and women brightly, and to hold for a time before our eyes those who once were seen by persons more blessed only than we. Certain it is that to the solitary student, placed it may be in untoward circumstance, such a gift is priceless. But it belongs with this, as a necessary accompaniment, if not a further good, to have such a discovery of character as comes through high thought and wise sentiment. The persons whom Landor has vivified have burst their cerements for no mean purpose. They are summoned not for idle chit-chat, but to speak words befitting them in their best moments. Southey is said to have remarked on the conversation which he is made to hold with Porson, that they might not have conversed as Landor had shown them, "but we could neither of us have talked better." It is Landor's power not only to inhabit the characters, but to inhabit them worthily, that makes these books great. The subjects discussed are such as great-minded men might discuss, and it is when one marks the range of topics and the height to which the thought rises that he perceives in Landor a moralist as well as a dramatist. It is true that the judgments and opinions which he puts in the mouths of speakers partake of his own wayward, impetuous nature, and it would not be hard to find cases where the characters clearly Landorize, but the errors are not in petty but in noble concerns.

There is, doubtless, something of labor in reading Landor's Conversations if one is not conversant with high thinking, and if one is but slenderly endowed with the historic imagination, but the labor is not in the writing. The very form of conversation permits a quickness of transition and sudden shifting of subject and scene which enliven the art and give an inexhaustible variety of light and shade. One returns to passages again and again for their exceeding beauty of expression and their exquisite setting. To one accustomed to the glitter of current epigrammatic writing, the brilliancy of some of Landor's sentences may not at first be counted for its real worth, but to go from Landor to smart writers is to exchange jewels for paste.

What we have said may serve partly to explain the limited audience which Landor has had and must continue to have. If it is a liberal education to read his writings, it requires one to receive them freely. We cordially thank the publishers for reprinting them in America and giving thus a new opportunity to readers and writers. The appeal which Landor makes to the literary class is very strong, and apart from a course of study in the Greek and Latin classics, we doubt if any single study would serve an author so well as the study of Landor. In

his style he would discover a strength and purity which would constantly rebuke his own tendencies to verbosity and unmeaning phrases; in the respect which Landor had for great writers he would learn the contemptible character of current irreverence in literature; in the sustained flight of Landor's thought he would find a stimulus for his own less resolute nature; and as Landor was himself no imitator, so the student of Landor would discover how impossible it was to imitate him, how much more positive was the lesson to make himself a master by an unceasing reverence of masters and a fearless independence of inferiors. Landor is sometimes characterized as arrogant and conceited; stray words and acts might easily be cited in support of this, but no one can read his conversations intelligently and not perceive how noble was his scorn of mean men, how steadfast his admiration of great men.

— It will be the fault of the present generation of young students if it is not well educated, for the supply of aid up the once steep side of Parnassus is practically unlimited. In England, especially, is there an abundance of text-books on every subject under heaven; there is no subject so profound or so vast that it is not packed in a sixpenny manual; the history of the whole world is crammed into a volume of just the same size as one on our Revolutionary War; every classic is commented on again and again, and in their hot rivalry publishers get the ablest men to provide instruction for the young, and do their own part in seeing to the printing and binding with the greatest care. All this has its good side, but it has also its bad, for after reading a very much abridged history only a few meagre facts will cling to the memory, and if no more serious work is done by the pupil he will have a most superficial notion of everything he studies in this facile way. Moreover annotators are not always wise. This volume[1] shows this, for although it has been written for those who are preparing themselves for the Public Examinations and so may be regarded as a guide to cramming, it may yet fall into the hands of some one really anxious to learn, who will find himself led astray in some important particulars; for while some of the notes and quotations are of service in elucidating this play, the glossary has many weak points. For instance, how definite a notion would the reader get from this remark, true as it is? "METHINKS. This is one of the three impersonal verbs in the English language, — *methinks, meseems, melists. Me* is a dative, and *thinks* means *seems; mihi videtur.* The verb has no connection with the ordinary word to *think.*" Again, is it quite accurate to say "YONDER, yongone, from *gangen*, to go?" The root is from a pronominal stem found in English *yea, ye-s*, and German, *jen-er.* A little more care would have made the scholarly part of this book as good as the printing and binding.

— It is somewhat singular that it is only at this late day that we have a complete edition of Keats's poems.[2] Lord Houghton has at last supplied the reading public with a full collection in a single volume. The American edition, at least in its revised form, published in old times by Messrs. Little and Brown, but more recently by Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co., was the most satisfactory, for it contained a good deal of material, and of valuable material, too, not to be found in Lord Houghton's other editions (London: Moxon, 1871); as, for instance, to notice the most important things, half a dozen sonnets. This edition of Keats of 1871 was much fuller than that edited by W. M. Rossetti, which lacked no less than thirty-six sonnets which the other editors had printed. Probably some technicality about the copyright is the explanation of this otherwise unaccountable omission. In this complete collection we have preserved a certain amount of comparatively unvaluable poetry, it is true, but of so rare a genius who wrote so little as Keats, every line is of value. The chronological arrangement, too, is of service in showing the change and wonderful growth of the poet's mind up to the time of his death. Nothing has been considered too insignificant to be reprinted, and the value of the volume is increased by giving whatever different versions there may be of any passage, as well as the first draught of Hyperion; moreover, in two instances when Keats composed a sonnet in company with other poets, with Leigh Hunt once, and with Leigh Hunt and Shelley at another, their work also is given. Thus Keats's sonnet

[1] *Samson Agonistes, with Notes, Critical, Illustrative, and Explanatory, and a Glossary.* For the Use of Candidates preparing for the Public Examinations. By I. P. FLEMING, M. A., B. C. L. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1876.

[2] *The Poetical Works of John Keats.* Chronologically arranged and edited. With a Memoir, by LORD HOUGHTON, D. C. L., Hon. Fellow of Trin. Coll., Cambridge. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1877.

to the Nile was always supposed, until within a few months, to be the one written in friendly competition with Shelley's Ozymandias, composed at the same time, but a foot-note tells us that Shelley really wrote at this time another sonnet beginning

"Month after month the gathered rains descend,"

which is printed in full in this volume. In this foot-note, by the way, Mr. Townshend Major should be Mr. Townshend Mayer. On the whole, this edition has at last done for Keats what should have been done long since, and any one who buys a copy can feel sure that he will not have to buy two or three other volumes in order to get all that Keats has written. Moreover, it is a trifling matter, but the name of the young woman with whom Keats was in love is here given to the world for the first time: she was a Miss Brown.

— The title-page defines the limit to which Mr. Van Laun has confined himself in the second volume of his History of French Literature.[1] His main subject is the account of the glories of the classical period, and on the whole he may be said to have improved here upon the work of the first volume; but then the further he goes on the clearer it becomes that he has undertaken a task a great deal too heavy for him. It has been easy for him to express the established opinion of mankind about the great writers of the seventeenth century, and to give us such dates as are important in a book of this kind, but more than this he has not done. We have less space devoted to the history of the time than was the case in the first volume, but we have many pages given up to the leading writers; yet the author is so vague in his critical commentaries that it would be hard to form any definite notion of the men and books he is describing. For instance, speaking of Ronsard (page 45), he says, "In short, if you take up Ronsard, or, say, such a sample of him as has been presented to us in a carefully edited volume of selections, when you are in the mood for reading his poems, you will, on the whole, like him." We learn that the tragedians wrote tragedies, and the comedians, comedies, but there is nowhere any really satisfactory, definite characterization to reward the student of this book. Its inefficacy may be best seen by comparing the impression left by the description of French literature of the time of Louis XIV. with Taine's essay on Racine.

In conclusion it can only be said that the work yet remains to be done over again by some one who shall be more thorough in his reading, more exact in his statements of fact, and more distinct in his expressions of opinion; a book like this can satisfy no one, and will bring no fame to Mr. Van Laun.

— Three handy volumes in 18mo on The Eastern Question have been published by Messrs. Osgood & Co. They have no literary pretensions, but will be found very useful by ordinary newspaper readers, for whom they are intended. They are of very unequal merit. The first, A Brief History of Turkey,[2] is a translation from the German and is just what was wanted. It relates the main events in Turkish history in a simple, objective way, and refrains from any criticism of people or actions. The second, A Brief History of Russia,[3] is a slight book, enfeebled by criticisms and sentimental accounts of the tender relations existing between Russian emperors and their wives. Here is a passage from a small volume of one hundred and twenty pages covering fully a thousand years of history. It relates to the Emperor Alexander the Second: "Shortly after the death of her husband, Elizabeth wrote this well-known letter to the empress mother: 'Mamma, our angel is in heaven, and I still exist upon earth. Who would have thought that I, feeble and wasted, could have survived him? Mamma, do not abandon me; for I am utterly alone in this world of grief. Our dear departed one wears in death his own benevolent expression; his smile proves to me that he is happy, and that he sees other things than he beheld while he was with us. My only consolation under this irreparable loss is that I shall not long survive him; that I hope to rejoin him soon.'" The third volume, The Eastern Question Historically Considered,[4] is a book thoroughly admirable in its practical arrangement and in its unadorned directness. It is such a compend of all matters relating to

[1] *History of French Literature.* By HENRI VAN LAUN. Vol. II. From the Classical Renaissance until the End of the Reign of Louis XIV. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1877.

[2] *A Brief History of Turkey.* Translated from the German of Dr. JOHANNES BLOCHWITZ. By MRS. M. WESSELHŒFT. With Maps.

[3] *A Brief History of Russia, from the Small Beginnings of the Nation to the present Vast Proportions of the Empire.* With Accounts of the successive Dynasties. By FRANCES A. SHAW. With Maps.

[4] *The Eastern Question Historically Considered.* With Notes on the Resources of Russia and Turkey, and an Abstract of their Treaties with the United States. By JAMES M. BUGBEE. With Maps. Boston. 1877.

the present war as readers of the daily newspapers will do well to have at their elbows. It is clear, succinct, and just. Each of the three volumes contains two heliotype maps; but not much can be said in favor of any of them. They are all indistinct, and do not seem to have been prepared specially for these volumes.

— Captain Richard F. Burton, who is well known as a traveler over the face of the earth and as a good writer about his travels, has just given the public an interesting account of the recent Etruscan discoveries at and near Bologna.[1] He comes to his task without any theory to prove, which is in itself the greatest novelty, for almost every man who has dipped pen into ink to write about the subject has tried his skill at guessing one of the most obscure of the riddles before modern science. He states the difficulties very clearly, and contents himself with confessing the great difficulty of forming any probable decision in the matter, while he enumerates the new materials that the last few years have brought to light. To us English-speaking people this description is of great service. The facts were buried in different Italian publications here and there, and Captain Burton has added to their testimony his own with regard to the things he himself saw. He goes over the confused evidence very well, and shows how philology, craniology, and archæology are all applied in turn, though without sure result, to the investigation of the origin of the Etruscans. The richness of the collections at Bologna had been almost unknown to the traveler who is the slave of his guide-book, and even if he had done nothing more than call general attention to them, Captain Burton would deserve the thanks of the public; but as it is, he has conferred a greater favor by his excellent *résumé* of an abundance of new authorities.

French and German.[2]

At length a long silence is broken, and there have been lately given to the world two authoritative lives of Alfred de Musset[3] which throw great light upon his turbulent career and cannot fail to arouse a new interest in the writings of that poet. That young poet, one says instinctively, for it was his youth which was his period of greatest brilliancy; its charm inspired him to write what are by all odds the most poetical verses in at least modern French literature, and it satisfactorily accounts for the shipwreck of his life at an age when most men are starting forth for the first time. Of these two biographies the one which first demands mention is that written by his brother, Paul de Musset; the book has been some time in manuscript, but, probably from an unwillingness to reopen scarcely closed wounds, it has been withheld from publication until this year. The most striking thing about it is the warm affection it shows to have existed between the two brothers. Paul was six years the elder; he is a man of comparatively modest ability, but his gifts he has always put to excellent use, and they have been before this put into play in defense of his brother. Naturally he describes to his readers a side of Alfred's life that no one else knew so well as he; we are told charming tales of the poet's boyhood and early youth, and throughout he is judged by a friendly critic.

Alfred de Musset was born of excellent family, in Paris, December 11, 1810. His father, who had been intended for the church, — a plan which fell through on account of the Revolution, — held for many years responsible positions under different governments, and edited an edition of the works of J. J. Rousseau. His mother was the daughter of a man whose contribution to literature consisted of a satirical epic poem. Paul, as has been said, gives us many anecdotes of his brother's boyhood; some of these, at least when read in the light of subsequent events, show clearly those qualities in the boy which were so fatal a few years later. When a mere child he fell in love with a young cousin of his, a girl several years his senior, and asked her to marry him when he should be older, which she jokingly promised to do. When, however, she soon afterwards received and accepted a more serious proposal and was married, it was kept a secret from him through fear of its effect upon him, and he did not know the truth for several years. When he learned

[1] *Etruscan Bologna.* A Study. By Richard F. Burton, author of Pilgrimage to El Medinah and Mecca, etc. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1876.

[2] All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter St., Boston, Mass.

[3] *Biographie de Alfred de Musset.* Sa Vie et ses Œuvres. Par Paul de Musset. Paris: Charpentier. 1877.

Alfred de Musset. Von Paul Lindau. Berlin: A. Hofmann & Co. 1877.

it he was much disturbed, and asked if his cousin had been making fun of him, but on understanding that she was really fond of him and regarded herself as his older sister, he let himself be consoled. This horror of deception, as we shall see, was one of his most marked traits. At school he was always successful, much to the disgust of his playmates, who revenged themselves by uniting to pommel him. Part of the time, too, the two boys were taught at home by a tutor, and besides the legitimate course of instruction they studied with intense enthusiasm all sorts of fairy stories and tales of chivalry, which afterwards bore rich fruit. Later he tried his hand at drawing and music; he began the study of law and then that of medicine, but both subjects failed to attract him, and he was in despair about his future occupation. Soon, however, he saw his way clear. A friend and former schoolmate of his introduced him to Victor Hugo, at whose house he met Alfred de Vigny, Mérimée, Sainte-Beuve, and others forming the school of young writers who were destined to reanimate French literature, and under their congenial influence he began to compose verses, which he read aloud to his admiring friends. The earliest of these have never been considered worthy of being printed, although they were good enough to call from Sainte-Beuve the saying that this circle of writers had among its number a boy full of genius. Alfred de Musset when he entered this band was seventeen years old, Victor Hugo, twenty-five, and Sainte-Beuve, twenty-three, and it was a year later that he made this remark. It was at about the same time and under the same inspiration that he composed several of those poems which are among the first included in his published works. The notorious ballad to the moon dates from this period; it was written as a parody of the romantic style of poem, but it has always been taken for a seriously meant attempt in that very sort of writing, and has been part of the ground of accusation brought against its author.

At the age of nineteen, while still in feeling and experience a boy, he entered into the world of society, where he soon distinguished himself by all sorts of excesses. His first publication, it is interesting to notice, was a free translation of De Quincey's Confessions of an English Opium-Eater, which had no success. This was soon followed by his Contes d'Espagne et d'Italie, which created the wildest excitement. It is curious to observe that Spain was at that time to young writers what it now is for a large and motley band of young painters, a sort of grab-box which always gives a prize. Hugo and Mérimée, it will be remembered, were busy in this field at about the same time. In 1830 he composed his Nuit Venitienne for the stage, and it was brought out at the Odéon just before the author's twentieth birthday. Those who were opposed to the romantic school gathered in large numbers, determined to drive it from the stage, and this they did. The piece was slight enough of itself and doubtless would not have had any great success even with a fair or partial hearing, but this harsh treatment disgusted its author and kept him for a long time from writing for the stage. Some of his comedies, however, in spite of their not complying with the usual laws of dramatic composition, are among the most effective now given at the best French theatres. Any one who has seen Les Caprices de Marianne acted at the Théâtre Français has had a glimpse of what the stage may be under the most favorable circumstances. In 1832 his father died. Soon other works appeared from his pen, and he made his entrance into the Revue des Deux Mondes. It was at a dinner given to the contributors that Alfred de Musset made the acquaintance of George Sand, which soon ripened into the closest intimacy. The story of their *liaison* need not be told at length here. George Sand wrote her version of it in a book of fiction called Elle et Lui, to which Paul de Musset answered in Lui et Elle, a book based on facts which showed most convincingly the enormous vanity and pestilential cold-heartedness of the woman. She never made any reply to it, for there was no reply to make. It may be questioned, too, whether even in her own account of herself she does not unconsciously write herself down as ill as any one could desire. In the Life written by his brother it is curious to read of this scene. Alfred had made up his mind not to go to Italy with George Sand unless he could get his mother's permission, which she naturally was unwilling to give. Consequently he avowed his determination to remain at home. The same evening, however, at about nine o'clock, his mother was told that there was a lady at the door in a carriage, who was anxious to see her. She went down and found the celebrated novelist, who is much worshiped in this country for her warm defense of the rights of women, who entreat-

ed her to let her son go with her, promising that he should have her maternal affection and care. What her arguments were must always be a source of wonder to us uncivilized barbarians. At any rate they were successful. It was in August, 1833, that the liaison began; the friends went to Italy in the autumn of that year; in the following April the breach occurred, which was followed by a melodramatic attempt at reconciliation, lasting a fortnight, in September, 1834.

De Musset returned from Italy a different man. He had started brilliant, full of genius and youthful self-trust; he came back sick in body and heart, disappointed and disgusted, having endured a wrench from which he never recovered. From this time forth he produced but little; the mainspring of his life seemed broken. While George Sand deserves and has received much condemnation for her part in this catastrophe, it is not to be forgotten that her victim cannot be wholly acquitted of blame. He was ignorant of self-control, he was inconstant and violent; two more opposite characters could not be found, and when the crash came, the one who had a heart was the one who suffered. George Sand consoled herself thoroughly and, we may add, often. It is true that Alfred de Musset did not write much after his return from Italy, but yet in the period from 1835 to 1839 were composed some of the most memorable of his poems, the different Nuits, and of his plays, Lorenzaccio and On ne Badine pas avec l'Amour, his Confession d'un Enfant du Siècle, and half a dozen of his best tales. When it is remembered that these were the years from twenty-five to twenty-nine, and that he died at the age of forty-seven, it is easy to see that he never fulfilled the promise of his youth. His Italian experience made a man, we might say an old man, of him, so far as disgust with the world ages one. But in those poems mentioned above, the Nuits, he by universal assent has reached a point that he never exceeded. Indeed, it would be hard to name a French poet who has written anything with so really poetical a spirit as is to be found in these. Especially when they are read in the light of his brother's revelations regarding him, and the circumstances under which they were written, does their great beauty stand out most clearly. They all refer plainly to his recent sufferings, but it is a question whether George Sand is always meant by every allusion. This his brother, who surely is in the best position to know exactly, denies, while Lindau maintains that she alone is referred to in the Nuit de Décembre. The beauty of these poems fully shows that the deficiencies of French poetry are not so much due to what is lacking in the French language as to what is lacking in those who use it. The beginning and end of the Nuit de Mai will make this very clear. We learn in his brother's Life that the poet intended to add to them La Nuit de Juin, which, he said, would be one of the nights in which he should not have death in his soul. He sat down and had written but four lines when one of his friends unfortunately came in and dragged him off to a dinner. That broke the charm; the inspiration never came upon him to finish it. Here are these few lines, — the poet is speaking: —

"Muse, quand le blé pousse il faut être joyeux. —
Regarde ces coteaux et leur blonde parure.
Quelle douce clarté dans l'immense nature!
Tout ce qui vit ce soir doit se sentir heureux."

It is impossible not to regret this most unlucky interruption of what promised so well, but it is only a definite instance of what was really destroying his desire and capacity for work. He was always trying to forget the past, and he sought oblivion by plunging into all manner of excesses. At times he would pause to write some little piece for the theatre, or one of those *nouvelles* which often reflect some adventure of his own, but it is only too plain that in his life he was hastening from bad to worse. The Fils de Titien is in its way a condensed biography, and almost everywhere it is easy to find traces of the melancholy course he was following. This is a painful subject, on which there is no need of dwelling at any length, but the fact remains that during the last seventeen years of his life, that is from 1840 to 1857, from thirty to forty-seven, what should have been his intellectual prime, he wrote almost nothing. Both the biographies give us full accounts of his life, of his interest in his friends, especially in his *marraine*, as he called her, Madame Maxime Jaubert, and the Duchess de Castries, and of his zeal in behalf of Rachel, and Pauline Garcia, now Madame Viardot. In 1852 he was admitted a member of the Academy. His speech in praise of his predecessor was long and uninteresting. The following *mot* throws some light on his career at this time. He seldom attended the meetings of the Academy, and one of the members complained to another that the poet absented himself so often. "He *absinthes* himself too

often," was the reply. A few years later he died.

Such was the sad life of the first of French poets, or at least of one of the most poetic among French poets, and in these two books the whole story will be found told at full length, with much more of very great interest. Paul de Musset of course defends his brother from many of the accusations which were brought against him, and shows him in all his attractiveness and amiability. A book by a German on this most French of Frenchmen is not one that would commend itself at first to the reader, and yet Lindau's volume will be found of value. It has naturally a more impartial tone than the other, a tone that would be offensive in a man speaking of a blood relation; yet it is the work of a warm admirer who never is too harsh a judge, while he is a man who has to lay the evidence before the public. The fact that Paul de Musset helped Lindau in the preparation of his book, and that it is published under his authorization, so to speak, must convince the most incredulous that it is not animated by a captious or harsh spirit towards the unhappy man it undertakes to describe. It is distinguished from the other, moreover, by this fact, that it is designed for a public ignorant of Alfred de Musset's writings, and consequently contains many recapitulations of his plays, stories, and poems, with extracts generally put into German, while the French biography refers to them as known. What Paul de Musset has to say about the composition of almost every piece sets it in another light, and will be sure to enforce a new reading of almost everything he wrote. He also includes some prose and some verse never before been printed. The most important extracts are those from an unpublished tale, Le Poëte Déchu, the greater part of which its author burned in a fit of disgust.

We have not space here to say anything about Alfred de Musset's rank as a poet. Those who know him already will be glad to learn more about him, as it is now easy to do, and those who do not can read about him and doubtless be tempted to study his writings. It is to be remembered, however, that he is to be read with discrimination, and that fate orders that his books should not be put into the hands of inexperienced readers.

— The new novel of Tourguéneff's, which has just appeared in a French translation,[1] has been eagerly awaited by those readers who have learned to value aright the ability of this author. Even were he an obscure person of whom the world had never heard, the present curiosity about Russia would give him a hearing, and more especially would this be the case after it was known that the book treated of the secret societies of that country, which have so wide-spread and vague reputation. The story appeared, in the early part of the present year, in the Russische Revue, but it was so little liked in the country of its publication that up to the time of this writing, at least, it has not been reprinted in book form. The reason of this indifference it is not hard to find. Tourguéneff has been long considered in his native land as one who treated his fellow-countrymen unfairly: they have claimed that he misrepresented their deeds and aims, and in this novel he certainly has not given much satisfaction to either that division of society which is devoted to the government or to that which finds its pleasure in trying to build up a different system. Both sides are set in a bad light, with that gall which constantly distinguishes Tourguéneff's writing about his own country, and neither party can bear to see itself turned to ridicule. We outsiders, however, can have no reason to deny the substantial accuracy of his drawing, even if we cannot affirm it from our own knowledge, and his indictment of Russian society and of the Russian character need not surprise those who are following the developments of Russian diplomacy.

Indeed, the book has two separate qualities: it is both a bit of contemporary history and a novel, and as neither does it quite satisfy the reader, in spite of the thoroughness and ability with which it has been written. Very recent developments of the ramifications of secret societies in Russia corroborate the fidelity of the descriptions given in this story of the gropings towards a reaction against despotism, and show as conclusively how powerless is individual effort against the rigid force imposed on society by the government, which finds its hands strengthened by the apathy of those whom it is proposed to set free. How aimless, undirected, and fantastic these efforts at revolt are may be seen by this book, and it is this historical basis to which we would now especially call attention.

At the opening of the story, Neshdanoff, the natural son of a nobleman, is a young student in St. Petersburg who has allied himself with certain of his comrades for the

[1] *Terres Vièrges*. Par IVAN TOURGUÉNEFF. Traduit par E. DURAND-GREVILLE. Paris. 1877.

furtherance of the "cause." He himself has aristocratic, unradical tastes; in spite of his contempt for himself for doing it he even writes verses, which, however, he conceals from every one save an intimate friend with whom he corresponds, and he lacks genuine belief in the cause which so attracts his companions. He tries hard to believe in it, and is continually working himself up into enthusiasm about it; he gives it material aid, but, like so many of Tourguéneff's heroes, he has two natures, and these two natures are at war with one another His tastes lead him one way, but his hatred of the aristocracy and the influence of his associates lead him in another. He is offered the place of tutor in the house of one Sipiagin, which he accepts, and with his life in this place the action fairly begins. Sipiagin is a sort of liberal who is planning for a position under government, who prides himself on being a Russian country-gentleman, and is perpetually molding his life, his actions, his most trivial speech, on French and English models, without one trace of natural feeling or conduct, until his native overbearing despotism crops out at the end of the book. In this new home Neshdanoff finds himself almost at ease: Sipiagin's wife, a flirt of the most approved pattern, tries her practiced hand on this stubborn material, but the young tutor is more strongly attracted by a young girl, Marianne, a poor relation of the family, who has strong democratic tastes. This is the best part of the book. Tourguéneff is on firm ground when he is describing men and women in their relations to one another, and he has seldom excelled the cleverness of his account of Madame Sipiagin. The call of duty summons Neshdanoff to coöperation with some of the neighbors in behalf of the cause. One of them, Markeloff, is his exact opposite. This revolutionist has all the narrowness and impetuosity which make the fanatic, and he stands in marked contrast, especially in regard to his unreturned love for Marianne, with Neshdanoff, in his sincerity with the odious Zolushkine, and in his intelligence with Solomin, the one man in the book who inspires neither contempt nor pity. The account of the efforts of these conspirators is melancholy reading. They all agreed that something was to be done, and to be done at once. They meet and talk, but separate as undetermined as before. Markeloff's zeal is not at all diminished, but Neshdanoff returns to his duty with a sad heart, only to find Marianne more enthusiastic than ever, believing firmly in the cause, and shaming the dispirited youth into an affectation of enthusiasm. Their intimacy becomes greater, although to the last it remains innocent, and finally they run away together from Sipiagin's house, which had become distasteful to them both. Solomin gives them protection under his roof, and here this young couple proceed to devote themselves to the advancement of the cause. They both dress like peasants, and do their part towards the introduction of equality by making themselves as much like peasants as possible. Indeed, Marianne goes further; and it is assuredly a stain upon the book that she even proposes that last step of socialism for supporting which Mrs. Victoria Woodhull has become notorious in this country. This repels the reader, and fills him with disgust for a heroine who with many unattractive qualities yet comes near being a very fine character. Neshdanoff meets with continual disappointment. The peasants care no more for reform than they do for the precession of the equinoxes. Poor Neshdanoff, when on one of his propagandist excursions, is made dead drunk by their insisting that he should prove his kind feeling towards them by swallowing huge draughts of fiery brandy. This opens his eyes to the hollowness of the whole thing to which he has devoted his life, and the catastrophe soon comes. What this is need not be told here. Astute readers will detect it beforehand, but it is not the main thing in the book by any manner of means. The emptiness of their youthful effort, the ignorance of these young reformers, their profitless enthusiasm, these are what every page of the book teaches. Tourguéneff shows these things, however, by satire, which seems yet to have a kindly side. He does not denounce the follies he sees so clearly with violence; he rather describes them with a tender melancholy, as if on the whole they were more touching than wicked. His severest irony is reserved for the nobleman who is ambitious for a place in the government, and for the successful young man who is always at his elbow and always betraying the propagandists. It is easy to imagine that a large class of men of influence and position, who find themselves reflected in these pages, may spend a good deal of time in censuring a novel that so relentlessly exposes their vanities — indeed, their pretentious dishonesty — as this one does. While we cannot help feeling the great justice of much of this severe treatment of his fellow-countrymen, it is hard to escape

the feeling that the truth of the details and the curious incidents of this fruitless and wholly superfluous conspiracy swamp at times the proper romantic interest of the novel. It is as if for once the author had harnessed together two uncongenial horses, information and entertainment, and between the two the reader were puzzled and embarrassed. In Fathers and Sons we have had the young nihilist, Bazarof, whose ideas, which already seem old-fashioned, were as singularly and as tenaciously held as any that inspired these young martyrs. But he also keeps his proper place in the novel as a novel, while true to principles; while in this book the plans of the various characters are too vague to offer any especial interest, and the men themselves are romantically less interesting. We are accustomed to find in Tourgueneff the finest delineations of passion and the subtlest studies of character; but here passion is almost entirely wanting, and while there is no lack of study of character, — indeed, the whole book teems with the most acute remarks on the different persons mentioned, so that the reader feels that he has to do with a man who in another age would have been a great moral philosopher like La Rochefoucauld or Vauvenargues — while there is, we say, no lack of study of character, the book rests on too slight a basis of fact; the absurdity of this mighty intriguing is too potent to convince the reader that he has to do with genuine troubles. That is at least the way it strikes an outsider who reflects upon it afterwards. It is doubtless true to nature, but then, although true, the work is too petty, too vague in design, too unpractical in execution, to seem worthy of such attention as the author's genius demands for it. Liza, On the Eve, Spring Floods, Fathers and Sons, have a deep interest that burns into the soul of the reader, whether he be a Russ, an American, a German, or a Frenchman; they deal with the primary feelings of human nature, but what do these men want? They do not know themselves.

So much may be said against the fundamental motive of the novel. But injustice would be done if attention were not called to many of the scenes. One of the most curious of the episodes is that which treats Zimushka and Zomushka, the old couple who have lived their lives unchanged since the remote days when they were married. It would be hard to find, even in Tourguéneff's other novels, a more curious chapter than this, and the whole scene which describes their simple, foolish ways, makes clear the contrast between the past and the noisy, self-conscious vulgarity of the present. Another triumph is the way in which Madame Sipiagin is drawn, with her great beauty, her cold interest in people she is thrown with, and her selfishness. No man has ever better painted a certain kind of flirt. As for Marianne she disappoints the reader exceedingly, and for once Tourguéneff's power of portraying a young girl has failed him. Besides the inexplicable incident referred to above, there is a hardness about her treatment of her aunt which is unattractive, although one must put in the other scale her loyalty to the principles she has attached herself to. Poor Mashurina, the ill-favored medical student, with her unrequited love for Neshdanoff, is much more consistent in her honesty and obstinate bigotry.

In reading the works of living authors there is always aroused a certain feeling of impatience when one comes across some unexpected quality that one has not met before, so that the opinion of contemporaries is frequently reversed by posterity; and it may be that it is the little resemblance between Tourguéneff's other novels and this one which makes one feel disappointed or surprised at the new revelation of his powers. However this may be, the reader can feel sure of one thing, that he will be very deeply interested in this novel, and if those who are most familiar with the author do not find here what they have learned to expect in one of his stories, it is very probable that on the other hand there may be attracted to it a larger number of readers than have been drawn to his other books. This does not prove Terres Vièrges to be worse than its predecessors, but it shows that what it treats of may fascinate a numerically larger number who feel something repellent in the very skill with which he analyzes and represents passion. In a word, those who look for a novel like Tourguéneff's early ones will be disappointed; one who takes it up with the firm conviction that he is going to be disappointed will be charmed by it.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Henry Holt & Co., New York: Ancient Society; or, Researches in the Lines of Human Progress from Savagery, through Barbarism, to Civilization. By Lewis H. Morgan, LL. D. — Idols and Ideals, with an Essay on Christianity. By Moncure Daniel Conway, M. A. — Aloys. By Berthold Auerbach. Translated by Charles T. Brooks. — Hesperus; or, Forty-Five Dog-Post-Days. A Biography from the German of Jean Paul Friedrich Richter. Translated by Charles S. Brooks. In two volumes. — Titan. A Romance from the German of Jean Paul Friedrich Richter. Translated by Charles T. Brooks. In two volumes.

J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia: How They Strike Me, These Authors. By J. C. Heywood, A. M., LL. B. — A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare. Edited by Horace Howard Furness. Hamlet. Vols. I., II.

James R. Osgood & Co., Boston: The Burning of the Convent. A Narrative of the Destruction, by a Mob, of the Ursuline School on Mount Benedict, Charlestown, as remembered by One of the Pupils. — Success, Greatness, Immortality. By Ralph Waldo Emerson. — Books, Art, Eloquence. By Ralph Waldo Emerson. — Love, Friendship, Domestic Life. By Ralph Waldo Emerson. — My Garden Acquaintance, and a Good Word for Winter. By James Russell Lowell. — Elegy written in a Country Churchyard, and Other Poems. By Thomas Gray. Illustrated. — Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers. By William Edmondstoune Aytoun, D. C. L. Illustrated.

Porter and Coates, Philadelphia: Recollections of Samuel Breck, with Passages from his Note-Books 1771–1862. Edited by H. E. Scudder.

Scribner, Armstrong, & Co., New York: Short Studies on Great Subjects. By James Anthony Froude, M. A. Third series.

MUSIC.

We have had a Wagner Festival this spring. The Bayreuth fever has proved contagious, and nothing could content us but having a little Bayreuth in New York and Boston. The result reminds one of an incident in one of Wilhelm Hauff's charming little stories: A young Alexandrian has been brought to Paris as a prisoner; there he forms the acquaintance of an old French *savant* of Oriental tendencies, who now and then invites him to his home and entertains him after the Oriental fashion. "They sat together in a room which the professor called Arabia Minor. This room was adorned with all sorts of artificial trees, such as palms, bamboos, young cedars, and the like, and with flowers that grow only in the East. Persian rugs lay on the floor, divans stood around, but nowhere a Frankish chair or table. On one of the divans sat the professor; he had a fine Turkish scarf tied round his head for a turban, a gray beard fastened to his chin, reaching to his girdle, and looking like the natural, venerable beard of a man of rank. He wore an Oriental robe, which he had made out of a brocade dressing-gown, full Turkish trousers, and, peaceably disposed as he usually was, on those days he carried a Turkish scimitar, and in his girdle stuck a dagger studded with mock jewels. He smoked a pipe some two ells long, and was served by lackeys dressed after the Persian fashion, half of them having their faces and hands blackened. The Frankish language was strictly prohibited; Almansor had to pronounce the peace-greeting on entering, to which the old Persian solemnly responded; he then beckoned the young man to a seat beside him, and began to speak Persian, Arabic, Coptic, and all sorts of languages together, and called this a learned Oriental *conversazione*. By his side stood a servant, or, as the Eastern customs demanded, a slave, holding a big book; this book was a dictionary, and when the professor's vocabulary gave out, he signaled the slave to find him what he wanted, and then went on with the conversation."[1]

Of this sort was the "Bayreuth Minor" which we have had in Boston. If there be one human faculty that Richard Wagner would have his dramas appeal to less than to another, it is the imagination. But at the Wagner Festival our imagination was not only appealed to, it was implored and besought to assist. Let us confine ourselves chiefly to the performances of the Walküre. In this drama we have Wagner at his Wagnermost; it may be looked upon as a typical work. To give this work we had Madame Pappenheim (Brünnhilde), an accomplished artist, well drilled in Wagner opera, Mademoiselle Canissa (Sieglinde), an extremely good opera singer of the conventional type,

[1] Hauff, Der Scheik von Alessandria, etc.

and for the remainder of the cast singers who, whatever their musical ability, were practically new to the stage; the orchestra, if not quite adequate, was at least very good; the scenery was — well, perhaps unrealistic would be the kindest term for it. Thus the Walküre was put upon the stage on an almost wholly musical, not a dramatic basis; that is, the least important and vital element in Wagnerian drama was made the most of. It is instructive on this point to notice some of the items in the Bayreuth cast of the Ring des Nibelungen (which people, by the way, persist in translating the Ring of the Nibelungs). For Siegfried, the hero, Wagner chose Georg Unger, a man of commanding stage presence and a fine actor, but a very second-rate, not to say poor singer; for Siegmund there was Albert Niemann, with scarcely the ghost of a voice left, but one of the finest-looking men, and, above all, perhaps the most consummate actor on the German lyric stage; for Hagen, Wagner had Gustav Siehr, a superb actor, but the most daringly false singer. Without going further we find at least three very important parts given to men from whom little was to be expected in a musical way. Why did Wagner choose them? Because they acted well. An excellent musician, who had been present at all the Bayreuth performances, said to us after the first act of the Walküre in Boston: "You would be surprised to know how much it *sounded* like Bayreuth, as far as the singing went." But it may be safely said that absolutely no idea can be formed of a Wagner drama by any one not thoroughly acquainted with the work, from a performance in which the acting is not at least good, — far less idea, indeed, than can be formed from a mere concert performance of the music alone. For when we hear the music without any stage setting and unaccompanied by dramatic action, our imagination can at any rate create an approximately good picture of the scene. But when the stage setting is bad, when the acting is not only inadequate but even diametrically wrong, a picture is palpably presented to us with which the music has little, if anything, to do, the tie between the music and the stage is at once rudely severed, and the impression made by the whole cannot but be chaotic. Remember that in the Wagnerian drama there are *no accessories;* the relation between all the elements of the drama, between music, singing, acting, scenery, is absolutely functional. No single item can be omitted without affecting the whole. Let us give an example of what is meant by this. In the first act of the Walküre, after Hunding and Sieglinde have left the stage, Siegmund is left alone. "Night has completely set in; the room is lighted only by the feeble rays of the fire on the hearth. Siegmund lies down on the bear-skin before the fire and for a time broods over his condition in silence." During this silence of Siegmund two "leading motives" are heard in the orchestra: one, indicative of Hunding's parting threat ("A man defends himself with arms. I will meet thee, Wolfson, to-morrow. Thou hast heard my word: have a care for thyself"), is merely rhythmically hinted at by the heroes; the other, the "sword theme," is suggested, as yet vaguely, in a minor key. Siegmund speaks at last: "My father promised me a sword," etc., his despair growing more and more intense, until "the fire falls together; a ray of light coming from the rising sparks suddenly falls upon the place in the trunk of the ash-tree that Sieglinde's glance had pointed out,' in the preceding scene, "so that the hilt of a sword is now plainly visible." At the same moment the trumpet bursts forth with the sword theme, this time in C major, accompanied by high tremolos on the violins. The whole character of the music suddenly changes. Siegmund says, "What shines so brightly there in the glimmering light? What ray breaks forth from the ash-trunk? . . . Is it the glance of the blooming woman, that she has left shining behind her?" etc. Now the whole poetic, dramatic, and musical *effect* of this incident hangs upon one little bit of, at first sight unimportant, scenic mechanism, that is, the flash of light coming from that flurry of sparks that we have all noticed in a dying wood-fire whenever a log breaks, and falling directly upon the hilt of the sword sticking in the tree. Leave out this "stage effect" and the whole gist of poetry, music, action, in short of the entire scene, is lost. This is but one example out of many. Wagner is fond of giving his characters long waits between their sentences in certain scenes; these waits are intended to be filled up by silent dramatic action, which he has for the most part carefully and minutely indicated in the scene, the action being accompanied — or, as he would say, the expression of the action being intensified — by appropriate music in the orchestra. Now unless the actors in such passages follow the stage directions very closely, exactly timing their move-

ments, gestures, changes of facial expression, so that each gesture, look, and movement shall fall upon the appropriate orchestral phrase, on the intended harmonic modulation, the peculiar significance of the music, even the common sense of the whole scene, disappears at once. If, in a worse case, the actors neglect to fill up these waits with the required dramatic action, the scene is no better — nay, worse — than the old dramatic absurdity of Italian opera, where the whole stage falls into temporary syncope while the singers are waiting for the orchestra to finish the *ritornello* of the coming aria, duet, or ensemble-piece. At such times in Italian opera the spectator's attention is directed from the stage by an orchestral phrase which, if of no special dramatic significance, is at least musically interesting by itself; while in the Wagnerian drama, if the attention is diverted from the stage, the ear hears merely a succession of orchestral phrases which neither are *nor are intended to be* musically interesting *per se*, but derive their whole interest and reason of being from their intimate connection with the stage itself. Let us say again that it is Wagner's most explicit wish that the spectator's attention should never be diverted from the stage. Even in his so-called Lyric Moments, the additional intensity which a well-developed lyric form gives to music must seem conditioned by a correspondingly greater intensity of dramatic action on the part of the actors, so that the stage shall still force itself upon the spectator's mind as of prime importance, the music being an outgrowth of the action, and consequently a secondary matter. The following quotation from Wagner will show how he wishes in every case the dramatic element to take precedence of the musical: "I wish first to point out to the orchestral conductors and stage managers that the so-called singing rehearsals cannot be entered upon until the poem (text) itself has been thoroughly studied in all its parts by the actors. For this purpose we must not be content to send the *libretto* to be looked through by each actor; we do not demand of them a critical knowledge of the work in question, but a living, artistic knowledge. I must consequently insist upon all the actors coming together under the direction of the stage-manager, the conductor being also present, and each actor reading his part aloud, as is customary at preliminary rehearsals in the spoken drama. The members of the chorus should also attend this reading, and the passages for the chorus should be read by the chorus-leader himself or by one of his subalterns. On this occasion care must be taken that the reading be done with full dramatic expression; and if the correct expression of the subject is not to be attained at a single reading, from a want of comprehension or of practice, this rehearsal must be repeated until the correct expression has been attained through the actors understanding the situations and the whole dramatic organism of the work." By this we see of what prime importance Wagner considers the purely dramatic element in performances of his works. The few ardent admirers of Wagner who best understand his genius — for perhaps no man has ever been less understood by the great mass of his well-wishers than he, or has been admired more blindly — comprehend this perfectly. At an after-dinner speech at Bayreuth, Franz Liszt, who always knows how to put a compliment pointedly, said to Wagner, "In you I see Shakespeare and Goethe combined." But not a word was said about Beethoven. No parallel was drawn, no comparison hinted at, between Wagner and any great composer. Hector Berlioz, who was the great champion of so-called Descriptive Music (also called Program-Music), showed how little he comprehended Wagner's point of view in art when he imputed it to him as a reproach that he "only keeps in view the poetic or dramatic idea that is to be expressed, without troubling himself whether the expression of this idea obliges or does not oblige him to overstep musical conditions." *Per contra*, Wagner has said: "Hector Berlioz is the immediate and most energetic follower of Beethoven in *that* direction from which the latter turned aside so soon as he stepped from the sketch to the actual picture. . . . It is certain that Berlioz's artistic inspiration sprang from his love-struck gazing upon" — in short, from his following Beethoven's to him apparent striving to express in music that which was of all things least to be expressed by music. Descriptive music, as such, is Wagner's horror of horrors. He would have the music in his dramas, to make a delicate distinction, *heard* but not *listened to*. As Von Bülow once said that the dictum to set out from to arrive at a proper comprehension of Beethoven's C Minor Symphony was "ab initio erat rhythmus," so Wagner would have the prime dictum of the drama to be "ab initio erat verbum" in the most

literal sense. The spoken (or sung) *word* is the mainspring of Wagnerian art. Music, dramatic action, scenery, are only the means by which this word becomes flesh. The word is to be listened to and, if possible, understood; the rest is only to be unconsciously *felt*.

As the Walküre was given in America on a false principle, — that is, as an opera, not as a drama, — it would be idle to criticise the performance. Many things in it were fine, more things mediocre, some things frightfully bad. As Ambros said of Ambroise Thomas's Hamlet: "If Hamlet had been present at a performance of the opera, and said to Polonius, 'See, Polonius, there we are,' Polonius, who could even descry a camel, a weasel, and a whale in the same cloud as his prince wished, would have answered humbly but decidedly: 'No, my prince, there we are *not!* We are, with your grace's permission, dramatic figures of Shakespeare, and have received immortality from him, as your highness can conclude from the fact that we are sitting here, after a lapse of two and a half centuries, still hale and hearty. But the good people and musicians whom we hear singing and see acting there are right good operatic figures, — French operatic figures. I indeed sent word to my son Laertes in Paris not to neglect his music on any account (be graciously pleased to open at Act II., Scene i.), but I am by no means pleased at his having pushed matters so far as formally to develop himself into an opera singer." So, if Wagner's Walküre had come to Boston to look at herself in Mr. Freyer's dramatic-musical mirror, she would have cried out, "I may be one thing, and I may be another, but I am assuredly not *that!*"

— The Boston Conservatory of Music gave a very interesting exhibition the other day, at Tremont Temple, of violin pupils. Some twenty young girls and boys, few of them over sixteen or eighteen, offered the most gratifying evidence of the good results of their teaching. Many compositions, some of great difficulty, were played surprisingly well. Fine bowing, security of attack, good intonation, purity of tone, and in some instances a rare degree of technique were plainly noticeable. Mr. Julius Eichberg, director of the Conservatory, is much to be congratulated upon the success of his teaching.

— Mr. Dudley Buck's There was Darkness,[1] seems to us about the best of the composer's church compositions that we have yet seen. It shows a complete absence of that tendency towards the commonplace and sentimental which mars so much of his writing. It is built upon the grand old choral, O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden, fragments of which first appear in the organ accompaniment in imitative counterpoint, while the voices sing recitative-like phrases, the solo voices alternating with the chorus. The treatment of this theme, as well as of the text, is more than clever; it is often strikingly impressive. The whole first part is in the sombre key of C minor; at the close the chorus sings the choral, well-harmonized in C major, with a contrapuntal accompaniment on the organ. There is a pure devotional spirit and a dignity in the whole work that place it very high above much else that Mr. Buck has written.

— Teresita Mia, La Boca de Pepita, and Dodo are three utterly charming little people's songs.[2] The melodies are the traditional Pyrenean tunes, and the piano-forte accompaniment has been well and appropriately written by Mr. W. P. Blake. A folk song, when it is the real thing, and not an imitation, is worth having, indeed, and these little ditties bear the unmistakable stamp of genuineness.

— Mr. F. L. Ritter's collection of Ten Irish Melodies,[3] with a new piano-forte accompaniment by himself, is excellent. The often elaborate accompaniments are admirably written, and are fully in the spirit of the songs, in spite of their varied and scholarly harmony.

— Mr. Carl Prüfer has published an excellent reprint of Friedrich Wieck's well-known piano-forte finger-exercises.[4] These exercises are much prized in Germany, and are to be highly recommended for pupils who intend making a thorough study of the instrument.

[1] *Anthem for Good Friday.* There was Darkness. By Dudley Buck. Opus 72. New York: G. Schirmer.

[2] *Songs of the Pyrenees.* With Spanish, French, and English Words Arranged from the Traditional Pyrenean Melodies by M. H. Sturgis and W. P. Blake. Boston: Carl Prüfer.

[3] *Ten Irish Melodies.* With a New Piano-Forte Accompaniment. By Frederic Louis Ritter. New York: Edward Schuberth & Co.

[4] *Elementary Exercises for the Piano-Forte.* By Friedrich Wieck. Boston: Carl Prüfer.

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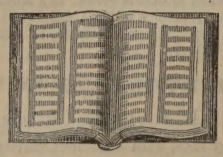

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CONTENTS

	Page
German Influence in English Literature. *Thomas Sergeant Perry*	129
Mutation. *Celia Thaxter*	147
A Counterfeit Presentment. Comedy. I. *W. D. Howells*	148
Crude and Curious Inventions at the Centennial Exhibition. IV. *Edward H. Knight*	161
Forward. *J. W. De Forest*	173
The Queen of Sheba. IV., V. *Thomas Bailey Aldrich*	174
A Ghost. *Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt*	187
King Cotton and his Gin	188
Dropping Corn. *Maurice Thompson*	196
A Great Italian Noble's Palace and Household. *Angelo Tacchella*	197
The Wanderers. *C. P. Cranch*	206
How Captain Ascott floored the Ghost. *Will Wallace Harney*	207
Cousin Patty. *Marian Douglas*	226
The Shadow on Dickens's Life. *Edwin P. Whipple*	227
The Contributors' Club	233
Certain Americanisms. — The Danicheffs. — Feline Education. — Mr. R. G. White among the Composers. What constitutes an Interesting Character. — Unintentional Humor. — Every Age its own Archæological Society. — Manners for Statues.	
Recent Literature	242
Hawthorne's Garth. — Beardsley's Life and Times of William Samuel Johnson. — Stephen's History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century. — Wilkes's Shakespeare from an American Point of View. — Griffin's From Traditional to Rational Faith. — Martineau's Materialism and Theology. — Publications Received.	
Education	251
Dr. Seguin's Report on Education. — The Fourth Year of the Society to Encourage Studies at Home.	

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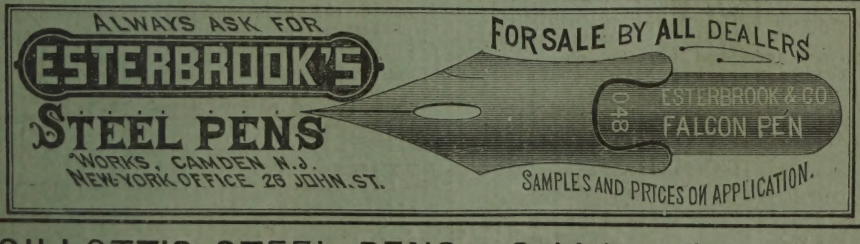

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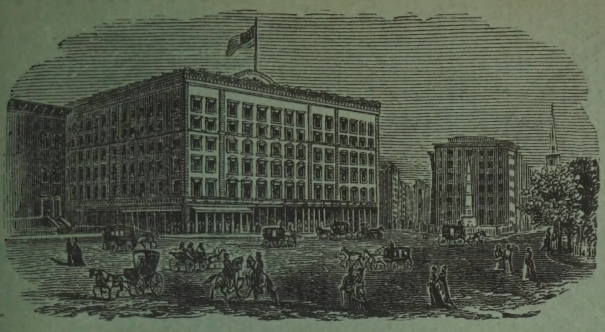

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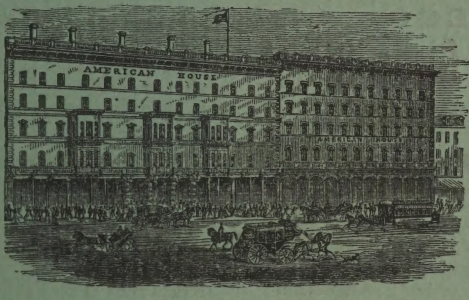

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GERMAN INFLUENCE IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

I.

COUNTLESS volumes have been written by the Germans to show the influence that the literature of England has had upon that of their own country, but the number, great as it is, can hardly be called excessive in view of the effect which many English writers of different periods have had upon their German contemporaries or successors. One of the first to receive the compliment of having a multitude of German imitators was Richardson, who by his Clarissa Harlowe and Sir Charles Grandison really founded in Germany a new school of writers, while in England he was almost entirely without following. His influence at home in comparison with that of Fielding was exceedingly slight; but in Germany it was only later, after Richardson had had his mournful day, that Fielding was generally admired to anything like the same extent. German literature, or at least the part of it which deserves to stand in comparison with that of England or France, began with Lessing, and one of Lessing's earliest plays, Miss Sara Sampson, bears clearly marked traces of the author's acquaintance with Clarissa Harlowe; Klopstock, who was personally acquainted with Richardson, wrote an ode to the dead Clarissa, and Goethe frequently spoke of the English author in terms of praise. But although Lessing was a much greater man than Richardson, it was a long time before he was well known in England. The German writer's work was of a sort that was of far more interest for his fellow-countrymen than for the English people, who had already so rich a dramatic literature of their own, and who did not need to be taught by example and precept how needless was the tyranny of the three unities. It was only natural that little was known outside of Germany of the literature of that country, until there appeared those men who brought into the world great thoughts, and then Germany at once stepped into line abreast with the other countries of Europe. The beginning of its time of importance may be set at 1780, with the prominence of Kant and Goethe, who brought new life into literature and philosophy.

What they introduced it will not take long to show. Kant brought into existence a reaction against the arid materialism of the last century, so that his system, even if it has been since frequently deposed from a position of the highest authority, has yet in a great measure survived as an outpost held by those who incline towards idealism in philosophy. Goethe, for his part, was the greatest writer his country had ever produced. Much of his greatness consisted

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in the care with which he adopted what was good in foreign models without marring his own originality, and in his unfailing devotion to literature pure and simple. To describe the merits of his various writings at length would fall outside of the scope of the present article, since to state all the effect he has had upon German literature would be almost to write its history during the last century, and that is a task which may well be left to the Germans themselves, who certainly show no distaste for handling it. But while noticing Goethe's imitation of foreign models, it is important to avoid the mistake of supposing that what he breathed in from the common life of his time made his chief claim to greatness. He kept himself open to all sorts of influences, although limiting his choice to those things of service to him as an artist, and while he maintained an independent judgment, he could not help being moved by events, however much he held aloof from them. Among contemporary, or nearly contemporary, authors no one had more influence over him than Rousseau. His Werther, which was really the first book that gave him wide-spread fame, was full of reminiscences of that great writer. The impression made by that book in foreign countries was wonderful, although Goethe's reputation was of slow growth among those unfamiliar with his language. It was in 1774 that Werther was published, and a translation into English, a very bad one, it is said, appeared soon afterwards. In France its success, though slow, was great. Napoleon carried the book with him in his Egyptian campaign, and it was many years before Goethe was ever mentioned by any other title than as the author of the Sorrows of Werther. In Great Britain very much the same held true: it was with the words "by the elegant author" of Werther that Scott referred to him on the title-page of his translation of Götz von Berlichingen, in 1799. Already in 1796 Scott had published a translation of Bürger's Lenore and Der Wilde Jäger, and had made translations from other German authors, notably from Meier and Iffland, which have never been printed. This interest in the German literature had been aroused in him, and in many of his contemporaries, by a paper read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh by Mackenzie, author of The Man of Feeling. That essay, which gave an account of the condition of the German stage at that time, 1788, as it was known through the medium of French translations, showed, to be sure, the great disadvantage those critics labor under who write about their contemporaries; for it is odd to find Goethe mentioned, together with a since forgotten manager of a theatre who had written some plays, as a promising dramatic author; but, on the other hand, Schiller received warm praise for his celebrated drama, Les Voleurs, as it is called, and parts of it were given in an English translation. This introduction to German literature not only led Scott to make his first attempts at authorship, but it is also claimed that he was induced by study of the Germans to turn his attention to native models, and like them to work over the traditions of his own country; and doubtless there is considerable truth in this supposition, although it would be unfair to give all the credit to the example of Bürger and Goethe. The publication of Percy's Reliques influenced Scott directly as well as indirectly through its effect on Bürger, and it is interesting to see how Goethe was led by the study of Shakespeare, Goldsmith, and other English authors to write his earlier works, which in their turn repaid their debt to England by helping to inspire Scott. Indeed, the impulse given by one writer to another is very like what we see in business, in which transactions are carried on not by the perpetual transport of bullion but by the writing of a few lines on paper; so that a purchase in the city of New York may set going the mills in Lowell and make the fortune of cotton planters in the State of Mississippi, as well as of those who supply these planters with shoes and hats. In literature there is the same complexity, the same wide-stretching connection between cause and effect: it was not only the English authors as Scott knew them but the

English authors as the Germans saw and were moved by them that directed Scott in his literary work, and helped to place him at the head of a new school of literature. In addition to this the Germans brought to bear on the English their own individuality, and reflected the example and charm of the French writers, and notably of Rousseau. In this way the agitation caused by one novelty in letters, like the circle when a stone is flung into a pond, grows harder to trace the further it spreads.

In Scott's later work there are a few signs of borrowing from German authors, such as his misuse of Goethe's Mignon in Peveril of the Peak, in which the delicacy and singularity of the original are mostly lost, and the famous visit of Leicester in court-dress to Amy Robsart, in Kenilworth, which is taken from a similar scene in Goethe's Egmont. The German author put his finger on both of these purloinings, approving of this last, but considering the other an unfortunate mistake. These passages certainly show but trifling indebtedness on the part of Scott to his German contemporaries, and they are of absolutely no weight in comparison with even the most modest estimate of the possible inspiration he may have derived from the German literary revival which began when he was a young man. If this essay were an attempt to prove, on the other hand, how vast has been Scott's influence on modern literature, there would be a very different showing, and a long list could be made of the names of those who might properly be considered among his disciples. Such are Cooper, Dickens (in his Barnaby Rudge, for instance), Bulwer, Manzoni, Wilibald Alexis, Dumas, and to a considerable extent the whole French romantic school; among historians, Thierry and Macaulay, to name the most famous; and certainly it must be acknowledged that Scott has more than paid any debt he may have owed German literature.

The connection that Coleridge and Wordsworth had with Germany, which in the one case was of great importance and in the other almost wholly without result, began with their visit to that country in the winter of 1798–99. Coleridge spent that season at Ratzeburg, near Göttingen, while Wordsworth, with his sister, was at Goslar. During his stay in that country Wordsworth wrote some of the best known of his short pieces, such as Lucy Gray, She Dwelt among the Untrodden Ways, Three Years she grew in Sun and Shower, Ruth, The Poet's Epitaph, Nutting, The Two April Mornings, The Fountain, Matthew, and others, but in none of these do we find any distinctive trace of Teutonic influence. Surely much praise is not due to the dreary poem, Written in Germany on one of the Coldest Days of the Century, beginning, —

> "A fig for your languages, German and Norse,"

in which he speaks of a benumbed fly in this way: —

> "Alas, how he fumbles about his domains
> Which this comfortless oven environ!
> He cannot find out in what track he must crawl,
> Now back to the tiles, and now back to the wall,
> And now on the brink of the iron."

Yet this is the only one in which can be detected the real local flavor. It has been suggested that his poem The Thorn was in some measure the result of reading Bürger's Des Pfarrers Tochter von Taubenhain,[1] but in spite of the remarkable analogies between the two poems the question is still an open one, for The Thorn was written in 1798, before Wordsworth's visit to Germany, and when we consider the strict system of accounts he kept with regard to his poetical works, preserving all sorts of memoranda concerning their origin, it is hard to believe that he could have overlooked what would be noteworthy although perfectly justifiable borrowing, if the likeness between the similar passages were not the work of chance. As it is, he makes no allusion to the resemblance to Bürger's poem. In Ellen Irwin, written during his tour in Scotland, in 1803, we find an avowed imitation of the metre in which Bürger's Lenore was written, with the trifling difference that in Wordsworth's poem the first and third lines do not rhyme. In Coleridge's Satyrane's

[1] See Lowell's Among My Books, second series, page 223.

Letters, at the end of his Biographia Literaria, are to be found accounts of his and Wordsworth's interviews with Klopstock on their arrival in Germany, and from these it is easy to see how slight at that time was their knowledge of the language and literature of that country. Coleridge tells us that soon after landing he saw a portrait of Lessing, of whom he knew nothing but his name and that he was a writer of eminence. Wordsworth, however, was somewhat better informed, for in answer to Klopstock's praise of Lessing as the first of German dramatic writers, he complained of Nathan as tedious. He had also read Wieland's Oberon in translation, — Sotheby's had appeared in that very year, 1798, — and Schiller's Robbers in the same way, probably in the defective version said to have been made by Lord Woodhouselee, published in 1795. In these conversations very little was said about Goethe or Schiller. Klopstock spoke favorably of Goethe, we are told, but less warmly of Schiller, whom he could not read, and who, he thought, must soon be forgotten. At that time Goethe was forty-nine years old: he had written many of his best-known ballads, as well as his Hermann and Dorothea, Egmont, Iphigenia, Tasso, Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre, and his Italienische Reise, besides, of course, the works already mentioned, Werther and Götz, and it is singular to notice how slight an impression he made upon the two English poets. That none was made at the time may be explained in some measure by the necessity often felt by one in a strange land of learning first about those older writers of whom he has heard more or less all his life, while he neglects living authors. But even later Wordsworth cared very little for Goethe. In Lady Richardson's Reminiscences of Wordsworth, published in Wordsworth's Prose Works, vol. iii., page 435, we find the following record under date of August 26, 1841: "Wordsworth made some striking remarks on Goethe, in a walk on the terrace yesterday. He thinks that the German poet is greatly overrated both in this country and his own. He said, 'He does not seem to me to be a greater poet in either of the classes of poets. At the head of the first class I would place Homer and Shakespeare, whose universal minds are able to reach every variety of thought and feeling without bringing their own individuality before the reader. They infuse, they breathe life into every object they approach, but you never find *themselves*. At the head of the second class, those whom you can trace individually in all they write, I would place Spenser and Milton. In all that Spenser writes you can trace the gentle, affectionate spirit of the man; in all that Milton writes you find the exalted, sustained being that he was. Now in what Goethe writes, who aims to be of the first class, the *universal*, you find the man himself, the artificial man, where he should not be found; so that I consider him a very artificial writer, aiming to be universal, and yet constantly exposing his individuality, which his character was not of a kind to dignify. He had not sufficiently clear moral perceptions to make him anything but an artificial writer.'"

On page 465 of the same volume, in the conversations and reminiscences recorded by the (now) Bishop of Lincoln, Christopher Wordsworth, the poet is quoted as saying, "I have tried to read Goethe. I never could succeed. Mr. —— refers me to his Iphigenia, but I there recognize none of the dignified simplicity, none of the health and vigor which the heroes and heroines of antiquity possess in the writings of Homer. The lines of Lucretius describing the immolation of Iphigenia are worth the whole of Goethe's long poem. Again, there is a profligacy, an inhuman sensuality, in his works which is utterly revolting. I am not intimately acquainted with them generally. But I take up my ground on the first canto of Wilhelm Meister; and as the attorney-general of human nature, I there indict him for wantonly outraging the sympathies of humanity. Theologians tell us of the degraded nature of man; and they tell us what is true. Yet man is essentially a moral agent, and there is that immortal

and unextinguishable yearning for something pure and spiritual which will plead against these poetical sensualists as long as man remains what he is." In Emerson's English Traits, in his report of his conversation with Wordsworth, similar utterances may be found.

These opinions prove his ignorance of the great German and that prejudice against his writings which, as we shall see, was at one time shared by a great many English-speaking people. It is probable that he read very little of Goethe while in Germany, but that he tried at different times to take him up, being persuaded by the praise he heard from those whose opinions he respected, with what result the extracts just given show. Another reason for Wordsworth's ignoring Goethe during his visit to that country may perhaps be found in the greater interest he had always felt in France, an interest which the events of the preceding ten years had not tended to diminish. Germany at that time lacked prominence; to the casual observer — and Wordsworth can hardly be said to have been more — its provincialism must have been conspicuous and repelling. He certainly was but little affected by his stay there, for to the slender list already given there need only be added this statement of Wordsworth's, that the story of The Seven Sisters was taken from a poem of Friederike Brun's, Die Sieben Hügel, and in fact he borrowed his theme from that poem while somewhat altering the rhythm. A comparison of the stanzaic form of both will illustrate this. Wordsworth's Seven Sisters begins as follows: —

"Seven daughters had Lord Archibald,
All children of one mother;
I could not say in one short day
What love they bore each other.
A garland of seven lilies wrought!
Seven sisters that together dwell;
But he, bold knight as ever fought,
Their father, took of them no thought,
He loved the wars so well.
Sing mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie!"

The German poem runs thus: —

"Auf grüner, grüner Heide
Stehn sieben Hügelein.
Es flüstern Wind' im schaurigem Thal,
Es tanzen Elfen auf mondlichen Strahl.
Singt, Mädlein, auf grüner Heide,
Singt, Leide! Leide! Leide!"

Another stanza may be added: —

"Hier war vor grauen Jahren
Ein König, reich und gross.
Er war gezogen in Krieg und Schlacht
Halt' nicht der sieben Töchterlein dacht
Singt, Mädlein," etc.

Coleridge's experience was not exactly the same. To be sure, we find in Satyrane's Letters commendatory references to Opitz and the Silesian poets who followed him, to Gellert, Klopstock, whom he calls a very *German* Milton, Ramler, Herder, and Lessing, but of Goethe, at least in his earlier years, he said nothing that has been preserved. It is likely, however, that he had read Faust at about that time, for in a letter to him, dated August 6, 1800, Lamb, in enumerating some things he had sent him, mentions "one or two small German books, and that drama in which Got-fader performs;" but Coleridge had evidently given most of his attention to the inferior poets, to the neglect of Goethe. Apparently he knew hardly more of him than Wordsworth did, and this ignorance is certainly to be lamented, for Goethe was the first to give real classic elegance to German poetry. Gellert, who was often translated into English at about the beginning of this century, Ramler, and we might almost say Klopstock, have sunk into merited oblivion; their greatness existed merely in comparison with tedious dullness, but Goethe brought German literature from a condition of crudeness to one of equality with that of other countries. His wonderful command of language, the ease and variety of his rhythm, would have especially delighted Coleridge, who was generously endowed with similar harmonious grace, but it is only in his Table-Talk that we find him noticed, and there, although Coleridge says that "in his ballads and lighter lyrics Goethe is most excellent. It is impossible to praise him too highly in this respect," he also prophesies, and rightly, apparently, that he will never command the common mind of the people of Germany as Schiller will. Schiller, he says, is a thousand times more *hearty* than Goethe. At the same time Coleridge makes mention

of the Faust he had himself intended to write before he found that Goethe had forestalled him by his immortal poem. Michael Scott was to have been the hero, "a much better and more likely original than Faust. . . . My devil," he says, "was to be, like Goethe's, the universal humorist, who should make all things vain and nothing worth by a perpetual collation of the great with the little in the presence of the infinite;" but, as with many of Coleridge's plans, nothing came of it; its only memorial is his brief allusion to the plan, which after all may have been only the result of reflection on the faults of the great German poem, and time may have misplaced it in his memory. The first token that he profited by his stay in Germany was his admirable translation of Schiller's Wallenstein, published in 1800, after his return to England; the very year the original appeared in print. In his preface Coleridge refers to the translations already made of Schiller's Robbers, Intrigue and Love, and of his History of the Thirty Years' War, so that he by no means introduced Schiller to the English public; but he certainly made a valuable addition to English literature, although the translation has received but tardy recognition, for it fell very flat at the time. For Schiller Coleridge had already felt an early and lasting admiration, as is shown by the sonnet addressed to him, probably in 1796, which is not to be found in every collection of his poems, and hence is given here in full:—

"Schiller, that hour I would have wished to die,
If through the shuddering midnight I had sent
From the dark dungeon of the tower time-rent
That fearful voice, a famished father's cry,—
Lest in some after-moment aught more mean
Might stamp me mortal! A triumphant shout
Black Horror screamed, and all her goblin rout
Diminished shrunk from the more withering scene
Ah! Bard tremendous in sublimity!
Could I behold thee in thy loftier mood
Wandering at eve with finely frenzied eye
Beneath some vast old tempest-swinging wood!
Awhile with mute awe gazing I would brood:
Then weep aloud in a wild ecstasy!"

It was The Robbers that inspired those lines, a play of which Wordsworth said it was "too much of a rant" for his taste. That Coleridge held nearly to his former opinion, even when an old man, is shown by the passages quoted above from his Table-Talk. Like Wordsworth, he seems to have made the full acquaintance of Goethe later, after he had made up his mind about the importance of German literature from reading Ramler, Gellert, etc., and when his own creative fervor was a thing of the past. Most of those acknowledged or unacknowledged borrowings from German poets to be found in Coleridge's verses are from the less famous poets, Matthisson, Stolberg, Friederike Brun, and from Lessing, who, however, can hardly be called, with justice, less famous. Coleridge's Hymn to the Earth, written in hexameters, beginning,—

"Earth! thou mother of numberless children, the nurse and the mother,
Hail! O Goddess, thrice hail! Blest be thou! and blessing, I hymn thee,"

is an extract from F. L. Stolberg's Hymne an die Erde. The last five lines of Fancy in Nubibus,—

"Or listening to the tide, with closed sight,
Be that blind bard, who on the Chian strand
By those deep sounds possessed with inward light
Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssee
Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea,"

belong also to Stolberg, they being taken from his hymn An das Meer, while Coleridge's Something Childish but very Natural is a mere paraphrase of Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär. Lessing's Namen appears under the title of Name, ending thus:—

"Call me Sappho, call me Chloris,
Call me Lalage or Doris,
Only, only call me thine."

This imitation is, however, acknowledged in the Biographia Literaria. The Catullian Hendecasyllables, beginning—

"Hear, my beloved, an old Milesian story!
High, and embosomed in congregated laurels,
Glimmered a temple upon a breezy headland;
In the dim distance amid the skyey billows
Rose a fair island," etc.,

is a translation of Matthisson's Milesisches Mährchen, which is written in the same metre. It runs as follows:—

"Ein milesisches Mährchen, Adonide!
Unter heiligen Lorbeerwipfeln glänzte
Hoch auf rauschendem Vorgebirg ein Tempel.
Aus den Fluthen erhub, von Pan gesegnet,
Im Gedüfte der Ferne sich ein Eiland.
Oft, in mondlicher Dämmrung, schwebt' ein Nachen,

Vom Gestade des heerdenreichen Eilands,
Zur umwaldeten Bucht, wo sich ein Steinpfad
Zwischen Mirthen zum Tempelhain emporwand.
Dort im Rosengebüsch, der Huldgöttinen
Marmorgruppe geheiligt, fleht' oft einsam
Eine Priesterinn, reizend wie Apelles
Seine Grazien malt, zum Sohn Cytherens,
Ihren Kallias freundlich zu umschweben
Und durch Wogen und Dunkel ihn zu leiten,
Bis der nächtliche Schiffer, wonneschauernd,
An den Busen ihr sank."

Coleridge's indebtedness to Friederike Brun for his Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni is well known, but unlike some of the other instances, what Coleridge has done in this case bears less resemblance to tracing over the lines of the German original through thin paper than it does to deriving inspiration from the German writer's impressive verses. At any rate, he has added something she never put into her poem, and has put to good use what he took from her. As for Mont Blanc, he never saw it. The lines On a Cataract, beginning, —

"Unperishing youth!
Thou leapest from forth
The cell of thy hidden nativity,"

are from a poem of Count Stolberg's, —

"Unsterblicher Jüngling!
Du strömest hervor
Aus der Felsenkluft," etc.

Besides these borrowed poems and the acknowledged translations from Schiller of the lines representing and describing the hexameter and the pentameter, and one or two other poems acknowledged to have been taken from the same author, — all of which bear the stamp of his genius upon the more or less alloyed bullion he has taken from foreign stores, — it has been conjectured that Coleridge took the metre of Christabel from mediæval German poetry, which is a permissible hypothesis, although still a hypothesis. In Wordsworth's opinion Coleridge was spoilt for a poet by going to Germany. "The bent of his mind," he said, "which was at all times very much to metaphysical theology, had there been fixed in that direction." Again, he "regretted that German metaphysics had so much captivated the taste of Coleridge, for he was frequently not intelligible on this subject." And certainly it is in this inclination to metaphysical study that the influence of Germany on Coleridge is most clearly to be seen. It was not for some years that he gave his attention to the philosophers, but when he had studied Kant, Fichte, and Schelling he brought his countrymen not merely news of the fertility of that country, but such plants and products as took root in English soil and grew and thrived there. The accusation of plagiarism which has been brought against Coleridge, on account of the likeness between some of his philosophy and that of Schelling, has been satisfactorily refuted by Julius Hare. It would seem much fairer to judge him guilty of nothing worse than inexactness in that part of his work, as in the matter of acknowledging whence he drew some few of his poems. But whether he was morally guilty or not is not a question that comes up here for discussion: he was at any rate the first man to introduce into England a proper notion of German philosophy. He sowed the seed in the minds of many, and indeed, until Carlyle appeared, he was one of the main links between the two countries, in spite of his disclaiming his heresies toward the end of his life, and his return to the church of England. He certainly had a great deal to do with overcoming the indiscreet admiration of what was poor in German literature, as well as all sorts of foolish prejudice against it, and it may perhaps be worth while to go back a little to consider the attitude at that time of the English mind towards the other country.

Early indications of this may be found in the reviews, especially in the Monthly Review, in some numbers toward the end of the last century. It is of the writers belonging to this periodical that Dr. Johnson said, a few years before, after mentioning that the Critical Reviewers often reviewed without reading the books through, but that they laid hold of a topic and wrote chiefly from their own minds, that the Monthly Reviewers, on the other hand, were duller men and were glad to read the books through. They did not always do this, however, for in a brief article on a translation of Goethe's Stella, made in the year 1798,[1]

[1] Vide Monthly Review, vol. xxvi., page 579.

there is to be found the following vague reference to another work by the same author: "He has also composed a comic novel entitled The Apprenticeship of a Master, which gives the history of a young poet who attaches himself to a company of players, and becomes, by means of the experiments which he thus makes on the public mind and human manners, a superlative dramatic artist." He then goes on: "The theatrical works of Goethe constitute, however, his highest claim to celebrity. In the Gothic drama, his Godfred of Berlichingen, for the astonishing variety of well-drawn characters and the complete delineation of feudal manners, and his Egmont, for the heart-rending pathos of its tender scenes and the heroic spirit of freedom which it breathes, may vie with even the best plays of Shakespeare and of Otway. In the Grecian drama, his Iphigenia in Tauris and his Tasso will, perhaps, ultimately be preferred to analogous efforts of Racine and Corneille. In his Faustus, he has not feared to enter the precincts of the invisible world." That phrase is a model of what a critic may allow himself in safety to say. "His comedies, farces, and comic operas, which are numerous, are less successful than his sentimental dramas." It is curious, by the way, to notice that the next article treats of a translation of Bürger's Der Wilde Jäger, in which it is stated, and with truth, that "the popularity of manner which Bürger affects contrasts with the pompous and inflated style that is so usual with some recent English poets." In the next volume of the Review is to be found a notice of Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre, in which the only things extracted are the interesting pages about Shakespeare's Hamlet; but the criticism is ingenuous: "We have here little flow of sentiment, and scarcely any swell of passion. All is light, airy, and *comic*, but not *ludicrous;*" and so it runs on, leaving a very distinct impression that this Monthly Reviewer, at least, had not read his book through. In general a good deal of space was devoted to foreign books, quite as much in proportion as is now done by any English periodical of similar pretensions, and Goethe and Schiller both received warm, if sometimes trivial and inaccurate praise. Of the two, Schiller was undoubtedly the favorite, but even he is at times deservedly found fault with, as when of his Robbers it was said that "his scenes of terror are too horrible," etc. Kotzebue, too, is justly reproved for his weakness, although at that time he was a popular writer. On the whole, there is not only a very warm appreciation and loud welcome of German literature in this Review, but it is easy to perceive that it by no means expressed what was the universal opinion. Kotzebue found a place on the English stage which was refused Lessing's Emilia Galotti; this play was brought out October 28, 1794, but after three nights it was withdrawn as a failure. Schiller's Robbers was no more successful, although it was widely read, the translation going through three editions between 1792 and 1800. The Anti-Jacobin Review set its face very sternly against what it called "a glaring depravity of taste, as displayed in the extreme eagerness for foreign productions, and a systematic design to extend such depravity by a regular importation of exotic poison from the envenomed crucibles of the literary and political alchemists of the new German school." It was at the Monthly Reviewers that this shaft was aimed. Mention was also made of Furchte, as Fichte was called, "preëminent in infamy," professor of philosophy, "or rather of *philosophism*," and of his "atheism." The article goes on to denounce German society, speaking of "the young women even of rank, uncontrolled by that natural diffidence, unchecked by that innate modesty, which at once heighten the allurements of and serve as a protection to beauty," etc., "so that," the Review adds, "we are led to depreciate the importation of German philosophy and literature into this country." "Goethe, the author of The Sorrows of Werter, is one of those *literati* who contribute by their writings to deprave the minds of their countrymen. He resides at Weimar, exemplifying, by his practice, the sincerity of his attach-

ment to the principles which he propagates. In the same place lives Werter, a man far advanced in years, but still farther in profligacy," etc. The three hundred students at Jena "are almost to a man *republicans*, and go about the country arrayed in *republican* uniforms." Reckless abuse like this naturally received the flat contradictions which its boldness seemed to demand, but the Anti-Jacobin was not to be too easily put down, and it returned to the charge at a later day, with the boisterous, roaring style of argument that was so common at the beginning of the century. It is with a delicate sneer that mention was made of the "doughty champion of the Fichtes, the Wielands, and the Goethes." Coleridge and Wordsworth also fared ill at the hands of the same authority, in the following allusion to Coleridge's stay at Göttingen, in which it is impossible not to admire the writer's fine prophetic vision, for philosophy was the most important thing Coleridge ever got from Germany, although at that time he had only begun to study it. This is the passage:

"One of the associates of the *twin bards*, whose patriotic efforts received a just tribute of applause in the admirable poem of New Morality, was, not long since, at the University of Göttingen, where he had passed a considerable time with another Englishman, *ejusdem farinæ*, for the express purpose of becoming an adept in the mysteries of philosophism, and of qualifying himself for the task of translating such of the favorite productions of the German school as are best calculated to facilitate the eradication of British *prejudices*. It is a lamentable consideration that the prevalence of these abominable principles should, by giving a wrong bias to the mind, divert it from all useful pursuits, and so impede the beneficial progress of true science."

This is probably the "tribute of applause" in the poem which appeared in the Anti-Jacobin or Weekly Examiner: —

"Sweet Sensibility, who dwells enshrin'd
In the fine foldings of the feeling mind;
. . . . .
Sweet child of sickly Fancy,
Taught by nice scale to meet her feelings strong,
False by degrees, and exquisitely wrong;
For the crush'd Beetle, *first*, — the widow'd Dove,
And all the warbled sorrows of the grove;
Next for poor suff'ring *Guilt*; and, *last* of all,
For Parents, Friends, a King and Country's fall.
Mark her fair Votaries, prodigal of grief,
With cureless pangs, and woes that mock relief,
Droop in soft sorrow o'er a faded flower;
O'er a dead Jack-Ass pour the pearly show'r;
But hear, unmov'd, of *Loire's* ensanguined flood," etc.

Less obscure reference is made in these lines: —

"And ye five other wandering Bards that move
In sweet accord of harmony and love,
C—dge and S—th—y, L——d, and L——e and Co
Tune all your mystic harps to praise Lepaux!"

At the present time the main interest in these passages is the proof they give of the conservative adoration of the British constitution, and of the incompetence of contemporary criticism, especially when it is affected by political prejudice; and if additional examples of the same sort are needed, the reader can turn to the passage in The Anarchists in which the same men,

"Soft moaning like the widow'd dove,
Pour, side by side, their sympathetic notes."

Much more amusing than these ill-natured attacks is the play, The Rovers, or The Double Arrangement, in the Anti-Jacobin, which is a capital parody of Goethe's Stella, in the form in which it first appeared and was translated into English. Many of the most ludicrous passages of the imitation are hardly more than literal translations from the original. For example, the vow of friendship, in the parody: "A sudden thought strikes me. Let us swear an eternal friendship," is very slightly altered from the original, "Da fährt mir ein Gedanke durch den Kopf. Wir wollen einander das sein, was sie uns hätten werden sollen! Wir wollen beisammen bleiben! Ihre Hand! Von diesem Augenblick an lass' ich Sie nicht." That most familiar of all the dramas taken from the German stage, The Stranger, comes in for a certain amount of ridicule, but it has nobly survived that from a great many different quarters.

The extracts we have just given show very clearly the divided state of the public mind, towards the beginning of the

present century, with regard to the possible profit or danger likely to arise from importing German literature into England. The exaggeration of those who held either opinion is not surprising, in view of the political condition of the time, but it is full of warning for those who can profit from the experience of others. It would seem as if there could be but little doubt that the indiscreet admiration of one side and the violent attacks of the other produced the same result, namely, neglect of the study of German literature. Some of Kotzebue's plays held the stage, but in general the interest in that country languished. Marks of the influence of Germany are, however, still to be detected in English literature, there being detached cases to be found, for instance, in Byron's writings.

II.

Byron has always had a reputation in foreign parts which outweighs and more than outweighs the depreciation he has met with at the hands of the English. But nowadays there are slight traces of the beginning of a reaction on the part of English-speaking people towards a warmer admiration of the noble bard. His fame has suffered not only from the viciousness of his life, but also in a great measure from his very un-English lack of reserve, his perpetual discussion of himself in various theatrical and exciting situations, and from the apparent insincerity of his diaries and letters and self-revelations. It is hard to read those without feeling the hollowness, the unsoundness of his character. There is a *tone* about such writing of his as avowedly treats of his actions and emotions which seems full of restless affectation, although this may be imperceptible to a foreigner unfamiliar with the language or more accustomed to a certain sort of frankness on the part of the people he sees about him. It is not the wickedness of his life which now keeps people from reading his poetry, for Shelley is read and admired, and yet he certainly was not a model of the domestic virtues, and the misdeeds of both have nearly passed out of memory, but it is rather the sense the reader has that the poet is posing for sympathy, and with a certain coldness of heart chanting woes of his own fabrication. This conviction may be said to have stood in the way of his enjoying greater fame among his countrymen. Gradually, however, the incidents of his life have been forgotten, and this has helped to rescue his poems from their temporary oblivion. It is easy to see how this may be: if we know a poet who lives in our own street, for example, and we hear him, even at long intervals, beating his wife, it is impossible that we should dilate with as keen emotion on reading his love songs addressed to the same lady as might those who knew less of his domestic habits. And when we forget Lord Byron, his self-consciousness and his lack of training, it is easier to admire what is good in his work. Then, too, Byron's *Weltschmerz*, about which his German commentators are so fond of writing at great length, is a very different thing from the pessimism of the present day. It is much naïver as well as more pompous. Its victim strutted in feathers, he haunted lonely places, he wept at sunsets, water-falls, rainbows, etc., whereas the modern pessimist is the most cheerful of men: he cannot help being highly delighted with the neatness of his proof that everything is for the worst in this worst of worlds. The more unsatisfactory anything is, the more it corroborates the soundness of his views, and every one is gratified at finding his opinions confirmed by the facts. In Byron's time the Weltschmerz had the charm of novelty; it tempted the young to singularity of opinion and the glory of holding strange views; now, like the belief in ghosts, it has disappeared or has been relegated to a place among the infirmities from which one may suffer, to be sure, at a given age, but with the certainty of recovery, while pessimism claims to have won for itself, by its scientific exposition of the universe, a serious place in philosophy, and has followers who believe in it, one can almost say advocate it, as others advo-

cate protection or a bi-metallic currency. Even the most desperate of these would fail to sympathize wholly with Byron's outcry against the world. Any one can now read his poetry without fully sharing his apparent disgust at all things; and not only this, he can enjoy Byron's rich poetical gifts, his great lyrical power, his passionate verse with all its rhythmical beauty, and yet keep control of his feelings and not give way to Byron's more or less genuine gloom.

Byron's influence throughout Europe was immense: it was felt from Spain to Russia, and in Germany it found an ardent supporter in Goethe. That great poet welcomed Byron most heartily, and was never tired of speaking of him in terms of the highest praise. For instance, in Eckermann's Conversations, under date of November 8, 1826, he is reported saying, "Nothing but his hypochondriacal, negative spirit prevents his being as great as Shakespeare and the ancients;" but then that negative, hypochondriacal spirit was continually in the way. Goethe saw, or fancied he saw, traces of his own Faust in Byron's Manfred. He said, "This singular and gifted poet has taken my Faust to himself, and drawn the strangest nourishment from it for his hypochondriac fancy. He has made use in his own way of the motives which suited his own aims, so that no one remains the same, and for this reason I cannot sufficiently admire his talent. This alteration is so complete that a number of interesting lectures might be prepared on the points of resemblance and difference; although, to be sure, the dull glow of boundless, exuberant despair becomes finally wearisome, yet that feeling is still always connected with admiration and respect." After this introduction, Goethe goes on to explain that the dark mystery of Byron's life was that he had murdered at Florence a justly jealous husband who had detected his wife's intimacy with Byron, and already murdered her. Byron saw the review of Manfred and was much pleased with what he called "the opinion of the greatest man in Germany, — perhaps in Europe." He added, "His Faust I never read, for I don't know German; but Matthew Monk Lewis, in 1816, at Coligny, translated most of it to me *vivâ voce*, and I was naturally much struck with it; but it was the Steinbach and the Jungfrau and something else, much more than Faustus, that made me write Manfred. The first scene, however, and that of Faustus are very similar." This, it will be noticed, leaves his German critic's flattering imputation of murder wholly untouched, and the "something else" is left to puzzle anxious commentators. It is easy to believe that Byron was almost as much pleased with the mystery Goethe made about the groundwork of Manfred as with his praise of the writing of the play. In the next year, 1821, he wrote this dedication of his Sardanapalus: "To the illustrious Goethe a stranger presumes to offer the homage of a literary vassal to his liege lord, the first of existing writers, who has created the literature of his own country and illustrated that of Europe. The unworthy production which the author ventures to inscribe to him is entitled Sardanapalus." In 1822, he dedicated his Werner to Goethe.

This was not the first time that either Goethe or Byron had spoken of the alleged resemblance, for in a letter to Murray, dated October 23, 1817, Byron, after speaking of Marlowe's Dr. Faustus, went on to say, "An American who came the other day from Germany told Hobhouse that Manfred was taken from Goethe's Faust. The devil may take both the Faustuses, German and English, — I have taken neither." The same extract will show that Goethe had for a long time thought the matter over; and in his conversations, as reported by Eckermann and Chancellor von Müller, we find not only frequent praise of Byron but also repeated mention of his belief in the close connection between Manfred and Faust. It would be easier, however, to indicate points of difference than those of resemblance. In Manfred we find a much narrower foundation of interest than in Faust. The first concerns itself with a man whose past is mysterious, who is enduring the pangs

of remorse; it portrays a proud soul suffering and yet impatient of consolation. Beneath it all it is not hard to make out Byron himself exalting his own past as well as building a structure of pride and scorn with which to defy the world. His individuality is the most marked trait, while Faust is more nearly a picture of humanity. The incidents of Faust are in themselves nothing. Taine, who terms Manfred Faust's twin brother, laughs at them as petty, and considers Faust "a sad hero, who has no other task than to speak, to fear, to study the shades of his own sensations, and to walk about." He also asserts, with some frivolity, that in Faust's incapacity for action he represents the German character, which Taine calls the absence of character. Goethe, however, did not try to represent a man whose life should be an expression of all the infinite variety of human life, but rather one whose deeds, so far as they went, should certainly command human interest, and should appeal to something in the nature of every man. He did not pretend to portray every possible action, but to give such as should serve as an epitome of something in every man's experience. It is easy to laugh at Faust's few deeds, but that play was not written to beguile a reader for an idle evening; it is rather a great poet's treatment of man's relation to the world about him, of the contrast between man's longings and the limitation imposed on their fulfillment. Faust's character or want of character is a trifling matter. He has at least the soul of a poet because he is conscious of the discord between the world as it is and the world as he would have it. A man of action, or at least a successful man of action, fails to observe this discord, since what he wants to have he has, what he wants to do he does.

Now Manfred represents not the man of all time, but rather a man of the early part of this century, prominent among whose half-brothers we may mention René. For Goethe was not alone in claiming the paternity of Byron's heroes; Chateaubriand complained that Byron had not acknowledged his indebtedness to the author of René. After making the statement that there is something of René in the one person who has appeared in various disguises as Childe Harold, Conrad, Lara, Manfred, and the Giaour, he asks whether it were possible that Byron could have been weak enough not to name him. This was put as a question requiring an affirmative answer, as grammarians say. He then goes on in some wrath:[1] "Was I one of those fathers whom one denies on coming of age? Can Lord Byron have been wholly ignorant of me? — he who quotes almost all contemporary authors. Has he never heard me mentioned?" etc. This was written in 1822. The resemblance of Manfred to René is certainly more marked than that which Goethe fancied he saw to Faust. Besides such slight similarities as Byron's

> "Or to look, listening, on the scatter'd leaves,
> While autumn winds were at their evening song,"

to Chateaubriand's "Tantôt nous marchions en silence, prêtant l'oreille au sourd mugissement de l'automne, ou au bruit des feuilles séchées que nous traînions tristement sous nos pas," there is a much stronger likeness to be observed. René, it will be remembered, fled into the forest on account of his unholy love for his own sister; without opening a new Byron scandal, a similar explanation may be made, in spite of frequent refutation, of the dark mystery of Manfred, judging from the obscure hints to be found here and there in the poem. There is a vague likeness, too, between René's description of his sister and that which Manfred gives of Astarte in the second scene of the second act. There was, then, nothing unprecedented in Byron's choosing this distasteful subject, especially since it was much veiled in the play. It was at the time a fashionable literary vagary. Shelley's Revolt of Islam in its original form, as it appeared in 1818, under the title of Laon and Cythna, had for hero and heroine two lovers who were brother and sister, and it was only with difficulty that he was induced to change it into its present condition. Ducis' Abufar treated of a sim-

[1] Mém d'Outre-Tombe, iii. 318.

ilar subject, and in German literature Mignon, in Wilhelm Meister, is not to be forgotten.

However this may be, René is a complete portrayal of restless satiety and *ennui;* the hero, having no real cause of unhappiness, makes every preparation to kill himself, and it is while he is winding up his affairs for this purpose, as if he were retiring from business, as indeed he was, that the real tragedy of his life begins. His whole mood is one of contempt for himself, for his pleasures, for everything in the world. Manfred, as was just said, certainly comes nearer this than it does the wider sphere of Faust, although the analogies to this last-named poem are worthy of notice, and have been often pointed out. Manfred's first speech, as Byron said, shows the resemblance most clearly. But Manfred is like René, who seeks forgetfulness and rest rather than inexhaustible knowledge like Faust. He represents a mood, but Faust the nature of man.

It is in Byron's The Deformed Transformed that we observe a very close similarity to Goethe's Faust, but before noticing these points of likeness which come, and fairly enough, from reading another poet, it may perhaps be worth while to speak of the wide-spread spirit which pervaded European literature at Byron's time. In naming Rousseau as the founder of the literary fashion of half a century, one mentions not only a writer whose literary influence was of great importance, but one who gave concise expression to the thought of the time. Still, the greatness of Rousseau was his absolute originality; he was a man who thought for himself and in a new fashion, and he was sincere. Chateaubriand acknowledged his indebtedness to him, and Goethe's Werther certainly drew some of its distinctive quality from Rousseau's writings. That great writer left his mark on the thought of posterity, at least on the people of the continent of Europe, more deeply than almost any man of modern time. England was cut off from association with neighboring countries by the Napoleonic wars, and as for the years before they began, Johnson's *dictum* about Rousseau may be remembered: "Rousseau, sir, is a very bad man. I would sooner sign a sentence for his transportation than that of any felon who has gone from the Old Bailey these many years. Yes, I should like to have him work in the plantations." This can probably be taken as a fair sample of a good part of English opinion. Germany was brought into closer connection with France during the time England lay outside of its influence or was repelled from it by observing the excesses of the French Revolution; hence when Byron appeared chanting the hollowness of his own heart, a legitimate fellow-worker with Chateaubriand, he found the English public incapable of enjoying and admiring him, while his European readers who had felt and suffered with René, who found the world out of joint, saw in Byron one who sang congenially their own favorite sufferings.

The resemblance of Byron's character to that of Rousseau has often been commented on; Byron's mother herself noticed it, and it is no argument against the likeness, but rather one in its favor, that Byron is almost the only person who has denied its existence. His attempts to destroy the validity of the comparison, from the statement that Rousseau wrote prose and he himself wrote verse, to the argument from the unequal strength of their vision, leave the essential similarity untouched. Perhaps the strongest point of similarity is this which Elze points out in his life of Byron,[1] that both were tainted by the corruptions of the society which they were continually denouncing, "so that both labored under the same contradictions between precepts and practice, intention and action. As Rousseau would have been the last to feel himself happy in his belauded state of nature, so Byron would have been one of the least useful and happy citizens of the free state which was the object of his aspirations. Rousseau was a reformer of education, and yet sent his children to the foundling hospital. Byron condemned war, while he could not exist without arms and was always ready for

[1] See page 348, English translation.

a duel. That neither of them could free himself, either externally or internally, from the society which they rose up to battle against and to reform was the source of the real conflict of their lives."

There are other analogies which Elze notices, such as their astounding frankness before the world, and the excitability of their mental organization. Hume said of Rousseau, "He has only felt during the whole course of his life," and the same holds good of Byron. As Goethe said of him, "He is only great when he writes poetry; as soon as he reflects, he is a child." It is very easy to go too far in this direction, and to invent imaginary analogies, overlooking the peacefulness of Rousseau's nature, the calmness of what Mr. John Morley calls his discussion of the "beginning of true democracy, as distinguished from the mere pulverization of aristocracy," and his earnest advocacy of sentimentality, so often forgotten by those who look upon him as a human monster. Of these important qualities there was no trace in Byron: he, however, came nearer the idea which the average Englishman had formed of Rousseau's nature, and so was an object of destestation and dread on the part of very many, as well as of admiration on the part of others. England had weathered the storms which had devastated the Continent, and new ideals found warm admirers. Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, and Keats inclined to accepting the world as it was, or to building one up that should be wholly imaginary, and they showed no anxiety to overhaul everything on which civilization rested. The English were sensitive to what Goethe called the immorality of Don Juan, which was something more than over-plainness of speech, and they could not sympathize with the scorn which Byron's other heroes felt for their fellow creatures and for the usual safe explanations of conventionality. So far as that scorn was analogous to Rousseau's denunciations it was dreaded, and so far as it was Byron's alone it failed to catch the general sympathy which was poured out in behalf of very different views and feelings. On the Continent, however, where the strongest literary influence had been the French, Byron, who shared the emotions and principles of that school, found his true hearers. Hence it has not been willful injustice on the part of the English that has kept them comparatively insensible to Byron's merits, but rather their education, political as well as literary, which gave them other and opposite objects of admiration. The English had with difficulty saved their gods from destruction, and they could not join in rapturous praise of so ardent an iconoclast. They were grateful for their escape, and felt justified in indulging in optimism. Individuals, sensitive to his charm, might be affected by him; but, whatever the sweetness of the song, it could not undo all the lessons history had taught, and in consequence England has almost disowned him. France and Germany had tasted of humiliation; Russia and Spain had no free life of their own; and it is in those countries that we find his influence to have been nearly boundless.

But, to go back a little, while the kinship between Manfred and Faust is by no means startling, the reader of The Deformed Transformed comes upon very close resemblance to the same German play, from which Byron, in the introduction, acknowledged that it was partly taken. Byron, who was not able to read the original, had to get his notion of the play from English, Italian, or French translations, and it would seem not impossible that Goethe's flattering notice had called his attention to Faust, and that he had studied it more carefully than he had done before writing Manfred, when, it will be remembered, he had merely heard it read aloud. Doubtless he had been struck by it, and so had chosen parts of it for his model. The poem, which treated of a soul given up to the devil in exchange for a handsome body, was never finished; it is only a sketch. The evil one, who here takes the name of Cæsar, has something of the irony of Mephistopheles, but perhaps quite as much of Byron's own sneering spirit. The influence of Faust it is easy to detect, or rather, to observe. The

similarity between the opening lines of the Bride of Abydos,

"Know'st thou the land where the cypress and myrtle,"

and Mignon's song in Wilhelm Meister,

"Kennst du das Land, wo die Citronen blühn?"

is obvious and needs no comment.

Another resemblance in another poet, one that is doubtless entirely accidental, has been mentioned to the writer by a friend. In the fifth chapter of the eighth book of Wilhelm Meister is to be found the following passage. Meister is in the Hall of the Past, and says, as he gazes on the works of art upon the walls, "What life there is here! It could be called as well the hall of the present and of the future. So everything has been, and so everything will be! Nothing changes except the spectator who enjoys it all. See, this picture of the mother pressing her child to her bosom will outlive many generations of happy mothers. Centuries hence perhaps a father will take pleasure gazing at this bearded man laying aside his cares and playing with his son. Just so modestly through all time will the bride sit, and amid her quiet wishes yearn for words of consolation; just so impatiently will the bridegroom listen on the threshold to know if he may enter." With this may be compared these lines from Keats's Ode on a Grecian Urn: —

"Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal, — yet do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss;
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
For ever piping songs for ever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
For ever warm, and still to be enjoyed,
For ever panting and for ever young;
All breathing human passion far above," etc.

There is certainly a curious similarity here which might inspire a suspicious person with the determination of bringing a charge of plagiarism against the English poet, but it would be better to let it serve as a warning against too hasty action. Mere resemblance is not actionable before any literary court, and it is well not to be numbered among those who were spoken of by Coleridge as men "who seem to hold that every possible thought and image is traditional; who have no notion that there are such things as fountains in the world, small as well as great; and who would therefore charitably derive every rill they behold flowing, from a perforation made in some other man's tank."

So far in our review, that is to say until about the year 1825, the influence of German literature had been of a very fragmentary sort, depending upon the chance experience of the individual writers who may have dipped more or less deeply into it, but who had gone rather out of their normal path to do so. There was no strong intellectual current setting from Germany to England which imperatively demanded the attention of every one who cared to have exact knowledge of European literature. It was from a man still living, Thomas Carlyle, that the English public was to learn the value of this literature which had suddenly grown up to a place near their own. He knew how dense was the English ignorance about the Germans, and he set himself busily to work to give his fellow-countrymen information which might remove their prejudices, and by means of his translations to supply them with the means of corroborating or refuting what he said in praise of these newly discovered writers. He first appeared before the public with his translation of Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship, in 1824. This version has been approved by nearly two generations of readers, and this is a late day to offer even a warm tribute of the respect it is sure to inspire. It is an excellent translation, well adapted to take the place of the original, so literally and yet with such dignity has the work been done. The preface to the first edition will be found still of service. In it Carlyle lamented the English ignorance of contemporary German authors, and bewailed especially the injustice with which Goethe had been treated. He made, moreover, an earnest appeal for generous treatment of Wil-

helm Meister. Naturally enough this book, even now not too well known, received blame as well as praise from the English reviews. In 1827 it was followed by the translation of Wilhelm Meister's Wanderjahre, forming part of Carlyle's German Romance, which he called later "a Book of Translations, not of my suggesting or desiring, but of my executing as honest journeywork in defect of better." The other books translated for this collection are of but moderate value, especially in comparison with Wilhelm Meister. It was not merely by collecting proofs and furnishing examples of German merit that Carlyle carried on the work he had undertaken; he was also a most eloquent advocate in behalf of the importance of German literature. He wrote a number of articles to the leading reviews, in which he argued the question with great warmth and skill. First came an article on Richter, in 1827, and, it may be said by the way, the influence of Richter's style upon his own is very plain. The first volume of his collected essays contains nothing but contributions to this new study, with the following titles: The State of German Literature, Life and Writings of Werner, Goethe's Helena, and Goethe. All of these were published in 1827 and 1828. This is by no means all that he did; his Life of Schiller was a most important spur to the study of German authors, and many more review articles from Carlyle's pen helped turn the public attention in this direction.

It is not merely the number of these articles which is noteworthy as proof of this author's earnestness, but also their fervor and, what is so often wanting in contemporaneous judgments, their accuracy. Carlyle seems to have formed just that opinion of German literature which its admirers — those who know it best — most desire to have expressed. He chose for praise in Goethe, for instance, those qualities which, to be sure, were always the most prominent, but which were far from being generally acknowledged at the time these essays were written. He did not, like his predecessors, bring before the public disconnected examples of German merit; he spoke authoritatively from thorough knowledge of his subject, and since that day no one has been able to plead ignorance of the importance of certain German names. His Life of Schiller won readers to that German poet, who was sure of a warmer reception and a readier comprehension than Goethe was likely to receive. A good part of Coleridge's influence, through his inspiring conversation, was contemporaneous with this of Carlyle, whose Life of Edward Irving shows how hard some of the younger generation found the appreciation of Goethe. Indeed, it is only fair to say that much of the great German poet cannot be felt through the medium of a translation; the wonderful charm of his lyric verse is likely to be lost in the transfer from one language to another; even that peculiar placidity which so surely marks his prose is seldom found in the English renderings. Then, too, there is much in Goethe to repel those who approach him as an ordinary man, as did those who first read him when his greatness was not generally acknowledged, and what we learn in our cradles to put down as belonging to the same class as Homer's nodding must have seemed to those earlier readers like unpardonable dullness. It is not foolish adulation of a famous name which makes us feel the incompetence of much harsh criticism, however justified by some facts, to lessen seriously our opinion of that wonderful man. The second part of Faust may be incomprehensible; even Egmont and surely Clavigo and Stella can be read without raptures; the action of Wilhelm Meister hangs fire lamentably; the Elective Affinities may be thought dull and improper; yet one who grants the soundness of these objections feels that no great work is to be judged by its flaws, and that alongside of Goethe's errors there is the incontrovertible fact that Goethe was a great man. Any one can commit faults like his, but there are very few who can attain to his height. He who chooses can decry Goethe: his work is cut out for him, and he can rest assured that no arguments can affect his position, for it

is impossible to convince any one against his will of the existence of a quality he does not himself detect; but he should also know that in his iconoclasm he destroys only the valueless part of Goethe's writing; his true worth he cannot touch. Even now the foreign readers of Goethe, although more numerous than they once were, are not many in number, and he, like other eminent men, is more known by hearsay than by reading; but this reputation shows how high he is set by those who are familiar with his writings. For this familiarity and the consequent admiration of Goethe no one deserves more credit than Carlyle. His enthusiasm brought over many readers to the study of German literature, and it is only since the time of his advocacy that it has been known to English-speaking outsiders.

It will be remembered that contemporaneously with these efforts in England, in this direction, Stapfer and J. J. Ampère were introducing Goethe to the French nation, one by means of translations and the other by means of intelligent and appreciative criticism, much to the delight of the venerable German, who was more interested, both by education and taste, in the literature of France than in that of England. Moreover, he saw himself of influence in the great conflict going on between the Classicists and Romanticists, although he was not a partisan on either side. There are many proofs of his impartiality; under date of June 11, 1825, he said to Eckermann, "The present epoch of French literature is not to be judged finally now. The intrusion of the German element is causing a great deal of fermentation, and it will be twenty years before it will be possible to see the result of it all." He became impatient of the habit of labeling different works Classic or Romantic, and he uttered his earnest protest against what he considered Victor Hugo's gross misuse of his talents. Even without these fascinations the translator of Diderot and Voltaire would naturally feel a greater interest in the literature of France, which had had so strong an influence on that of his own country in the past and was now receiving one in return, than he did for that of England with the single exception of Byron's poems. Of Carlyle he always spoke pleasantly and gratefully. Once he said of him: "It is an admirable quality in Carlyle that in criticising our German authors he always regards more especially the intellectual and moral core as what is really of value. Carlyle is a moral power of much significance. There is a great future before him, and it is not easy at present to foresee all that he will accomplish." In this, as in certain other of his remarks, Goethe hit the nail on the head, and time has proved the truth of his words.

One of the most amusing proofs of the enthusiasm aroused by German literature was the appearance in 1839 of Bailey's Festus, a poem which has run through many editions, found countless admirers, and of which, until very lately, there was to be found in almost every house a copy surviving its waning fame. It is a most singular, incoherent poem, tumid and grandiose, its swelling, bombastic pages repeating and magnifying some notions of poetical merit, and others of very meagre importance. As the name of the hero and the poem is Faustus misspelt, so the poem is like a humorless caricature of Goethe's Faust. There are passages taken from the German original and told over again in the most commonplace way, and there are also ponderous attempts to outdo Goethe in his higher flights, reminding one of those pictures in which the artist, despairing of success in familiar scenes, racks his fancy and lugs in precipices, mountains, volcanoes, rainbows, and thunder-clouds which shall be more impressive than natural combinations. His poem was considered to have formed a school, or kindergarten, which received its death-blow in a long-winded parody by Aytoun, called Firmilian, which appeared in 1854. It was needless slaughter; time would have done the same thing more quietly but just as surely.

In attempting to trace the effect of Germany upon contemporary writers one is apt to be misled by imaginary instances

and to forget how complicated and multiform are the various influences that have gone to the making of the men of this generation. Their classical education, the whole grand structure of English literature, their knowledge of other tongues, all outweigh in most cases the effect that Germany has been able to produce, and it is only here and there, and in combination with other things, that traces of its impulse may be seen. For a number of years the two literatures have moved in very different directions: in poetry, for instance, we find in England, in accordance with the traditions of its literature, a statelier mannèr than we do in Germany, where the many bards with their simple domestic songs hardly essay loftier flights than to the roofs of imaginary kitchens and simple rustic dwelling-houses, unless it be to the top of romantic windmills by the side of murmuring brooks in peaceful valleys. In Clough may be found several marked instances of the influence of Goethe, and of those ideas which arose in Germany and are now being translated idiomatically into the different modern languages. In the chapter on Carlyle, in his History of English Literature, Taine says that "from 1780 to 1830 Germany had produced all the ideas of our historic age; and for half a century still, perhaps for a whole century, our great work will be to think them out again." The exactness of this statement it is easy to doubt; surely Rousseau, before 1780, made some important contributions to the world's stock of ideas which are not yet wholly thought out and put on the shelf; but in the main the remark is true. Further on he adds that "all the ideas worked out for fifty years in Germany are reduced to one only, that of development (*Entwickelung*), which consists in representing all the parts of a group as jointly responsible and complemental, so that each necessitates the rest, and that all combined they manifest, by their succession and their contrasts, the inner quality which assembles and produces them." Carlyle did not drink from this spring alone, and although Taine recognizes in his criticism all the German formulas, there was a rugged element in him which could not be removed by all his German culture. That Carlyle derived much from Germany cannot be denied, but, although he learned from it a mystical language and a sense of the importance of certain qualities, his range of sympathies remained very narrow. For Diderot he felt hardly anything but contempt; Voltaire he by no means entirely understood. The fractiousness which marks him so strongly is very unlike the wise, equable predominance of judgment over passion which marked the German master whom he admired so much.

Mr. Matthew Arnold is a critic of wide sympathies. Literature is to him a thing of complex growth, on which countless influences have been at work, and he is continually teaching the necessity of knowing and studying the literature of foreign countries. He says, "The criticism which alone can much help us for the future . . . is a criticism which regards Europe as being, for intellectual and spiritual purposes, one great confederation, bound to a joint action and working to a common result, and whose members have, for their proper outfit, a knowledge of Greek, Roman, and Eastern antiquity, and of one another. . . . Special, local, and temporary advantages being put out of account, that modern nation will in the intellectual and spiritual sphere make most progress which most thoroughly carries out this programme; and what is that but saying that we too, all of us, as individuals, the more thoroughly we carry it out, shall make the more progress?" This generous view of the function of criticism is no novelty. So long ago as 1827 Goethe said, speaking of Carlyle, "It is an admirable thing that now, owing to the close intercourse between the French, the English, and the Germans, we are enabled to correct one another's faults. This is the great merit of a world-literature, and one which will be always enlarging." It is not meant that this sentence was the direct cause of Mr. Arnold's earnest advocacy of wider knowledge on the part of writers, but still it is to be remembered that this

tendency is one which had its rise in Germany, and from thence is spreading over modern Europe. The late growth of the literature of that country, its early dependence on foreign models, and its comparatively modest amount may partly explain this fact.

Of course, even with all these brilliant promises, criticism is not sure to attain accuracy, and no man, foolish in one language, will be wise for having two or three at his tongue's end or familiar to his eyes. More than that, there is a most dangerous likelihood of error on the part of a critic who in one country speaks of the writers of another. There are numerous instances of this: many would consider Goethe's estimate of Byron absurd; the essays of Sainte-Beuve which treat of English literature are certainly among his poorest; even his remarks on Goethe, good as they are, are noticeably inferior to those on any of his own countrymen, of whom he writes with greater knowledge and sympathy. If men like these have failed, there is no need for wonder at those English critics who have it for a reproach against us Americans that we refuse to worship Walt Whitman as they do. But to argue from these mistakes that a wider criticism is impossible would be like arguing from Sainte-Beuve's rapturous admiration of Feydeau that there can be no such thing as reasonable criticism. The improved method simply augments the probability of error by enlarging the field which requires cultivation, where there will doubtless be many things passed over by negligence or ignorance. Greater care is needed, but richer fruits will reward it when given. This tendency of literature towards running over the borders put down on the atlas is one of the results of German influence, and one of the most important of those existing in literature at the present day. Its advance will doubtless be slow, but the change may certainly be looked for and hoped for.

Thomas Sergeant Perry.

MUTATION.

About your window's happy height
The roses wove their airy screen:
More radiant than the blossoms bright
Looked your fair face between.

The glowing summer sunshine laid
Its touch on field and flower and tree;
But 't was your golden smile that made
The warmth that gladdened me.

The summer withered from the land,
The vision from the window passed:
Blank Sorrow looked at me; her hand
Sought mine and clasped it fast.

The bitter wind blows keen and drear,
Stinging with winter's flouts and scorns,
And where the roses breathed I hear
The rattling of the thorns.

Celia Thaxter.

A COUNTERFEIT PRESENTMENT.

COMEDY.

IN THREE PARTS. PART FIRST.

I.

BARTLETT *and* CUMMINGS.

ON a lovely day in September, at that season when the most sentimental of the young maples have begun to redden along the hidden courses of the meadow streams, and the elms, with a sudden impression of despair in their languor, betray flecks of yellow on the green of their pendulous boughs, — on such a day at noon, two young men enter the now desolate parlor of the Ponkwasset Hotel, and deposit about the legs of the piano the burdens they have been carrying: a camp-stool, namely, a field-easel, a closed box of colors, and a canvas to which, apparently, some portion of reluctant nature has just been transferred. These properties belong to one of the young men, whose general look and bearing readily identify him as their owner: he has a quick, somewhat furtive eye, a full brown beard, and hair that falls in a careless mass down his forehead, which as he dries it with his handkerchief, sweeping the hair aside, shows broad and white; his figure is firm and square, without heaviness, and in his movement as well as in his face there is something of stubbornness, with a suggestion of arrogance. The other, who has evidently borne his share of the common burdens from a sense of good comradeship, has nothing of the painter in him, nor anything of this painter's peculiar temperament: he has a very abstracted look and a dark, dreaming eye; he is pale, and does not look strong. The painter flings himself into a rocking-chair and draws a long breath.

Cummings (for that is the name of the slighter man, who remains standing as he speaks): "It 's warm, is n't it?" His gentle face evinces a curious and kindly interest in his friend's sturdy demonstrations of fatigue.

Bartlett: "Yes, hot — confoundedly." He rubs his handkerchief vigorously across his forehead, and then looks down at his dusty shoes, with apparently no mind to molest them in their dustiness. "The idea of people going back to town in this weather! However, I 'm glad they 're such asses; it gives me free scope here. Every time I don't hear some young woman banging on that piano, I fall into transports of joy."

Cummings, smiling: "And after to-day you won't be bothered even with me."

Bartlett: "Oh, I shall rather miss you, you know. I like somebody to contradict."

Cummings: "You can contradict the ostler."

Bartlett: "No, I can't. They 've sent him away; and I believe you 're going to carry off the last of the table-girls with you in the stage to-morrow. The landlord and his wife are to run the concern themselves the rest of the fall. Poor old fellow! The hard times have made lean pickings for him this year. His house was n't full in the height of the season, and it 's been pretty empty since."

Cummings: "I wonder he does n't shut up altogether."

Bartlett: "Well, there are a good many transients, as they call them, at this time of year, — fellows who drive over from the little hill-towns with their girls in buggies, and take dinner and supper; then there are picnics from the larger places, ten and twelve miles off, that come to the grounds on the pond, and he always gets something out of them. And as long as he can hope for anything else, my eight dollars a week are worth hanging on to. Yes, I think I shall stay here all through October.

I've got no orders, and it 's cheap. Besides, I 've managed to get on confidential terms with the local scenery; I thought we should like each other last summer, and I feel now that we 're ready to swear eternal friendship. I shall do some fairish work here, yet. Pho!" He mops his forehead again, and springing out of his chair he goes up to the canvas, which he has faced to the wall, and turning it about retires some paces, and with a swift, worried glance at the windows falls to considering it critically.

Cummings: "You 've done some fairish work already, if I 'm any judge." He limps to his friend's side, as if to get his effect of the picture. "I don't believe the spirit of a graceful elm that just begins to feel the approach of autumn was ever better interpreted. There is something tremendously tragical to me in the thing. It makes me think of some lovely and charming girl, all grace and tenderness, who finds the first gray hair in her head. I should call that picture The First Gray Hair."

Bartlett, with unheeding petulance: "The whole thing 's too infernally brown! — I beg your pardon, Cummings: what were you saying? Go on! I like your prattle about pictures; I do, indeed. I like to see how far you art-cultured fellows can miss all that was in a poor devil's mind when he was at work. But I 'd rather you 'd sentimentalize my pictures than moralize them. If there 's anything that makes me limp enough to be hung over a stick, it 's to have an allegory discovered in one of my poor stupid old landscapes. But The First Gray Hair is n't bad, really. And a good, senseless, sloppy name like that often sells a picture."

Cummings: "You 're brutal, Bartlett. I don't believe your pictures would own you, if they had their way about it."

Bartlett: "And I would n't own *them* if I had *mine*. I 've got about forty that I wish somebody else owned — and I had the money for them; but we seem inseparable. Glad you 're going to-morrow? You *are* a good fellow, Cummings, and I *am* a brute. Come, I 'll make a great concession to friendship: it struck me, too, while I was at work on that elm that it was something like an old girl!" Bartlett laughs, and catching his friend by either shoulder twists him about in his strong clutch, while he looks him merrily in the face. "I 'm not a poet, old fellow; and sometimes I think I ought to have been a painter and glazier instead of a mere painter. I believe it would have paid better."

Cummings: "Bartlett, I hate to have you talk in that way."

Bartlett: "Oh, I know it 's a stale kind."

Cummings: "It 's worse than stale. It 's destructive. A man soon talks himself out of heart with his better self in that way. You can end by really being as sordid-minded and hopeless and low-purposed as you pretend to be. It 's insanity."

Bartlett: "Good! I 've had my little knock on the head, you know. I don't deny being cracked. But I 've a method in my madness."

Cummings: "They all have. But it 's a very poor method; and I don't believe you could say just what yours is. You think because the girl on whom you set your fancy — it 's nonsense to pretend it was your heart — found out that she did n't like you as well as she thought, and honestly told you so in good time, that your wisest course is to take up that rôle of misanthrope which begins with yourself and leaves people to imagine how low an opinion you have of the rest of mankind."

Bartlett: "My dear fellow, you know I always speak well of that young lady. I 've invariably told you that she behaved in the handsomest manner. She even expressed the wish — I distinctly remember being struck by the novelty of the wish at the time — that we should remain friends. You misconceive" —

Cummings: "How many poor girls have been jilted who don't go about doing misanthropy, but mope at home and sorrow and sicken over their wrong in secret, — a wrong that attacks not merely their pride, but their life itself. Take the case I was telling you of: did you ever hear of anything more atrocious?

And do you compare this little sting to your vanity with a death-blow like that?"

Bartlett: "It's quite impossible to compute the number of jilted girls who take the line you describe. But if it were within the scope of arithmetic, I don't know that a billion of jilted girls would comfort me or reform me. I never could regard myself in that abstract way, a mere unit on one side or other of the balance. My little personal snub goes on rankling beyond the reach of statistical consolation. But even if there were any edification in the case of the young lady in Paris, she's too far off to be an example for me. Take some jilted girl nearer home, Cummings, if you want me to go round sickening and sorrowing in secret. I don't believe you can find any. Women are much tougher about the pericardium than we give them credit for, my dear fellow, — much. I don't see why it should hurt a woman more than a man to be jilted. We shall never truly philosophize this important matter till we regard women with something of the fine penetration and impartiality with which they regard each other. Look at the stabs they give and take! they would kill men. And the graceful ferocity with which they dispatch any of their number who happens to be down is quite unexampled in natural history; one reads of something of the sort in those incredible stories of Russian travelers pursued by wolves. How much do you suppose her lady friends have left of that poor girl whose case wrings your foolish bosom all the way from Paris? I don't believe so much as a boot-button. Why, even your correspondent — a very lively woman, by the way — can't conceal under all her indignation her little satisfaction that so *proud* a girl as Miss What's-her-name should have been jilted. Of course, she does n't say it."

Cummings, hotly: "*No*, she does n't say it, and it's not to your credit to imagine it."

Bartlett, with a laugh: "Oh, I don't ask any praise for the discovery. You deserve praise for not making it. It does honor to your good heart. Well, don't be vexed, old fellow. And in trying to improve me on this little point — a weak point, I 'll allow, with me — do me the justice to remember that I did n't flaunt my misanthropy, as you call it, in your face; I did n't force my confidence upon you."

Cummings, with compunction: "I did n't mean to hurt your feelings, Bartlett."

Bartlett: "Well, you have n't. It 's all right."

Cummings, with anxious concern: "I wish I could think so."

Bartlett, dryly: "You have *my* leave — my request, in fact." He takes a turn about the room, thrusting his fingers through the hair on his forehead, and letting it fall in a heavy tangle, and then pulling at either side of his parted beard. In facing away from one of the sofas at the end of the room, he looks back over his shoulder at it, falters, wheels about, and picks up from it a lady's shawl and hat. "Hallo!" He lets the shawl fall again into picturesque folds on the sofa. "This is the spoil of no local beauty, Cummings. Look here; I don't understand this. There has been an arrival."

Cummings, joining his friend in contemplation of the hat and shawl: "Yes; it 's an arrival beyond all question. Those are a *lady's* things. I should think that was a Paris hat." They remain looking at the things some moments in silence.

Bartlett: "How should a Paris hat get here? I know the landlord was n't expecting it. But it can't be going to stay; it 's here through some caprice. It may be a transient of quality, but it 's a transient. I suppose we shall see the young woman belonging to it at dinner." He sets the hat on his fist, and holds it at arm's length from him. "What a curious thing it is about clothes" —

Cummings: "Don't, Bartlett, don't!"

Bartlett: "Why?"

Cummings: "I don't know. It makes me feel as if you were offering an indignity to the young lady herself."

Bartlett: "You express my idea exactly. This frippery has not only the girl's personality but her very spirit in it. This hat looks like her; you can in-

fer the whole woman from it, body and soul. It has a conscious air, and so has the shawl, as if they had been eavesdropping and had understood everything we were saying. They know all about my heart-break, and so will she as soon as she puts them on; she will be interested in me. The hat 's in good taste, is n't it?"

Cummings, with sensitive reverence for the millinery which his friend handles so daringly: "Exquisite, it seems to me; but I don't know about such things."

Bartlett: "Neither do I; but I feel about them. Besides, a painter and glazier sees some things that are hidden from even a progressive minister. Let us interpret the lovely being from her hat. This knot of pale-blue flowers betrays her a blonde; this lace, this mass of silky, fluffy, cobwebby what-do-you-call-it, and this delicate straw fabric show that she is slight; a stout woman would kill it, or die in the attempt. And I fancy — here pure inspiration comes to my aid — that she is tallish. I'm afraid of her. No, — wait! The shawl has something to say." He takes it up and catches it across his arm, where he scans it critically. "I don't know that I understand the shawl, exactly. It proves her of a good height, — a short woman would n't, or had better not, wear a shawl, — but this black color: should you think it was mourning? Have we a lovely young widow among us?"

Cummings: "I don't see how it could go with the hat, if it were."

Bartlett: "True; the hat is very reserved in tone, but it is n't mourning. This shawl 's very light, it 's very warm; I construct from it a pretty invalid." He lets the shawl slip down his arm to his hand, and flings it back upon the sofa. "We return from the young lady's heart to her brain — where she carries her sentiments. She has a nice taste in perfumes, Cummings: faintest violet; that goes with the blue. Of what religion is a young lady who uses violet, my reverend friend?"

Cummings: "Bartlett, you 're outrageous. Put down that hat!"

Bartlett: "No, seriously. What is her little æsthetic specialty? Does she sketch? Does she scribble? Tell me, thou wicked hat, does she flirt? Come; out with the vows that you have heard poured into the shelly ear under this knot of pale-blue flowers! Where be her gibes now, her gambols, her flashes of merriment? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favor she must come; make her laugh at that. Dost thou think, Horatio Cummings, Cleopatra looked o' this fashion? And smelt so?" — he presses the knot of artificial flowers to his mustache — "Pah!" He tosses the hat on the sofa and walks away.

Cummings: "Bartlett, this is atrocious. I protest" —

Bartlett: "Well, give me up, I tell you." He returns, and takes his friend by the shoulders, as before, and laughs. "I 'm not worth your refined pains. I might be good, at a pinch, but I never could be truly lady-like."

Cummings: "You like to speak an infinite deal of nothing, don't you?"

Bartlett: "It 's the only thing that makes conversation." As he releases Cummings, and turns away from him, in the doorway he confronts an elderly gentleman, whose white hair and white mustache give distinction to his handsome florid face. There is something military in his port, as he stands immovably erect upon the threshold, his left hand lodged in the breast of his frock-coat, and his head carried with an officer-like air of command. His visage grows momently redder and redder, and his blue eyes blaze upon Bartlett with a fascinated glare that briefly preludes the burst of fury with which he advances toward him.

II.

GENERAL WYATT, BARTLETT, *and* CUMMINGS.

General Wyatt: "You infernal scoundrel! What are you doing here?" He raises his stick at Bartlett, who remains

motionlessly frowning in wrathful bewilderment, his strong hand knotting itself into a fist where it hangs at his side, while Cummings starts toward them in dismay, with his hand raised to interpose. "Did n't I tell you if I ever set eyes on you again, you villain — did n't I say I would shoot you if you ever crossed my path, you" — He stops with a violent self-arrest, and lets his stick drop as he throws up both his hands in amaze. "Good God! It 's a mistake! I beg your pardon, sir; I do, indeed." He lets fall his hands, and stands staring into Bartlett's face with his illusion apparently not fully dispelled. "A mistake, sir, a mistake. I was misled, sir, by the most prodigious resemblance" — At the sound of voices in the corridor without, he turns from Bartlett, and starts back toward the door.

A Voice, very sweet and weak, without: "I left them in here, I think."

Another Voice: "You must sit down, Constance, and let me look."

The First Voice: "Oh, they 'll be here."

General Wyatt, in a loud and anxious tone: "Margaret, Margaret! Don't bring Constance in here! For God's sake, go away!" At the moment he reaches the door by which he came in, two ladies in black enter the parlor by the other door, the younger leaning weakly on the arm of the elder, and with a languidly drooping head letting her eyes rove listlessly about over the chairs and sofas. With an abrupt start at sight of Bartlett, who has mechanically turned toward them, the elder lady arrests their movement.

III.

MRS. WYATT, CONSTANCE, *and the others.*

Mrs. Wyatt: "Oh, in mercy's name!" The young lady wearily lifts her eyes; they fall upon Bartlett's face, and a low cry parts her lips as she approaches a pace or two nearer, releasing her arm from her mother's.

Constance: "Ah!" She stops; her thin hands waver before her face, as if to clear or to obstruct her vision, and all at once she sinks forward into a little slender heap upon the floor, almost at Bartlett's feet. He instantly drops upon his knees beside her, and stoops over her to lift her up.

Mrs. Wyatt: "Don't touch her, you cruel wretch! Your touch is poison; the sight of you is murder." Kneeling on the other side of her daughter, she sets both her hands against his breast and pushes him back.

General Wyatt: "Margaret, stop! Look! Look at him again! It is n't *he!*"

Mrs. Wyatt: "Not he? Don't tell me! What" — She clutches Bartlett's arm, and scans his face with dilating eyes. Then she suddenly bursts into tears. "Oh! it is n't, it is n't! But go away, — go away, all the same! You may be an innocent man, but she would perish in your presence. Keep your hands from her, sir! If your wicked heart is not yet satisfied with your wicked work — Excuse me; I *don't* know what I 'm saying! But if you have any pity in your faithless soul — I — oh, *speak* for me, James, and send him — implore him to go away!" She bows her face over her daughter's pale visage, and sobs.

General Wyatt: "Sir, you must pardon us, and have the great goodness to be patient. You have a right to feel yourself aggrieved by what has happened, but no wrong is meant, — no offense. You must be so kind as to go away. I will make you all the needed apologies and explanations." He stoops over his daughter, as Bartlett, in a sort of daze, rises from his knees and retires a few steps. "I beg your pardon, sir," — addressing himself to Cummings, — "will you help me a moment?" Cummings, with delicate sympathy and tenderness, lifts the arms of the insensible girl to her father's neck, and assists the general to rise with his burden. "Thanks! She 's hardly heavier, poor child, than a ghost." The tears stand in his eyes, as he gathers her closer to him and kisses her wan cheek. "Sir," — as he moves away he speaks to Bartlett, — "do me

the favor to remain here till I can return to offer you reparation." He makes a stately effort to bow to Bartlett in leaving the room, while his wife, who follows with the young lady's hat and shawl, looks back at the painter with open abhorrence.

IV.

BARTLETT *and* CUMMINGS.

Bartlett, turning to his friend from the retreating group on which he has kept his eyes steadfastly fixed: "Where are their keepers?" He is pale with suppressed rage.

Cummings: "Their keepers?"

Bartlett, savagely: "Yes! Have they escaped from them, or is it one of the new ideas to let lunatics go about the country alone? If that old fool had n't dropped his stick, I 'd have knocked him over that table in another instant. And that other old maniac, — what did she mean by pushing me back in that way? How do you account for this thing, Cummings? What do you make of it?"

Cummings: "I don't know, upon my word. There seems to be some mystery, — some painful mystery. But the gentleman will be back directly, I suppose, and" —

Bartlett, crushing his hat over his eyes: "I 'll leave you to receive him and his mystery. I've had enough of both." He moves toward the door.

Cummings, detaining him: "Bartlett, you 're surely not going away?"

Bartlett: "Yes, I am!"

Cummings: "But he 'll be here in a moment. He said he would come back and satisfy the claim which you certainly have to an explanation."

Bartlett, furiously: "Claim? I've a perfect Alabama Claim to an explanation. He can't satisfy it; he shall not try. It 's a little too much to expect me to be satisfied with anything he can say after what 's passed. Get out of the way, Cummings, or I 'll put you on top of the piano."

Cummings: "You may throw me out of the window, if you like, but not till I've done my best to keep you here. It 's a shame, it 's a crime to go away. You talk about lunatics: you 're a raving madman, yourself. Have one glimmer of reason, do; and see what you 're about. It 's a mistake; it 's a misunderstanding. It 's his right, it 's your duty, to have it cleared up. Come, you've a conscience, Bartlett, and a clean one. Don't give way to your abominable temper. What? You won't stay? Bartlett, I blush for you!"

Bartlett: "Blush unseen, then!" He thrusts Cummings aside and pushes furiously from the room. Cummings looks into the corridor after him, and then returns, panting, to the piano, and mechanically rearranges the things at its feet; he walks nervously away, and takes some turns up and down the room, looking utterly bewildered, and apparently uncertain whether to go or stay. But he has decided upon the only course really open to him by sinking down into one of the arm-chairs, when General Wyatt appears at the threshold of the door on the right of the piano. Cummings rises and comes forward with great embarrassment to meet him.

V.

CUMMINGS *and* GENERAL WYATT.

General Wyatt, with a look of surprise at not seeing Bartlett: "The other gentleman" —

Cummings: "My friend has gone out. I hope he will return soon. He has — I hardly know what to say to you, sir. He has done himself great injustice; but it was natural that under the circumstances" —

General Wyatt, with hurt pride: "Perfectly. I should have lost my temper, too; but I think I should have waited at the request — the prayer of an older man. I don't mind his temper; the other villain had *no* temper. Sir, am I right in addressing you as the Rev. Arthur Cummings?"

Cummings: "My name is Arthur Cummings. I am a minister."

General Wyatt: "I thought I was not mistaken this time. I heard you preach last Sunday in Boston; and I know your cousin, Major Cummings of the 34th Artillery. I am General Wyatt."

Cummings, with a start of painful surprise and sympathy: "General Wyatt?"

General Wyatt, keenly: "Your cousin has mentioned me to you?"

Cummings: "Yes, — oh yes, certainly; certainly, very often, General Wyatt. But" — endeavoring to recover himself — "your name is known to us all, and honored. I — I am glad to see you back; I — understood you were in Paris."

General Wyatt, with fierce defiance: "I was in Paris three weeks ago." Some moments of awkward silence ensue, during which General Wyatt does not relax his angry attitude.

Cummings, finally: "I am sorry my friend is not here to meet you. I ought to say, in justice to him, that his hasty temper does great wrong to his heart and judgment."

General Wyatt: "Why, yes, sir; so does mine, — so does mine."

Cummings, with a respectful smile lost upon the general: "And I know that he will certainly be grieved in this instance to have yielded to it."

General Wyatt, with sudden meekness: "I hope so, sir. But I am not altogether sorry that he has done it. I have not only an explanation but a request to make, — a very great and strange favor to ask, — and I am not sure that I should be able to treat him civilly enough throughout an entire interview to ask it properly." Cummings listens with an air of attentive respect, but makes, to this strange statement, no response other than a look of question, while the general pokes about on the carpet at his feet with the point of his stick for a moment before he brings it resolutely down upon the floor with a thump, and resumes, fiercely again: "Sir, your friend is the victim of an extraordinary resemblance, which is so much more painful to us than we could have made it to him that I have to struggle with my reason to believe that the apology should not come from his side rather than mine. He may feel that we have outraged him, but every look of his, every movement, every tone of his voice, is a mortal wound, a deadly insult to us. He should not live, sir, in the same solar system!" The general deals the floor another stab with his cane, while his eyes burn vindictively upon the mild brown orbs of Cummings, wide open with astonishment. He falters, with returning consciousness of his attitude: "I — I beg your pardon, sir; I am ridiculous." He closes his lips pathetically, and lets fall his head. When he lifts it again, it is to address Cummings with a singular gentleness: "I know that I speak to a gentleman."

Cummings: "I try to be a good man."

General Wyatt: "I had formed that idea of you, sir, in the pulpit. Will you do me the great kindness to answer a question, personal to myself, which I must ask?"

Cummings: "By all means."

General Wyatt: "You spoke of supposing me still in Paris. Are you aware of any circumstances — painful circumstances — connected with my presence there? Pardon my asking; I would n't press you if I could help."

Cummings, with reluctance: "I had just heard something about — a letter from a friend" —

General Wyatt, bitterly: "The news has traveled fast. Well, sir, a curious chance — a pitiless caprice of destiny — connects your friend with that miserable story." At Cummings's look of amaze: "Through no fault of his, sir; through no fault of his. Sir, I shall not seem to obtrude my trouble unjustifiably upon you when I tell you how; you will see that it was necessary for me to speak. I am glad you already know something of the affair, and I am sure that you will regard what I have to say with the right feeling of a gentleman, — of, as you say, a good man."

Cummings: "Whatever you think necessary to say to me shall be sacred. But I hope you won't feel that it is necessary to say anything more. I am confident that when my friend has your assurance from me that what has happened

is the result of a distressing association" —

General Wyatt: "I thank you, sir. But something more is due to him; how much more you shall judge. Something more is due to us: I wish to preserve the appearance of sanity, in his eyes and your own. Nevertheless" — the general's tone and bearing perceptibly stiffen — "if you are reluctant" —

Cummings, with reverent cordiality: "General Wyatt, I shall feel deeply honored by whatever confidence you repose in me. I need not say how dear your fame is to us all." General Wyatt, visibly moved, bows to the young minister. "It was only on your account that I hesitated."

General Wyatt: "Thanks. I understand. I will be explicit, but I will try to be brief. Your friend bears this striking, this painful resemblance to the man who has brought this blight upon us all; yes, sir," — at Cummings's look of deprecation, — "to a scoundrel whom I hardly know how to characterize aright — in the presence of a clergyman. Two years ago — doubtless your correspondent has written — my wife and daughter (they were then abroad without me) met him in Paris; and he won the poor child's affection. My wife's judgment was also swayed in his favor, — against her first impulse of distrust; but when I saw him, I could not endure him. Yet I was helpless: my girl's happiness was bound up in him; all that I could do was to insist upon delay. He was an American, well related, unobjectionable by all the tests which society can apply, and I might have had to wait long for the proofs that an accident gave me against him. The man's whole soul was rotten: at the time he had wound himself into my poor girl's innocent heart, a woman was living who had the just and perhaps the legal claim of a wife upon him; he was a felon besides, — a felon shielded through pity for his friends by the man whose name he had forged; he was of course a liar and a coward: I beat him with my stick, sir. Ah! I made him confess his infamy under his own hand, and then" — the general advances defiantly upon Cummings, who unconsciously retires a pace — "and then I compelled him to break with my daughter. Do you think I did right?"

Cummings: "I don't exactly understand."

General Wyatt: "Why, sir, it happens often enough in this shabby world that a man gains a poor girl's love, and then jilts her. I chose what I thought the less terrible sorrow for my child. I could not tell her how filthily unworthy he was without bringing to her pure heart a sense of intolerable contamination; I could not endure to speak of it even to my wife. It seemed better that they should both suffer such wrong as a broken engagement might bring them than that they should know what I knew. He was master of the part, and played it well. It broke my girl's heart, but she has not had to loathe herself for his fouler shame; he showed himself to them simply a heartless scoundrel, and he remains in my power, an outcast now and a convict whenever I will. My story, as it seems to be, is well known in Paris; but the worst is unknown. I choose still that it shall be thought my girl was the victim of a dastardly slight, and I bear with her and her mother the insolent pity with which the world visits such sorrow." He pauses, and then brokenly resumes: "The affair has not turned out as I hoped, in the little I could hope from it. My trust that the blow, which must sink so deeply into her heart, would touch her pride, and that this would help her to react against it, was mistaken. In such things it appears that a woman has no pride; I did not know it; we men are different. The blow crushed her; that was all. I am afraid she is dying under it." He pauses again, and sets his lips firmly; all at once he breaks into a sob. "I — I beg your pardon, sir."

Cummings: "Don't! You wrong yourself and me. I have seen Miss Wyatt; but I hope" —

General Wyatt: "You have seen her ghost. You have not seen the radiant creature that was once alive. Well, sir; enough of this. I have told you my

story, and there is little left to trouble you with. We landed eight days ago, and I have since been looking about for some place in which my daughter could hide herself; I can't otherwise suggest her morbid sensitiveness, her terror of people. This region was highly commended to me for its healthfulness; but I have come upon this house by chance. I understood that it was empty, and I thought it more than probable that we might pass the autumn months here unmolested by the presence of any one belonging to our world, if not in entire seclusion. At the best, my daughter would hardly have been able to endure another change at once, — so far as anything could give her pleasure, the beauty and the wild quiet of the region had pleased her, — and she is now quite prostrated, sir," —

Cummings, definitively: "My friend will go away at once. There is nothing else for it."

General Wyatt: "That is much to ask."

Cummings: "I won't conceal my belief that he will think so. But there can be no question with him when" —

General Wyatt: "When you tell him our story?" After a moment: "Yes, he has a right to know it — as the rest of the world knows it. You must tell him, sir."

Cummings, gently: "No, he need know nothing beyond the fact of this resemblance to some one painfully associated with your past lives. He is a man whose real tenderness of heart would revolt from knowledge that could inflict further sorrow upon you."

General Wyatt: "Sir, will you convey to this friend of yours an old man's very humble apology, and sincere prayer for his forgiveness?"

Cummings: "He will not exact anything of that sort. The evidence of misunderstanding will be clear to him at a word from me."

General Wyatt: "But he has a right to this explanation from my own lips, and — Sir, I am culpably weak. But now that I have missed seeing him here, I confess that I would willingly avoid meeting him. The mere sound of his voice, as I heard it before I saw him, in first coming upon you, was enough to madden me. Can you excuse to him my unreasonable dereliction in this respect?"

Cummings: "I will answer for him."

General Wyatt: "Thanks. It seems monstrous that I should be asking and accepting these great favors. But you are doing a deed of charity to a helpless man utterly beggared in pride." He chokes with emotion, and does not speak for a moment; then he is more calm. "Your friend is also — he is not also — a clergyman?"

Cummings, smiling: "No. He is a painter."

General Wyatt: "Is he a man of note? Successful in his profession?"

Cummings: "Not yet. But that is certain to come."

General Wyatt: "He is poor?"

Cummings: "He is a young painter."

General Wyatt: "Sir, excuse me. Had he planned to remain here some time, yet?"

Cummings, reluctantly: "He has been sketching here. He had expected to stay through October."

General Wyatt: "You make the sacrifice hard to accept — I beg your pardon! But I must accept it. I am bound hand and foot."

Cummings: "I am sorry to have been obliged to tell you this."

General Wyatt: "I obliged you, sir; I obliged you. Give me your advice, sir; you know your friend. What shall I do? I am not rich. I don't belong to a branch of the government service in which people enrich themselves. But I have my pay; and if your friend could sell me the pictures he 's been painting here" —

Cummings: "That 's quite impossible. There is no form in which I could propose such a thing to a man of his generous pride."

General Wyatt: "Well, then, sir, I must satisfy myself as I can to remain his debtor. Will you kindly undertake to tell him?"

An Elderly Serving-Woman, who ap-

pears timidly and anxiously at the right-hand door: "General Wyatt."

General Wyatt, with a start: "Yes, Mary! Well?"

Mary, in vanishing: "Mrs. Wyatt wishes to speak with you."

General Wyatt, going up to Cummings: "I must go, sir. I leave unsaid what I cannot even try to say." He offers his hand.

Cummings, grasping the proffered hand: "Everything is understood." But as Mr. Cummings returns from following General Wyatt to the door, his face does not confirm the entire security of his words. He looks anxious and perturbed, and when he has taken up his hat and stick, he stands pondering absent-mindedly. At last he puts on his hat and starts with a brisk limp toward the door. Before he reaches it, he encounters Bartlett, who advances abruptly into the room. "Oh! I was going to look for you."

VI.

CUMMINGS *and* BARTLETT.

Bartlett, sulkily: "Were you?" He walks, without looking at Cummings, to where his painter's paraphernalia are lying, and begins to pick them up.

Cummings: "Yes." In great embarrassment: "Bartlett, General Wyatt has been here."

Bartlett, without looking round: "Who is General Wyatt?"

Cummings: "I mean the gentleman who — whom you would n't wait to see."

Bartlett: "Um!" He has gathered the things into his arms, and is about to leave the room.

Cummings, in great distress: "Bartlett, Bartlett! Don't go! I implore you, if you have any regard for me whatever, to hear what I have to say. It 's boyish, it 's cruel, it 's cowardly to behave as you 're doing!"

Bartlett: "Anything more, Mr. Cummings? I give you benefit of clergy."

Cummings: "I take it — to denounce your proceeding as something that you 'll always be sorry for and ashamed of."

Bartlett: "Oh! Then, if you have quite freed your mind, I think I may go."

Cummings: "No, no! You must n't go. Don't go, my dear fellow. Forgive me! I know how insulted you feel, but upon my soul it 's all a mistake, — it is, indeed. General Wyatt" — Bartlett falters a moment and stands as if irresolute whether to stay and listen or push on out of the room — "the young lady — I don't know to begin!"

Bartlett, relenting a little: "Well? I 'm sorry for *you*, Cummings. I left a very awkward business to you, and it was n't yours, either. As for General Wyatt, as he chooses to call himself" —

Cummings, in amaze: "*Call* himself? It 's his *name!*"

Bartlett: "Oh, very likely! So is King David his name, when he happens to be in a scriptural craze. Well, for all me, General Wyatt and the rest of his Bedlam-broke-loose may go to the" —

Cummings: "For shame, for shame! You outrage a terrible sorrow! You insult a trouble sore to death! You trample upon an anguish that should be sacred to your tears!"

Bartlett, resting his elbow on the corner of the piano: "What — what do you mean, Cummings?"

Cummings: "What do I mean? What you are not worthy to know! I mean that these people, against whom you vent your stupid rage, are worthy of angelic pity. I mean that by some disastrous mischance you resemble to the life, in tone, manner, and feature, the wretch who won that poor girl's heart, and then crushed it; who — Bartlett, look here! These are the people — this is the young lady — of whom my friend wrote me from Paris; do you understand?"

Bartlett, in a dull bewilderment: "No, I don't understand."

Cummings: "Why, you know what we were talking of just before they came in; you know what I told you of that cruel business."

Bartlett: "Well?"

Cummings: "Well, this is the young lady" —

Bartlett, dauntedly: "Oh, come, now!

You don't expect me to believe that! It is n't a stage-play."

Cummings: "Indeed, indeed, I tell you the miserable truth."

Bartlett: "Do you mean to say that *this* is the young girl who was jilted in that way? Who — Do you mean — Do you intend to tell me — Do you suppose — Cummings" —

Cummings: "Yes, yes, yes!"

Bartlett: "Why, man, she 's in Paris, according to your own showing!"

Cummings: "She was in Paris three weeks ago. They have just brought her home, to help her hide her suffering, as if it were her shame, from all who know it. They are in this house by chance, but they are here. I mean what I say. You *must* believe it, shocking and wild as it is."

Bartlett, after a prolonged silence in which he seems trying to realize the fact: "If you were a man capable of such a ghastly joke — but that 's impossible." He is silent again, as before. "And I — What did you say about me? That I look like the man who" — He stops and looks into Cummings's face without speaking, as if he were trying to puzzle the mystery out; then, with fallen head, he muses in a voice of devout and reverent tenderness: "That — that — broken — lily! Oh!" With a sudden start he flings his burden upon the closed piano, whose hidden strings hum and ring with the blow, and advances upon Cummings: "And you can *tell* it? Shame on *you!* It ought to be known to no one upon earth! And you — you show that gentle creature's death-wound to teach something like human reason to a surly dog like me? Oh, it 's monstrous! I *was n't* worth it. Better have let me go, where I would, how I would. What did it matter what I thought or said? And I — I look like that devil, do I? I have his voice, his face, his movement? Cummings, you 've over-avenged yourself."

Cummings: "Don't take it that way, Bartlett. It *is* hideous. But I did n't make it so, nor you. It 's a fatality, it 's a hateful chance. But you see now, don't you, Bartlett, how the sight of you must affect them, and how anxious her father must be to avoid you? He most humbly asked your forgiveness, and he hardly knew how to ask that you would not let her see you again. But I told him there could be no question with you; that of course you would prevent it, and at once. I know it 's a great sacrifice to expect you to go" —

Bartlett: "Go? What are you talking about?" He breaks again from the daze into which he had relapsed. "If there 's a hole on the face of the earth where I can hide myself from them, I want to find it. Go! Good God, man! What do you think I 'm made of? Go? I ought to be shot away out of a mortar; I ought to be struck away by lightning! Oh, I can't excuse you, Cummings! The indelicacy, the brutality of telling me that! No, no, — I can't overlook it." He shakes his head and walks away from his friend; then he returns, and bends on him a look of curious inquiry. "Am I really such a ruffian" — he speaks very gently, almost meekly, now — "that you did n't believe anything short of that would bring me to my senses? Who told you this of her?"

Cummings: "Her father."

Bartlett: "Oh, that 's too loathsome! Had the man no soul, no mercy? Did he think me such a consummate beast that nothing less would drive me away? Yes, he did! Yes, I made him think so! Oh!" He hangs his head and walks away with a shudder.

Cummings: "I don't know that he did you that injustice; but I 'm afraid *I* did. I was at my wits' end."

Bartlett, very humbly: "Oh, I don't know that you were wrong."

Cummings: "I suppose that his anxiety for her life made it comparatively easy for him to speak of the hurt to her pride. She can't be long for this world."

Bartlett: "No, she had the dying look!" After a long pause, in which he has continued to wander aimlessly about the room: "Cummings, is it necessary that you should tell him you told me?"

Cummings: "You know I hate concealments of any kind, Bartlett."

Bartlett: "Oh, well; do it, then!"

Cummings: "But I don't know that we shall see him again; and even if we do, I don't see how I can tell him unless he asks. It 's rather painful."

Bartlett: "Well, take that little sin on your conscience, if you can. It seems to me too ghastly that I should know what you 've told me; it 's indecent. Cummings," — after another pause, — "how does a man go about such a thing? How does he contrive to tell the woman whose heart he has won that he does n't care for her, and break the faith that she would have staked her life on? Oh, I know, — women do such things, too; but it 's different, by a whole world's difference. A man comes and a man goes, but a woman *stays*. The world is before him after that happens, and we don't think him much of a man if he can't get over it. But she, she has been sought out; she has been made to believe that her smile and her looks are heaven, poor, foolish, helpless idol! her fears have been laid, all her pretty maid-only traditions, her proud reserves overcome; she takes him into her inmost soul, — to find that his love is a lie, a lie! Imagine it! She can't do anything. She can't speak. She can't move as long as she lives. She must stay where she has been left, and look and act as if nothing had happened. Oh, good Heaven! And I, *I* look like a man who could do that!" After a silence: "I feel as if there were blood on me!" He goes to the piano, and gathering up his things turns about towards Cummings again: "Come, man; I 'm going. It 's sacrilege to stay an instant, — to exist."

Cummings: "Don't take it in that way, Bartlett. I blame myself very much for not having spared you in what I said. I would n't have told you of it, if I could have supposed that an accidental resemblance of the sort would distress you so."

Bartlett, contritely: "You had to tell me. I forced you to extreme measures. I 'm quite worthy to look like him. Good Lord! I suppose I should be capable of his work." He moves towards the door with his burden, but before he reaches it General Wyatt, from the corridor, meets him with an air of confused agitation. Bartlett halts awkwardly, and some of the things slip from his hold to the floor.

VII.

GENERAL WYATT, CUMMINGS, *and* BARTLETT.

General Wyatt: "Sir, I am glad to see you." He pronounces the civility with a manner evidently affected by the effort to reconcile Bartlett's offensive personal appearance with his own sense of duty. "I — I was sorry to miss you before; and now I wish — Your friend" — referring with an inquiring glance to Cummings — "has explained to you the cause of our very extraordinary behavior, and I hope you" —

Bartlett: "Mr. Cummings has told me that I have the misfortune to resemble very closely some one with whom you have painful associations. That is quite enough and entirely justifies you. I am going at once, and I trust you will forgive my rudeness in absenting myself a moment ago. I have a bad temper; but I never could forgive myself if I had forced my friend" — he turns and glares warningly at Cummings, who makes a faint pantomime of conscientious protest as Bartlett proceeds — "to hear anything more than the mere fact from you. No, no," — as General Wyatt seems about to speak, — "it would be atrocious in me to seek to go behind it. I wish to know nothing more." Cummings gives signs of extreme unrest at being made a party to this tacit deception, and General Wyatt, striking his palms hopelessly together, walks to the other end of the room. Bartlett touches the fallen camp-stool with his foot. "Cummings, will you be kind enough to put that on top of this other rubbish?" He indicates his armful, and as Cummings complies, he says in a swift, fierce whisper: "Her secret is mine. If you dare to hint that you 've told it to me, I 'll — I 'll assault you in your own pulpit."

Then to General Wyatt, who is returning toward him: "Good morning, sir."

General Wyatt: "Oh! Ah! Stop! That is, don't go! Really, sir, I don't know what to say. I must have seemed to you like a madman a moment ago, and now I've come to play the fool." Bartlett and Cummings look their surprise and General Wyatt hurries on: "I asked your friend to beg you to go away, and now I am here to beg you to remain. It's perfectly ridiculous, sir, I know, and I can say nothing in defense of the monstrous liberties I have taken. Sir, the matter is simply this: my daughter's health is so frail that her life seems to hang by a thread, and I am powerless to do anything against her wish. It may be a culpable weakness, but I cannot help it. When I went back to her from seeing your friend, she immediately divined what my mission had been, and it had the contrary effect from what I had expected. Well, sir! Nothing would content her but that I should return and ask you to stay. She looks upon it as the sole reparation we can make you."

Bartlett, gently: "I understand that perfectly; and may I beg you to say that in going away I thanked her with all my heart, and ventured to leave her my best wishes?" He bows as if to go.

General Wyatt, detaining him: "Excuse me — thanks — but — but I am afraid she will not be satisfied with that. She will be satisfied with nothing less than your remaining. It is the whim of a sick child — sick to death I am afraid — which I must ask you to indulge. In a few days, sir, I hope we may be able to continue on our way. It would be simply unbearable pain to her to know that we had driven you away, and you must stay to show that you have forgiven the wrong we have done you."

Bartlett: "That's nothing, less than nothing. But I was thinking — I don't care for myself in the matter — that Miss Wyatt is proposing a very unnecessary annoyance for you all. My friend can remain and assure her that I have no feeling whatever about the matter, and in the mean time I can remove — the embarrassment — of my presence."

General Wyatt: "Sir, you are very considerate, very kind. I don't know what to say. My own judgment is in favor of your course, and yet" —

Cummings: "I think my friend is right, and that when he is gone" —

General Wyatt: "Well, sir! well, sir! It may be the best way. I think it *is* the best. We will venture upon it. Sir," — to Bartlett, — "may I have the honor of taking your hand?" Bartlett lays down his burden on the piano, and gives his hand. "Thank you, thank you! You will not regret this goodness. Farewell, sir! May you always prosper."

Bartlett: "Good-by; and say to Miss Wyatt" — At these words he pauses, arrested by an incomprehensible dismay in General Wyatt's face, and turning about he sees Cummings transfixed at the apparition of Miss Wyatt advancing directly toward himself, while her mother coming behind her exchanges signals of helplessness and despair with the general. The young girl's hair, thick and bronze, has been heaped in hasty but beautiful masses on her delicate head; as she stands with fallen eyes before Bartlett, the heavy lashes lie black on her pale cheeks, and the blue of her eyes shows through their transparent lids. She has a fan with which she makes a weak pretense of playing, and which she puts to her lips as if to hide the low murmur that escapes from them as she raises her eyes to Bartlett's face.

VIII.

CONSTANCE, MRS. WYATT, *and the others.*

Constance, with a phantom-like effort at hauteur: "I hope you have been able to forgive the annoyance we caused you, and that you won't let it drive you away." She lifts her eyes with a slow effort, and starts with a little gasp as they fall upon his face, and then remains trembling before him while he speaks.

Bartlett, reverently: "I am to do whatever you wish. I have no annoyance — but the fear that — that" —

Constance, in a husky whisper: "Thanks!" As she turns from him to go back to her mother, she moves so frailly that he involuntarily puts out his hand.

Mrs. Wyatt, starting forward: "No!" But Constance clutches his extended arm with one of her pale hands, and staying herself for a moment lifts her eyes again to his, looks steadily at him with face half turned upon him, and then, making a slight, sidelong inclination of the head, releases his arm and goes to her mother, who supports her to one of the easy-chairs and kneels beside her when she sinks into it. Bartlett, after an instant of hesitation, bows silently and withdraws, Cummings having already vanished. Constance watches him going, and then hides her face on her mother's neck.

W. D. Howells.

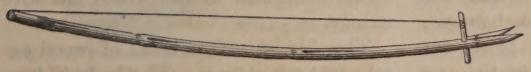
CRUDE AND CURIOUS INVENTIONS AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

IV.

(3.) *Stringed Instruments.* — The legends of the guitar and the lute are different, and may challenge each other for priority. The original of one is the bow of the warrior; the second is fabled to have been suggested by the dried tendons on the inside of the shell of a tortoise, which gave a musical sound when struck.

For our purpose, and taking the crude instruments actually shown at the Centennial as a text, we begin with the monochord guitar, a specimen of which was shown in the Smithsonian exhibit in the Government Building.

The original guitar is the bow. As the warrior drew at the bowstring in earnest, and sped the arrow to its mark, he may have noticed the sonorous twang of the string; and still more as he carelessly plucked it in sport he could hardly have failed to notice the musical sound.



(Fig. 68.) Guitar of Yaquima Indians. Smithsonian Exhibit.

We are fortunate in being able to exhibit the genesis of the invention without going outside of the prescribed limits of illustration. The monochord guitar of the Yaquima Indians of North America is about the simplest expression of the idea. It is held by the teeth like a jew's-harp, and picked with the finger of the right hand, while the left hand is slipped along the string to vary the notes, by confining the vibration to a greater or less length of the string. Even this instrument has its tuning-peg.

Almost as simple a fiddle will be mentioned in its proper place.

The Basuto Kafir monochord (*tumo*) is a bow about five feet in length, and at its middle is firmly lashed to or passes through a calabash which is held against the breast of the performer while playing. The gourd is the first sounding-board. The string is of twisted hair, and its tone is modified by slipping along it one finger of the hand which grasps the bow. The string is struck by a stick in the right hand, producing melodious vibrations of a pitch depending upon the length and tension of the string. It gives a faint monotonous sound, but is much liked by the Kafir troubadour. In another form the string is held by a ring on the finger of the left hand, and tension is brought to bear upon it to modify the tone. The Damaras also use the monochord bow with a stick to beat the string, their principal performance being an imitation of the paces of various animals.

A now obsolete form of European sin-

gle-string fiddle had an inflated bladder between the string and the staff, and was played with a bow.

Another Kafir form of monochord (*lesiba*) has a string stretched along a slightly curved bamboo. The cord has at one end a piece of quill split in two lengthwise and flattened. The performer takes the end having the quill between his half-closed fingers and the palm of his hand, and, placing his lips upon his fingers draws in the air, causing the quill and cord to vibrate.

The monochord guitar of the Bongos of the Upper Nile is a bamboo bow held to the lips by one hand, while the string is twanged with a slender slip of split bamboo in the other hand. The mouth of the player is the sounding body, a substitute for the gourd of the Kafir guitar, the instrument being a near approach to the jew's-harp principle. The notes are varied by passing the fingers along the bow.

The *zeze*, is a one-stringed guitar of the Karagoos of Central Africa (S. lat. 3°, E. long. 31°).

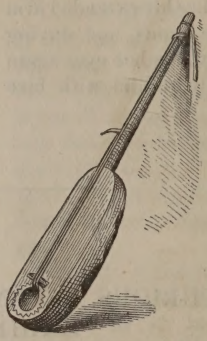
The Malagasy have also their monochord guitar: their *valiha* has a wooden neck with several notches for frets, and is attached to a calabash.

The corn-stalk banjo of the Southern United States is a simple form in which a portion of the skin of the stalk is lifted by little bridge-pieces inserted beneath it, so as to leave a raised strip which has considerable tension and yields a musical tone when plucked. The Malagasy guitar (*lokango*) is of the same description; it is made from a bamboo, eight small strips of its rind being cut between two joints and elevated an eighth of an inch by little bridges, so as to vibrate when picked by the fingers.

The *karinda* of Eastern India has a frame of bamboo to which are attached two gourds to give resonance. It has one steel wire passing from the bridge to the head, and tightened with a key. The bamboo has four frets. The head has pendent ornaments of hair. Two gourds for resonance are also found upon the *vina*, an ancient fiddle of India.

So much for monochord guitars, which we notice to be in use among the North American Yaquimas, the Basuto Kafirs, the Bongos of the Upper Nile, the Karagoos, the Malagasy, and the Bengalees.

A curious two-stringed guitar was shown in the Gold Coast section of the British colonies exhibit. It is an African guitar of goat-skin over a wooden body, and has one twisted horse-hair string extending to the end of the reed neck, and one short high-note string tied to the neck near the body.



(Fig. 69.) African Guitar. Gold Coast Exhibit.

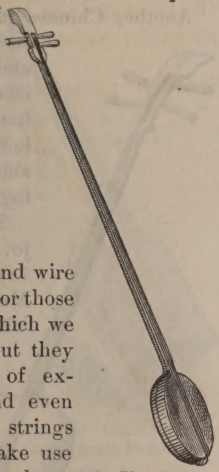
The Singhalese guitar is a primitive two-stringed instrument, with a body made of cocoa-nut shell. The Singhalese have seven tunes by which their songs — not of love but of adulation of their chiefs — are modulated. The most admired tune is called The Horse Trot, from a certain cadence or movement. The *tingadee* of Bhotan is a much more ornate instrument, and resembles the *rebab*, a two-stringed fiddle used throughout Malaysia and the Indies.

The tambour with oval body, straight neck, and two strings is common in ancient Egyptian paintings. Some of their instruments had frets on the necks: so far as the strings of these have been preserved they are found to be of gut. The modern tambour of the Arabs has wire strings.

The Alaska guitar is all of wood except two gut strings. The body is long and nine-pin shaped; the keys are on each side of the head.

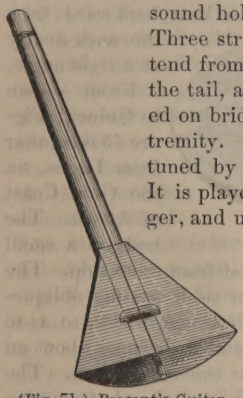
The three-stringed Chinese guitar (*san-heen*) is one of the most important musical instruments of the Celestial Flowery Land; the sounds, however, according to our taste, may be said to be low and dull. It forms a bass and modulator for the shriller *pepa*, the full-moon tambour which has a body of thin wood, four gut strings, and allows more expression and compass.

The *sam-sien* of Japan is similar to the san-heen, except that it has a square body. Each of these instruments has three silken strings. They are played by means of a plectrum consisting of a thin slip of bamboo attached to the end of the finger. The Chinese use silk and wire largely, and often for those employments in which we should use gut, but they make the latter of excellent quality, and even have gut-covered strings of gut. They make use of these on their *lutes*, which will be considered presently.



(Fig 70.) Chinese Banjo. San-Heen. Chinese Exhibit.

The Burmese guitar (*patola*) has a body like a crocodile. It is hollow, with sound holes in the back. Three strings of wire extend from the shoulder to the tail, and are supported on bridges at each extremity. The strings are tuned by pegs in the tail. It is played with the finger, and usually as an accompaniment to the voice.



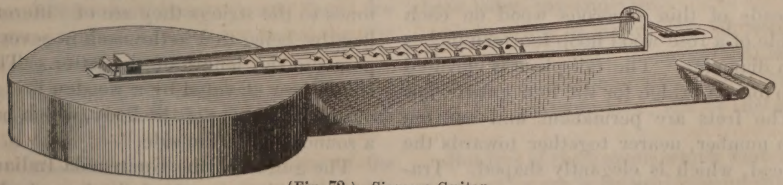
(Fig. 71.) Peasant's Guitar. Russian Exhibit.

Even the South African has his guitar, a triangular board with a bridge and three gut strings with tuning-pegs. Six tones are produced by it, — not according to a diatonic scale, but with only three intervals between the prime and the octave. The second and third intervals in the upper octave are reached by practiced players.

Africa cannot well exceed in cheapness the Russian peasant's guitar (Figure 71). It is a rude affair made of pine, and has three silken strings. It was exhibited in the Russian section of the Agricultural Building.

The guitars of Siam are crude and ornate; both kinds. The common guitar of the country is made of a long-necked gourd, which, when green, is sliced in half, lengthwise, the pulp and seed cleaned out, and the shell left to dry in the sun. The belly of parchment is then put on, and from four to six strings attached.

Very different is the large and heavy instrument, Figure 72, which has a series of frets movable in the long recess on the top of the neck. It is as much as three and a half feet long, and is evidently intended to be played while lying flat. This is the first fretted instrument we have illustrated: the ancient Egyptian *nofre* is, however, the earliest historic instrument which had a neck on which the strings could be shortened to vary the tone. Some of these instruments, indeed, had frets on the neck. Although music traveled from Egypt to Greece, the latter country, so far as we have discovered, had no fretted necks to their stringed instruments. As the Egyptian nofre is shown in such proximately perfect condition, it must of course have been the growth of centuries, and similar inventions may have meantime been made in China and India. The fiddle has a very ancient date in India, as we shall see presently. No other nation



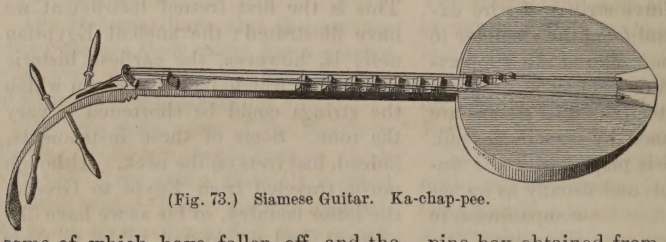
(Fig 72.) Siamese Guitar.

than Egypt has left so abundant and clear a pictorial record of itself, and the singularly perfect method of representation common in Egypt at a period

beyond the written history of other nations enables us to speak with confidence as to this people while we are in the dark as to others. The Egyptian nofre of about 1500 B. C. was similar to the *tamboura* of the present day, and was so satisfactory an instrument that the figure of it in their hieroglyphics signified "good." It has two or four strings, was played with a plectrum, and, as has been said, was sometimes provided with frets on the neck.

The tamboura has been defined as an instrument with wire strings, having a body of wood without sound-holes, and a straight neck and head in a single piece, with frets on it.

The peremptory requirement of wire strings would exclude from the appellation a number of instruments which agree with the definition excepting in their having gut strings. One such was exhibited from Siam and two from China. The Siamese guitar, *ka-chap-pee* (Figure 73), has an oval wooden body and four gut strings. The neck has frets,

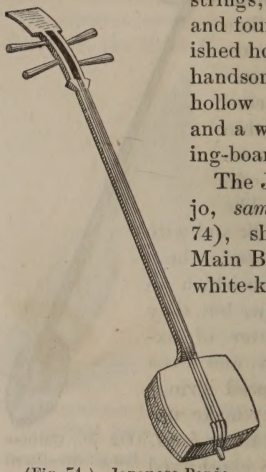


(Fig. 73.) Siamese Guitar. Ka-chap-pee.

some of which have fallen off, and the writer prefers so to represent it, with this explanation, as a restoration without authenticity is worse than none. The same might be said of Figure 72. The length is five feet; it has a curiously prolonged and curved head.

The moon-guitar (*yue-kin*) of China, probably so called from its shape, has heads of thin sonorous wood on each side of a rose-wood hoop fourteen inches in diameter. The tail-piece is elevated to form a bridge for the four gut strings. The frets are permanent and are ten in number, nearer together towards the head, which is elegantly shaped. Tradescant Lay defines it as an instrument of good compass and capacity for expression; it is used also on occasions as an accompaniment to the *urh-heen*, a Chinese fiddle.

Another Chinese guitar has four gut strings, a tail-piece, and four frets of polished horn. It has a handsomely polished hollow wooden body and a wooden sounding-board.



(Fig. 74.) Japanese Banjo. Samisen.

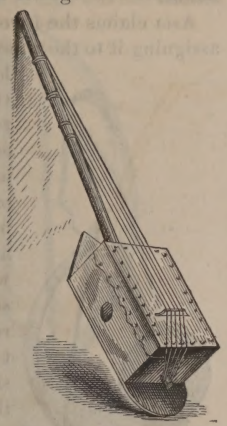
The Japanese banjo, *samisen* (Figure 74), shown in the Main Building, has a white-kid parchment belly and four strings, but no frets on the neck. It is an elegantly constructed and finished instrument.

A Japanese have also a lute or guitar with a body of an oval shape like Figure 76. The head is bent backward from the neck nearly at a right angle.

From Japan to Guinea: Figure 75 is a guitar from Lagos, on the Gold Coast of Africa. The body is a small pine box obtained from some ship. The neck is a wooden stick passing obliquely through the box lengthwise, so as to bring the outer end of the neck about on a level with the top of the box. The strings are five in number and of a native bine or creeper, which is woody, hard, smooth, and round, and answers the purpose excellently. To give variety of tones to the strings they are of different lengths, being tied to the neck at several points in the length of the latter. The strings are elevated by a wooden bridge on the skin cover of the body, which has a sound-hole in the side.

The guitar of the Guatemala Indians is evidently a crude imitation of the Spanish instrument, or was introduced by negro slaves. It has a long calabash for

the body and a wooden sound-board with holes. It has five strings and six frets. It is one of the instruments used in the *sarabanda*, the native band or orchestra. The other instruments are likewise of the African type. One of these is the wood harmonicon called *malimba* by the Yucatanese, the *marimba* of the Portuguese possessions in Angola and Mozambique, described in a previous article: another is the African drum made of a hollow cylinder of wood, two feet long, with a single head eight or ten inches in diameter, of parchment or snake-skin, the scales being left on. We have here the African fetich idea.



(Fig. 75.) Lagos Guitar. Gold Coast Exhibit.

In the Turkish guitar (Figure 76) we see with reasonable clearness the resemblance to the calabash in the form of the wooden head. The instrument is three feet long, and has eight wire strings and as many pegs. The frets of cord are tied around the neck. The head is of the shape of half a long gourd, and is painted in stripes like some varieties of that vegetable and following the natural direction.

The Arabian *ood* has a similar oval shape, but has no frets. It has fourteen strings of lamb's gut. Two are always tuned in unison; consequently there are seven different tones produced by the open strings.

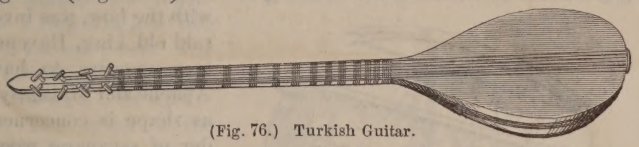
The Thibetan guitar is round-bodied and long-necked, with six strings placed in pairs.

The *vina* is the ancient guitar of the Hindoos, its invention being attributed in their legends to Nared, the son of Brahma. It has seven wire strings and movable frets on a neck two feet long. The frets are fastened by wax, and permit the player to divide the scale into half tones over a scale of fourteen notes. Two hollow gourds are attached to the instrument to increase its resonance.

The word "guitar" has its congeners in many languages, and the various instruments indicated by the names possess many features in common: Nubian, *kissar;* Persian and Hindoo, *sitar;* Greek, κιθάρα; Latin, *cithara;* Anglo-Saxon, *cytere;* Moorish, *kuitra;* Tyrolese, *zither;* English, *cittern.*

So much for guitars and banjos: in many cases the only way to tell whether an object was a guitar or a fiddle was to look for a bow. Even then the decision was not entirely satisfactory and any rigid classification is impossible.

The bodies of the instruments exhibited were of solid wood, calabash, cocoanut, sheet-metal, thin board; of hollow wood built up or scooped out; open at both ends or at one only; with sounding-boards, skins of snakes and lizards, kid and parchment; the bellies and bodies with or without sound-holes.



(Fig. 76.) Turkish Guitar.

The necks were straight, bent throughout, bent at the junction with the body, at the junction with the head; without frets, with stationary frets, movable and adjustable frets, in various numbers, frets of wood, string, horn.

Strings tuned by tying at different points on the neck, and without tuning-pegs, with tuning-pegs from one to sixteen in number, tuning-pegs on one side, both sides, top and side.

Strings few or many, wire of iron or brass, gut of sheep or camel; tail-hairs of horse, camel, or giraffe; rattan, bamboo, and creeping vine; silk or thread.

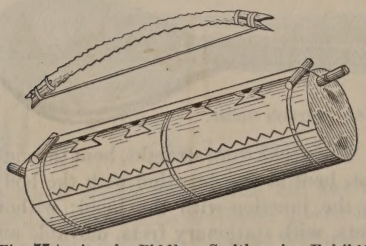
But few of the nations which were represented by crude musical instruments at the Centennial omitted to send a fiddle. In many cases, as has been said, there

was no telling a fiddle from a guitar unless by the bow accompanying it.

In the earlier part of this article we referred to the development of the monochord guitar from the bow of the archer. The bow as a means of vibrating the string is an after-thought, and may have grown out of the plectrum, which was rubbed along the string instead of merely being used to pick it. The original bow became by many changes the tamboura, lute, guitar, and what not, and subsequently another bow was invented to agitate the strings of the instrument, which had outgrown all likeness to its simple original except in the single feature of a strained string.

We might begin with the corn-stalk fiddle, in which a fibre of the stalk between two joints is detached and lifted by pegs which form bridges. This is played with a bow just as crude.

The Apache fiddle (Figure 77) is a section of a large reed hollowed out, the ends being left closed. Four sound-holes in the top are painted around with red. A single string is stretched between pegs at each end and over two bridges,

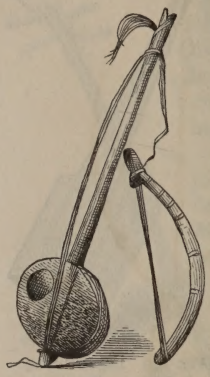


(Fig. 77.) Apache Fiddle. Smithsonian Exhibit.

being made to produce different notes by slipping the finger along the string, as with the Yaquima guitar (Figure 68), *supra*. The bow is a bent stick, horn, or bone, and the bowstring is of hair from the tail of the buffalo. It is used by the Indians of the southwest portion of the United States.

The Malagasy fiddle is constructed of a piece of cane or bamboo, but has a number of parallel strings covering the larger portion of the curved surface and resting on bridges near the ends, where the strings are lashed to the cane. Behind it is plantain leaf folded into a scoop-shape so as to project the sound.

Asia claims the invention of the bow, assigning it to the time of a king of Ceylon who lived three thousand years before the Christian era. As this date, if admitted, is about one thousand years before Abraham and Osymandyas, it would be useless to search the Hebrew record or the Egyptian monuments, since the oldest of the latter are generally supposed to be of the period of the warlike king whose colossal statue lies prone in the Memnonium:—



(Fig. 78.) Lagos Fiddle. Gold Coast Exhibit.

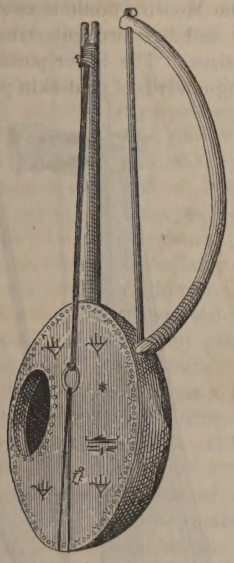
> "And on the pedestal these words appear:
> 'My name is Osymandyas, king of kings;
> Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair!'"

The Singhalese say that the *ravanastron*, one of their old instruments played with the bow, was invented by the aforesaid old king, Ravenen. The ravanastron appears to have resembled the Apache and Malagasy instruments so far as shape is concerned, it being a cylinder of sycamore wood, partly hollowed and forming a body and sounding-board for strings stretched upon it. The Welsh also claim the invention of the stringed instrument played with a bow, and with their usual orthographical disregard of other people's feelings spell it *crwth*.

Figure 78 is a native fiddle from the Gold Coast of Africa. The body is of a gourd covered with a red skin. The neck is of wood; a bunch of horse-hair forms the string, and the bow is of similar material. The string is tightened with a piece of horn, which also raises it from the stretched snake-skin forming the sounding-board.

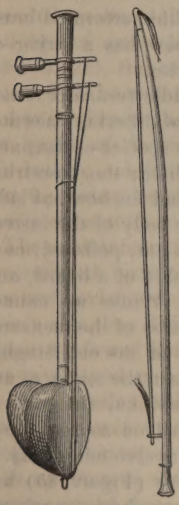
The fiddle of Tunis (Figure 79) has a carved gourd for the body, and the belly is a piece of goat-skin twelve inches in diameter, put on while yet wet, with glue. The string is a bunch of horse-

hair, no doubt glued together with rosin when in use. The bridge was not shown,



(Fig. 79.) Fiddle of Tunis. Tunisian Exhibit.

but no doubt slips under the string upon the parchment, which is ornamented with rude figures of hands. The horse-hair string ends in a ring which is tied by a red silk cord to the tail-piece. The bowstring is of horse-hair on a bent stick.

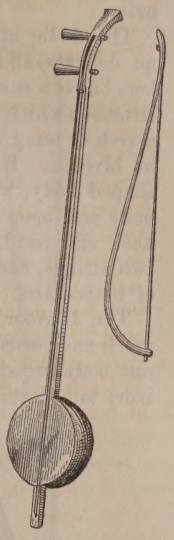


(Fig. 80.) Siamese Two-Stringed Fiddle.

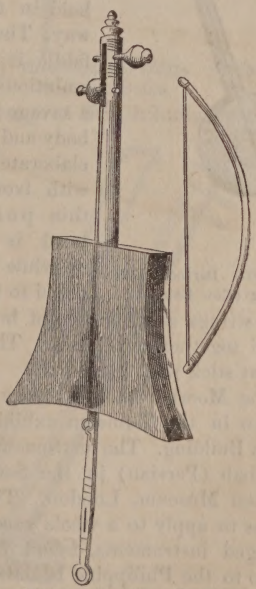
The rebab of the Persians is known by that name over a wide geographical range. It is a two-stringed fiddle and is played with a bow. In Java it is the instrument of the leader of the band (*gamelan*), which includes likewise harmonicons of wood and metal; gongs, singly, in pairs, and in sets; drums, flute, and harp. The word rebab became the *rebebbe* or *rebeck* of Europe, introduced by the crusaders from Asia.

The Siamese fiddle, *san-hoo* (Figure 80), is thirty inches long and has two twisted gut strings. The sounding-board is of thin wood, and the body of the sea cocoanut. The double cocoa-nut of the Seychelles (*Lodoicea seychellarum*) is called *coco de mer*, or sea cocoa-nut, because it is thrown up by the sea upon the Indian beach and was formerly supposed to have grown beneath the sea.

The curious roads all lead to China. Figure 81 is a Chinese two-stringed fiddle. It is played in a manner not known elsewhere, perhaps: the string of the bow passes between the two strings of the fiddle, and either string may be sounded or both simultaneously, according to the movement of the hand and arm. The body is formed of a polished cocoa-nut, with a sounding-



(Fig. 81.) Chinese Fiddle and Bow.



(Fig. 82.) Fiddle of Soudan. Egyptian Exhibit.

board, and a hole in the back. The neck is of wood, the two strings of gut.

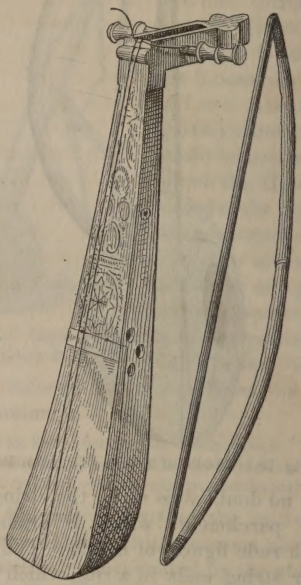
The bow is a bent piece of bamboo strained into a curve by a bunch of horse-hair.

The fiddle of Soudan (Figure 82) is no delicate affair for my lady's chamber, but is a stout every-day sort of instrument which might be carried on the march or hung upon the limb of a tree in bivouac. It has a peculiar shield-shaped body, with a heavy parchment belly and open back. It has a wooden neck and head, an iron tail-piece, and two strings, each consisting of bunches of horse-hairs.

The Darfoor fiddle (Figure 83) is a much more ornate affair. It has a cocoa-nut body, wooden neck, bone head, and ivory tail-piece. Like the one previously described and the Siamese three-stringed fiddle (Figure 86), it is intended to be held upright, standing upon the ground while it is played. The rebab previously referred to is held in the same way. The Darfoor fiddle is a rather ambitious affair in a savage way; the body and neck are elaborately inlaid with ivory. The thin parchment head is strained on while wet, and glued to the body. The strings are bunches of horse-hair glued together with rosin. The bow is a bent stick with horse-hair.

(Fig. 83.) Darfoor Fiddle. Egyptian Exhibit.

The Moorish fiddle (Figure 84) was shown in the Tunisian exhibit in the Main Building. The instrument is called a rebab (Persian) in the South Kensington Museum, London. That name seems to apply to a whole race of two-stringed instruments, found from Morocco to the Philippine Islands. In the Orient it is played standing on the floor, as before stated. Figure 84 is played resting on the knee, as the player squats cross-legged on the floor. The *tingadee* of Bengal follows the usual Eastern fashion. The Moorish fiddle is twenty inches long and has two gut strings of different sizes. The lower portion of the sounding-cover is of goat-skin parchment and the upper is of thin perforated brass plate. The cane bow has a string of horse-hairs laid flatwise.

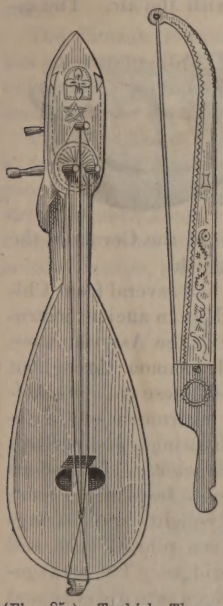


(Fig. 84.) Moorish Two-Stringed Fiddle. Tunisian Exhibit.

The Singhalese fiddle (*venah* or *venavah*) has two strings of differing sizes and lengths. One is of a species of flax, and the other of horse-hair; the bowstring is also of the latter, and the bow has bells attached to it. The body of the instrument is a half cocoa-nut, polished, covered with the dried skin of a lizard, and perforated below. While we cannot guarantee the exactness of the measurement, the statement of the old Singhalese annals has at least the merit of antiquity, that Pauchasikka, the god of music (in Pali) played on a vina, a fiddle with one string, twelve miles long.

The Turkish fiddle (Figure 85) has a body of a lanceolate shape, much resembling the ood (Moorish *el-oud*, whence lute), the guitar of the Arabs. The head is a hollowed block and has a wood-

en sounding-board. The instrument has three gut strings, with tuning-pegs passing through from the back, and the bow is of horse-hair.



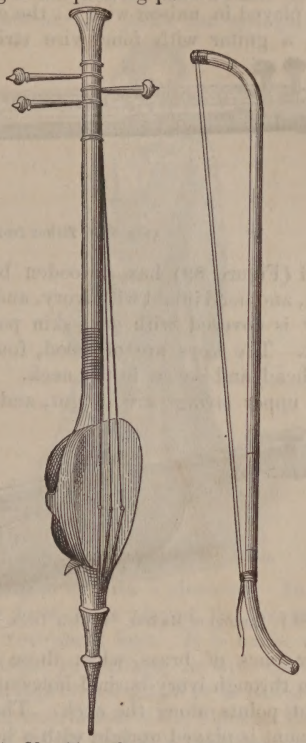
(Fig. 85.) Turkish Three-Stringed Fiddle. Turkish Exhibit.

The Siamese three-stringed fiddle, *sie-sau* (Figure 86), is four and a half feet long, and has a parchment head on a body of coco de mer. It has three strings of twisted gut, and no frets. The bow has a horse-hair string.

The Burmese have a fiddle (*turi*) of three strings; also the Japanese.

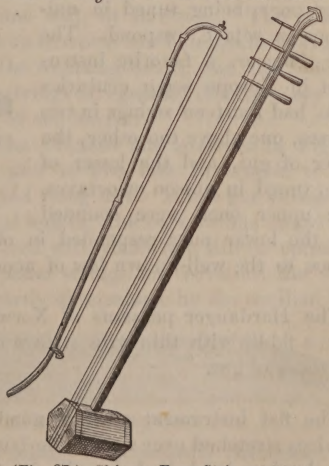
The Chinese four-stringed fiddle (Figure 87) has a rose-wood body and a neck without frets, a snake-skin cover, and four strings with as many tuning-pegs. Two strings are of three-strand flax cord, and two of gut: the shortest and the third of gut, the second and fourth of flax. The head is three and one half inches in diameter and five inches deep; the length of the instrument is thirty-one inches. A bridge is used to support the strings on the skin cover. The bow is of bamboo and horse-hair.

The exhibit from British India showed two stringed instruments played by the bow and having two points in common, in which also they differed from all others which we have illustrated. Figure 88 was catalogued as a *zither* from Madras. It has a wooden body with a parchment cover; the neck is of wood. There are seventeen tuning-pegs of ivory on the neck, and four of wood in the head. The strings are of brass, in two sets, one above the other. It has seventeen adjustable brass frets, and is played with a horse-hair bow. It is four feet long, and is usually played upright, the performer being in a squatting position.



(Fig. 86.) Three-Stringed Fiddle. Sie-Sau. Siamese Exhibit.

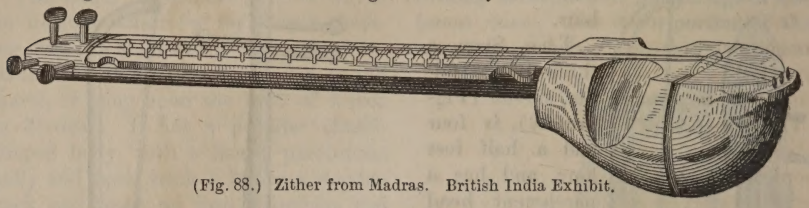
The *sarangi* of British India forms one



(Fig. 87.) Chinese Four-Stringed Fiddle.

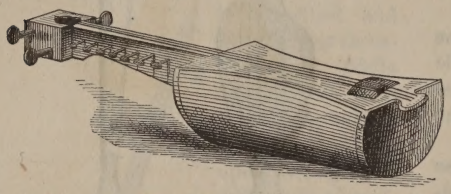
of a set of four musical instruments which are played in concert: a form of

guitar (*surod*) played with a plectrum is the leading instrument; the fiddle sarangi is played in unison with it; the *choutara*, a guitar with four wire strings, makes a droning accompaniment; and the *dara*, a tambourine, lends its effect to the whole. The men's voices occasionally chime in with the air. The sa-



(Fig. 88.) Zither from Madras. British India Exhibit.

rangi (Figure 89) has a wooden body, neck, and head inlaid with ivory, and the body is covered with goat-skin parchment. The keys are of wood, four in the head and seven in the neck. The four upper strings are of gut, and the



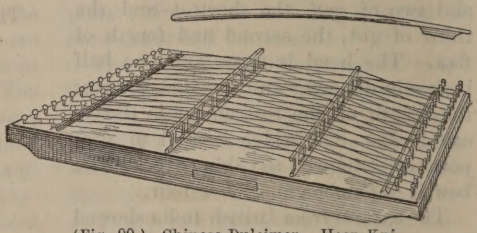
(Fig. 89.) Sarangi of Madras. British India Collection.

lower ones of brass wire; these pass down through ivory-bushed holes at different points along the neck. The instrument is played upright with a horsehair bow. The upper strings only are touched with the bow, and the lower ones, being tuned in unison or in octave, respond. The *viole d'amour*, a favorite instrument in Europe some centuries back, had fourteen strings in two courses, one above the other, the upper of gut, and the lower of wire, tuned in unison or octaves. The upper ones were sounded and the lower ones responded in obedience to the well-known law of acoustics.

The Hardanger peasants of Norway have a fiddle with thin wire strings under those of gut.

The flat instrument with a number of wires stretched over a sounding-board and having graduated lengths in the manner of a harp is the *santir* of the Persians and Arabs, the *kanoon* of the Turks, the *hackbret* of the Germans, the *dulcimer* of the English.

The Exhibition had several from China and Turkey. It is an ancient instrument, being shown on the Assyrian monuments, and is still common throughout the East. The Chinese *kni* or "scholar's lute," the instrument of Confucius, had silken strings, and perhaps was of this character. The modern Chinese dulcimer, *heen-kni* (Figure 90), has twenty-eight brass strings stretched between pins at each end and over two bridges. The arrangement of the bridges as to distance and direction may enable each wire to give three distinct tones at different portions of its length. It is probable, however, that only the middle portion of each is used. The strings decrease in length toward one side. It is played with two pliable bamboo mallets.



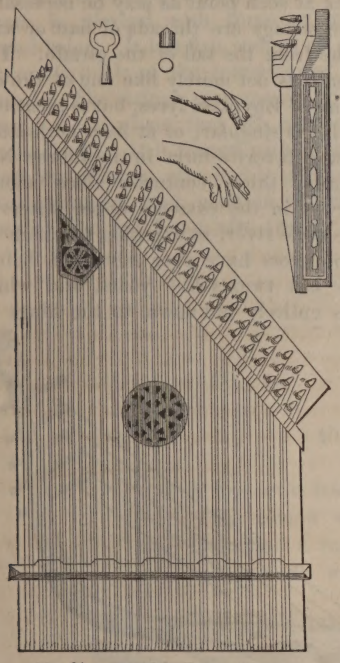
(Fig. 90.) Chinese Dulcimer. Heen-Kni.

The Turkish harp, *kanoon* (Figure 91), known to the Arabs and Persians by the name *santir*, which is Persian, is a wooden frame with as many as seventy-five pegs, each with a string passing over a bridge. The strings are arranged in triplets of unison. The bridge stands upon four feet, which rest upon parchments stretched over as many holes in the sounding-board of the box. The

sounding-board is perforated to emit the sound. Both hands — not mallets — are used in playing the harp, which lies prostrate.

The Persian instrument, it appears, has gut strings, three in unison for each tone, and is played with plectra, in the manner of the Japanese.

The Karagoos of Central Africa have a tray-shaped box, sometimes with a gourd or sounding-board on the back; a string is laced seven or eight times over bridges at either end. The instrument is called *nanga*, and the strings of various lengths nearly agree with our diatonic scale, but lack the seventh, just as some of the marimbas do.



(Fig. 91.) Turkish Harp. Kanoon.

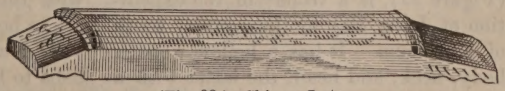
The Finns have a dulcimer (*kantele*), a wooden box over which five strings are stretched.

The most ornate instrument in which strings are stretched over a flat sounding-box is found in the Japanese *koto* (Figure 92), which was exhibited in the Japanese department of the Main Building. It is about four feet long and one foot wide, standing on end and resting against the player, who stands by the instrument and picks the strings with

(Fig. 92.) Japanese Lute. Koto.

the fingers or with a plectrum. In another form it is played flat, standing upon four short legs. It is made with six single gut strings, or with thirteen gut strings either single or in pairs. A similar instrument in the Chinese Annex to the Main Building had twenty-five strings. In the Japanese *koto* the keys are underneath; in the Chinese they are at one end, at the side. The strings rest on movable and independent bridges on the sounding-board, and the tone of the strings is regulated thereby, they being of one length.

The Chinese lute is shown in Figure 93, and is five feet in length, to be played lying flat. It has gut strings of equal length; the bass strings of gut are covered with small gut laid on spirally, as piano strings are covered; the tone is partly determined by the tension, but

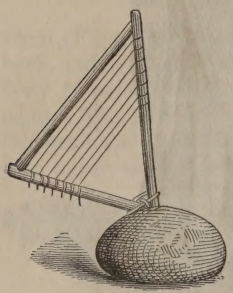


(Fig. 93.) Chinese Lute.

the tuning is principally performed by slipping along the sounding-board the independent bridges, one of which is devoted to each string. The frame is

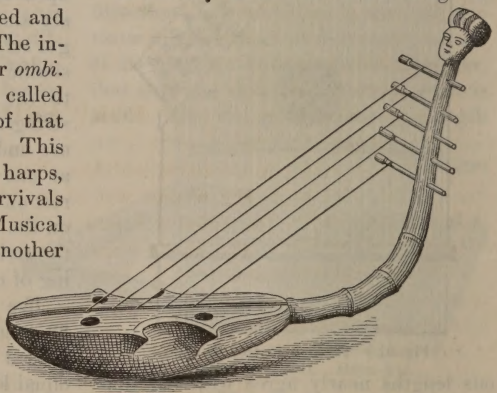
a hollow body of thin sonorous wood, and is painted with grotesque figures. Dotted along its length is a row of inlaid ivory disks, which may possibly indicate the position for the movable bridges when tuning to a given key. The tuning-pins are on each side of one end.

The Kroo-boy's harp (Figure 94) was exhibited in the Gold Coast section of the English colonies exhibit. It is made of a calabash and three sticks, with strings of a peculiar bine growing in that country which has been previously referred to. The string is wooden and has a pith, — not at all of a grass structure, — and is so strong that it bears a great strain and gives a very sonorous vibration. The strings are wrapped and tied, evidently, while yet green. The instrument is known as the *boulu* or *ombi*. It departs from what has been called the African rule, that the harps of that continent all lack the front post. This is true of the ancient Egyptian harps, with one of the most curious survivals of which this group of articles (Musical Instruments) will close. In another form of the simple African harp, the strings are parallel with one of the posts, and in still another one a bow is attached to the calabash, and at its centre arises a post which has strings going each way to the extremities of the bow.



(Fig. 95.) Kroo-Boy's Harp. Gold Coast Exhibit.

The Niam-niam or Dôr guitar, *rebaba* (Figure 95), is a trophy of the expedition of Long Bey to the country south of Khartoum. It has a hollow wooden body, neck, and head, the latter with a characteristic carving. The body is covered entirely with parchment, which forms the sounding-surface and is sewed at the back. The strings are five in number, and extend from the parchment head to pins which pass through the neck. It has this peculiarity, that the neck is not stiff, but its elasticity is used to keep the strings at a proper tension. The compass is but as many notes as there are strings, owing to the angle which the strings make with the neck. In another form of a somewhat similar instrument there are as many necks as there are strings, five in the instance observed. Each of these makes the tension on its own string, the adjustment in tuning being made by slipping a ring up or down, binding the string to the neck at such point as may be necessary. The strings are threads of bast or wiry hairs from the tail of the giraffe. The rebaba is not merely like one of the old forms of Egyptian lyres, but is identical; and it is singular, or at least noticeable, that a favorite form in the Lower Nile country thirty centuries since should survive in the extreme upper waters of the same river, in a region to which no conquerors have ever advanced before the last twenty-five years, and which was entirely unknown to the kings of the old Egyptian dynasties. It may be mentioned that specimens of the old lyre with the wooden body and bent neck are to be seen in the British Museum.



(Fig. 95.) Niam-Niam Guitar. Egyptian Exhibit.

The nearest resemblances to the rebaba to be found elsewhere are probably an ancient one represented in the Nineveh sculptures, and a harp now found in Burmah. The Assyrian instrument had a single post rising obliquely from a flat board, so as to form with it two sides

of a triangle. The strings were nine or ten in number, and stretched between the flat board and the post.

The Burmese harp (*soum*) has a canoe-shaped hollowed body, with sounding-board and a curved post, from which wire strings extend to a bridge on the belly of the instrument. It has one sounding-hole on each side of the bridge. In size it is from two to five feet long.

Two other forms of lyre closely resembling ancient Greek forms are found in Africa: the Nubian lyre (*kissar*) has a wooden body hollowed in the form of a bowl and covered with sheep-skin. The cover is pierced with three or more sound-holes. It has five strings of gut, generally made of the intestines of the camel. The strings rest upon a bridge near the end where they are connected to the body. It is played with a small plectrum of horn, attached by a cord to the instrument and used in the right hand. The left hand also twangs the strings at times. In another form it has a square body and seven strings.

The Mittoo lyre is an instrument superior to the generality of those of the other tribes of the Upper Nile. It has five strings stretched across a bridge formed of the shell of the *anadont* mussel. The sounding-board is quadrangular, covered with skin, with a sound-hole at each corner. As was said of the Nubian lyre, that of Mittoo resembles very much one of the Greek patterns as shown upon the monuments. The Egyptian and Greek lyres had but few strings, and doubtless merely played the notes of the voice ; there seems to have been no attempt at harmonies. In the Greek drama the words were sung; it was a sort of musical recitative sustained by the lyre, flute, and syrinx, with the occasional help of the trumpet in martial passages, — a very dull opera, with the players all masked and the choruses intoned.

Edward H. Knight.

FORWARD.

A SOLDIER laid him down to die —
His wound was deep, his life a-failing;
He called a comrade charging by —
The shells were flying, balls a-hailing.

"O brother, take this purse of gold" —
The steeds were rushing, cannon leaping:
"And bear it to my mother old" —
His voice was shaken here with weeping.

"O brother," said the comrade then —
The turf was wet with blood a-streaming;
"Your errand fits but wounded men" —
The bayonets came on a-gleaming.

"I came to fight and not to fly;
I shall not live to seek your mother;
So pray that I may bravely die,
And trust your treasure to another."

J. W. De Forest.

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA.

IV.

THE ODD ADVENTURE WHICH BEFELL YOUNG LYNDE IN THE HILL COUNTRY.

It had all happened so suddenly that one or two minutes passed before Edward Lynde took in the full enormity of Mary's desertion. A dim smile was still hovering about his lips when the yellow speck that was Mary faded into the gray distance; then his countenance fell. There was no sign of mortal habitation visible from the hill-side where he stood; the farm at which he had spent the night was five miles away; his stiff riding-boots were ill-adapted to pedestrianism. The idea of lugging that heavy saddle five miles over a mountain road caused him to knit his brows and look very serious indeed. As he gave the saddle an impatient kick, his eyes rested on the Bologna sausage, one end of which protruded from the holster; then there came over him a poignant recollection of his lenten supper of the night before and his no breakfast at all of that morning. He seated himself on the saddle, unwrapped the sausage, and proceeded to cut from it two or three thin slices.

"It might have been much worse," he reflected, as he picked off with his penknife the bits of silver foil which adhered to the skin of the sausage; "if Mary had decamped with the commissary stores, that would have been awkward." Lynde devoured the small pieces of pressed meat with an appetite born of his long fast and the bracing upland air.

"Talk about pâté de foie gras!" he exclaimed, with a sweep of his arm, as if he were disdainfully waving back a menial bearing a tray of Strasbourg pâtés; "if I live to return to Rivermouth I will have Bologna sausage three times a day for the rest of my life."

A cup of the ice-cold water which bubbled up from a boss of cresses by the roadside completed his Spartan breakfast. His next step was to examine his surroundings. "From the top of this hill," said Lynde, "I shall probably be able to see where I am, if that will be any comfort to me."

It was only fifty or sixty rods to the crown of the hill, where the road, viewed from below, seemed abruptly to come to an end against the sky. On gaining the summit, Lynde gave an involuntary exclamation of surprise and delight. At his feet in the valley below, in a fertile plain walled in on all sides by the emerald slopes, lay the loveliest little village that ever was seen. Though the road by which he had approached the eminence had been narrow and steep, here it widened and descended by gentle gradations into the valley, where it became the main street of the village, — a congregation of two or possibly three hundred houses, mostly cottages with gambrel and lean-to roofs. At the left of the village, and about an eighth of a mile distant, was an imposing red brick building with wings and a pair of octagon towers. It stood in a forest of pines and maples, and appeared to be inclosed by a high wall of masonry. It was too pretentious for an almshouse, too elegant for a prison; it was as evidently not a school-house, and it could not be an arsenal. Lynde puzzled over it a moment, and then returned for his saddle, which he slung across his back, holding it by a stirrup-strap brought over either shoulder.

"If Mary has got a conscience," muttered Lynde, "it would prick her if she could see me now. I must be an affecting spectacle. In the village they won't know whether I am the upper or the lower half of a centaur. They won't know whether to rub me down and give me a measure of oats, or to ask me in to breakfast."

The saddle with its trappings probably weighed forty pounds, and Lynde was

glad before he had accomplished a third of the way to the village to set down his burden and rest a while. On each side of him now were corn-fields, and sloping orchards peopled with those grotesque, human-like apple-trees which seem twisted and cramped by a pain possibly caught from their own acidulous fruit. The cultivated land terminated only where the village began. It was not so much a village as a garden, — a garden crowded with flowers of that bright metallic tint which distinguishes the flora of northern climes. Through the centre of this Eden ran the wide main street, fringed with poplars and elms and chestnuts. No polluting brewery or smoky factory, with its hideous architecture, marred the idyllic beauty of the miniature town, — for everything which is not a city is a town in New England. The population obviously consisted of well-to-do persons, with outlying stock-farms or cranberry meadows, and funds snugly invested in ships and railroads.

In out-of-the-way places like this is preserved the greater part of what we have left of the hard shrewd sense and the simpler manner of those homespun old worthies who planted the seed of the republic. In our great cities we are cosmopolitans; but here we are Americans of the primitive type, or as nearly as may be. It was unimportant settlements like the one we are describing that sent their quota of stout hearts and flint-lock muskets to the trenches on Bunker Hill. Here, too, the valorous spirit which had been slumbering on its arm for half a century started up at the first shot fired against Fort Sumter. Over the chimney-place of more than one cottage in such secluded villages hangs an infantry or a cavalry sword in its dinted sheath, looked at to-day by wife or mother with the tenderly proud smile that has mercifully taken the place of tears.

Beyond the town, on the hill-side which Edward Lynde had just got within the focus of his field-glass, was the inevitable cemetery. On a grave here and there a tiny flag waved in the indolent June breeze. If Lynde had been standing by the head-stones, he could have read among the inscriptions such unlocal words as Malvern Hill, Andersonville, Ball's Bluff, and Gettysburg, and might have seen the withered Decoration Day wreaths which had been fresh the month before.

Lynde brought his glass to bear on the red brick edifice mentioned, and fell to pondering it again.

"I'll be hanged if I don't think it 's a nunnery," he said. By and by he let his gaze wander back to the town, in which he detected an appearance of liveliness and bustle not usual in New England villages, large or small. The main street was dotted with groups of men and women; and isolated figures, to which perhaps the distance lent a kind of uncanny aspect, were to be seen hurrying hither and thither.

"It must be some local celebration," thought Lynde. "Rural oratory and all that sort of thing. That will be capital!"

He had returned the glass to its leather case, and was settling it well on his hip, when he saw a man approaching. It was a heavily-built old gentleman in a suit of black alpaca, somewhat frayed and baggy at the knees, but still respectable. He carried his hat in his hand, fanning himself with it from time to time, as if overcome by heat and the fatigue of walking. A profusion of snow-white hair, parted in the middle, swept down on either side of a face remarkable — if it was remarkable for anything — for its benign and simple expression. There was a far-off, indescribable something about this person, as though he had existed long ago and once had a meaning, but was now become an obsolete word in the human dictionary. His wide placid brows and the double chin which asserted itself above his high neck-cloth gave him a curious resemblance to portraits of Dr. Franklin.

"The country parson," said Lynde to himself. "Venerable and lovely old character. I'll speak to him."

The old gentleman, with his head slightly thrown back, had his eyes fixed intently on some object in the sky, and was on the point of passing Lynde without observing him, when the young man

politely lifted his hat, and said, "I beg your pardon, sir, but will you be kind enough to tell me the name of the town yonder?"

The old gentleman slowly brought his eyes down from the sky, fixed them vacantly upon Lynde, and made no response. Presuming him to be deaf, Lynde repeated his question in a key adapted to the exigency. Without a change in his mild, benevolent expression, and in a voice whose modulations were singularly musical, the old gentleman exclaimed, "Go to the devil!" and passed on.

The rejoinder was so unexpected, the words themselves were so brusque, while the utterance was so gentle and melodious, that Lynde refused to credit his ears. Could he have heard aright? Before he recovered from his surprise the gentleman in black was far up the slope, his gaze again riveted on some remote point in the zenith.

"It was n't the country parson after all," said Lynde, with a laugh; "it was the village toper. He 's an early bird — I 'll say that for him — to have secured his intoxicating worm at this hour of the morning."

Lynde picked up the saddle and resumed his march on the town in the happy valley. He had proceeded only a little way when he perceived another figure advancing towards him, — a figure not less striking than that of the archaic gentleman, but quite different. This was a young girl, of perhaps seventeen, in a flowing dress of some soft white stuff, gathered at the waist by a broad red ribbon. She was without hat or shawl, and wore her hair, which was very long and very black, hanging loosely down her shoulders, in exaggeration of a style of coiffure that afterwards came into fashion. She was moving slowly and in the manner of a person not accustomed to walking. She was a lady, — Lynde saw that at a glance, — probably some city-bred bird of passage, resting for the summer in this vale of health. His youthful vanity took alarm as he reflected what a comical picture he must present with that old saddle on his back. He would have dumped it into the barberry bushes if he could have done so unobserved; but it was now too late.

On perceiving Lynde, the girl arrested her steps a moment irresolutely, and then came directly towards him. As she drew nearer Lynde was conscious of being dazzled by a pair of heavily fringed black eyes, large and lustrous, set in an oval face of exquisite pallor. The girl held a dandelion in one hand, twirling it by the end of its long, snake-like stem as she approached. She was close upon him now; for an instant he caught the wind of the flower as it swiftly described a circle within an inch of his cheek. The girl paused in front of him, and drawing herself up to her full height said haughtily,

"I am the Queen of Sheba."

Then she glided by him with a quickened pace and a suddenly timid air. Lynde was longer recovering himself, this time. He stood rooted to the ground, stupidly watching the retreating gracious form of the girl, who half turned once and looked back at him. Then she vanished over the ridge of the hill, as the old gentleman had done. Was she following him? Was there any connection between those two? Perhaps he *was* the village clergyman. Could she be his daughter? What an unconventional costume for a young lady to promenade in, — for she was a lady down to her finger-nails! And what an odd salutation!

"The Queen of Sheba!" he repeated, wonderingly. "What could she mean by that? She took me for some country bumpkin, with this confounded saddle, and was laughing at me. I never saw a girl at once so — so audacious and modest, or so lovely. I did n't know there was anything on earth so lovely as that girl."

He had caught only an instantaneous glimpse of her face, but he had seen it with strange distinctness, as one sees an object by a flash of lightning; and he still saw it, as one seems still to see the object in the after-darkness. Every line of the features lived in his eyes, even an almost indistinguishable scar there was on the girl's right cheek near the temple. It was not a flaw, that faint scar;

it seemed somehow to heighten her loveliness, as an accent over a word sometimes gives it one knows not what of piquancy.

"Evidently she lives in the town or in the neighborhood. Shall I meet her again, I wonder? I will stay here a week or a month if — What nonsense! I must have distinguished myself, staring at her like a gawk. When she said she was the Queen of Sheba, I ought instantly to have replied — what in the deuce is it I ought to have replied? How can a man be witty with a ton of sole-leather pressing on his spine!"

Edward Lynde, with the girl and her mocking words in his mind, and busying himself with all the clever things he might have said and did not say, mechanically traversed the remaining distance to the village.

The street which had seemed thronged when he viewed it from the slope of the hill was deserted; at the farther end he saw two or three persons hurrying along, but there were no indications whatever of the festival he had conjectured. Indeed, the town presented the appearance of a place smitten by a pestilence. The blinds of the lower casements of all the houses were closed; he would have supposed them unoccupied if he had not caught sight of a face pressed against the glass of an upper window here and there. He thought it singular that these faces instantly withdrew when he looked up. Once or twice he fancied he heard a distant laugh, and the sound of voices singing drunkenly somewhere in the open air.

Some distance up the street a tall liberty-pole sustaining a swinging sign announced a tavern. Lynde hastened thither; but the tavern, like the private houses, appeared tenantless; the massive pine window-shutters were barred and bolted. Lynde mounted the three or four low steps leading to the piazza, and tried the front door, which was locked. With the saddle still on his shoulders, he stepped into the middle of the street to reconnoitre the premises. A man and two women suddenly showed themselves at an open window in the second story. Lynde was about to address them when the man cried out: —

"Oh, you 're a horse, I suppose. Well, there is n't any oats for you here. You had better trot on!"

Lynde did not relish this pleasantry; it struck him as rather insolent; but he curbed his irritation, and inquired as politely as he could if a horse or any kind of vehicle could be hired in the village.

The three persons in the window nodded to each other significantly, and began smiling in a constrained manner, as if there were something quite preposterous in the inquiry. The man, a corpulent, red-faced person, seemed on the point of suffocating with merriment.

"Is this a public house?" demanded Lynde, severely.

"That 's as may be," answered the man, recovering his breath, and becoming grave.

"Are you the proprietor?"

"That 's jest what I am."

"Then I require of you the accommodation which is the right of every traveler. Your license does not permit you to turn any respectable stranger from your door."

"Now, my advice to you," said the man, stepping back from the window, "my advice to you is to trot. You can't get in here. If you try to, I 'll pepper you as sure as you live, though I would n't like to do it. So trot right along!"

The man had a gun in his hands; he clutched it nervously by the stock; his countenance worked strangely, and his small, greenish eyes had a terrified, defiant expression. Indisputably, the tavern-keeper looked upon Lynde as a dangerous person, and was ready to fire upon him if he persisted in his demands.

"My friend," said Lynde through his set teeth, "if I had you down here I 'd give you a short lesson in manners."

"I dare say! I dare say!" cried the man, flourishing the shot-gun excitedly.

Lynde turned away disgusted and indignant; but his indignation was neutralized by his astonishment at this incomprehensible brutality. He had no resource but to apply to some private house and state his predicament. As

that luckless saddle had excited the derision of the girl, and drawn down on him the contumely of the tavern-keeper, he looked around for some safe spot in which to deposit it before it brought him into further disgrace. His linen and all his worldly possessions, except his money, which he carried on his person, were in the valise; he could not afford to lose that.

The sun was high by this time, and the heat would have been intolerable if it had not been for a merciful breeze which swept down from the cooler atmosphere of the hills. Lynde wasted half an hour or more seeking a hiding-place for the saddle. It had grown a grievous burden to him; at every step it added a pound to its dead weight. He saw no way of relieving himself of it. There it was perched upon his shoulders, like the Old Man of the Sea on the back of Sindbad the Sailor. In sheer despair Lynde flung down his load on the curb-stone at a corner formed by a narrow street diagonally crossing the main thoroughfare, which he had not quitted. He drew out his handkerchief and wiped the heavy drops of perspiration from his brows. At that moment he was aware of the presence of a tall, cadaverous man of about forty, who was so painfully pinched and emaciated that a sympathetic shiver ran over Lynde as he glanced at him. He was as thin as an exclamation point. It seemed to Lynde that the man must be perishing with cold even in that burning June sunshine. It was not a man, but a skeleton.

"Good heavens, sir!" cried Lynde. "Tell me where I am! What is the name of this town?"

"Constantinople."

"Constan—"

"—tinople," added the man briskly. "A stranger here?"

"Yes," said Lynde abstractedly. He was busy running over an imaginary map of the State of New Hampshire in search of Constantinople.

"Good!" exclaimed the anatomy, rustling his dry palms together, "I 'll employ you."

"You 'll employ me? I like that!"

"Certainly. I 'm a ship-builder."

"I did n't know they built vessels a hundred miles from the coast," said Lynde.

"I am building a ship, — don't say I 'm not!"

"Of course I know nothing about it."

"A marble ship."

"A ship to carry marble?"

"No, a ship made of marble; a passenger ship. We have ships of iron, why not of marble?" he asked fiercely.

"Oh, the fellow is mad!" said Lynde to himself, "as mad as a loon; everybody here is mad, or I 've lost my senses. So you are building a marble ship?" he added aloud, good-naturedly. "When it is finished I trust you will get all the inhabitants of this town into it, and put to sea at once."

"Then you 'll help me!" cried the man enthusiastically, with his eyes gleaming in their sunken sockets. More than ever he looked like a specimen escaped from some anatomical museum.

"I do not believe I can be of much assistance," answered Lynde, laughing. "I have had so little experience in constructing marble vessels, you see. I fear my early education has been fearfully neglected. By the bye," continued the young man, who was vaguely diverted by his growing interest in the monomaniac, "how do you propose to move your ship to the sea-board?"

"In the simplest manner — a double railway track — twenty-four engines — twelve engines on each side to support the hull."

"That *would* be a simple way."

Edward Lynde laughed again, but not heartily. He felt that this marble ship was a conception of high humor and was not without its pathetic element. The whimsicality of the idea amused him, but the sad earnestness of the nervous, unstrung visionary at his side moved his compassion.

"Dear me," he mused, "may be all of us are more or less engaged in planning a marble ship, and perhaps the happiest are those who, like this poor soul, never awake from their delusion. Matrimony was Uncle David's marble ship,

— he launched his! Have I one on the ways, I wonder?"

Lynde broke with a shock from his brief abstraction. His companion had disappeared, and with him the saddle and valise. Lynde threw a hasty glance up the street, and started in pursuit of the naval-architect, who was running with incredible swiftness and bearing the saddle on his head with as much ease as if it had been a feather.

The distance between the two men, some sixty or seventy yards, was not the disadvantage that made pursuit seem hopeless. Lynde had eaten almost nothing since the previous noon; he had been carrying that cumbersome saddle for the last two or three hours; he was out of breath, and it was impossible to do much running in his heavy riding-boots. The other man, on the contrary, appeared perfectly fresh; he wore light shoes, and had not a superfluous ounce of flesh to carry. He was all bone and sinew; the saddle resting upon his head was hardly an impediment to him. Lynde, however, was not going to be vanquished without a struggle; though he recognized the futility of pursuit, he pushed on doggedly. A certain tenacious quality in the young man imperatively demanded this of him.

"The rascal has made off with my dinner," he muttered between his clinched teeth. "That completes the ruin Mary began. If I should happen to catch up with him, I trust I shall have the moral strength not to knock his head off — his skull off; it is n't a head."

Lynde's sole hope of overtaking him, and it was a very slender hope, was based on the possibility that the man might fall and disable himself; but he seemed to have the sure-footedness as well as the lightness of a deer. When Lynde reached the outskirts of the village, on the road by which he had entered, the agile ship-builder was more than half-way up the hill. Lynde made a fresh spurt here, and lost his hat; but he had no time to turn back for it. Every instant widened the space between the two runners, as one of them noticed with disgust. At the top of the ascent the man halted a moment to take breath, and then disappeared behind the ridge. He was on the down grade now, and of course gaining at each stride on his pursuer, who was still toiling upward. Lynde did not slacken his pace, however; he had got what runners call their second wind. With lips set, elbows pressed against his sides, and head thrown forward, he made excellent time to the brow of the hill, where he suddenly discovered himself in the midst of a crowd of men and horses.

For several seconds Lynde was so dazed and embarrassed that he saw nothing; then his eyes fell upon the girl with the long hair and the white gown. She was seated sidewise on a horse without saddle, and the horse was Mary. A strapping fellow was holding the animal by the head-stall.

"By Jove!" cried Lynde, springing forward joyfully, "that 's my mare!"

He was immediately seized by two men who attempted to pass a cord over his wrists. Lynde resisted so desperately that a third man was called into requisition, and the three succeeded in tying his hands and placing him upon a saddle vacated by one of the riders. All this occupied hardly a minute.

"Will you go along quietly," said one of the men roughly, "or will you be carried?"

"What is the meaning of this!" demanded Lynde, with the veins standing out on his forehead.

He received no reply from any of the group, which seemed to be composed of farmers and laboring-hands, with two or three persons whose social status did not betray itself. Directly behind the girl and, like her, mounted on a horse led by a couple of rustics, was the white-haired old gentleman who had repulsed Lynde so rudely. Lynde noticed that his hands were also secured by cords, an indignity which in no wise altered the benevolent and satisfied expression of his face. Lynde's saddle and valise were attached to the old gentleman's horse. Lynde instinctively looked around for the ship-builder. There he was, flushed and sullen, sitting on a black nag as bony and woe-begone as himself, guarded by two

ill-favored fellows. Not only were the ship-builder's arms pinioned, but his feet were bound by a rope fastened to each ankle and passed under the nag's belly. It was clear to Lynde that he himself, the old clergyman, and the girl were the victims of some dreadful misconception, possibly brought about by the wretch who had purloined the saddle.

"Gentlemen!" cried Lynde, as the party began to advance, "I protest against this outrage so far as I am concerned, and I venture to protest on the part of the lady. I am convinced that she is incapable of any act to warrant such treatment. I — I know her, slightly," he added, hesitating.

"Oh, yes," said the girl, folding her hands demurely in her lap, "and I know you, too, very well. You are my husband."

This announcement struck Lynde speechless. The rough men exchanged amused glances, and the ship-builder gave vent to a curious dry laugh. Lynde could have killed him. The party moved on. Up to this moment the young man had been boiling with rage; his rage now yielded place to amazement. What motive had prompted the girl to claim that relationship? Was it a desperate appeal to him for protection? But brother, or cousin, or friend would have served as well. Her impulsive declaration, which would be at once disproved, might result in serious complications for him and her. But it had not been an impulsive declaration; she had said it very calmly and, he fancied, with just the lightest touch of coquetry, "You are my husband!" For several minutes Lynde did not dare to let his eyes wander in her direction. She was a pace or so in the rear at his right. To see her he would be obliged to turn slightly; this he presently did, with a movement as if settling himself more easily in the saddle. The girl's loose hair was blown like a black veil over her face, putting her into mourning; she was steadying herself with one hand resting on Mary's mane; her feet were crossed, and a diminutive slipper had fallen from one of them. There was something so helpless and appealing in the girl's attitude that Lynde was touched.

"May I speak with you, sir?" he said, addressing himself to a man whom somebody had called Morton, and who appeared to issue the orders for the party. The man came to Lynde's side.

"For Heaven's sake, sir, explain this! Who is that young woman?"

"You said you knew her," returned the man, not unpleasantly.

"Indeed I said so," replied Lynde, reddening. "What has happened? What has she done, what have I done, what has the old clergyman done, that we should be seized like murderers on the public highway?"

"Be quiet now," said the man, laying his hand soothingly on Lynde's arm, and looking at him steadily. "Everything will be satisfactorily explained by and by."

Lynde's indignation blazed up again.

"I can assure you, sir," he cried, as the man returned to his former position, "that the result of the explanation will be far from satisfactory to you. I shall hold to strict account every man who has had a hand in this business. I demand to be brought before a magistrate, or a justice of the peace, if there is one in this God-forsaken country."

No attention was paid to Lynde's fresh outbreak. Some one picked up his hat and set it on the back of his head, giving him quite a rakish air. His dignity suffered until the wind took the hat again. The party proceeded in silence, halting once to tighten a girth, and another time to wait for a straggler. If the men spoke to each other it was in subdued tones or whispers. Two of the horsemen trotted on a hundred yards in advance, like skirmishers thrown out in front of an attacking force. There was something in all this mysterious precaution and reticence which bewildered and exasperated Lynde, who noted every detail. Mary, in a transient spasm of backing, had fallen to the rear; the young man could no longer see the girl, but ever before his eyes was the piteous, unslippered little foot with its arched instep.

The party was now at the base of the declivity. Instead of following the road to the village, the horses turned abruptly into a bridle-path branching off to the left, and in the course of a few minutes passed through an iron-spiked gateway in a high brick wall surrounding the large red structure which had puzzled Lynde on first discovering the town. The double gates stood wide open and were untended; they went to, however, with a clang, and the massive bolts were shot as soon as the party had entered. In the court-yard Lynde was hastily assisted from the horse; he did not have an opportunity to observe what became of the other three prisoners. When his hands were freed he docilely allowed himself to be conducted up a flight of stone steps and into the vestibule of the building, and thence, through a long corridor, to a small room in which his guard left him. The door closed with a spring not practicable from the inside, as Lynde ascertained on inspection.

The chamber was not exactly a cell; it resembled rather the waiting-room of a penitentiary. The carpet, of a tasteless, gaudy pattern, was well worn, and the few pieces of hair-cloth furniture, a sofa, a table, and chairs, had a stiff, official air. A strongly barred window gave upon a contracted garden — one of those gardens sometimes attached to prisons, with mathematically cut box borders, and squares of unhealthy, party-colored flowers looking like gangs of convicts going to meals. On his arrival at the place Edward Lynde had offered no resistance, trusting that some sort of judicial examination would promptly set him at liberty. Faint from want of food, jaded by his exertions, and chafing at the delay, he threw himself upon the sofa, and waited.

There was a great deal of confusion in the building. Hurried footsteps came and went up and down the passages; now and then he heard approaching voices, which tantalizingly passed on, or died away before reaching his door. Once a shrill shriek — a woman's shriek — rang through the corridor and caused him to spring to his feet.

After the lapse of an hour that had given Lynde some general idea of eternity, the door was hastily thrown open, and a small, elderly, blue-eyed gentleman, followed by a man of gigantic stature, entered the chamber.

"My dear sir," cried the gentleman, making a courteous, deprecatory gesture with his palms spread outward, "we owe you a million apologies. There has been a most lamentable mistake!"

"A mistake!" said Lynde haughtily. "Mistake is a mild term to apply to an outrage."

"Your indignation is just; still it was a mistake, and one I would not have had happen for the world. I am Dr. Pendegrast, the superintendent of this asylum."

"This is an asylum!"

"An asylum for the insane," returned Dr. Pendegrast. "I do not know how to express my regret at what has occurred. I can only account for the unfortunate affair, and throw myself upon your generosity. Will you allow me to explain?"

Lynde passed his hand over his forehead in a bewildered way. Then he looked at the doctor suspiciously; Lynde's late experience had shaken his faith in the general sanity of his species. "Certainly," he said, "I would like to have this matter explained to me; for I 'll be hanged if I understand it. This is an asylum?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you are the superintendent?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then — naturally — you are not a lunatic?"

"Certainly not!" said the doctor, starting.

"Very well; I am listening to you, sir."

"Early this morning," said Dr. Pendegrast, somewhat flustered by Lynde's singular manner, "a number of patients whom we had always considered tractable seized the attendants one by one at breakfast, and, before a general alarm could be given, locked them in the cells. Some of us were still in our bedrooms when the assault began and were there

overpowered. We chanced to be short-handed at the time, two of the attendants being ill, and another absent. As I say, we were all seized — the women attendants and nurses as well — and locked up. Higgins here, my head-man, they put into a strait-jacket."

"Yes, sir," spoke up Higgins for himself, "they did so!"

"Me," continued Dr. Pendegrast, smiling, "they confined in the padded chamber."

Lynde looked at him blankly.

"A chamber with walls thickly cushioned, to prevent violent patients from inflicting injury on themselves," explained the doctor. "*I*, you see, was considered a very bad case indeed! Meanwhile, Morton, the under-keeper, was in the garden, and escaped; but unfortunately, in his excitement, he neglected to lock the main gate after him. Morton gave the alarm to the people in the village, who, I am constrained to say, did not behave handsomely. Instead of coming to our relief and assisting to restore order, which might easily have been done even then, they barricaded themselves in their houses, in a panic. Morton managed to get a horse, and started for G——. In the mean time the patients who had made the attack liberated the patients still in confinement, and the whole rushed in a body out of the asylum and spread themselves over the village."

"That must have been the crowd I saw in the streets when I sighted the town," said Lynde, thinking aloud.

"If you saw persons in the street," returned the doctor, "they were not the towns-folk. They kept very snug, I assure you. But permit me to finish, Mr." —

"My name is Lynde."

"Morton," continued the doctor, bowing, "having secured several volunteers before reaching G——, decided to return with what force he had, knowing that every instant was precious. On his way back he picked up three of the poor wanderers, and, unluckily, picked up you."

"He should not have committed such a stupid error," said Lynde, clinging stoutly to his grievance. "He ought to have seen that I was not an inmate of the asylum."

"An attendant, my dear Mr. Lynde, is not necessarily familiar with all the patients; he may know only those in his special ward. Besides, you were bare-headed and running, and seemed in a state of great cerebral excitement."

"I was chasing a man who had stolen my property."

"Morton and the others report that you behaved with great violence."

"Of course I did. I naturally resented being seized and bound."

"Your natural violence confirmed them in their natural suspicion, you see. Assuredly they were to blame; but the peculiar circumstances must plead for them."

"But when I spoke to them calmly and rationally" —

"My good sir," interrupted the doctor, "if sane people always talked as rationally and sensibly as some of the very maddest of my poor friends sometimes do, there would be fewer foolish things said in the world. What remark is that the great poet puts into the mouth of Polonius, speaking of Hamlet? 'How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of.' My dear Mr. Lynde, it was your excellent good sense that convicted you! By the way, I believe you claimed the horse which Morton found adrift on the road."

"Yes, sir, it was mine; at least I was riding it this morning when the saddle-girth broke, and the mare got away from me."

"Then of course that was your saddle Blaisdell was running off with."

"Blaisdell?"

"One of our most dangerous patients, in fact, the only really dangerous patient at present in the establishment. Yet you should hear *him* talk sometimes! To-day, thank God, he happened to be in his ship-building mood. Otherwise — I dare not think what he might have done. I should be in despair if he had

not been immediately retaken. Oddly enough, all the poor creatures, except three, returned to the asylum of their own will, after a brief ramble through the village."

"And the white-haired old gentleman who looked like a clergyman, is he insane?"

"Mackenzie? Merely idiotic," replied the doctor, with the cool professional air.

"And the young girl," asked Lynde, hesitatingly, "is she" —

"A very sad case," interrupted Dr. Pendegrast, with a tenderer expression settling upon his countenance. "The saddest thing in the world."

"Insane?"

"Hopelessly so, I fear."

A nameless heaviness fell upon Lynde's heart. He longed to ask other questions, but he did not know how to shape them. He regretted that subsequently.

"And now, Mr. Lynde," said the doctor, "in your general pardon I wish you to include my unavoidable delay in coming or sending to you. When you were brought here I was still in durance vile, and Higgins was in his strait-jacket. On being released, my hands were full, as you can suppose. Moreover, I did not learn at once of your detention. The saddle and the valise caused me to suspect that a blunder had been committed. I cannot adequately express my regrets. In ten minutes," continued Dr. Pendegrast, turning a fat gold watch over on its back in the palm of his hand, where it looked like a little yellow turtle, "in ten minutes dinner will be served. Unless you do me the honor to dine with me, I shall not believe in the sincerity of your forgiveness."

"Thanks," said Lynde dejectedly. "I fully appreciate your thoughtfulness; I am nearly famished, but I do not think I could eat a mouthful here. Excuse me for saying it, but I should have to remain here permanently if I were to stay another hour. I quite forgive Mr. Morton and the others," Lynde went on, rising and giving the doctor his hand; "and I forgive you also, since you insist upon being forgiven, though I do not know for what. If my horse, and my traps, and my hat — really, I don't see how they could have helped taking me for a lunatic — can be brought together, I will go and dine at the tavern."

Half an hour afterward Edward Lynde dismounted at the steps of the rustic hotel. The wooden shutters were down now, and the front door stood hospitably open. A change had come over the entire village. There were knots of people at the street corners and at garden gates, discussing the event of the day. There was also a knot of gossips in the hotel bar-room to whom the landlord, Mr. Zeno Dodge, was giving a thrilling account of an attack made on the tavern by a maniac who had fancied himself a horse!

"The critter," cried Mr. Dodge, dramatically, "was on the p'int of springin' up the piazzy, when Martha handed me the shot-gun."

Mr. Dodge was still in a heroic attitude, with one arm stretched out to receive the weapon and his eye following every movement of a maniac personated by the spittoon between the windows, when Lynde entered. Mr. Dodge's arm slowly descended to his side, his jaw fell, and the narrative broke off short.

Lynde requested dinner in a private room, and Mr. Dodge deposed the maid in order to bring in the dishes himself and scrutinize his enigmatical guest. In serving the meal the landlord invented countless pretexts to remain in the room. After a while Lynde began to feel it uncomfortable to have those sharp green eyes continually boring into the back of his head.

"Yes," he exclaimed, wearily, "I am the man."

"I thought you was. Glad to see you, sir," said Mr. Dodge, politely.

"This morning you took me for an escaped lunatic?"

"I did so — fust-off."

"A madman who imagined himself a horse?"

"That 's what I done," said Mr. Dodge, contritely, "an' no wonder, with that there saddle. They 're a very queer

lot, them crazy chaps. There 's one on 'em up there who calls himself Abraham Lincoln, an' then there 's another who thinks he 's a telegraph wire an' hes messages runnin' up an' down him contin'ally. These is new potatoes, sir, — early rosers. There 's no end to their cussed kinks. When I see you prancin' round under the winder with that there saddle, I says at once to Martha, ' Martha, here 's a luny! ' "

" A very natural conclusion," said Lynde, meekly.

" Was n't it now? "

" And if you had shot me to death," said Lynde, helping himself to another chop, " I should have been very much obliged to you."

Mr. Dodge eyed the young man dubiously for a dozen seconds or so.

" Comin'! comin'! " cried Mr. Dodge, in response to a seemingly vociferous call which had failed to reach Lynde's ear.

When Edward Lynde had finished dinner, Mary was brought to the door. Under the supervision of a group of spectators assembled on the piazza, Lynde mounted, and turned the mare's head directly for Rivermouth. He had no heart to go any further due north. The joyousness had dropped out of the idle summer journey. He had gone in search of the picturesque and the peculiar; he had found them — and he wished he had not.

V.

CINDERELLA'S SLIPPER.

On the comb of the hill where his adventure had begun and culminated, — it seemed to him now like historic ground, — Edward Lynde reined in Mary, to take a parting look at the village nestled in the plain below. Already the afternoon light was withdrawing from the glossy chestnuts and drooping elms, and the twilight — it crept into the valley earlier than elsewhere — was weaving its half invisible webs under the eaves and about the gables of the houses. But the two red towers of the asylum reached up into the mellow radiance of the waning sun, and stood forth boldly. They were the last objects his gaze rested upon, and to them alone his eyes sent a farewell.

" Poor little thing! poor little Queen of Sheba! " he said softly. Then the ridge rose between him and the village, and shut him out forever.

Nearly a mile beyond the spot where Mary had escaped from him that morning, Edward Lynde drew up the mare so sharply that she sunk back on her haunches. He dismounted in haste, and stooping down, with the rein thrown over one arm, picked up something lying in the middle of the road under the horse's very hoofs.

It was on a Tuesday morning that Lynde reëntered Rivermouth, after an absence of just eight days. He had started out fresh and crisp as a new bank-note, and came back rumpled and soiled and tattered, like that same note in a state to be withdrawn from circulation. The shutters were up at all the shop-windows in the cobble-paved street, and had the appearance of not having been taken down since he left. Everything was unchanged, yet it seemed to Lynde that he had been gone a year.

On Wednesday morning when Mr. Bowlsby came down to the bank he was slightly surprised at seeing the young cashier at his accustomed desk. To Mr. Bowlsby's brief interrogations then, and to Miss Mildred Bowlsby's more categorical questions in the evening, Lynde offered no very lucid reason for curtailing his vacation. Traveling alone had not been as pleasant as he anticipated; the horse was a nuisance to look after; and then the country taverns were snuffy and unendurable. As to where he had been and what he had seen, — he must have seen something and been somewhere in eight days, — his answers were so evasive that Miss Mildred was positive something distractingly romantic had befallen the young man.

" If you must know," he said, one evening, " I will tell you where I went."

" Tell me, then! "

"I went to Constantinople."

Miss Mildred found that nearly impertinent.

There was, too, an alteration in Lynde's manner which cruelly helped to pique her curiosity. His frank, half satirical, but wholly amiable way, — an armor that had hitherto rendered him invulnerable to Miss Mildred's coquettish shafts, — was wanting; he was less ready to laugh than formerly, and sometimes in the midst of company he fell into absent-minded moods. Instead of being the instigator and leader of picnics up the river, he frequently pleaded bank duties as an excuse for not joining such parties. "He is not at all as nice as he used to be," was Miss Mildred's mental summing up of Lynde a fortnight after his return.

He was, in fact, unaccountably depressed by his adventure in the hill country; he could not get it out of his mind. The recollection of details which he had not especially remarked at the time came to him in the midst of his work at the bank. Sometimes when he turned off the gas at night, or just as he was falling asleep, the sharp, attenuated figure of the ship-builder limned itself against the blackness of the chamber, or the old gentleman's vacuous countenance in its frame of silver hair peered in through the hangings of the bed. But more frequently it was the young girl's face that haunted Lynde. He saw her as she came up the sunny road, swinging the flower in her hand, and looking like one of Fra Angelico's seraphs or some saint out of an illuminated mediæval missal; then he saw her seated on the horse, helpless and piteous with the rude, staring men about her. If he dreamed, it was of her drawing herself up haughtily and saying, "I am the Queen of Sheba." On two or three nights, when he had not been dreaming, he was startled out of his slumber by a voice whispering close to his ear: "I know you, too, very well. You are my husband."

Mr. Bowlsby and his daughter were the only persons in Rivermouth to whom Lynde could have told the story of his journey. He decided not to confide it to either, since he felt it would be vain to attempt to explain the sombre effect which the whole affair had had on him.

"I do not understand what makes me think of that poor girl all the time," mused Lynde one day, as he stood by the writing-table in his sitting-room. "It can't be this that keeps her in my mind."

He took up a slipper which was lying on the table in the midst of carved pipes and paper-weights and odds and ends. It was a very small slipper, nearly new, with high pointed heel and a square jet buckle at the instep: evidently of foreign make, and cut after the arch pattern of the slippers we see peeping from the flowered brocade skirts of Sir Peter Lely's full-length ladies. It was such an absurd shoe, a toy shoe, a child might have worn it!

"It cannot be this," said Lynde.

And yet it was that, more or less. Lynde had taken the slipper from his valise the evening he got home, and set it on the corner of the desk, where it straightway made itself into a cunning ornament. The next morning he put it into one of the drawers; but the table looked so barren and common-place without it that presently the thing was back again. There it had remained ever since.

It met his eye every morning when he opened the door of his bedroom; it was there when he came home late at night, and seemed to be sitting up for him, in the reproachful, feminine fashion. When he was writing his letters, there it was, with a prim, furtive air of looking on. It was not like a mere slipper; it had traits and an individuality of its own; there were moments when the jet beads in the buckle sparkled with a sort of intelligence. Sitting at night reading under the drop-light, Lynde often had an odd sensation as if the little shoe would presently come tripping across the green table-cloth towards him. He had a hundred fanciful humors growing out of that slipper. Sometimes he was tempted to lock it up or throw it away. Sometimes he would say to himself, half mockingly

and half sadly, "That is your wife's slipper;" then he would turn wholly sad, thinking how tragic that would be if it were really so.

It was a part of the girl's self; it had borne her lovely weight; it still held the impress of her foot; it would not let Lynde entirely forget her while it was under his eyes.

The slipper had stood on the writing-table four or five months, — an object of consuming curiosity and speculation to the young woman who dusted Lynde's chambers, — when an incident occurred which finally led to its banishment.

Lynde never had visitors; there were few men of his age in the town, and none was sufficiently intimate with him to come to his rooms; but it chanced one evening that a young man named Preston dropped in to smoke a cigar with Lynde. Preston had recently returned from abroad, where he had been an attaché of the American Legation at London, and was now generally regarded as the prospective proprietor of Miss Mildred. He was an entertaining, mercurial young fellow, into whose acquaintanceship Lynde had fallen at the Bowlsbys'.

"Ah, you rogue!" cried Preston gayly, picking up the slipper. "Did she give it you?"

"Who?" asked Lynde, with a start.

"Devilish snug little foot! Was it a danseuse?"

"No," returned Lynde, freezingly.

"An actress?"

"No," said Lynde, taking the slipper from Preston's hand and gently setting it back on the writing-table. "It was not an actress; and yet she played a rôle — in a blacker tragedy than any you ever saw on the stage."

"Lynde, I beg your pardon. I spoke thoughtlessly, thinking it a light matter, don't you see?"

"There was no offense," said Lynde, hiding his subtile hurt.

"It was stupid in me," said Preston the next night, relating the incident to Miss Bowlsby. "I never once thought it might be a thing connected with the memory of his mother or sister, don't you see? I took it for a half sentimental souvenir of some flirtation."

"Mr. Lynde's mother died when he was a child, and he never had a sister," said Miss Bowlsby, thoughtfully. "I should n't wonder," she added irrelevantly, after a pause.

"At what, Miss Mildred?"

"At anything!"

One of those womanly intuitions which set mere man-logic at defiance was come to whisper in Miss Bowlsby's ear that that slipper had performed some part in Edward Lynde's untold summer experience.

"He was laughing at you, Mr. Preston; he was grossly imposing on your unsophisticated innocence."

"Really? Is he as deep as that?"

"He is very deep," said Miss Bowlsby, solemnly.

On his way home from the bank, one afternoon in that same week, Lynde overtook Miss Mildred walking, and accompanied her a piece down the street.

"Mr. Lynde, shall you go on another horseback excursion next summer?" she asked, without prelude.

"I have n't decided; but I think not."

"Of course you ought to go."

"Why of course, Miss Mildred?"

"Why? Because — because — don't ask me!"

"But I do ask you."

"You insist?"

"Positively."

"Well, then, how will you ever return Cinderella her slipper if you don't go in search of her?"

Lynde bit his lip, and felt that the blackest criminals of antiquity were as white as driven snow compared with Preston.

"The prince in the story, you know," continued Miss Bowlsby, with her smile of *ingénue*, "hunted high and low until he found her again."

"That prince was a very energetic fellow," said Lynde, hastily putting on his old light armor. "Possibly I should not have to travel so far from home," he added, with a bow. "I know at least one lady in Rivermouth who has a Cinderella foot."

"She has two of them, Mr. Lynde," responded Miss Mildred, dropping him a courtesy.

The poor little slipper's doom was sealed. The edict for its banishment had gone forth. If it were going to be the town's talk he could not keep it on his writing-desk. As soon as Lynde got back to his chambers, he locked up Cinderella's slipper in an old trunk in a closet seldom or never opened.

The enchantment, whatever it was, was broken. Although he missed the slipper from among the trifles scattered over his table, its absence brought him a kind of relief. He less frequently caught himself falling into brown studies. The details of his adventure daily grew more indistinct; the picture was becoming a mere outline; it was fading away. He might have been able in the course of time to have set the whole occurrence down as a grotesque dream, if he had not now and then beheld Deacon Twombly driving by the bank with Mary attached to the battered family carry-all. Mary was a fact not easily disposed of.

Insensibly Lynde lapsed into his old habits. The latter part of this winter at Rivermouth was unusually gay; the series of evening parties and lectures and private theatricals extended into the spring, whose advent was signalized by the marriage of Miss Bowlsby and Preston. In June Lynde ran on to New York for a week, where he had a clandestine dinner with his uncle at Delmonico's, and bade good-by to Flemming, who was on the eve of starting on a protracted tour through the East. "I shall make it a point to visit the land of the Sabæans," said Flemming, with his great cheery laugh, "and discover, if possible, the unknown site of the ancient capital of Sheba." Lynde had confided the story to his friend one night, coming home from the theatre.

Once more at Rivermouth, Edward Lynde took up the golden threads of his easy existence. But this life of ideal tranquillity and contentment was not to be permitted him. One morning in the latter part of August he received a letter advising him that his uncle had had an alarming stroke of apoplexy. The letter was followed within the hour by a telegram announcing the death of David Lynde.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

A GHOST.

I KNOW that I have heard the laugh of one,
Ah, many a time this morning, in the sun;
And seen its very face look down at me,
Above the bird's nest, in this apple-tree.

It does not know — how should it know? — how still
A grave lies in the dew below the hill,
Where eyes too like its own can never see
How full of tears the violets there can be.

Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.

KING COTTON AND HIS GIN.

Among the triumphs of peace which invest our centennial epoch with interest and impart dignity to our patriotic commemorations is the marvelous development of the Southern States of the Union, and the consequent impetus which was given to the commerce of the nation, through the introduction of that great staple of agriculture which immediately followed our independence, and which by such magical rapidity acquired an influence that secured to it the title of a monarch. King Cotton was recognized throughout the world as a power in the land. The supremacy was so complete and controlling as to bind the members of the new confederacy together by practical ties that were stronger than those of any moral associations or sympathies, or mutual struggles and victories. New England had an agency in creating these ties that gave them a force beyond their pecuniary value, which of itself, under other auspices, might have constituted a bond of enduring fellowship. But the nation thus founded was subject to the law of inevitable progress; and it is under the silent and all-powerful influence of this law that the throne of King Cotton has been shorn of some of its beams.

Massachusetts had the honor, not to initiate the culture of cotton in the South, but to furnish the means without which that culture could never have been successfully conducted. But for Whitney's cotton-gin, the cotton-plant, even in that congenial soil, would have yielded but scanty returns, and the prosperity and wealth, and social and commercial and political importance which the cotton States subsequently attained, and in the pride of their luxury madly threw away, would never have been realized.

Eli Whitney was a revolutionary patriot in the best sense. He was modest in the extreme, and unostentatious almost to a fault; but through these distinguishing virtues there shone a public spirit and a genius which entitle him to a high rank among the benefactors of mankind. He derived no personal advantage from the first essay of his genius, which redounded with such vast benefit to the general welfare. The results were to himself but a series of neglects and wrongs and bitter disappointments, which only one of his patient unselfishness could have endured. His personal ill success led him to give another direction to his genius, from which the world at large has reaped a permanent reward, and which ultimately yielded him the comforts and honors he had so richly earned.

The cotton-gin was invented in 1793. The culture of cotton was begun in the Southern colonies in 1770. It was an experiment for which the older nations of the world were not prepared, and was suited only to a bold and adventurous people. In 1784, the year after the close of the Revolutionary War, a vessel from this country, that had carried to Liverpool *eight* bales of cotton, was seized in that port upon the specious charge of illicit trade, grounded on the presumption that so large a quantity of cotton could not possibly have been the product of the United States. Eleven years later than this, in 1795, when the commercial treaty which bears the name of Mr. Jay was negotiated between the United States and Great Britain, one article of the treaty, as it originally stood, prohibited the exportation from this country, in American vessels, of such articles as Great Britain had previously imported from the West Indies. Mr. Jay was surprised to learn subsequently that cotton was included in this prohibition, and still more surprised to be made acquainted with the fact, of which he was till then wholly unaware, that cotton was becoming an article of export from the United States. The culture was continued, amidst difficulties and embarrassments which constantly threatened its abandonment, till in 1791 the

whole amount of cotton exported from the United States was but 189,316 pounds. The next year, that preceding the invention of the cotton-gin, the amount exported was diminished fifty thousand pounds. There was, in fact, from the incipiency of the culture to the period of this invention, no indication of any tendency to an increase of the production. The chief difficulty in the prosecution of the enterprise had been found to be the extremely slow and laborious process of cleaning the green-seed cotton, or separating it from the seed; and so serious had this embarrassment come to be regarded that the cultivators were generally inclined to yield to it as an insuperable objection to what had been the grand design of the undertaking, namely, the raising of cotton for the European market. The green-seed cotton is that which is commonly known as the *upland*, or *bowed* Georgia cotton, by which name it is distinguished from that produced in the islands and low districts near the shore, called *sea-island*, or black-seed cotton. The latter is the finest kind, and derives its name from the circumstance of its having been first cultivated in this country in the low sandy islands on the coast of South Carolina. It will not flourish at a distance from the sea, and its quality gradually deteriorates as it is removed from "the salutary action of the ocean's spray." It has a longer fibre than other cottons, and is of a peculiarly even and silky texture, which qualities give it its superior market value. The expression "bowed," which is applied to the upland cotton, is descriptive of the means that were employed for cleaning it, or loosening the filament from the seed, previous to the invention of the cotton-gin. The process was similar to that employed by hatters for beating up wool to the proper consistency for felting. Strings, attached to a bow, were brought in contact with a heap of uncleaned cotton, and struck so as to cause violent vibrations, and thus to open the locks of cotton and permit the easy separation of the seed from the fibre. The cleaning was likewise done wholly by hand, the work of the bow-strings being scarcely more efficient than that accomplished by the fingers of the slaves. In either case the process was discouragingly tedious and slow. Whitney's cotton-gin overcame all this difficulty, and furnished the means of separating the seed and cleaning the cotton with such economy of labor and time as at once to give a spring to the agricultural industry of the South, and an impetus to what in a few years, comparatively, became one of the most important branches of the commerce and manufactures of the world.

In the first year of the invention of the gin the cotton crop was increased to 5,000,000 pounds, and the exportation to about 500,000 pounds. The year following, the production reached 8,000,000, and the exportation 1,600,000 pounds. In 1800, when the machine had been thrown open to the people, without limitation from regard to the legal rights of the patentee, the total production had increased to 35,000,000 pounds, of which about 18,000,000 pounds were exported. Public attention had already been called to the manufacture of cotton in this country and to the home consumption of the crop which was now ripening into success. The first cotton-mill built in the United States was set to work in Rhode Island in 1790. Attempts had been made in the previous year to get the machinery into operation by water, by means of models for carding and spinning which the State of Massachusetts had procured from abroad, but no mill was begun until the autumn of 1789, when the one above mentioned was commenced by the assistance of Mr. Slater, who had then recently come from England. About the same time an incorporated company set up a factory at Beverly, Massachusetts. There are those among our older readers, no doubt, who remember the ghost of a cotton-mill which for so long a period, amidst the silent growth of the proverbial bean, signalized the apathy of that ancient town.

In 1830 our cotton crop had reached 475,000,000 pounds, and the exportation 300,000,000. In 1845 the crop was 1,029,000,000, and the exportation 862,-

580,000 pounds, the domestic consumption having been 167,270,000 pounds. Since the period of the war the cotton crop has slowly increased, in spite of the local embarrassments which are now happily disappearing, till it has nearly reached the maximum of its highest success.

In 1791 the total production of cotton in the world was 490,000,000 pounds, of which the United States produced only 2,000,000, India 150,000,000, other parts of Asia 190,000,000, Mexico and South America (exclusive of Brazil) 68,000,000, Africa 46,000,000, Brazil 22,000,000, and the West Indies 12,000,000. In 1834 the total production was 909,000,000 pounds, the quantities grown in the countries mentioned above being as follows: United States 460,000,000, India 185,000,000, other parts of Asia 110,000,000, Mexico, etc., 35,000,000, Africa 31,000,000, Brazil 30,000,000, and the West Indies 8,000,000. It will thus be seen that in the course of forty years from the time of Whitney's invention the production of cotton in the United States increased till it equaled very nearly the production of the whole world in 1791, while the quantity grown in other countries diminished or very slightly increased. This remarkable fact is fairly attributable to the improvement in cleaning cotton made by Whitney's cotton-gin. The results of this wonderful machine should have secured to the inventor the grateful regard of those who were more immediately and materially benefited by his labors. And yet, as we shall see, he was destined to experience the grossest injustice at their hands.

Mr. Whitney was a native of Massachusetts. He was born at Westborough, in Worcester County, in 1765, and was of course only twenty-eight years of age when the circumstances in which he was fortuitously placed called into action the genius which produced his momentous machine. Both his paternal and maternal ancestors were respectable farmers of Worcester County. They were emigrants from England, and a story is told of the latter (named Fay) which is illustrative of their energetic character. A father of the Fay family, residing in England about two hundred years ago, a respectable and wealthy man, called together his five sons and addressed them thus: "America is to be a great country; I am too old to emigrate to it myself; but if any one of you will go, I will give him a double share of my property." The youngest son, embracing this offer, came to the New World, landed at Boston, and purchased a large tract of land in this neighborhood, where he had the satisfaction of receiving two visits from his venerated father. His son, John Fay, from whom Eli Whitney is descended, removed from Boston to Westborough, where he became proprietor of a large tract, still known, we believe, by the name of the "Fay Farm."

Whitney's mechanical genius was developed at a very early age. Even in his youthful years he was zealously and often profitably employed in the manufacture of various minor articles. He was graduated at Yale College, in 1792, where he devoted particular attention to the study of mathematics. He had conceived the idea of a collegiate education at the age of nineteen, but ill health and other circumstances prevented his entering college till he was twenty-three. The same year that he was graduated he went to Georgia, to fulfill an engagement which he had made with a Mr. B—— to reside in his family as a private teacher. He was met on his arrival by a disappointment which proved to be a precursor of a long series of ills and misfortunes. Mr. B—— had employed another teacher, and Whitney was left, in that then remote region, without means, but providentially not altogether without friends. On his way thither he had made the acquaintance of the widow of General Nathanael Greene, who commanded the Southern army in the Revolution, and after the peace removed with his family from Rhode Island to Savannah, where he died suddenly in 1786. Mrs. Greene had learned that it was Whitney's purpose to study law, and with great benevolence she invited

him to make her house his home and to pursue his studies as he pleased. He accepted the kind offer and commenced his legal studies under that hospitable roof. Mrs. Greene being engaged one day upon a piece of embroidery, in which she employed a frame called a tambour, complained to her young guest that it was so badly constructed that it tore the delicate threads of her work. Eager for an opportunity to oblige his hostess, Whitney, with a slight tax upon his ingenuity, produced a tambour of a new and improved construction, with which Mrs. Greene was delighted.

A party of gentlemen from upper Georgia, some of whom had been in the army under General Greene, visited the family at Savannah not long after the occurrence of the incident above related. In the course of conversation they expressed great regret that there were no means of cleaning the green-seed cotton, to the culture of which the soil of their State had proved to be so well adapted. Until ingenuity could devise a machine which would greatly facilitate the process of cleaning, they said, it was in vain to think of raising cotton for market. "Gentlemen," said Mrs. Greene, "apply to my young friend, Mr. Whitney; he can make anything." A suggestion was made to Mr. Whitney accordingly. He had never seen cotton or cotton-seed in his life; but after considerable effort, that not being the season for cotton in the seed, he succeeded in procuring a small parcel, and set himself to work, with the very scanty material which a Georgia plantation afforded, to furnish the great desideratum. He even made some of his own tools and drew his own wire (of which the teeth of the earliest gins were made), an article which was not to be found in the market of Savannah. Mrs. Greene and Mr. Miller (a gentleman who afterwards married Mrs. Greene) were the only persons admitted to his workshop and to the secret of his undertaking. In the course of a few weeks a machine was produced, which was found to work successfully. Mrs. Greene invited a number of gentlemen from different parts of the State to her house, and the machine was exhibited to them. They saw with astonishment and delight that by this machine more cotton could be separated from the seed in one day, with the labor of a single hand, than could be done by the usual process in the space of many months. The machine now in use, we believe, is substantially the same as that which thus came originally from Mr. Whitney's hand. Some improvements were afterwards made in the application and direction of the moving powers; but the principle has never been altered. The actual characteristics of the machine remain precisely as Mr. Whitney left them.

Mr. Miller, who had some means at command, entered into a copartnership with Whitney for constructing and working cotton-gins. People came from all quarters to see the machine which promised such wonderful and beneficial results. But it was not deemed safe to gratify the general curiosity till a patent had been obtained. The populace, however, could not be restrained, and they actually broke open the building and carried off the machine. The public thus became possessed of the invention, and before Mr. Whitney could complete his model and secure his patent, quite a number of cotton-gins were in use, constructed, in most cases, with a slight deviation from the original.

In all ages of the world important changes in manufacturing operations, substitutes of machinery for handiwork, and applications of science and art to industry and labor have been opposed, and sometimes resisted with physical force, by laboring classes, who have ignorantly imagined that such progressive changes and improvements would only contribute to their personal disadvantage. Such, however, was not the motive which actuated the hostility to the cotton-gin. The poor slave, whose labors it lightened, was but too glad to welcome its promise of physical relief, and the cotton-planter saw in it his only hope of success. It is painful to reflect upon the character of the opposition

which Mr. Whitney experienced. They who from the impulses of self-interest alone should have been his firmest friends became, through the dictates of prejudice, jealousy, and envy, his most injurious enemies.

Mr. Whitney proceeded to the North to superintend the construction of machines, while Mr. Miller made arrangements for setting them up in different parts of the cotton district, in accordance with the design of the partners to extend their enterprise to the process of ginning the cotton, and in all cases to operate the machines on their own account. Mr. Whitney established at New Haven a shop for manufacturing gins, which had but just got into successful operation when it was entirely destroyed by fire, with all his papers and many machines, complete and in parts. The partners were rendered bankrupt by this calamity; but by perseverance overcame the embarrassment, erected a new shop, and once more engaged in the manufacture of gins and in the prosecution of their plan of ginning cotton themselves instead of disposing of their machines to individual planters. In 1796 they had thirty or forty gins in operation.

A new misfortune now overtook Mr. Whitney. The trespassers on his rights had circulated a report, and succeeded in giving an impression, that the staple of the cotton was injured in the process of being cleaned by his machine. He was surprised at the receipt of intelligence from England that the manufacturers had been induced to condemn the cotton cleaned by his machine, and that purchasers in Liverpool were giving the preference to that which was cleaned by the pirated gins. He purposed to go to England to investigate the causes of this prejudice, which he well knew to be wholly unfounded in reason or the facts of the case; but he was prevented, by a want of funds, from an opportunity, which he was confident would have been successful, of dispossessing the manufacturers of the erroneous impression to which they had too willingly yielded. Meanwhile, for a year or more, the circumstances threatened him with irretrievable embarrassment. The opinion of the cotton dealers and manufacturers in England, however, at length took a favorable change: confidence in Whitney's gin was restored, and the cotton cleaned by it was preferred in the market. But Mr. Whitney's prosperity had received a severe shock from the cruel injustice of his enemies in this instance. And still his progress was retarded by the encroachments upon his patent right, which had now become so extensive as almost to annihilate its value. He repeatedly instituted suits for infringement of his patent, but almost invariably with results which were a mere mockery of justice. The issue of his first suit was as unfortunate as it was remarkable. The evidence of infringement was conclusive, and the judge charged the jury pointedly in Whitney's favor, but the verdict was against him. A second suit was unreasonably procrastinated; and the encroachments upon the patent were greatly multiplied. Surreptitious gins were erected in every part of the cotton section, and jurymen came to an understanding that they would never give a verdict in Whitney's favor. The use of the machine being immensely profitable to the planters, all were interested in trespassing upon the patent right, and each kept the other in countenance. Demagogues made themselves popular by misrepresentations and unfounded clamors, both against the right and the law by which it was protected. Hence there arose associations and combinations to oppose both, — to trample on the right and plunder the property of the inventor, and to nullify the law which seemed to him the means of defense. At one time there were few men in Georgia who dared to go into court and testify to the most simple facts within their knowledge relative to the use of the cotton-gin. In one instance Mr. Whitney had difficulty in proving that the gin had ever been used in Georgia, although at the moment there were several machines in motion within a stone's-throw of the court-house, so that the rattling of the wheels might be distinct-

ly heard from the jurors' seats. It was found extremely difficult to sell a patent right which could be thus used with impunity without purchasing; and many who did buy gave notes which they afterwards repudiated by obtaining verdicts from juries declaring them void. The legislature of Georgia came to the aid of this unjust conduct of the people towards one who had the strongest claims upon their gratitude and support. It was attempted to deny his claim to be the inventor. The governor of Georgia, in a message to the legislature, urged the impropriety of making a proposed grant to Mr. Whitney, on this ground. A committee to whom the subject was referred treated the cotton-gin as an offensive monopoly, and alleged that a similar machine had been seen by somebody a year before Whitney's had been brought to view; and further, that a citizen of Georgia had asserted that such a machine had been used for picking rags in Switzerland forty years before; and that Congress ought to modify the patent law so as to limit the price of Whitney's machine and prevent the operation of it "to the injury of that most valuable staple, cotton, and relieve the planter, who was at the mercy of the inventor." And, finally, this committee recommended that the cooperation of South and North Carolina and Tennessee be sought, to induce Congress to make compensation to Mr. Whitney for his discovery, and "to release the Southern States from so burthensome a grievance!" The disingenuousness and injustice of this report are apparent. Whitney's claim is in the first place denied or alleged to be without foundation, and then, from sordid motives, admitted with a view of relieving the State of Georgia from all ultimate obligation to one who had done so much to advance the material interests of the State.

Thus embarrassed and defeated at every step in Georgia, Mr. Whitney, in 1801, went to South Carolina, with a view of negotiating with the legislature for a transfer of the patent right to that State. In a memorial to the legislature he set forth the difficulties and misrepresentations and prejudices which he had encountered, and his willingness to dispose of his patent to South Carolina for a sum below its real value, in order to obtain needed compensation for his labors and outlays. He stated that South Carolina had gained and would gain many millions of dollars by the use of the cotton-gin, and offered to relinquish and transfer to the legislature so much of the patent right as appertained to that State for the sum of one hundred thousand dollars. The legislature finally offered fifty thousand: twenty thousand to be paid in hand and the remainder in three annual installments. This was considered by Mr. Whitney as selling the right at a great sacrifice; but necessity dictated the acceptance of the offer. It would enable the partnership to pay their debts, and would establish a precedent as it respected collections in other States.

The next year Mr. Whitney negotiated a sale of patent with North Carolina. The legislature laid a tax upon the use of the gin, which after deducting expenses of collection was paid over to the patentee. Although the culture had then made but little progress, comparatively, in that State, Mr. Whitney conceived this to be a more liberal compensation than that he had received from South Carolina. A similar arrangement was subsequently made with Tennessee. But in all Mr. Whitney's experience at the South, the course of success never ran smoothly. South Carolina, becoming infected by the persistent misrepresentations of Mr. Whitney's persecutors in Georgia, and especially by the attempt there made to impress the public with the notion that Whitney was not the real inventor of the cotton-gin, took a remarkable step backward and annulled the contract it had made with Whitney, suspending the payment of the thirty thousand dollars then due, and instituting a suit for the recovery of the sum which had already been paid to him. The sordid motives which actuated the Georgians had corrupted the popular feeling throughout the cotton-growing States.

Tennessee soon followed the example of South Carolina, and an attempt was made in North Carolina to do likewise; but to the honor of that State the legislature resolved "that the contract ought to be fulfilled with punctuality and in good faith."

Mr. Whitney remonstrated against this extraordinary action of the legislature of South Carolina in language which showed how keenly he felt the injustice which had been done him. He said "he had devoted many years of the prime of his life to the invention and improvement of a machine from which the citizens of South Carolina had already realized immense profits; which was worth to them millions; and from which their posterity to the latest generations must continue to derive the most important benefits; and in return to be treated as a felon and a swindler had stung him to the very soul. And when he considered that this cruel persecution was inflicted by the very persons who were enjoying these great benefits, and expressly for the preventing his ever deriving the least advantage from his labors, the acuteness of his feelings was altogether inexpressible." It is due to South Carolina to state that it was induced, by the publicly expressed indignation of high-minded men in the State at the dishonorable act of repudiation, to revise its course, retrace its false step, and faithfully adhere to its contract with Mr. Whitney.

In 1807 Mr. Whitney obtained a decision in the United States court in Georgia, in a suit brought against a trespasser upon his patent. Judge Johnson, in directing a perpetual injunction against the defendant in the case, bore testimony to the benefits which had accrued to the State of Georgia from the cotton-gin. The whole interior of the Southern States, he said, was languishing, and its inhabitants emigrating, for want of some object to engage their attention and employ their industry, when the invention of Whitney's machine at once opened views to them which set the whole country in active motion. Individuals who were depressed with poverty and sunk in idleness had suddenly risen to wealth and respectability. The debts of the people had been paid off, their capital had increased, and their lands had been trebled in value. The weight of the obligation which the country owed to the cotton-gin could not be estimated. These just remarks were made more than half a century ago. The continued prosperity of Georgia and her rapid growth from that day to the period of the war more than fulfilled the most sanguine anticipations which were entertained of the results of Whitney's invention. Her population, at that time less than two hundred thousand, rose to nearly a million, and her foreign exports, chiefly of cotton, reached the value of sixteen millions of dollars. Her policy in regard to the culture of cotton, indeed, has been such as it may not be wise for her to continue in her present condition. So exclusively, under the temptations and facilities of her former domestic institutions, was the industry of the planters devoted to cotton, that almost every article of necessity and luxury was imported. Cattle, horses, cotton bagging, etc., were brought in from the Western States; and clothing and furniture and carriages and almost every article of manufacture and household consumption came from the North. The cotton crop, however, has gradually increased the wealth of the State, and to the cotton-gin are the people mainly indebted for the abundant prosperity they have enjoyed.

The above-mentioned decision of Judge Johnson, and one or two others, equally favorable to Mr. Whitney, that soon followed, put an end to the aggressions upon his patent. But eleven years had been spent and more than sixty suits had been instituted in Georgia before any decision on the merits of the claim was obtained. And now the influence of these decisions availed Mr. Whitney little, for thirteen years of his patent had expired. He had incurred great pecuniary expense, and had been exposed to excessive fatigues and privations; and his health had been seriously affected, and his life even jeoparded, in the numerous journeys to Georgia that he was compelled to make in the prose-

cution of his claims, so long and so injuriously frustrated. A journey from Connecticut, where Mr. Whitney then resided, to Georgia was in those days a very serious undertaking. Mr. Whitney generally traveled in an open sulky. A very painful local affection, brought on by the exposure of the last of these journeys, ultimately terminated his life. Professor Silliman, in some reminiscences of Mr. Whitney, states that near the close of his life he said to him that all he had received for the invention of the cotton-gin had not more than compensated him for the expenses he had incurred and the time he had spent, during many of the best years of his life, in maintaining his claim.

The last appeal for justice was to that peculiar tribunal from which he could reasonably have anticipated nothing but a consummation of his wrongs. He made application to Congress for a renewal of his patent. In his memorial he recounted the struggles he had encountered in defense of his right, and showed that his invention had been a source of opulence to thousands of citizens of the United States as well as a vast and unquestioned benefit to the commerce of the country; and that as a labor-saving machine it would enable one man to perform the work of a thousand. Although such great advantages had been already experienced and the prospect of future benefits was so promising, those whose interests had been most promoted had obstinately persisted in refusing to make any compensation to the inventor. From the State in which he first made and where he introduced his machine, and which had derived the most signal benefits from it, he had received nothing; and from no State had he received the amount of half a cent a pound on the cotton cleaned by his machine in one year. Estimating the value of the labor of one man at twenty cents a day, the whole amount received by him was not equal to the value of the labor saved in one hour by the machines then in use in the United States. By these and other cogent arguments Mr. Whitney urged his claim upon Congress. The patent laws, however, had not then become a foot-ball for political gamesters; and the third house had not yet been inaugurated. The great inventor had never conceived of such a potent subsidiary instrument as the lobby, which in modern times is such an effective machine for ginning the legislative conscience. His case was presented simply upon its merits; and his arguments fell dead upon the dull, cold, unsympathizing ear of the great body of the representatives of the people. His application was refused, a majority of the members from the cotton States persistently voting against it.

Relinquishing all his hopes founded upon the cotton-gin, Mr. Whitney then directed his attention to another pursuit, that of manufacturing arms for the United States, in which his genius was turned to good account. He died in 1824.

In no portion of the globe has the culture of cotton reached the degree of excellence that distinguishes the American production. The suspension of the crop, which was one of the disastrous consequences of the late civil war, revealed the fact of the essential dependence of European manufacturers, and particularly those of England, upon the cotton of this country. Nor have the efforts that have been made by those manufacturers to stimulate and improve the production in other quarters been more than partially successful. The attempt which has been made in Egypt to produce the sea-island cotton for the English market is already set down as a failure. The fibre is there found to be subject to frequent periods of deterioration. It is, in fact, but an offshoot of the American plant, having been originally carried to Egypt from South Carolina. In the absence of the conditions of success to which we have referred, it is destined to inevitable depreciation. The success of American cotton culture is due in part to more intelligent methods of cultivation, but mainly to peculiar adaptability of climate and soil.

The time has come, and the spirit of the time is favorable, for a reconstruction of the South, in the highest sense,

by a substitution of the arts of industry, which insure physical prosperity and moral wealth, for the wiles of politics, which wither and destroy every social bond. A wise and faithful response on the part of the cotton States will restore to them the advantages they have unadvisedly lost, and inspire them, it may be, with a better appreciation of the inestimable value of the cotton-gin.

DROPPING CORN.

Pretty Phœbe Lane and I,
In the soft May weather,
Barefoot down the furrows went
Dropping corn together.

Side by side across the field
Back and forth we hurried;
All the golden grains we dropped
Soon the plowshare buried.

Bluebirds on the hedges sat
Chirping low and billing;
"Why," thought I, "not follow suit
If the maid is willing!"

So I whispered, "Phœbe, dear,
Kiss me" — "Keep on dropping!"
Called her father from his plow,
"There 's no time for stopping!"

The cord was loosed, — the moment sped;
The golden charm was broken!
Never more between us two
Word of love was spoken.

What a little slip, sometimes,
All our hope releases!
How the merest breath of chance
Breaks our joy to pieces!

Sorrow's cup, though often drained,
Never lacks for filling;
And we can't get Fortune's kiss
When the maid is willing!

Maurice Thompson.

A GREAT ITALIAN NOBLE'S PALACE AND HOUSEHOLD.

No history of Italy treats of the Middle Ages without frequent mention of the ancient and renowned family of the Gonzagas. They ruled from the thirteenth to the eighteenth century over the city and duchy of Mantova, or Mantua, on the river Mincio, a few miles from the Po, and now a province of Lombardy. The whole duchy was not larger nor had it more inhabitants than the State of Rhode Island, and the last ducal Gonzaga made his exit in 1708, a year after he had lost his throne, when Austria conquered the Mantuan territory to punish him for having sided with France in the great quarrel of the Spanish succession.

Of the collateral branches of the family there were three living Gonzagas left at the beginning of this century, two of whom I have known only by sight; the third, of whom I shall speak in this paper, greatly befriended me when a child. He, too, has now been dead for nearly a score of years.

The only surviving Gonzaga, Anselmo Guerrieri-Gonzaga, has a seat in the Italian Parliament, where he represents Mantua, his own and my native city. His name is often seen in debates of great national importance, especially whenever questions of church and state are treated, and he is known in the lower house as the *pretofobe* and *pretofaga* (a hater and an eater of priests), titles bestowed on him by the ultramontane party.

Through their several matrimonial connections and hereditary ties and obligations the Gonzagas were distinguished by an additional name: thus we have had the Media-Gonzagas and Este-Gonzagas, who had intermarried with the Tuscan and Modenese families. The marquis whom I knew bore, like his cousin the deputy, the name of Guerrieri-Gonzaga, and his complete name was Tullio Mario Guerrieri-Gonzaga. He was rather tall, with a face "à la Louis Philippe;" he was erect and free in movement like a real soldier, and had a pleasant smile and a keen yet kindly regard. He had, of course, his troubles, his trials, even his misfortunes and sorrows, like other mortals; but if these pierced his heart, they never, seemingly, broke it. His even temper floated oil-like over the blackest waters of adversity. Children were his delight, and having none of his own, he encouraged those who belonged to members of his household to visit his rooms, where he kept them for hours, playing and frolicking with them, as I well remember.

Although he was a bachelor he was surrounded by almost an army of servants and *employés*, and he not only personally knew them all (to the last stable-boy), but he would chat with any of them whenever he met them, without the least affectation or spirit of condescension; and he always had sympathizing words for any of them who were in trouble. As a rule the Italian nobility (especially the highest and oldest families) have nothing so hateful and disagreeable as is often found among the same class of people in Russia, Germany, and, above all, in England; and Italian servants in their turn are more polite, reasonable, and attached to their master than those of other countries.

First among the persons who constituted the household of the Marchese Guerrieri-Gonzaga was the artist, Signor Paolo dell' Occa, who had at the time of which I write been some fifty years in the family, and who must have been at least seventy or seventy-two years old when he died. He was paid by the year, and had his meals in his own very neat apartment, but they were supplied from the marchese's kitchen.

The regular and principal servants and agents were: *maggiordomo*, *fattore*, head cook, head coachman, *cacciatore*, and butler, who in their turn hired such assistants as were supposed to be necessary, so as to have five or six persons in

the kitchen and as many in the stables, with plenty of female help to take care of the principal apartments.

My father was the maggiordomo, or steward: his duty was connected with letting houses and farms, collecting money, settling bills, buying and selling; in fact, in such respects he was considered an *alter ego* of the marchese. He had an office and a splendid apartment of eight or nine rooms in one of the best parts of the palace. Il fattore was also a kind of steward in a different sphere. He had the material superintendence of farms and estates, and for that reason he was generally from home. When farms in Italy are not sub-let for money, they are cultivated *a metà* (on halves) by a *gastaldo*, or farmer. The owner furnishes the land, pays all the taxes, provides a good dwelling and necessary outhouses; the gastaldo finds cattle, horses, implements, and service; the product is then divided in equal shares. In this manner great land-owners considerably diminish their cares and anxieties; but a more intelligent and honest fattore becomes necessary to prevent the gastaldo from impoverishing the soil, to visit the estates, and inspect the fields, vineyards, and crops; to look to the olive and mulberry trees, and estimate how much oil and how many pounds of silk will be raised. A good fattore keeps memoranda of all these things; and simply by consulting his books the marquis could know, unless some misfortune befell (as hail, drought, or freshets), what the crops would be worth at the end of the season, without ever disturbing himself or annoying the farmers by unnecessary visits.

The office of the cacciatore is now almost obsolete in Italy, the footman or flunkey having taken his place. *In primis ante omnia* (we speak here of *a* cacciatore in a general sense), he had to be a tall, well-shaped, and if possible a handsome man. While all the other servants had at that time to have a clean-shaved face, he could wear a beard and mustaches, just as he pleased; or, to speak more correctly, the more beard he had the better he was liked. He wore no livery, not he, but a splendid dark-green uniform, with chapeau and plumes, white gauntlets, and a straight, neat sword, and belt. On gala occasions he rode standing on the foot-board of the carriage, it is true, but had a footman beside him, who descended at every stoppage to let the master in and out of the vehicle, the cacciatore's only duty being the delivery of verbal or written messages; and not seldom had he the key of most of the little love intrigues of both his master and mistress, for very strange affairs of this sort used to occur in Italy. From the fact that he was known to be the possessor of many love secrets, he was treated by everybody as if it could not be expected that he should betray one of them, although, certainly, some interested ladies would have liked at times to be able to make use of the holy office of the Inquisition to extort confessions from him. Wherever he delivered letters and parcels he was used not only with courtesy but, one might say, with familiarity, by both ladies and gentlemen of high rank, and when on difficult missions he performed his duties adroitly, his diplomacy was well rewarded. He escorted the countess or the marchioness, young or old, whenever she went to church, shopping, or visiting, keeping, of course, a few steps behind, to be a protector only in case of need, and not to be seen when his presence was not wanted.

The name cacciatore, like the French *chasseur* and German *jäger*, has two meanings: a huntsman and a rifleman. There was a time in Italy when a nobleman could not travel through the country or even cross the streets of a city without the protection of his *bravi*, and, owing to feuds between neighbor and neighbor, even the palaces were thoroughly guarded by armed men. The cacciatore is a relic of a barbarous period, and he is passing away, as I said. His final loss will be felt in small cities, where even among aristocrats everybody wants to know everybody's business, where ladies and lords must be initiated in all the gossips and scandals of their neighbors.

A custom greatly to be prized, for

the sake of both masters and servants, was in full vigor in the time of my Guerrieri-Gonzaga. The nobility were then very slow to accept a servant, but when once a butler, a cook, a coachman, or any man or maid servant was engaged, it was tacitly understood that it was, except in very unusual cases, for life. Of course they remained in active service only as long as they could work, no matter if it was for twenty or thirty years; afterwards they were *giubilati*, that is, they received a pension, perhaps equal to but two thirds of what they had before. Whenever a man or a woman had been for many years faithful, full wages were continued, and then such pensioners could enjoy *il dolce far niente*, which in former times was for the Italians (high and low) the climax of happiness. Under those circumstances servants were not, as now, simply mercenaries; they used to become identified, nay, to a certain extent incorporated, with the interests of their employers. They became, so to say, members of the family. Male and female servants could marry, and ample lodging-room was found in those ancient palaces for many families. The babies were no inconvenience; they were farmed out to the *balia*, or nurse, far away in the country, with whom they were left until they could walk. Once taken back, there were the infant-schools in the city, where they were sent during the day and whence they were brought home only for the night.

Casa Guerrieri-Gonzaga probably existed a long time before Columbus was born, and a large part of it may have been built in the great Countess Matilda's time. It does not stand, like most Italian palaces, isolated and forming a block by itself. It is the corner edifice at the conjunction of two streets, or, to be more correct, the main square and St. Agnes Street, the church of this name being part of the palace. In the interior of the building or *buildings* there were several court-yards and a garden, lighting all the apartments which did not face upon the street. Even the church was lighted only from the top or from the garden. The main court-yard was reached by a long vaulted passage-way, high enough to admit wagons loaded with hay or straw, neither of which in Italy is ever transported in bundles. This entrance was paved with common granite blocks, like the street or the court-yard, and its length told at once that the rooms at each side and above must be of a very great depth. The *portone*, or gate which closed it, was flush with the outside wall, but made as strongly as the gates of the city, very thick bolts with large and conical heads clinching several thicknesses of planks together, and the whole plated on the inside with sheet-iron and hung upon enormous hinges. It is therefore presumable that when these gates were barred from behind (top and bottom), nothing short of cannon-balls could have burst them open, and such implements of war could not easily have been employed there, the entrance of the palace not being on the large square, but on the narrow St. Agnes Street, which was not more than forty feet wide.

Such a palace was intrusted in olden times to the vigilance of twenty or thirty archers, and in later years to as many musketeers. In this house the soldiers must have occupied all the rooms on either side of the entrance on the ground-floor. One was the watch-house, so supplied with arms as always to present the appearance of a small arsenal; then came the large dormitory, and at last the private rooms for the officers. During the darkest ages, when these palaces were literally "strong castles," they were furnished with a cruel means of punishment, generally but a few steps from the watch-house, called *pozzo delle taglie*, or sword-pit. It served to execute prisoners thought not worthy to be shot or treated as open enemies or soldiers. This pozzo consisted of a very deep-sunken well, with a trap-door level with the ground and generally fastened with a bolt to render it immovable. When unbolted it was balanced on two pivots of a diametrical iron bar, so that any one placed on either side was immediately precipitated to the bottom. Hundreds of sharp blades were inserted spirally

into the walls of the well, which seldom was more than three or four feet in diameter, and the condemned, stripped naked, were literally cut into pieces long before reaching the bottom. Ancient chronicles declare that such a pozzo existed in our palace, but it was filled up long ago, and no one knows now where it stood.

Another instrument of torture and death, although placed in a different part of the building, still exists and can be seen from the street at a great distance. In about the centre of the front elevation, a little to the right of the great entrance-way already named, the palace is surmounted by a tall, heavily built, square, and very unsightly tower. It seems that this tower was built for two purposes : first as a kind of lookout, and secondly as a means of very public executions. Why a lookout or observatory? From time immemorial Mantua has been one of the strongest fortresses of Europe, and when large armies were besieging it, if sorties were contemplated, it was very important from some lofty position to observe the weakest point of the besieging forces. The name of this tower is *Torre della Gabbia*, or Cage Tower, and a cage was suspended from a window midway of its height on the side which faces or runs parallel with the street. It had the shape of an oblong square; the bars crossed rectangularly at a distance of five or six inches, and there was room inside the cage for two or three persons to lie or crouch. The atmosphere had so much oxidized the outer surface of the iron that it never rusted, and it seemed to be as sound in my day as when it was forged. If the sword-pit did its work very silently, the iron cage, on the contrary, proclaimed all over the city that some miserable creature was suffering a still more terrible death. The victim was stripped naked and exposed, without food or a drop of water, to the burning heat of the sun in summer. Often the poor wretch became a raving maniac, and split his skull against the iron bars. In winter the cold must also have inflicted fearful sufferings. As soon as a person was encaged a herald proclaimed the crime, real or supposed, that he or she was expiating. Crows, sparrow-hawks, and other small birds of prey, which lodge to this day in the many holes the builders and masons have left in the walls for their scaffoldings, tore the dead or dying prisoner. The bones were left there to bleach, if time enough passed between one execution and another. Often, when a child, I have lain down in that fearful cage — not knowing that it had been a place of torture — in order to see hundreds of people looking at me from the street, but even with thick clothes on I could not remain long stretched on those cruel bars.

At the foot of the tower, or just before it emerged from the roof, there were in the attic of the palace several prisons. The walls were so thick that niches sixteen or eighteen inches deep could be left, just wide and high enough to contain a person. Each looked as if it were a standing coffin. The condemned were placed in those holes and walled in alive, leaving but a small opening at the height of the head. It is not known whether these openings were intended to admit a little air or to allow food to be given the prisoners, whose agonies were thus prolonged. As late as in 1836 or 1837, when some alterations were made, skulls and bones belonging to both sexes were found in those niches.

I have seen this old tower tremble under the power of winds and earthquakes, literally swinging to and fro. During the long sieges Mantua has sustained, many a cannon-ball, many a shell has rent pieces from the corners of the tower; but it has survived all these vicissitudes, and there it stands yet, as solid as ever. Not only are the foundations of the most massive sort, but the whole tower has been built without economy of materials. Even at a greater height than the cage the walls are five feet thick. Higher, the thickness diminishes, but from the inside only, until at the top you find two rooms from eighteen to twenty feet square, one above the other. The highest is supplied with a very large table, around which, with my parents and

friends, I have discussed many a substantial supper at midnight. By folding up the table it could be turned into a strong platform for musicians, while our guests danced the night away in the remaining space. Such amusements were indulged generally in summer, when the mercury would mark in the city below from one hundred to one hundred and ten degrees; during the months of July and August no mason, no laborer, could do outdoor work during the noon hours, the bricks and stones becoming so hot as to blister the hand.

The main court-yard of Casa Guerrieri-Gonzaga does not differ from thousands which are seen in large houses all over Italy, Spain, and France. In each of its four corners there is a more or less broad, more or less elegant staircase, according to the apartment into which it leads. In the near corner, for instance, of the left side, under the shelter of the main portico, we find the first, of medium width, namely, seven or eight feet, all marble, serving as the only staircase to reach the maggiordomo's apartment, but at the same time as a secondary one for the main story, or *piano nobile;* while the principal staircase for the latter is on the furthest corner on the right-hand side. It is much broader than the former, of a better quality of marble, and the steps so low and easy that the porters could ascend with the old-fashioned sedan-chairs and the long poles needed to carry them. The steps are supported by arches, and of course there are arches overhead; these with the walls are beautifully frescoed throughout, in which labor Signor dell' Occa has displayed his artistic skill. The real base or opening of this staircase, in order that persons using carriages should not be exposed to wind and rain, was not exactly in the main court-yard, but under a second portico, or cloister, much larger than the former and much higher, too. The dimensions, as nearly as I recollect, are about forty feet wide, twice as many long, and perhaps twenty high. The portico is exactly of the same dimensions as the *sala di ballo* (dancing hall), just above it. This alone occupies, therefore, as large a space as many of the most aristocratic American mansions.

On the ground-floor, with the exception of those apartments which were at one time the guard-rooms, not a single dwelling-room was to be found. Although this palace with its dependencies covers several acres of ground, it is nothing compared with the principal ducal Gonzaga palace on the opposite side of the cathedral square, which with its numerous gardens, play-ground, church, theatre, squares, riding-school, and five hundred apartments formed a city within the city.

The whole ground-floor of Casa Guerrieri-Gonzaga was taken up by store-rooms for fuel and wine, stables with accommodation for a score or more of horses, two coach houses, each large enough to contain one dozen carriages, and other store-rooms of every kind, even for building materials; for the marquis had master carpenters and masons employed by the year, and there always was on hand timber, bricks, and stones.

Even the church of St. Agnes (which, as I said before, belonged to the palace) had been turned into an immense hay and straw loft, this Gonzaga having very little sympathy with priests, masses, and processions. All these provisions were prodigiously large in ordinary circumstances, but they have been found much too small in times of siege.

Immediately above this little world of store-rooms were the *mezzanini,* just as extensive as the acres of cellars below. The mezzanino is a low-studded story intervening between two high ones, generally occupied by servants. To tell the number of rooms into which the mezzanino was divided is beyond my power. What was exceedingly strange yet comprehensible about this portion of the palace was that originally all the rooms on this floor and the store-rooms below received light only from the court-yards and garden, simply as a measure of safety. Up to a certain height the palace had no windows, no openings whatsoever on the streets. Even the casements on a floor higher were protected with iron bars and gratings. As every

floor was strongly arched over, the lower part of the palace was as safe as the casements of a fortress, and much healthier. No escalade, no surprise was possible, the less so that a few soldiers on the roof, by firing through loop-holes or crannies, well protected by the battlemented parapet-wall, could keep off a very strong assaulting party or even a considerable army. Since the second half of the last century, and during my father's administration, and especially since the death of the Marchese Guerrieri-Gonzaga, great changes have been made, public shops having taken the place of the store-rooms, and as much light procured for the mezzanini from the outside as could possibly be obtained; in fact, the palace is altogether different.

By following the *scala nobile* the *piano nobile* is reached. Noble rooms they were in the true sense of the word, found worthy to lodge, in many instances, cardinals, popes, and even royalty. The landings were beautiful, especially the main one at the head of the stairs, which was surrounded by many doors leading in every direction. The first, for example, on the right-hand side opened into the ball-room, which served several uses, being often turned into a theatre, with *dilettanti* from among the aristocracy for the players. From six hundred to seven hundred persons could easily have been accommodated, although much room was taken up for the stage, where the veteran Signor dell' Occa delighted to display his talent, in the scenery and curtains. It would be quite superfluous to describe the elegance of the walls and ceilings of this lofty and well proportioned hall, frescoed with an army of angels and demons, gods and demigods, graces and muses. Between the windows gigantic pier-glasses, set in rich gilt frames, reproduced *ad infinitum* the perspective of the perspective. The smallest mirrors, four feet by eight, were as many masked doors leading into the bed-chambers; therefore, in one sense, this hall served also as an immense corridor.

The apartments on the other side of this hall were a museum (a poor one it was), an armory, in which helmets, spears, lances, and all kinds of steel armor belonging to former Gonzagas were preserved, a library with a few rare MSS., a dining-room, billiard-hall, dressing-rooms, etc.

The principal entrance to the rooms of state faces the grand staircase on the already mentioned large landing. The anteroom or antecamera is a *sine quâ non* in all the large houses in Italy and many of the small ones too. From this anteroom we enter the private dwelling of the marchese, consisting, as usual, of library or study, parlor, boudoir, drawing and dining room, and several sleeping-chambers. There is also a hall containing large wardrobes and several minor cabinets, used as a private pantry, and servants' chambers. All these rooms are on the same floor, and simply connected by narrow passages. A door at the end of one of them, which seemed to be a pier-glass, brought you to the foot of a very narrow staircase; then came a long corridor, and here another complete apartment was observed, although a floor higher. This dwelling was known under the name of *Paradiso* which might have meant the highest lodging in the house. Here a very handsome woman had pitched her tent. She had a set of servants of her own, a beautiful span of horses, and a magnificent carriage for her use. Her meals were brought to her; she had only to order from the head cook what she wanted, and if she gave but time he must furnish her with anything she might fancy, no matter if it were in season or out of season. This lady was known as *Marietta del Paradiso*, or *La Bella del Paradiso*. One of her maids was less a servant than a companion. It would have been difficult to tell which was the handsomer, and one was nearly as well dressed as the other. Together they walked, drove, shopped, or went to the theatre, where they had a box of their own; in one word whenever and wherever La Bella desired to have company, Lucia had to go with her; even during the hot season in summer they went together to the Adriatic or Medi-

terranean Sea, but most often to the Northern Italian lakes, giving the preference to that of Como.

We have seen how the Paradiso could be reached, but there were two other ways leading thither, without going through the apartments of the marchese at all. He could leave the house whenever he pleased without being noticed by any one waiting in the anteroom, and by ringing a bell he could in two minutes have a carriage waiting for him under the first portico near the gate, and thus go from home unobserved.

The last ten or twelve rooms were the finest in the house, quite in keeping with the ball-room as to painting and draperies, the furniture was the best that Paris and Vienna could manufacture. Taking everything into consideration, these apartments might have been equaled but not surpassed even when compared with those of the Tuileries, Windsor Castle, Schönbrunn or Sans-Souci. Standing in the anteroom you could perceive a dozen door-ways and portions of as many rooms, exactly facing each other. A finer *coup d'œil* for an interior can scarcely be imagined. The rooms intended as bed-chambers had on the side opposite the windows immense alcoves containing ebony beds inlaid with mother-of-pearl, ivory, or precious metals. On one side of the bed stood a Carrara marble bathing-tub, cut from a single block and beautifully polished like a mirror. Of course, hot and cold water was at hand. On the other side there were the doors opening into the ball-room. Persian and Turkish silk drapery closed the entry into the alcove; and though these rooms were connected with one another they were each private as well.

The floors were of the finest mosaics, ground down, smoothed, and polished like the finest marble; and no two rooms had the same design. From time to time, in summer, they were oiled, which made them as slippery as ice; and people put on felt slippers over their shoes. Cool in summer, they were comfortable in winter, for they were then covered with Turkish carpets. Fine fresco paintings adorned all the walls. No style was neglected, the Roman predominating, but the Assyrian and Byzantine being represented. Signor dell' Occa had *carte blanche;* he could obtain all the help he desired, and if he was but two or three years over one ceiling he thought he had hurried it through. There were several villas which he kept in order, and artists from other cities came to see his work; when he wished to go anywhere to see masterpieces in his art he had but to say so, and his purse was furnished accordingly, through the generosity of the marchese. That such a palace should have fallen after the death of Guerrieri-Gonzaga into the hands of speculators, and made to serve during the last few wars as a kind of barracks for Austrian and Croatian soldiery, is lamentable.

Was there nothing higher up in the palace, above this beautiful suite of rooms? Yes, the whole of the highest floor was an immense warehouse, or, to speak more properly, a "granary." Not only as far back as I can recollect, but during many generations it has been used for the storage of grain. The cellars were full of wine, oil, and spirits, and the granary contained thousands of bushels of rice, wheat, corn, oats, pease, beans, etc.

The farmers of the marquis were generally obliged to sell their half of the crop as soon as it was harvested, and Guerrieri-Gonzaga would not only keep his own but often pay market-price for the farmers' share. Everything was then stored away until the best time for selling arrived.

In Casa Guerrieri the private cellar, the larder, the pantries, and the kitchens were in a corner of the palace by themselves, and most of these places were on the mezzanino floor. The walls of the cooking-rooms were literally covered with copper pots, pans, and other such articles, all of them kept by the *squateri* (scullions) as clean and bright as if just from the coppersmith's. The fire-place could really be called immense, for the logs of wood thrown on the andirons were at least four feet long, and a heat was created strong enough to roast a whole sheep. Heavy weights served to keep in motion machinery, pulleys, and spits of

several sizes; at times one might see a whole flock of birds and several lumps of beef, mutton, etc., preparing for the gastronomes of the institution, — for in some respects it was "an institution," — and it was amusing to see, in the servants' hall, how many would gather at the dining-board in less than three minutes after the touch of a bell.

No wonder, therefore, if on the scores of *fornellini* as many scores of pans and pots were stewing and boiling. The fornellini are square holes, a few inches deep, in which charcoal only is burned; they are in great use all over Southern Europe. Both for master and servants only two meals a day were prepared: breakfast at about noon, and dinner in the evening. Early in the morning the servants received some wine for breakfast, and they furnished themselves with bread and cheese, or sausage, and perhaps salted, smoked, or pickled fish; a few indulged in a cup of coffee. Tea, except as a sudorific potion, I never heard mentioned, nor knew what it was until I went to Germany.

The marchese took a little cup of chocolate, with a slice of bread, before getting out of bed or while dressing, prepared by his *valet de chambre* in a small room near by. The other two meals were of course brought from the general kitchen. In winter a late supper took place, mostly at the theatre, but nothing warm was expected, — although connected with the opera box there was not only a large room but also a kitchen. The marchese was very fond of these suppers, not that he ever took a third meal, — if he ate something it was entirely *pro forma* — but he liked *there* and *then*, without ceremony, to invite his friends; and many members of the fallen Italian aristocracy (and they were very numerous) thus enjoyed what vulgarly might be styled a "square meal," a thing they could not do every day of the week at home. Dead-heads they were, of course, at the theatre, but they were expected to applaud. The marchese generally retired early from the supper table, leaving those who wanted to enjoy themselves to do so without the least restraint. Some of these fallen "patricians" would without blushing even pocket a *scartoccino:* in plain English, carry some of the good things home in a piece of paper for a hungry wife or child. Such was the state of those miserable creatures who were too proud to beg and too idle to work. Generally they owned some large palace, but in Mantua they got little rent for apartments they would let. In their own rooms there was scarcely any furniture, and in their larder even the mice died of inanition. Their children, especially the daughters, were placed in a hapless position. They would not intermarry with the commonalty; that were *infra dignitatis;* rich noblemen they could not obtain, even although they supplicated the Virgin to accord them such a favor; when at last they failed of a husband, they shut themselves up in one of the numerous convents.

But for these few diversions, — operas, balls, and theatricals in his house, — the winter evenings were for our marchese pretty dry and monotonous. There were a few families of his high standing in Mantua, but for some reason he would not go much into society, and not being married he could not keep his *salons* open for *conversazioni*, which he often called the stupidest way of spending time. Café life, as he neither gamed nor drank, was not what he desired, and therefore he was seldom seen at the Café dei Nobili. One reason for avoiding other noblemen was that many of them were secretly Austriacanti, or of Austrian politics, and Guerrieri-Gonzaga was a real Italian patriot, desiring the freedom of his country. Prudence with him was the better part of valor. Mantua, like Bologna, was almost one of the first cities to raise the banner of revolt, and many good Mantuans, like Maroncelli, spent years in Austrian dungeons; many were hung, and in 1830 I saw nine patriots dangling from the beam at the same time in the centre of the market-place.

Guerrieri-Gonzaga hid his thoughts and feelings so well that in his later years he even became civil governor of

Cremona, and afterwards lord chamberlain of the viceroy of Milan. Austria knew at last with whom she had to deal, but she thought it better to have him as a supposed friend than as an open foe; and the marchese accepted all these honors as the patient does a medicine, preferring a bitter mouth to a bitter end.

Before removing to Milan he used to go there once or twice every winter, and he kept, year in and year out, a furnished house there that he need not resort to hotel life, for which the Italians have the greatest antipathy. A few days before starting it was his custom to send on four or six horses, with a state carriage and one or two luggage-vans, and half a dozen servants. Himself, his cacciatore, and a valet de chambre would travel with post-horses in one of his own carriages, but, even at the rate of eight or nine miles an hour, the journey was a hard day's work.

During carnival, however, many noblemen, not only from Mantua but from all parts of Lombardy, rushed to the metropolis. The cream of Italian society met there; but while the ladies went merely for pleasure, many of the gentlemen would go to meet fellow-conspirators and report *di viva voce* how matters stood, and who favored, who opposed, a new *coup de main*. From 1821 up to the battle of Sadowa the whole Lombardo-Venetian kingdom was a slumbering political volcano, showing little smoke and throwing out but little lava, yet always trembling under Austria's feet; so much so that Mantua, Milan, Cremona, etc., were always strongly garrisoned, and in Milan especially there was at night an armed sentry every hundred yards and loaded field-guns on all the large squares.

It was not usual in those times of ecclesiastical tyranny for a man to speak openly of his religion. In Mantua the bishop, the *delegato* (civil governor), and the military governor formed the most hated and despised trinity. Austria was a tower of strength for the papacy, and the papacy was the handmaid of Austria, as a matter of course. The natural consequence of this was that the hatred of the Italians was equally divided against their political and ecclesiastical despots. Although Italy has been considered and called a Catholic country, it is in reality no more Catholic than England or Prussia. Indeed, the majority — the great majority, say five sixths — of the Italians go further than the English or Prussian Protestants, who generally are indifferent about the Pope, and openly and freely abhor him from the bottom of their hearts. Of five hundred and eight members of Parliament in Rome to-day, only two or three ever defend the cause of the church, and never more than twenty give their vote in favor of measures which are to benefit it. Guerrieri-Gonzaga in his official capacity (when governor or first chamberlain) attended church on great occasions; so far he would go, but no further. Generally those Italians who are not Catholic at heart are atheists, at most deists; but the marchese never betrayed such sentiments when speaking with my father about the Roman church. When he had had dealings with priests he would exclaim at the top of his voice: "Questi pretacci sono una manica di buffoni." (These miserable old priests are a lot of buffoons.) My father, of course, agreed with him, and so did most Mantuans, although Mantua is the only city which has shown on the other hand noble-minded and patriotic priests who would sooner ascend the steps of the scaffold than betray their political friends. It was well known to Guerrieri-Gonzaga that our bishop was ultramontane to the backbone, an Austrian of the blackest dye, and personally he would never have anything to do with him, nor would he receive visits from priests. I do not remember ever having seen a priest enter the palace.

But the marchese showed himself a real Christian in philanthropical works. Beggars would often come into the palace and stand on the main staircase, often as high up as the anteroom, and when going out he would himself give them money and bestow at the same time a kind word if he knew them. When strange faces showed themselves

he would investigate their cases, and if he found them impostors he quietly got a servant to dismiss them before seeing them a second time. The honest and deserving poor became, so to say, members of his family, and on Fridays he would feed a large crowd of them.

He spent the morning at home, as a rule, having a pretty extensive correspondence. My father and the steward, if in the city, reported everything connected with business; he never sold or bought anything without consulting them. Although at that time the newspapers were few and insignificant, he would run over two or three of the principal during breakfast time. His library was well stocked, and he was a contributor, like the present Guerrieri-Gonzaga, to scientific and literary reviews.

Angelo Tacchella.

THE WANDERERS.

I.

FAR from the pure Castalian founts our feet
Have strayed away, where daily we unlearn
How Truth is one with Beauty. For we turn
No more to hear the strains we sprang to greet
When we were young, and love and life were sweet;
Before the world had taught us how to earn
Its baser wealth, and from our doors to spurn
The Muse, like some poor vagabond and cheat.
For we were young, and did not see the baits
That in the distance lured us down the roads
Where Toil and Care and Doubt, those lurking fates,
Subdued our supple backs to alien loads;
Till long since deadened to the Poet's tones,
They fall on us as rain on senseless stones.

II.

Yet what were love, and what were toil and thought,
And what were life bereft of Poesy?
Who lingers in a garden where no bee
By any sweets of fragrant flowers is caught?
A homely vegetable patch where nought
Is prized but for some table-caterer's fee,
And nature pledged to market-ministry?
To me another lore was early taught.
And rather would I lose the dear delights
Of eye and ear than willfully forego
The power that can transfigure sounds and sights,
Can steep the world in symbols, and bestow
The free admittance to all depths and heights,
And make dull earth a heaven of thought below.

C. P. Cranch.

HOW CAPTAIN ASCOTT FLOORED THE GHOST.

I.

IN WHICH GEORGE WARRENER TELLS HOW THERE CAME TO BE A GHOST, AND THE MATCH IS MADE.

THE rivalry between Bob Ascott and the ghost began that night, in 1864, when the guerrillas fell upon the town of Peth, Kentucky.

He and George Warrener had ridden out to the debating club together. It was bitter cold; the snow, glassy on the pike, cloaked the narrow courts of the village in snow, and muffled the roofs, breathing smoke through chimney noses. The falling night was coldest in the cow-yards, full of shivering herds that bowed their backs and shrank against the fences, while the milker blew his fingers and his teeth chattered with the cold.

Warrener was chaffing about the village as they went through. He said, "Peth is a fossil, or like an outcrop of granite that has survived the disintegration of the surrounding strata. Like all Kentucky towns, the country about it affords everything. They make maple sugar, sorghum syrup, use rye coffee and blackberry or sassafras tea, and dip candles. It has no heights another hill does not command, no hollow a howitzer will not rip up, and both armies let it carefully alone, though they wasted the country adjoining. A military ardor did seize its people in 1861. The Confederates drilled privately, but the first parade showed the thing impracticable. Such an array of pudgy, comfortable figures it was, one had as well try to right dress a pan of apple-dumplings. No veneering of Federal blue could line out the Union men, either. A picturesque irregularity refused to conform to the right lines of drill and fortification. You had as well try to man a demi-lune with demi-lunatics."

"Police!" cried Ascott, as if for municipal protection against that atrocious pun.

"But visiting here is delightful," Warrener continued. "The girls are pretty, and flirtation is an art,—the art of genius,—ranked with painting, sculpture, French cookery, and so perfect, you only know it in its effect."

"You are inspired," said Ascott, "by the little Dinwiddie."

"Pretty Patsey!" exclaimed George. "She links her little hands over your arm, and listens breathlessly to soldiers' tales 'of hairbreadth 'scapes o' th' imminent deadly breach.' But she 'll listen as cleverly to a tale told of a balky steer. She looks so simple and pretty, you let go of prudence. But pretty Patsey laughs, chatters; rehearses your pretty talk to a whole roomful, converting its deepest pathos into irresistible fun, and you have not even the satisfaction of getting mad at the little traitress."

"I know Patsey," said Ascott, drawing up at the tavern door. "She is a nonpareil type."

"*Prima inter pares*," said Warrener. "She did have a rival. But pretty Patsey never hurt any one; men went crazy about Fanny Alison. It is a sad story I must tell you to-night, before you see her. But look at that inn! Is n't it as pretty a bit of eocene as ever cropped out of the alluvion?"

A broad, low, double-porched building rose from the rude blocks of limestone pavement in front and the shrubbery at one side; at the other was the roomy stabling, and a wagon-yard for drovers and teams stretched up the turnpike. Within, a huge fire of hickory logs crackled in the chimney, and the kettle on the hearth beat a tambourine accompaniment to its hissing. Over the snug latticed bar hung nets of lemons, and the counter was piled with apples in pyramids. At plain, square tables, neighbors sat in quiet revelry over steaming punch and apple-toddy, or played rounce, a sort

of euchre played with domino blocks, and so entitled to the benefit of the clergy. Others indulged in the clerical game of backgammon. The blacksmith and carriage maker overlooked the game and chirped like last century's crickets thawed out.

"What is your story?" asked Ascott, after they were seated at the fire.

"Oh, you mean about Fanny Alison," said Warrener. "Yes!"

"Fanny Alison?" said Maxwell, one of the backgammon players. "She 's devilish pretty; but there 's just that darkening and swelling of the under eyelid, as if she was keeping down the tears, I don't like."

"Ye-es," said Warrener, "that 's what 's the matter. From place to place they hurry me, to banish my regret; but tiddle de umpty humpty de, and fol de rol, I can't forget. Forget 's the rhyme, I know that; and forget 's the reason."

"What can't she forget?" inquired Ascott. "Give us the story, and don't leave out the poetry, if you have any more of that sort. It soothes the savage breast."

"It began," said Warrener, hesitating, "or it ended — for it had been going on a good while — four years ago."

"Began when it ended and had been going on a good while," said Ascott, gravely. "What I like about Warrener's stories is the perspicacity with which they begin and end and go on."

Then they all began to chaff Warrener about his stories, till he laughed and said, "If the court knows herself, and she thinks she do, Warrener ain't hankerin' to spin this yarn."

"Bet you can't tell it," said Maxwell, "straight on end, without horse in it; and put up the money."

Warrener reflected. "I 'll cover that; for as well as I remember, there 's nothing about a horse in it, — so much the worse."

"Very well, then, don't you bring in horse talk, that 's all," said Maxwell; "and Ascott shall hold stakes."

The wager made, Warrener studied a minute and began his story: "Uncle Robert Brown's first will left the estate to aunt Fanny, — there 's no horse in that; but his nephew and niece, Job Mason and Peggy Alison, heard of it, and drove — no, came over to persuade him to give the reversion to their children equally, at aunt Fanny's death. He had pinched and saved till he had five hundred acres of beargrass land, besides his racing stables."

"Forfeit!" cried Maxwell. "What have his racing stables to do with it?"

"Dry up!" said Ascott. "A casual reference may pass, but not dragging horse talk in. Go on."

"He had put fifty years of life into the land, and to propose dividing it out among children, at his death, was like offering to dissect his body. But one day Fanny Alison, a little chit in pinafores, came over, or was brought over; and he took a fancy to the child and wanted to alter his will in her favor. But Job Mason wanted her to share with Lind Mason; aunt Fanny wanted to give it to her grand-nephew in Texas. They compromised: Fanny Alison was to have the estate on her marriage either with Lind Mason or the nephew, — never mind his name; he was entered for the purse, but paid."

"Forfeit!" exclaimed Maxwell.

"Don't interrupt the court," Warrener said, blushing. "Aunt Fanny Brown brought up Lind Mason and Fanny for one another. It was all very well while they were children. Lind bossed about and made Fanny fetch and carry like a squaw, — boys are like aborigines in that, — but after Fanny came off grass at boarding-school she flung as pretty a pastern as any filly in the stables, and" — A roar of laughter interrupted.

"Oh, confound your chuck-a-luck games!" said Warrener; "take the pot,[1] and I 'll go on, my own way. Fanny was seventeen, the best-groomed dancer and the prettiest stepper on the flowery turf. Of course, lots o' young fellows wanted to put up stakes on her, and small blame to 'em. Lind, the bloke, tried his old way of curb and snaffle, and she flung him higher 'n a kite. He had to bring in his reserves. Aunt Peggy and Job Mason

[1] That is, the money wagered.

descended on her in Rarey style, broke her spirit, and she gave in. But it would n't stay. Lind Mason kept nagging at her and aggravating her; and, at last, he reminded her that she would lose the estates if she jilted him. She did jilt him then and there; said she was not buying fancy stock at them figures; and aunt Fanny backed her up. Lind was a bad lot, those days. He went on a raging spree, and wound up by swallowing an ounce of laudanum, in the garret."

"The only decent thing he did in the whole affair," said Ascott, who had followed the story with interest.

"Ye-es," said Warrener; "but they stomach-pumped him into existence; and poor Fan was so frightened and penitent, she was willing to take what was left, and would have married him off-hand. Aunt Fanny would not consent; insisted that Lind must be regularly entered for a profession, first. He straightened up for a few weeks, but it could not last; began on soda and brandy syrup, and ended in drinking harder than ever. It broke poor Fanny's heart, for she had to send him off. To make it worse he did go off, — disappeared entirely. She 's never been the same girl since. By the bye, Lind was last seen at this very house, was n't he? "

"Yes," said the landlord. "He came in here one winter night. He had had too much, and I refused to open the bar. He steadied himself a moment on the counter, and then walked out. He left his overcoat on the chair, but he has never been seen since."

"What was his supposed fate?" asked Ascott.

"Well, taking the circumstances," said Warrener, "it 's almost certain. An old tavern stands at the river, two miles away, — a poor place, where wood-cutters for steam-boats resort. Lind probably went there for what he wanted, and walking on the logs or wood-boats fell in and was washed away by the current. He either did not get into that tavern, or they know more than they tell."

"What sort of man was Lind Mason?" asked Ascott.

"Well," said Warrener, "a high-colored, rather fleshy man; curly brown hair, and a boisterous, jovial manner; rather a taking fellow than otherwise, of no bad habit but drinking, if you except sniffing. He would sniff even in the presence of a too indulgent society; that and bouncing, — he was awful on the bound. The amount of *lie* corked up in Lind Mason," continued Warrener, with the air of an analytical chemist, "would have made soft soap sufficient to keep his conscience clean. In a strong solution of raw whiskey it was dispensed to his friends, or anybody who would stand the expense, with a generosity truly exhilarating. His friends recall these interesting traits now that he is no more. Gentlemen, I drink to his memory. How he would like to do it himself, poor fellow!"

But Ascott did not sympathize with this very liberal peace-to-his-ashes. "Yes," said he, kicking a billet on the fire, viciously, till the sparks went scurrying up the broad vent; "a fat, rosy fellow jokes with the bar-keeper, flings a boot-black a stamp, and an indulgent public cries, 'A free-handed fellow; nobody's enemy but his own.' It is the common instinct of vulgar selfishness to buy coarse popularity cheap, and sell to women dear. Families supplied on the shortest notice. Apply at home."

"Well," said Warrener, setting down the glass and brushing his mustache airily with a delicate handkerchief, for Warrener had his pet affectations, "I think you are rather hard on Lind. You see, he never had a good even chance. If he had been regularly handicapped for that race, possibly he would have won in a spurt. There 's no slow in taking the girl or the money down, cold so, without the winning. I never did like this thing of walking over the track just to take down a purse. It 'll demoralize horse or man."

This argument, characteristically put, was received with nods of approval, and "That 's so," all around. It nettled Ascott to say, "Confound your turf jargon. A good horse shows anywhere, and so does a good man."

"I don't know about the good man,"

said Warrener, drawing a common but false distinction, "but Lind was a good fellow. Nothing can be said against Fanny Alison; but, possibly, she was too cold and exacting for a warm-blooded young sinner like Mason."

Again he had hit the tendency to hold both in controversy in some fault; besides, it sounded generous and impartial, just to Fanny Alison's pure but imperious character.

Ascott execrated Warrener's client in a blunt style which we omit, and added, "Here is a poor girl whose narrow life is bounded by a greedy uncle and mother, a silly, selfish old granny, and this whelp. He tortures her in his boyhood, as he tortured kittens and puppies; and does the same, with refinements of cruelty, as he grows up. She cries and struggles like a wounded thing, and tries to free herself. Her natural relations, instead of knocking the brute down and kicking him out, descend upon her and cow and starve her into submission. At last, when his conduct becomes unbearable to decent society, he sneaks off. Brutal to the last, he disappears and leaves a sensitive girl to the cruel suspicion of her own morbid conscience and the charity of Mrs. Grundy, *alias* George Warrener, who pronounces her too cold and exacting. A plague of your Christian charity; a little old-fashioned heathen hate and contempt is needed to salt down such a rotten and corrupt society. Come, George; let's be off."

It was during the debate that night, in the old school-house crowded with the boys and girls of the vicinity, that news was brought of the descent of the guerrillas upon the hotel. The liquors would detain them, but they would also inflame a reckless, bloodthirsty spirit. Ascott proposed an attack upon them, while off their guard, and was surprised to see many whose courage he could not doubt hang back.

"You see," said Warrener, "if not resisted, they only plunder the stables. We could easily drive them off, as you say; but they would return, and fall upon individual plantations and houses in revenge, and commit far worse horrors. In fact, there is nobody here in danger but yourself."

"And why," asked Ascott, "am I in any danger, more than you?"

"Because you have served in the army. These wretches make a merit of murdering soldiers of either army, and then set it up as proof that they are not guerrillas but scouts fighting for one side or the other. Besides, they are made up of deserters from both sides, and, like deserters, are influenced by a deadly hatred to the regulars. In fact, your presence here will endanger others. We must try to get you out of town, and the snow and moonlight make it dangerous."

Then it was that Fanny Alison, who was there with her little brother, spoke: "If Captain Ascott will drive, I will take him in our sleigh."

It was objected that this would involve her if they were stopped, but she insisted, and Ascott, finding himself a sort of Jonah, accepted. By taking the woods and skirting the shadow through by-paths and wood-cutters' trails, they avoided the bands and reached Mrs. Alison's country house unseen.

II.

IN WHICH WE VIEW THE GROUND, AND THE GHOST PUTS IN AN APPEARANCE.

"Well, boy," said Ascott, next morning, to the waiter who kindled his fire, "any news from Peth?"

"Yes, Mars Robert; de geyrills done gone cla off wid all de good hosses," said the boy, "an' dey done sent fo' de Yankees to come fotch um back. White folks mighty glad to see dem Yankees, dis time."

"So I have lost my black mare, with a very poor prospect of ever getting her back," said Ascott to himself. But he wasted little time on such regrets. He was ushered into the breakfast room, where Fanny Alison was seated at the fire, waiting. As she rose to receive him, he was conscious of the harmonies of the room and its occupant. She was

in a neat morning wrapper with a surf of ruffles rising over her shoulders and flowing to the feet; the fire, and possibly expectation, had brought a fluctuating color into her cheek. Hearing the low-toned voice, which had the peculiar magnetism of such voices, he wondered that he had thought her cold last evening; but presently her brother came in, not a little proud of his acquaintance with Captain Ascott.

"I say, that was a good speech o' yours last night," he said, referring to Ascott's oratory at the debating club; "and that 's a nice little mare you drive; light in hand, is n't she? I wish you had her here. Sis wants to go over to see Patsey Dinwiddie. Patsey 's a pretty girl; rather too light, but she 's a stepper. Skate? Our fish pond 's a first-rate rink. We put up ice, last freeze. I did it. I 'm the man o' the house; I see to all outdoors, when the professor is n't here. The professor 's my German teacher. He hunts; he hunts robins and fiel' larks and flickers. I don't; I hunt game birds. He shoots a-settin'. I think it 's murder to shoot a-settin," and the boy's voice ran on the stale slang of the stables and hunting-field, sounding so quaint and pure on the honest young lips. Of course Captain Ascott accompanied Miss Alison on her visit to Patsey Dinwiddie; but a letter, written a week later, will perhaps explain better than we can how he spent his time, and advance our story.

PETH, KENTUCKY, *February* 10, 1865.

DEAR GEORGE: Thank General B—— for permitting me to report to the officer sent here to suppress guerrillas. Indeed I 've had such a lively time, I 've forgotten the war and that I am a paroled prisoner. Do send my valise. I 've been sponging on Maxwell and Payne. And now you ask what have I been doing? I expect, to be honest, my tale would be like the negro song, "jis oh! Cynthy Sue," alias Fanny Alison. Her younger brother has taken a fancy to me, and when she is not present I study physiognomy in the brother's likeness to her. Like blondes, she is very variable: one day ravishingly lovely, and another cold, white, and almost plain. I thought it must be in the dress; but she has the instinctive taste of her sex for colors, and never dresses out of tone. She is rather like the pure cut glass, if you 'll allow such a homely comparison, that takes a color from that which it contains, and her humor is capricious. I ascribe the changeful expression greatly to the eyes, a large, dewy, violet iris with a pupil that continually changes, so that by night the eyes seem almost black.

We have, furthermore, Mrs. Alison, a pleasant, commonplace lady, who reads Cummings on the Apocalypse, etc., and Owen's Footfalls; but these do not impair a healthy appetite and some skill at backgammon. Miss Fanny plays a good game of chess. By the bye, I want to show you a combination to mate in five moves. You can give it to Judge B—— or to N——. You know slavery is not abolished out here. We have a sort of nondescript valet, or hostler, who prides himself on the fact that the family entertains "parlo' ghosts;" "not dese grave-yard ghosses, rampin' roun' in dey coffin clothes." He intimates that his young miss is a necromancer of peculiar power, and that she is attended by no less a guardian angel than the poor devil whose story you told me. I confess it shocked me. There is something so elevated and pure in her character, something so practical and earnest in her general conduct, that it is difficult to reconcile them with such gross superstition. But I find it prevails here among those whom you would not think liable to such a weakness. For example, Mrs. Dinwiddie asked me if I believed in spiritual manifestations. "Implicitly," said I; "it is purely an article of faith with me, for I have had no evidence of it, and certainly would rather dispense with proof, and preserve my greater merit." Well, she replied that if I continued my attentions to Miss Alison I would probably have such proof, and she added a story about Markham, who was devoted to her last year, but, it was currently reported among the negroes, was driven off by a spectre.

Certainly, it is the sort of thing to give one a distaste for the lady, but she is so gay, simple, and natural, you do not think of it when with her. Indeed, were I not a poor soldier of a sinking cause, and a wounded prisoner, it is at this shrine I would stay content. As it is, I can only look on the bloom of flowers and breathe the fragrant air, knowing it is not for me. But send the valise by the stage. Yours, R. Ascott.

The exceptional circumstances under which, at some risk to herself, Fanny Alison had rendered a service to Captain Ascott had broken down the reserve in which she habitually fenced herself. Captain Ascott did not appear as one seeking to render her disloyal to the past. He was a chance acquaintance, a prisoner whose parole would soon expire, and the wound that had secured him this opportunity invited sympathy. When that subtle diplomat indicated that he had known her twin brother, who fell, a mere lad, in some skirmish in Southern Kentucky, she found a new reason for her attraction to this popular stranger. The consciousness of pleasing is a subtle way of pleasing ourselves. While his open, friendly intimacy with the family disarmed any suspicion of his ulterior views, she could not disregard the pleasure he had in her society. They read Enoch Arden, then a new thing, not anticipating how closely the simple pathos of the story ran to the future of their own lives. It will suggest the relation to say he had bantered her on Mrs. Dinwiddie's story of her ghostly attendant, and she was surprised to remember, in her room, how she had answered with raillery, bidding him not to come to her for protection if he met the ghost on his way to town, but to trust to his valor or his heels; for Warrener, on receiving that letter, had written urgently, positively, for Ascott to come to town. On the road Ascott was thinking of violets under the snow of that cold exterior, when the driver spoke: "Now, who dat ah, walkin down da?" The snow was crisp on the stiff clay road, just capable of bearing the light low rockaway, the ferruginous soil, broken in little oozy pools, like pools of blood, beginning to curdle in the night-fall. The untrodden snow was deceptively smooth at either side, even at places where brick-makers had been cutting in the yellow clay. A man in his shirt sleeves was walking before them on the rough road. "I would know that walk," thought Ascott, "if I ever met it again."

There is nothing in nature more awkward. The muscles of the trunk, abdomen, neck, are all in motion. The ante-tibial hoists the foot forward; the deltoid and placoid respond spasmodically; the block and tackle of the suspenders twist and crease the trousers; the buttons struggle; the shoulder hunches; the head waggles; an ugly wave of distortion rises from heel to shoulder-blade. There is a pause, a falling-to-pieces hesitancy. The weights and levers shift; the head nid-noddles; the buttons tear up and down; and so, *da capo*. If the walk is slow, this elaborate exhibition of wasted power is simply painful. If it is hurried, the shoulders slipping and bobbing, the head joggling from side to side, it is a savage caricature of nature's inventive faculties, — a locomotion that could be much more thriftily done on wheels.

Perceiving such a figure in the clare-obscure of early night-fall, Ascott was amused and charitable. He spoke to the boy to stop and take the stranger up; but the latter did not hear at first, and as he turned to catch the words, the fiery horses, warmed by exercise, made a short burst. Ascott looked out: the whole view was perfectly clear; nothing but the rough road and the smooth snow; and not a creature in sight.

"Did you see him?" asked Ascott.

"Fo' God, Mars Robert, nigga seed 'im go down, an' pull in de hole; graveyard ghos' rampin' roun', on de road."

The boy was pale as ashes, his teeth chattering. "Stop, you goose," said Ascott; "the man has fallen in the snow."

"Fo' God, Mars Robert, he jis go straight down like a rock in de watah, an' he lef' no hole."

"Did you know him?" asked Ascott.

"Spec I knows him; spec he 's Mars Lind's ghos'," said the boy.

"Pshaw!" said Ascott, after waiting. "If the man chooses to make his bed in the snow, let him lie; drive on." He tried to think how a man, on a perfect plain coated with two or three inches of snow, could evaporate out of sight in that way, but gave it up, as a conundrum not in his line; and that was the first sight Ascott had of his spectral rival, the ghost that claimed Fanny Alison's hand.

III.

SOME VERY PRETTY SPARRING, AND THE GHOST GETS DECIDEDLY THE BEST OF IT.

Ascott took the night stage that passed through the village at dusk, and before he reached the city all recollection of the spectre had faded from his mind. He reported to the provost, and then went to the rooms he shared with his friend. He found Warrener lounging over the fire, the gas turned down.

"How did you come off, that night?" he asked.

"Oh, easy; never molted a feather," said that game bird. "Four rogues in buckram let drive at me, and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid. Then we fraternized; and they trusted my discrimination to pick out the best horses: so I spotted your mare."

"Thank you for nothing. Is that all?" asked Ascott.

"No, it is n't all!" replied Warrener. "Look at that," and he handed the daily paper, pointing at "Heroic Repulse of Guerrillas;" and Ascott read an astounding account of his own exploits.

"These lies," he said, bursting with laughter, "are like the father that bred them, open, palpable."

"Ye-es," said Warrener; "well, Mr. Reporter wanted to know, you know. The facts looked so pale and sneaky, I slapped in a bit of color here and there, till it is quite entertaining. Like the Arabian Nights. Curious," he added, "the delicate, sauce-like effect types have on the coarse flavor of common fiction. If I've read that once, I've read it twenty times and liked it better every time."

"But I swear, Warrener," cried his friend, reading, "this is too bad."

"That," said the other, looking over and settling back with an air of satisfaction, "that is the best of it. Captain Ascott flies to the ladies' rescue, and empties his revolver, dropping a man with each chamber. He springs into the sleigh, and Miss A—— drives off in a shower of bullets, sheltered by his manly form, while at every shot of his faithful revolver a fiend bites the dust, — snow it should have been, but I had to drop into poetry there."

"I am afraid," said Ascott, going back in thought to the quiet family at Alison's, "I am afraid Mrs. Alison will not like the notoriety."

"Won't she?" asked Warrener, indifferently. "Well, I don't care. When I find people morbidly sensitive, I rasp 'em up. When they find nerves don't pay, they come out into the daylight of common sense."

"Well, George," said his friend, "perhaps you are right; it sounds practical and sensible. But I've spent the week at widow Alison's." Some sort of sponsor is necessary, by every well-regulated social code. I want you to introduce me out there, formally."

"Oh, you are there with your bears?" cried the other. "Well, I'll not do any such thing."

"But why?" asked his friend, surprised at this blunt refusal of so small a favor. "I understood your story the other night to mean, 'Here is a very pleasant lady, worth cultivating as an acquaintance;' did n't I?"

"Perhaps you did," said the other, more gravely than was his wont; "but I've been to the devil and back since that night! In short, I'll not do it; and I don't want you to go there."

"I can find another chaperon, you know," said Ascott, a little hurt, "if you are churlish; but I did not expect it."

"Don't talk that way, Bob," said

Warrener. "Something has changed you; may it not have changed me?"

"It has, indeed," said Ascott. "You must have heard" —

"I have heard nothing, and I know nothing," said Warrener, "that does not show Miss Alison to be a girl greatly to be pitied. In a word, believe that I have seen a ghost. Do not ask me more. Believe that, as a gentleman, I have no right to say more, not even to say that much; but knowing how earnest you are, I can't see my best friend break his neck without warning."

Ascott was astonished. No man lived "in the daylight of common sense," to use his own words, more than George Warrener. Everything about him — his love for horses, dogs, field-sports, his contempt of sham — was the result of a perfectly healthful nature. "I must not press you farther after that," said Ascott, "but you will consider my situation. One more visit I must pay, a visit of ceremony. It is due to the ladies that some of their friends should present me."

"Well, I will go once. If I am not mistaken, Miss Alison's manner will cure you of any absurd hopes her beauty and fascination may have created better than I can; and you must understand all that is played."

The visit was paid. It was a stiff, formal call, in which guests make little conversational raids into an unknown territory and come back hungry. The manner of the ladies was coldly civil, and did not invite a repetition of the visit. Even Warrener's equable high spirits were depressed by the shadow over the house.

"Ugh!" he exclaimed, on getting out, "I feel as if I had been smothering. Dare me to the desert with thy sword, and if I don't come, call me a girl-baby; but don't ask me back to that house. It has left a moldy, coffiny taste in my mouth that a gallon of apple-toddy can't wash out."

Ascott was bitterly disappointed. He had gone there with the thought that a sacrifice would be required of him. He had steeled himself to resist that simple, engaging humor, and the kindly look in the frank eyes. She had been merely statuesque and chilly. Fanny Alison's was indeed that kind of beauty whose attractiveness depends a great deal on mood: one day a blaze of fascination; another, pallid, insensible, and, to the common eye fond of raw color, plain.

Lest I seem to make a mystery of this change, let us look into that quiet heart a little, and learn that, whatever griefs it had, the cause now lay in a nature we can understand. Parents cannot do a greater wrong under the American social code, in their anxiety to provide for their girls, than to set a limit to those free inclinations which may err, and yet which, even in their errors, are an education. A girl more freely trained than Fanny Alison would more wisely have interpreted the attention of Captain Ascott and her own inclinations. She would have known what this quiet satisfaction in his presence meant. But Fanny Alison had been virtually a wife, with a wife's cares, since she wore pinafores. She could not remember a time when she was not required to make sacrifices for Lind Mason, because she belonged to him. Even her revolts had only made her a wretched wife in spirit; they had not released her. She had never looked any farther. His disappearance had not even left her the poor privilege of widowhood. He had left that sense of possession on her and about her that even his death, so far from breaking, seemed to seal irrevocably. Her pleasure, therefore, in remembering Captain Ascott was that of a wife whose bondage assures her safety. To her, love meant sacrifices, care; and an emotion of pure, inward content could not be love. Fanny Alison did not find an interpreter of this new feeling, therefore, in her own experience, but from pretty Patsey Dinwiddie, who came to pay her a visit. Her saucy little tongue began with banter and raillery about Captain Ascott and his visit, with all those plainly spoken possibilities and probabilities girls chatter about over the dish of pickles when they discuss their partners. These included all that which Fanny but for her education would have right-

ly interpreted for herself. She was surprised to find the secret of that sweet content in Captain Ascott's presence laid bare, and to hear an end set forth as natural and necessary which had never occurred to her. When she declared the exceptional character of that visit, Patsey nodded her wise little head and said Captain Ascott would come again. This Fanny denied; but, admitting its possibility, delegated the attraction to Hubert and the skating-rink. At this pretty Patsey crowed, and looked so knowing that Fanny felt very much as if she had been detected in something like prevarication. It ended in her rather impetuously saying it was wrong in Patsey to talk that way, and that Lindley Mason was her (Fanny's) acknowledged husband from childhood. How could she ever forget it?

Pretty Patsey felt the sting of rebuke when she knew she did not deserve it. Any one of her lovers might go drown himself at pleasure; it would not keep pretty Patsey from receiving a single visitor that she liked. Lind Mason, indeed! he was n't fit to tie Captain Ascott's shoe; and the two girls parted in something like a quarrel, and Patsey left with a definite resolution to give Fanny Alison a lesson that would do her good before she was done with it.

Fanny went up-stairs with a little pain at heart that Patsey should have spoken so plainly. But, as she sat thinking it over, a new and sweet emotion filled her with exceeding peace, — a feeling very strange to that poor, tender little heart that, in all its loving, had never known the comfort of being loved. In spite of herself, this frank, open-air lover, with his easy society address and genuine delicacy, had stolen very near her heart. It was so strange to sit there, feeling what she had never known before, love as an infinite shelter and protection, and not a sacrifice and care.

But she put her hands over her eyes and pushed it back, and, to chide and strengthen herself, took out a few rough careless notes, in a large, coarse hand, full of protestations and complaints. "It was because he loved me so," she said, excusing him; "and he died for love of me, and I shall be true to him, until death — until death."

So she displaced the real god of love and set up a coarse Dagon, decorated, indeed, with the jewels of her own pure heart. To others it might seem gross superstition; to her it was the one reality. Disciplined as she was in that stern school of religion which makes a sin of the innocent promptings of our nature, the very fact that there was a subtle sweetness in this suggestion of another's love made her tremble at it.

Ascott had his vexation of spirit over this change, and he bore it like a man; that is, he stormed and fretted viciously.

"You did not know Lind Mason," said Warrener. "I 'd rather my sweetheart, if she must have a little training for the four mile day of matrimony, had another trainer than Lind. Not that he 'd hurt her, you know; only I would n't like it."

"I thought you were a friend of Lind Mason's," said Ascott, annoyed, in spite of philosophy, at his plain-spoken friend.

"I'm everybody's friend, I reckon," said Warrener, coolly, "but it does n't keep me from taking a man's measure as I go along; and I would n't like it."

By such adroit speeches, not opposing directly, he tried to draw Ascott from the pursuit. But when Ascott returned to the question of the reason for this sudden reluctance, he could get no satisfaction; nothing but positive prohibition and that original statement, "Believe that I have seen a ghost."

IV.

ASCOTT FIGHTS SHY TILL AUNT FANNY CALLS TIME. THE GHOST GETS IN A TERRIBLE LEFT HANDER, AND ASCOTT GOES DOWN.

Whatever that mysterious impediment to Ascott's marrying Fanny Alison was, it did not prevent her dressing herself becomingly the night of the next debate. She would have blushed very indignant at the suggestion that she had

come to see him. She had come to see Patsey Dinwiddie. The two girls had almost quarreled, and Fanny felt that she had been a little in the wrong. True, she thought the speeches very stale and insipid, and the compliments vapid and silly; but it was not because he was absent. In treating him coldly she meant him to avoid particular attention, and she also wanted him to feel the loss of her society. You see I forgive my enemy with all my heart for his rudeness, but I want him to remember also that I punched his head for it. By and by it was over, and then she accepted Patsey's invitation to spend the evening with her and her company. The ormolu clock toiled on; the ceaseless clack never wearied. How stupid it was! Ten o'clock! Then a jar of wheels, a trotter's sharp, quick step.

"Jehu, the son of Nimshi, for he driveth furiously," said Warrener. "What has kept Ascott so long?"

Now the royal salutes ran up on Fanny's cheeks, do what she would. These salutes Ascott did not see. Fanny was shyly hiding and trembling behind the long window curtain. He came through a press of reception. Widow Dinwiddie, still buxom and blooming, was to be saluted; pretty Patsey's challenge to answer; friends here and there to meet. "How handsome and popular he is; and poor little me!" thought Fanny. Slowly he circled the room to the shrinking figure he had been conscious of from the first.

Poor Fanny had carried on her inward struggle valiantly. She thought that rebel blood vanquished. She slowly raised her eyes. Hurrah! The shoutings and the welcomings of those arch traitors in her cheeks and eyes and in the tumultuous pulse! Not cold now, but warm, palpitating, full of tenderness, reproach, and pleading, as if they said, "Though there is that about me, disloyal to the past, which loves you, I cannot help it."

"I am glad to find you; I came in that hope," he murmured.

"I came to see Patsey," she said shyly, as if it needed explanation, and making the excuse to him she did to herself. I am afraid she was not very wise.

"And you are not glad?" he asked, smiling.

She raised her eyes, and the ripe, eloquent blush spoke what she would not. She knew the hour was his. To-morrow, over her relics, she may repent and say, "It can never, never be;" but now it was his hour and hers.

Conversation at such a time is merely tentative, a language of tones rather than words, but he should not have misinterpreted the grateful look when he said, "We are to be friends, are we not? very good friends?"

Foolish Fanny's shy "Oh, yes!" meant that it settled that question of conscience very cleverly; but Ascott did not know that it put him down the one step pretty Patsey's frank gossip had given him.

Nothing is so fatal to love as to fall into friendship. There are no more doubts, agitations, fevers, of that whirligig passion. Ascott in a few weeks saw his blunder better than how to mend it.

If Maxwell and Payne called, they were received in the drawing-room and entertained by the young lady. It is true she was cold and formal, and Warrener compared her icy sweetness to ice-cream, saying it made his teeth ache to talk with her.

Ascott made no such complaint. He was received into the family room, and Hubert and a younger sister made free of his company; in fact, Captain Ascott was slipping comfortably back into the commonplace of "mamma's friend."

But outside, gossip arranged it differently and published it as a match; and that brought the dowager Catherine de' Médici, aunt Fanny Brown, down upon them.

Ascott found her intrenched in the drawing-room, and no art could isolate her grandniece. But a better strategist was in that room.

Dame Brown was a high-nosed, aristocratic dowager of seventy, in a white wig that looked as if it was powdered, with a tinge of rouge on her clear but withered complexion. She had ruled as a belle in her youth; now, in her age, she

ruled in the right of her wealth and high temper. As her niece sat contentedly listening, not offering to move, the old lady took a characteristic way to drive her off.

"Captain Ascott," she said, "has Peggy Alison had up any table-tipping spirits to lecture you? Bless the woman," she added, in a tone of annoyance, "she asked me if I would like to call up Robert Brown's spirit. No, indeed, said I. I hope he waits for me, on t'other side, like a decent Christian. It's hardly proper for a man to come stepping into company with no body to him whatever. I'd as soon think of asking Robert Brown to come in stripped to the skin. He would n't think of such a thing!" But Fanny Alison had fled from an attack she could not listen to patiently nor answer respectfully. The old woman then turned sharply on the other guest: "I have rights in this family, Mr. Ascott. You are pursuing my grandniece. I tell you plainly that there is an insuperable objection. She would wrong you, almost as much as a woman can wrong a man, to marry you. Let the silly girl alone, and go — wherever you belong, if you do belong anywhere."

Ascott had been admiring this picturesque old lady, thinking that as a work of art she resembled a Louis Quatorze court lady gone to seed.

He recovered himself enough to say that at the proper time he would discuss that subject with Miss Fanny Alison.

"You mean that poor fellow that was around," she began.

"I know nothing of his fate," said Ascott coldly, "and am not interested in it."

But Dame Brown did not talk to interest others; she went on: "Oh! he's drowned, or he would have written for help. When Peggy Alison said she had a communication from his spirit, I said, 'Did he ask for money to come back? If he did not, it is not Lind Mason.'"

But Ascott only bowed, and took his hat and left.

"Warrener," he said to his friend, "if you are not free to explain the nature of your objection to my attentions to Fanny Alison, do you know who can?"

"I should think possibly aunt Fanny Brown knew, or Lind Mason's father," said Warrener, after reflecting; "but I am not sure."

"Would not Mrs. Alison herself know?" asked Ascott.

"Have you got that far?" inquired Warrener.

"I have not spoken to Miss Alison, if you mean that," replied Ascott.

"Well, try the mother first," said Warrener. "But mind, before you attempt to marry, privately or openly, come to me. If I am not free to speak, I will take the liberty for Fanny Alison's sake. It would be horrible, I tell you, horrible, horrible! I would have to tell you both that it could not be. She would wrong herself and you."

But he would not say more, and Ascott went to Mrs. Alison.

He told her of his suit, and asked if she knew of any objection to it. The lady listened with interest and sympathy; she said there was an objection; she did not know that she could tell, but Fanny was — peculiar. Then she spoke of the devise and its fatal condition; how she had seen her daughter tortured by her lover's jealousy and habits; her feeble efforts to break it off, and the resistance of the family and even of Fanny herself; and then of his disappearance. Hesitatingly, she revealed much of what the reader has been told of the state of Miss Alison's affections, and he caught a glimpse of a singular theory in the mother's mind, that her daughter was one of "the elect;" that this spiritual vigilance was to preserve her purity, as a nun of that strange faith; and he understood how it had come to be recognized as a part of their religion.

As he heard the simple mother-talk, and saw the mother's love mixed up with this strange enthusiasm, — and yet with a tremulous uncertainty about it, as if she saw, for the first time, how hard a sacrifice was required, — he pitied her. But the mother nature was too strong in this good woman for her to abide by her faith. So long as it comforted her

daughter in her sorrow, it had been cherished; but now that it threatened to deprive her of the natural right of her womanhood, the mother would like to find a release for her from those vestal vows.

But the woman he loved was as jealous of her vows as if she had passed through a novitiate and shrouded herself in the black veil. No conventual wall inclosed her; no image, dedicated by an earthly priesthood, received her pure devotions; yet the invisible fenced her in, and death had consecrated her relics. She had washed them in her tears, and anointed them with her kisses. The enthusiasm of her nature, in associating them with her religion, had raised them far above their origin of love and penitence, sweet as those twin sisters of sorrow are.

She heard the account of Ascott's interview with her mother with most provoking coolness. She had satisfied her conscience that one may love a nun without sin; and, not pretending to indicate how a regular conventual nun would welcome a consciousness of such unearthly passion, Fanny had found it very agreeable. She could even return that affection, in a manner not inconsistent with the past. She was very placid, therefore, while her lover talked and pleaded, feeling that it was all right and just as it should be, but was not to go any further. Ascott, however, was by no means reconciled. He eagerly protested that such a shadowy, unsubstantial obstacle was illusory.

"It is not illusory," said she, gravely. "I must tell you, or you will blame me. Under that will, there was another gentleman, Mr. Markham, aunt Fanny's grand-nephew, too. After Lind Mason's death he came, and aunt Fanny made me see him at uncle Mason's house, where she then lived. We were in the parlor, after dark, with lights on the tables. He was saying something. I raised my eyes, and there, at the window, was Lind Mason's face, — just his face. He had come from the dead, as he said he would come if I had any other lover. I shrieked and fainted, and when I recovered I made them bring me home. So you see it is no fancy of my own. I cannot love as you love me. It would be wrong."

But he insisted that it was a delusion; and a more cruel delusion because it irrationally separated them. As he brought up instances of such mental phenomena, she raised those violet eyes, now nearly deep black in the emotions expressed, her lip trembling as she said,

"But if it *is* a delusion, ought I who am subject to it to marry; and to marry you?"

He scouted it at first, but as he thought of Warrener's warning, and what her mother said; of that earnest, enthusiastic nature, her strangely variable moods, and that singular beauty that was never the same, the truthful pathos of that confession came upon him, indeed. The warm blood that kindled the eloquent blush was tainted; lunacy brightened the fire of those superb eyes, or moodiness chilled its classic beauty to pallid gray. How could he have believed that Warrener would regard a superstitious faith as a serious objection; or that Mrs. Fanny Brown meant nothing more than that, when she said Fanny Alison would wrong the man she loved in marrying him! No; this family secret Warrener had surprised, or it had been confided to him. Aunt Fanny Brown, an elder of the family, knew it, certainly, for it was "hereditary insanity." He felt that he had discovered the secret, and that it slew his own soul.

"You will not come as a friend?" she asked.

He was very tender with her, but he knew, intuitively, that his absence would be a proof of that other love so sweet to her, so he said, "No, not as a friend only."

"Then," she answered, "we had better part. We can be no more; but I shall always love you — as a friend."

She was still very placid and undisturbed over the parting. He loved her; she felt sure of that, and was simply content to have thus much sweetness to add to the habit of her old conventual life.

V.

PRETTY PATSEY INSTRUCTS ASCOTT HOW TO USE HIS LEFT, AND HE MAKES AWKWARD BUT EFFECTIVE PLAY.

A feeling of intense pity and love filled Ascott's heart as he left the gentle and lovely being who had sacrificed herself for his sake.

"Yes," said he, "she does love me; and though life can look forward to no future in love, it lays upon me a sacred duty to guard her from myself and her, and to watch over her at a distance." But these reflections were crushed under the absolute wretchedness of the man. When he thought the secret obstacle was the result of a mere superstition, he had not hesitated to believe that the mother's mind was weak. He had even taken comfort in it, in finding it interposed no substantial obstacle. Now, it was but an instance of hereditary weakness, more strikingly developed in the daughter. In one it was imbecility; in the other incipient madness.

Warrener found him with his head buried in the pillows.

"You can tell me nothing," said Ascott, bitterly. "I know it all."

"Poor girl," said Warrener. "Is n't it a wretched piece of business?"

"Horrible," cried Ascott, covering his eyes as if to hide the spectacle. "To think of that noble beauty, that sweet, innocent expression, that versatile intelligence, and all the grace and finish of that loveliness bound to the narrow cell and flock-bed of a mad-house."

"What do you mean?" asked Warrener, anxiously.

Ascott then began, and told heavily of the two interviews of the morning. Warrener received it very singularly. The intense sympathy of the beginning gradually softened; a queer smile flickered up to his lips; and when Ascott reached the most pathetic part, where the beautiful girl devoted herself and lover rather than visit upon her descendants that awful inheritance, at this most moving part of the moving story, Warrener burst into a thunder-gust of laughter.

"What is the matter?" Ascott asked, in amazement. "Are you crazy, too?"

"Oh, by Jove, Ascott!" the other shrieked, with tears in his eyes. "You will kill me. There 's a trifle of modest assurance in that. A pretty girl gives you a *mittimus*, and you solemnly present it as evidence of hereditary insanity. I 'd like to see you put the case to a jury with that face on. I tell you what, Bob, it 's catching, and Patsey Dinwiddie has got a whole insane asylum of it."

"I do believe I am a d—d fool," said Ascott, suddenly seeing the thinness of the evidence upon which he had formed a rather hasty opinion.

Warrener nods: "Evidence of returning sanity. The patient conscious of his own mental weakness."

"Of course," continues Ascott, "a single instance of cerebral excitement, though amounting to delusion, argues nothing."

"Not a thing," said Warrener, gravely.

"But the devil of it is," added Ascott, studying, "that I did not put it to Miss Fanny in that light."

"All right," suggested Warrener; "the committee *de lunatico* has not set upon her yet; put it in those lamps now."

"But it is too late," said Ascott, fretfully; "if I go back now, I sink into the *ami de maison*."

"Take advice," said Warrener; "you are out now; stay out, and go and see Patsey."

"How your mind runs on that little girl," said Ascott. "What good can she do me?"

"Ah," said Warrener, with calm confidence, "what Patsey does n't know about things is n't down in the books."

And so Ascott went to take counsel of pretty Patsey Dinwiddie, who owed Fanny Alison a lesson.

It was a merry May morning, the roses blowing and the locust flinging its mellow milk blooms at her feet, as pretty Patsey sat on the garden porch, among

bits of bright floss silk, working on the toe of that never-to-be-finished slipper. A butterfly was drinking out of a rose in her hair; an emerald humming-bird was busy at the honeysuckles. She sat there amongst rich masses of color, the May in her sunny brown eyes and her golden-brown wealth of hair, that would not stay up, but came ringleting down in flossy tangles to touch the clear brown red in her cheeks. It was a very pretty picture of warm colors, and no doubt pretty Patsey knew it.

"Fie!" she said, as the young men drove up the lawn, "have you two locked out the school-master?"

"No," laughed Warrener,

"But little Bo-peep has lost his sheep,
And does n't know where to find 'em."

"Let 'em alone, they 'll soon come home,
A-fetching their tails behind 'em,"

said Patsey, nodding accompaniment.

Then Warrener told of Ascott's love-scrape, and added, "Ascott thinks if he was to go over and have it out on the square, she 'd come around."

"Come around on the square? How ridiculous you do talk, George!" said pretty Patsey, critically. "If he wants to break with Fanny, then go back, of course."

"Indeed, Miss Patsey," said Ascott, "I do not know what to do. Perhaps I ought to do nothing. Warrener here advises me strongly against it, for reasons which he will not give."

"I see," said Patsey; "you want me to take you in hand a bit. And you have not seen her for a week?" she added, reflectively. "Well, take me to the theatre to-night."

Whatever Patsey's whim was, she intended to gratify her prevailing humor in it. To all appearances, she was carrying on a desperate flirtation; and gossip soon connected the names together, not greatly to Warrener's satisfaction; and that circumstance gave willful Patsey great delight.

At the end of two weeks, she said, "Now we can go and see aunt Fanny Brown."

The old lady fairly caught her breath to see them coming up the yard. They were scarcely seated when Patsey said: "My fan, Captain Ascott;" and he obsequiously went to the carriage to get it. The old lady was astonished at the manner of it. She studied the little girl, over her spectacles: Patsey bore it quietly as a picture. It was a silent play between these flashing wits, the old and the young.

"I can't keep up with you young people. Are you carrying on with Captain Ascott?"

None of Patsey's usual giggle and sparkle. "Oh, no; not with a gentleman of Captain Ascott's character," demure as a cat stealing cream.

"Wonderful!" thought the old lady. "He has actually tamed her. I would never have believed it."

The rôle was kept up; the services Patsey received were of that homely character that belongs to an engaged man, careful of what is now his own. These pretty Patsey quietly exacted rather than Ascott granted, her whimsical humor puzzling the gentleman quite as much as the grandame; and yet his easy indifference just suited the part she put on him. Altogether it was an exquisite piece of acting, in which the effect lay more in the manner than the matter. It completely baffled the shrewd old dame. "Quieted that flirting little Dinwiddie," she thought. "There must be something in it."

"Excuse me," said Ascott, as they drove off, "but I blush to suggest it: do you expect to provoke Miss Alison's jealousy? For I think you will fail."

Patsey arched her eyebrows. "Of course Fanny's soul is above buttons; but we are all made of clay."

The grandame watched their departure. She tried her knitting, tried to read. Somehow nothing would suit. "Tell Sue to tell Joe to tell Jerry to bring out the barouche."

Just exactly the order that Patsey Dinwiddie was telling Captain Ascott, at the instant, that dame Brown would give.

It is time now to return to the innocent and unsuspecting object of pretty Patsey's love lesson, placidly content

with herself and lover. When gossip began to connect these two names, she smiled secretly to herself. Then Hubert told her he had seen them together, and that Ascott was sweet upon Patsey. He "knew when a fellow was sweet on a girl!" Wise man, Hubert! It fluttered her a little, in spite of herself.

"It's a cruel scandal," she said, as if the rumor did some public wrong to Captain Ascott; and "it was Patsey's fault." Then granny Brown paid her a visit.

"Who do you think was to see me this morning?"

Fanny has a very languid interest in aunt Fanny's visitors; she cannot guess.

"Captain Ascott and the little Dinwiddie." Aunt Fanny never could speak of pretty Patsey without a slurring tone. A start and tremble. "And they are engaged; not that she said so, — I would not have believed her; but he has tamed her, that wild thing! You never saw such a sly, demure puss, watching him under the corners of her eyes, as if she could hide it from you."

"Oh, no, no, no, granny; not that!" But she does not say it. She sits struggling and trembling as her elders discuss it and say how it is very proper; that he has a little, and she has a little; and that Patsey needs a master. Then they say who Patsey's grandmother was, and whom she married; and the talk trails off into gossip.

Poor Fanny! she is all of a quiver. Now she is hot as fire, and now chilled; now one cheek is burning, while the other is white and cold. She took her treasured relics, those memorials that had cost her so much, and tried to revive the ashes of an old faith. But in that chill of feeling the coldness to one lover revenged itself upon the other. She read the letters, for the first time, as the morbid, selfish chidings of a weak, coarse spirit that had not loved her; had never loved anything but its own gross, sensual nature. Nothing could be more natural, for no effigies needed more the vital warmth of a tender and lively fancy. The iconoclasts have broken into the temple, and Dagon lies, ponderous in wooden meditation, on his broken nose; by which I am understood to express, metaphorically, that the ghost's nose was out of joint.

But I am myself too unskilled in feminine humors to understand these two ladies at this time. I don't know why Patsey Dinwiddie persisted in dragging this Goth, a prisoner in her triumph car, in chains, before her friend; nor why that friend should alter her resolution of retiring into nun-like seclusion, in order to attend that debating club around which, as a centre, this story has made its orbit. She had certainly expressed a hope that Captain Ascott would find "some good girl for a wife," and the only possible solution to my mind is the rare satisfaction afforded in seeing a friend follow advice; for no doubt pretty Patsey was a good girl, in spite of all aunt Fanny's slurs, and would make Captain Ascott a good wife.

If Patsey had reserved all her piquant freshness for that evening, she could not have been more entirely herself. When Ascott showed symptoms of desertion, at the appearance of her friend, she stamped her little foot and said, "Giddy goose, play out the play. If Fanny says, La, Patsey! you've stolen my beau, you are a gone Injin." Pretty Patsey would talk slang when she liked. Fanny Alison saw him bending over the village beauty to hear this; and then she rallied and was the brilliant belle of the violet eyes.

Pretty Patsey had to use the bit and whip freely to keep that colt, Ascott, down to his work; but she allowed him to join the circle about Fanny Alison later in the evening, and enjoyed the cool, satisfactory snub he received with mischievous delight. Then the two girls met and rushed into each other's arms. I never have such a realizing sense of the forgiveness of enemies as upon these happy occasions.

"I have asked Fanny to call on me Wednesday afternoon, and told her you would be there."

"Well, what of that?" he asked, sulkily.

"Nothing; but if she comes, I'll get

sis to lend you her jumping-rope to hang yourself. And now send me George Warrener."

Presently Warrener came up, not looking the best pleased man in the world.

"What were you hanging about Fanny Alison for, all evening?" she asked.

"Well, you and Ascott were making such fast time of it," said Warrener, pettishly, "I thought I'd better hedge a little."

She clapped her hands. She had won every point in her game: she had made George Warrener jealous, and she had taught Fanny Alison the lesson how to value a lover. But it was weary work, for, hanging coquettishly on Warrener's arm, she referred to her task, saying,

"Oh, George, I feel as if I had been carrying a big back-log up hill!" which was not flattering to Captain Ascott's gallantry or his histrionic powers.

VI.

IN WHICH ASCOTT FLOORS THE GHOST. ITS SECOND THROWS UP THE SPONGE. GEORGE WARRENER WINS A VERY PRETTY STAKE; WHEN THE POLICE OPPORTUNELY ARRIVE, AFTER THE FUN IS ALL OVER, AND ARREST THE REPORTERS.

When Fanny Alison failed to appear at Mrs. Dinwiddie's, Wednesday, Ascott started to his buggy. Warrener stopped him: "Bob, if you are going to Alison's, let me tell you the obstacle is as strong as hereditary insanity, or stronger; and it is not removed."

"Will you tell me what it is?" asked Ascott.

"No; that is her secret," said Warrener.

"Very well," said his friend. "I will ask her."

When he reached the house, Hubert met him on the lawn, and asked if he would take him, Hubert, over in his buggy, to the club.

"Yes," said Ascott, "if I go," thinking what a difference there would be if he did not.

"I will ask mamma," said the boy, "and tell sister you are here. Just go into the parlor."

Fanny Alison had resolved that day to burn certain notes and scraps of poetry, and to return some presents. She was lingering over these very tenderly, perhaps thinking that it is best for the woman to try to accept the man's habit of life rather than to impose hers, when she raised her eyes.

Her first impulse was a flush of anger at his intrusion; but what she saw softened it into a blush.

"I was just going to burn them."

"Can you forgive me?" he asked.

"What! for loving Patsey Dinwiddie?" she asked, innocently.

"For loving you, and trying to teach you that you loved me."

"I did n't need that," she said; but I rather think she was mistaken.

"And is the ghost laid?" he asked.

She smiled; she was really happy at last, not merely submissive. "Oh, yes," she answered; "I shall never mind that any more."

But as she spoke she screamed and threw herself into his arms. He turned, and there, in the shadow of the falling night and framed in the doorway, was the figure of a man, — Lindley Mason!

Nature quaked at first, but the angry blood leaped back. "One moment, Fanny," he said, trying to release himself; but she clung and begged in her terror, and when at length he turned, it was gone.

"Let it come or go," she said, "I do not care now."

It was quite late when Captain Ascott sprang into the buggy and took the lines. It was a splendid night, the young moon yellowing all the hills, and lying in broad swathes of effulgence over the long ribbed tilth. The road led over the river hills, slanting by the village, to the east. It was so still, he could hear the distant splash of the mill weir, or the far cry of belated herdsmen, driving stock to town on the road a mile below. Then all sound died away in the sough of the wind among the leaves. His nature was so tuned to music, by a lover's fancy, he

thought he could distinguish each tree, by its own peculiar note, in the mighty harmonies of the forest: the oaks by a deep, thunderous bass; the maples and poplars by a rustling, stirring, bee-like sound; the beeches by a shriller bugle note, brook-like and very melodious. It was no haggard business road, straightened to go direct about its work. Like a tourist, it wandered as it liked: now to some jutting peak that commanded a view of the surrounding scenery, and now down to the smothered music of the shoals, called locally the riffles, or dividing itself, like lovers in a quarrel, parting forever only to meet a few hundred yards away, leaving little islets of verdure between. The long slant light of the sinking moon drew dusky bars across the yellow road as it sank into the great sea of forestry.

One of the capricious turns by which the road lost and found itself brought him to the foot of a long irregular hill, and he saw, set clear against the sky, the figure of a man walking. Something in that jerky motion called up recollections, and caused him to take the loose lines and draw them. The mare understood; and, locking the bit in her teeth, she leaned on the ribbons the whole leverage of her powerful flanks and shoulders. The relaxed traces fell; she was whirling up the hill, drawing the light buggy by her jaws. Up, up, and then down like a whirlwind. She was right on the footman.

"Halt!" said Ascott, in a sharp, stern voice, drawing his pistol. The man tried to avoid him by leaping the fence, but the docile mare stopped at a word, and Ascott, making a clear bound into the field, stood face to face with the spectre. "Ghost or no ghost," he said, in a deep, passionate voice, "I 'll make you one, if you don't uncover."

The figure threw off the rough soldier's blanket, to say, in a complaining tone, "I think it 's d—d hard, Bob Ascott, to be stopped on the road in this cursed highwayman fashion."

"Pshaw!" cried Ascott, with a sudden revulsion of feeling. "Get in the buggy, Lind Mason, and don't go masquerading about the country, to frighten women and children."

"Do you mean an arrest?" asked the flesh-and-blood ghost.

"Bother! The war 's over, and we are well whipped, or it would n't be much of a capture. Where have you been?"

"Believe me," said Mason, "I just got back."

"But I don't," said Ascott, coolly. "You 've been back two months, at least." By this time the little mare was stepping out. "How did you sneak out of the way that snowy afternoon?"

"Dropped into a brick-maker's cut," chuckled Mason. "I was afraid the boy would know me; did he?"

"Yes; you 've been back before," said Ascott. "How came you to appear to your cousin?"

"Oh, when Bragg was in Kentucky, I was hiding in the attic at home. A fusty place, — smelt of old clothes and dried apples. I went down to get the air, and flattened my nose against the window. She saw me, and I cut; stumbled over the nursery-maid on the stair, and she knew me, you bet. She keeled over in a fit, and I took cover."

"Well, you had better report to the military to-morrow. I 'll rig you out in a decent suit, and you can go home to your relations like a gentleman."

"I thought you would n't sour on a brother Confed," said Mason; and from that they got to soldier talk, but Mason was rather a fishy representative, I fear.

Lind Mason shaved, his curly brown locks well oiled, his beard and mustache trimmed, and his rather portly figure arrayed in Ascott's dress-coat and pantaloons of a loud stripe, a ring upon his finger, was a different figure from the ragged foot-pad of last night. He strutted like a cock turkey, entertaining his friends, till critical judges announced that "Lind Mason had returned as big a liar as he went away." Two or three days after Ascott picked him up, Warrener came in. "Well," said he, "I met Munchausen Mason just now, and he gave me a highly ornamented account of your funk t' other night, and wound up

by a cordial invitation to his wedding. It's singular that Lind Mason in the sulks is rather amusing and companionable, while his amiablest moods create an instinctive enthusiasm to punch his head. Do you propose to do the light fantastic toe on that festive occasion?"

"My dear Warrener," said Ascott, "you only say it to tease me. You know Miss Alison and I are engaged."

"Have you seen Miss Alison, or heard from her," inquired Warrener, "since Mason turned up?"

"No," said Ascott; "what has that to do with it?"

"A great deal," said Warrener; "she thought he was dead. So did I, till that night the guerrillas fell on Peth. You know we fraternized. I saw him with them. He had taken that way to get home, and was afraid to show himself, on account of the military."

"I know he was believed to be dead," said Ascott. "But, pshaw! do you think Fanny Alison will go back to him?"

"I don't know," said Warrener, putting a hand on his friend's shoulder, "but I know she cannot marry you. *She is married to Mason, already.*"

Ascott threw off the hand roughly: "How do you know it?"

"Have pity on the poor girl," said Warrener. "It was private. Mason told me before he went away. I saw the license."

"This is shocking!" said Ascott. "She ought to have told me;" but then he excused her. She had had but one opportunity, and then she believed in Mason's death, and of course her own freedom. "You must go with me, Warrener," he said. "I must know it from her own lips."

They were annoyed, on their arrival, to see the family vehicles collected; and Lind Mason came to meet them, "on the gush," as Warrener expressed it.

"Little family meeting about marriage settlements," he said; "but come in, come in."

Ascott entered, to see a mixed party of Mason, Sr., aunt Fanny, Mrs. Alison, and her daughter, the latter looking particularly cool and happy. "I will not interrupt the company," said Ascott, his heart sinking at that assurance of his friend's report. "I merely wished to ask Miss Alison a question."

She came forward smiling, and knitting at some lace work simultaneously. "Wait," she said, over some particular stitch, and then, with a bright smile, "Well, what is it?"

"Only to know from your own lips if you are married to your cousin, Lindley Mason," said Ascott.

"Me! to cousin Lind? What possessed you to think such a thing?" she asked, marveling.

"Your cousin told me so, before he left, and he also showed me the license signed by yourself," said Warrener.

"Oh! ah!" said Mason, as all eyes turned on him; "just a little hoax. I was a good deal about the court-house them times; I got a blank license and filled it up, for Fanny to sign. But I don't think I said married, did I? I only said promised to marry, eh, Warrener?"

But Warrener stepped back muttering, "A most marvelous and egregious sell! I did n't think it was in him — or me."

"But," began aunt Fanny Brown, speaking up, "you have to get over my objection, Captain Ascott. My niece and nephew were to have the plantation if they married. They did n't marry, and she has had the place five years at two thousand dollars a year. Can you afford to marry a ten thousand dollar debt?"

"I can afford" — began Ascott.

"To owe it, aunt Fanny," said Warrener.

"I suppose you will give that much to Lindley," said his father.

"No," said the old lady. "Lindley had his chance and lost it. Robert Brown meant it to go all together, and to Fanny there."

> Mrs. Margaret Alison.
> Miss Fanny Alison.
> Capt. Robert Ascott.
> *Seven o'clock P. M.*

That will explain itself; but it will not explain another incident of that cer-

emony in which, of course, George Warrener and pretty Patsey were first attendants. After the benediction, Warrener, with the blooming but inattentive bridesmaid on his arm, stepped up to the minister and handed him a printed slip: "Here, sir, if you please; I want this filly sworn in."

The minister opened the paper, and said with some surprise, "A double wedding! This is unexpected."

Pretty Patsey, sparkling with surprise, fun, mischief, snatched the paper and studied its curious magic formula.

"The wretch!" she exclaimed. "If he has n't gone and taken out a license to marry me, Patsey Dinwiddie! And there it is. Oh! you" — but language failed. She dashed away, calling "Mamma! mamma!"

"She 's slipped the halter," said Ascott. "I 'm afraid she 'll pay you off."

Warrener stood smiling in easy assurance. "The filly has cast a shoe; she 'll be under the pole when the bell taps."

"Mamma! mamma!" cried the breathless, piquant little beauty. "What do you think that impudent wretch, George Warrener, has done?" and her eyes fairly blaze with comic horror. "He has taken out a marriage license to marry me!"

"Well, my child, why not, if he likes?" asked the amused widow.

"Why, mamma," said Patsey, "he never said love to me once!" and then, catching the reason of that maternal *insouciance*, "I see; it 's a vile conspiracy, a wicked plot of you two against poor little me!" and she dashed back to where Warrener stood, in much more perturbation of spirit than he exhibited.

She threw her trim little figure, with its dancing jewels and ribbons and tangle of golden-brown hair, into the chair, put her hands before her eyes, and rocked viciously to and fro. It was the critical minute, pouting, laughing, crying, pleased in spite of herself with the dash of the thing. The company grouped about her, in chorus of advice, to which she paid no apparent attention.

Presently she caught sight of her lover waiting: "You great, big, ugly thing," she exclaimed; "if you were n't so big, I 'd throw you into the fire there, and burn you up."

"Come, Patsey," said he gently, "the minister is waiting. You can go over it easy. I always did say you had the lightest, firmest hand that ever drew curb or snaffle, and you 'll not balk now. You may drive as you like, if you 'll only take the lines."

"But, George," she said, the rich, pouting under lip trembling, and the bright dark eyes filling with tears, "but, George, you — never said" —

"Why, ain't I standing here waiting to say it, and swear it? What 's the use of just telling a girl you love her, when to-morrow it 's as good as unsaid. Any man can do that, for any girl. You know that."

He was raising her up, pouting, half reluctant, half consenting. Then the crowds of rounded shoulders, with waving, ringleted black, brown, and golden hair, in rustle of silk and lace, came romping in, attracted by the astonishing rumor of that second wedding. As Patsey's eyes fell upon them, she gave a little nod, and said, "Well, George, have it over right quick, before I change my mind!"

The amused minister took the hint, and, crossing their hands, he began with the ceremony that made them one, and closed with the exhortation and benediction.

"I knew," said Warrener afterwards, "it was n't safe if I did n't have the minister in one pocket and the license in the other."

And that was the way in which the pretty Patsey Dinwiddie was captured. I need not say that that couple are happy, nor follow the after-life of those haunted by other sweet spirits descended to them.

Will Wallace Harney.

COUSIN PATTY.

A LITTLE paradise of flowers
Is Cousin Patty's door-yard now:
The brown bee hums away the hours
Around the yellow currant bough,
That, hung with fragrant blossoms, makes
The winds, that flutter it and go,
Seem straight from Araby to blow.
A fearless wren, nest-building, shakes
The guelder-rose's clustered snow
And scatters down the flowery flakes
Upon the nodding columbines,
Forget-me-nots, and myrtle vines,
And golden tulips streaked with red,
That fill the daisy-bordered bed.
Amid this splendor of the May
Stands Cousin Patty, lone and gray,
Too deaf the robin's song to hear,
Unconscious of my presence near;
With clumsy fingers, hard and brown,
She pins a little knot of pinks
Within the bosom of her gown,
And sighs; of fairer days she thinks,
When she, too, seemed of spring a part,
And May-time whispered to her heart.
With sudden tears her eyes are dim:
"Wherever he may be,
Dear Lord," she prays, "remember him
Who has forgotten me!"

With silent steps I glide away,
It seems like sacrilege to stay;
She thinks that to the Lord alone
Her simple, patient plea is known,
Nor dreams, as trustingly she prays,
Her long-kept secret she betrays.
Dear, pious soul! May Heaven bless
Her true heart for its faithfulness!
For though earth's sweetest joy have those
Who win and wear the bridal rose,
How like the blessed saints above
The human life must be
Whose wishes all are prayers, whose love
From selfishness is free!

Marian Douglas.

THE SHADOW ON DICKENS'S LIFE.

THE first number of the romance of Little Dorritt was issued on January 1, 1856, and was concluded in June (a double number), 1857. The work has a twofold interest: first, because in writing it Dickens had begun to doubt the fertility of his genius in creating new forms of character, and secondly, because he was discontented with his home and was brooding over the ideal ills which led to his separation from his wife.

It may be said, also, that his misgivings regarding the continuance of his creative impulse were connected with his domestic disappointments. Both seem to have sprung from a pervading restlessness of body and mind, beginning about the year 1854, and culminating in the breaking up of his home in May, 1858. As his representations of life and character increased in earnestness and depth with the growth of his genius, they required more and more isolation of mind to be adequately embodied; and this isolation he either found it difficult to secure, or was indisposed to make sacrifices in order to obtain it. Apart from social distractions interfering with his serious work, he threw himself with ardor into political agitation for administrative reforms, and engaged heartily in "quasi-public" private theatricals for charitable objects. This mode of life, however consistent with the comparatively superficial characterization of Pickwick and Nickleby, springing as it did from the happy combination of spontaneous genius with glad animal spirits, was not favorable to the more intense and profound characterizations of his later works, which exacted complete and long continued self-absorption in the imagined persons whose interior and external life he aimed to realize and make actual. He thought his genius was deserting him when he should have seen that he was rather deserting his genius. The root of the difficulty was in his domestic discontents. He felt "an unhappy loss or want of something;" his imagination pampered this sense of loss and want by suggesting ideals of wives and children which were perfect in themselves; and hence, in the words of David Copperfield, he began to live, mentally, in the "so happy and yet so unhappy existence which seeks its realities in unrealities, and finds its dangerous comfort in a perpetual escape from the disappointment of heart around it." To this mood of mind we undoubtedly owe such beautiful embodiments of domestic perfection as Florence Dombey, Agnes, Esther Summerson, and Little Dorrit; but the period when he realized these ideals in his imagination was the same period in which his morbid discontent with his own domestic establishment was most marked. Harriet Martineau, in a letter dated March 20, 1873, referring to Forster's Life of Dickens, says: "In the second volume, I am much struck by Dickens's hysterical restlessness. *It must have been terribly wearing to his wife.* His friends ought to have seen that his brain was in danger, — from apoplexy, not insanity. To how great extent the women of his family are ignored in the book! The whole impression left by it is very melancholy." Yet Miss Martineau had in her Autobiography — written in 1855, when she felt she was under sentence of death — previously declared: "Every indication seems to show that the man [Dickens] himself is rising. He is a virtuous and happy family man, in the first place. His glowing and generous heart is kept steady by the best domestic influences; and we may fairly hope now that he will fulfill the natural purpose of his life, and stand by literature to the last; and again that he will be an honor to the high vocation by prudence as well as by power, so that the graces of genius and generosity may rest on the finest basis of probity and prudence; and that his old age may be honored as heartily as his youth and manhood have been

admired. Nothing could exceed the frank kindness and consideration shown by him in the correspondence and the personal intercourse we have had; and my cordial regard has grown with my knowledge of him."

Miss Martineau, as a critic of persons she knew, never sinned on the side of toleration. Her picture, however, of Dickens as a husband and father, was altogether too flattering at the time (1855) she wrote the panegyric. A year at least before this period his morbid discontent with matters connected with his household had flashed out in his correspondence with his father-confessor, John Forster. His restlessness then, and for nearly four years afterwards, is evident in his private letters. "Too late," he says, in reply to Forster's monitions, "to put the curb on. I have no relief but in action. I am incapable of rest. I am quite confident I should rust, break, and die if I spared myself. Much better to die, doing. What I am in that way, nature made me first, and my way of life has of late, alas, confirmed. . . . I have felt of myself that I must, please God, die in harness. . . . It is much better to go on and fret than to stop and fret. As to repose — for some men there 's no such thing in this life. . . . The old days — the old days! shall I ever, I wonder, get the frame of mind back as it used to be then? Something of it, perhaps, but never quite as it used to be. *I find that the skeleton in my domestic closet is becoming a pretty big one.*" Again he writes, in 1857: "Poor Catherine [his wife] and I are not made for each other, and there is no help for it. It is not only that she makes me uneasy and unhappy, but I make her so too, and much more so. She is exactly what you know, in the way of being amiable and complying; but we are strangely ill-assorted for the bond there is between us. God knows she would have been a thousand times happier if she had married another kind of man, and that her avoidance of this destiny would have been at least equally good for us both. I am often cut to the heart by thinking what a pity it is, for her own sake, that I ever fell in her way; and if I were sick or disabled to-morrow, I know how sorry she would be, and how deeply grieved myself, to think we have lost each other. Her temperament will not go with mine. It mattered not so much when we had only ourselves to consider, but reasons have been growing since which make it all but hopeless that we should try even to struggle on." . . . "You," he replies to Forster's remonstrance, "are not so tolerant as perhaps you might be of the wayward and unsettled feeling which is part (I suppose) of the tenure on which one holds an imaginative life, and which I have, as you ought to know well, often only kept down by riding over it like a dragoon — but let that go by. I make no maudlin complaint. I agree with you as to the very possible incidents, even not less bearable than mine, that might and must often occur to the married condition when it is entered into very young. I am always deeply sensible of the wonderful exercise I have of life and its highest sensations, and have said to myself for years, and have honestly and truly felt, this is the drawback to such a career, and is not to be complained of. I say it and feel it now as strongly as ever I did; and, as I told you in my last, I do not with that view put all this forward. But the years have not made it easier to bear for either of us; and, for her sake as well as mine, the wish will force itself upon me that something might be done. I know too well it is impossible. There is the fact, and that is all one can say. Nor are you to suppose that I disguise from myself what might be urged on the other side. I claim no immunity from blame There is plenty of fault on my side, I dare say, in the way of a thousand uncertainties, caprices, and difficulties of disposition; but only one thing will alter that, the end that alters everything."

These private confidences to Forster are valuable as exhibiting Dickens's moral and mental condition during the four years preceding his final separation from his wife. In March, 1858, when he had concluded to give public readings from his works for his own benefit, as he

had given them before for charitable objects, he wrote to Forster: "Quite dismiss from your mind any reference whatever to present circumstances at home. Nothing can put *them* right, until we are all dead and buried and risen. It is not with me a matter of will, or trial, or sufferance, or good humor, or making the best of it, or making the worst of it, any longer. It is all despairingly over. Have no lingering hope of or for me, in this association. A dismal failure has to be borne, and there an end." The formal separation occurred in May, 1858. "Henceforward," says Forster, "he and his wife dwelt apart. The eldest son went with his mother, Dickens at once giving effect to her expressed wish in this respect; and the other children remained with himself, their intercourse with Mrs. Dickens being left entirely to themselves.

If we read Dickens's confessions to Forster in connection with numerous passages in David Copperfield, Bleak House, and Little Dorrit, we have little trouble in deciding that the cause of the separation between husband and wife was "incompatibility" of disposition and character. It will be remembered that Miss Martineau, after reading Forster's biography of her friend, speaks of his "hysterical restlessness" as something which must have been "terribly wearing to his wife." From this we are led to suppose that Mrs. Dickens, no less than Mr. Dickens, had reasons for believing that each would be happier by living apart from the other; and the separation itself was the result of a mutual agreement. There was no evidence presented at the time, and no evidence has since been brought forward, that the husband was guilty of that crime which, in England, is vaguely indicated in the phrase of "keeping two establishments." There was nothing in the case which could have justified a suit for divorce, on the part of either husband or wife. Forster, who was the friend of both, had exerted all his influence to prevent the separation; and, when his endeavors proved fruitless, he declared it to be an "arrangement of a strictly private nature," and "that no decent person could have had excuse for regarding it in any other light." But the fact was that, as soon as the "arrangement" was known, persons who would have been shocked at not being classed among decent people began at once to circulate rumors invented by indecent persons as to the true cause of the separation. Now Dickens was known wherever the English language was read, and it therefore took but a very short time to make a world-wide scandal out of this "strictly private" affair. In India, Australia, and the United States, as well as in Great Britain, the news was industriously circulated that the great romancer, whose special distinction it was that he had shed new consecrations around the fireside and the home, was a hypocrite and an adulterer, who had imposed on the public by a Pecksniffian pretension to sentiments of purity and honor which his conduct belied. As the lies were in some degree circumstantial, they became a matter of wonder for a fortnight or a month, and were then consigned to the social gutters from which such lies commonly originate. Burke speaks somewhere of those occasions which furnish delicious opportunities for "low, sordid, ungenerous, and reptile souls to swell with their hoarded poisons;" and the moment that Dickens's separation from his wife was known, such creatures began to distribute their poisonous gossip through the whole community of Dickens's readers. The present writer clearly remembers with what a shock of painful surprise he first heard a circumstantial statement of these horrible calumnies, and how eager he was for an authoritative denial of them. Forster, in his biography, thinks that Dickens made a mistake in printing in Household Words his reply to these aspersions; but Dickens knew, as by a sort of subtle freemasonry, that his readers all over the world would hear of the scandal, and would demand some explanation. As he was on the point of appearing in person before the public as a reader, it was specially important that his audiences should know that he did not submit to the imputation of being a heartless adulterer

without a sturdy protest. The additional "private letter," given to Mr. Arthur Smith "as an authority for correction of false rumors and scandals," was published against his wish and intention. He always referred to it afterwards as the "violated letter."

In the communication printed in Household Words, Dickens says little which the libels on him did not compel him to say. The periodical itself might have been banished from all respectable families, had its editor, by his silence, given a kind of sanction to the calumnies noised about him. The calumnies, to be sure, were the creations of that body of scandal-mongers who have been aptly classed as "intermediate links between man and the baboon;" but still, in his case, they were calculated to have a pernicious effect on his reputation and popularity; for he had, by his works, domesticated himself as a member of the countless families that rejoiced in his genius, and an indelible stain fixed on his domestic character would have closed against him the doors which had previously gladly opened to receive him as an ever welcome ideal guest. The tone of the letter in which he made his direct communication with the public was that of a wronged man, suffering under partially suppressed impulses of moral irritation and moral wrath. "Some domestic trouble of mine," he says, "of long standing, on which I will make no further remark than that it claims to be respected, as being of a sacredly private nature, has lately been brought to an arrangement which involves no anger or ill-will of any kind, and the whole origin, progress, and surrounding circumstances of which have been throughout within the knowledge of my children. It is amicably composed, and its details have now but to be forgotten by those concerned in it. By some means, arising out of wickedness, or out of folly, or out of inconceivable wild chance, or out of all three, this trouble has been made the occasion of misrepresentations most grossly false, most monstrous, and most cruel, — involving not only me, but innocent persons dear to my heart, and innocent persons of whom I have no knowledge, if, indeed, they have any existence, — and so widely spread, that I doubt that if one reader in a thousand will peruse these lines, by whom some touch of the breath of these slanderers will not have passed, like an unwholesome air. Those who know me and my nature need no assurance under my hand that such calumnies are as irreconcilable with me as they are, in their frantic incoherence, with one another. But there is a great multitude who know me through my writings, and who do not know me otherwise; and I cannot bear that one of them should be left in doubt, or hazard of doubt, through my poorly shrinking from taking the unusual means to which I now resort, of circulating the truth. I most solemnly declare, then, — and this I do both in my own name and in my wife's name, — that all the lately whispered rumors touching the trouble at which I have glanced are abominably false; and that whosoever repeats one of them, after this denial, will lie as willfully and as foully as it is possible for any false witness to lie, before heaven and earth."

All this was thoroughly manly, resolute, and noble. There was no reference to the interior, the real causes of discontent between the husband and wife, such as were stated in the private letters (from which we have already largely quoted) of Dickens to Forster. But Dickens conceived that something further must be done to vindicate his character. Mr. Arthur Smith was the person selected to be the business manager of his public readings; and he wrote to him an elaborate, half-defiant, half-apologetic letter, containing the private reasons which led to his separation from Mrs. Dickens. This letter was accompanied with a note to this effect: "You have not only my full permission to show this, but I beg you to show it to any one who wishes to do me right, or to any one who has been misled into doing me wrong." Mr. Smith not only showed it to individuals whose false impressions he desired to correct, but gave a copy of it to the London correspondent of the New York Tribune, in which paper it was

published in full, and thence made the tour of the world. Such letters, indeed, written to be shown to this person and that, but not to be published, ever end in getting into print. Rufus Choate, in a whig speech delivered during the excited period when Polk was a candidate for the Presidency of the United States, had occasion to quote almost the whole of a private letter signed by prominent antislavery democrats, which had been "surreptitiously" published in a New York journal. When he had completed the reading of it he affected to be suddenly startled, and, holding the newspaper up before the eyes of the immense audience, he added, with an inimitable look of mock gravity: "By the way, gentlemen, I find that this document is marked 'private and confidential,' and such, I trust, you will all consider it!" So it may be said in regard to Dickens's "violated" letter to Arthur Smith, that it contained information which invited violation, and which was sure to fall into the hands of some one who would violate it.

Before commenting on this letter it is but just to reprint it.

London, W. E., Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, *Tuesday, May* 25, 1858.

To Arthur Smith, Esq.: Mrs. Dickens and I have lived unhappily together for many years. Hardly any one who has known us intimately can fail to have known that we are, in all respects of character and temperament, wonderfully unsuited to each other. I suppose that no two people, not vicious in themselves, ever were joined together who had a greater difficulty in understanding one another, or who had less in common. An attached woman servant (more friend to both of us than a servant), who lived with us sixteen years, and is now married, and who was and still is in Mrs. Dickens's confidence and mine, who had the closest familiar experience of this unhappiness in London, in the country, in France, in Italy, wherever we have been, year after year, month after month, week after week, day after day, will bear testimony to this.

Nothing has, on many occasions, stood between us and a separation but Mrs. Dickens's sister, Georgina Hogarth. From the age of fifteen she has devoted herself to our house and our children. She has been their playmate, nurse, instructress, friend, protectress, adviser, companion. In the manly consideration towards Mrs. Dickens which I owe to my wife, I will only remark of her that the peculiarity of her character has thrown all the children on some one else. I do not know — I cannot by any stretch of fancy imagine — what would have become of them but for this aunt, who has grown up with them, to whom they are devoted, and who has sacrificed the best part of her youth and life to them.

She has remonstrated, reasoned, suffered, and toiled, and came again to prevent a separation between Mrs. Dickens and me. Mrs. Dickens has often expressed to her her sense of her affectionate care and devotion in the house — never more strongly than within the last twelve months.

For some years past Mrs. Dickens has been in the habit of representing to me that it would be better for her to go away and live apart; that her always increasing estrangement was due to a mental disorder under which she sometimes labors; more, that she felt herself unfit for the life she had to lead, as my wife, and that she would be better far away. I have uniformly replied that she must bear our misfortune, and fight the fight out to the end; that the children were the first consideration; and that I feared they must bind us together in "appearance."

At length, within these three weeks, it was suggested to me by Forster that, even for their sakes, it would surely be better to reconstruct and rearrange their unhappy home. I empowered him to treat with Mrs. Dickens, as the friend of both of us for one and twenty years. Mrs. Dickens wished to add, on her part, Mark Lemon, and did so. On Saturday last Lemon wrote to Forster that Mrs. Dickens "gratefully and thankfully accepted" the terms I proposed to her. Of the pecuniary part of them I will

only say that I believe they are as generous as if Mrs. Dickens were a lady of distinction and I a man of fortune. The remaining parts of them are easily described: my eldest boy to live with Mrs. Dickens and to take care of her; my eldest girl to keep my house; both my girls and all my children, but the eldest son, to live with me in the continued companionship of their aunt Georgina, for whom they have all the tenderest affection that I have ever seen among young people, and who has a higher claim (as I have often declared, for many years) upon my affection, respect, and gratitude than anybody in this world.

I hope that no one who may become acquainted with what I write here can possibly be so cruel and unjust as to put any misconstruction on our separation, so far. My elder children all understand it perfectly, and all accept it as inevitable.

There is not a shadow of doubt or concealment among us. My eldest son and I are one as to it all.

Two wicked persons, who should have spoken very differently of me, in consideration of earnest respect and gratitude, have (as I am told, and indeed to my personal knowledge) coupled with this separation the name of a young lady for whom I have a great attachment and regard. I will not repeat her name, — I honor it too much. Upon my soul and honor there is not on this earth a more virtuous and spotless creature than that young lady. I know her to be innocent and pure, and as good as my own dear daughters.

Further, I am quite sure that Mrs. Dickens, having received this assurance from me, must now believe it, in the respect I know her to have for me, and in the perfect confidence I know her in her better moments to repose in my truthfulness.

On this head, again, there is not a shadow of doubt or concealment between my children and me. All is open and plain among us, as though we were brothers and sisters. They are perfectly certain that I would not deceive them, and the confidence among us is without a fear. C. D.

The essential wrong committed in this letter consisted not so much in its publication as in its composition. The mutual agreement between the parties to the separation proceeded on the ground that there should be no statement of the reasons for the separation. That agreement was practically broken by Dickens when he placed such a garrulous and querulous letter in the hands of Mr. Arthur Smith, to be "shown" to persons who credited the current rumors against his character. In defending himself he assails his wife. He gives the reasons why he can no longer live with *her!* One naturally asks for the reasons why she cannot live with *him.* There was no guilt on either side; but Mrs. Dickens, had she chosen to reply, might doubtless have shown that, as a family man, he developed qualities of temper and disposition which, from her point of view, were as repugnant to domestic happiness and harmony as any which, from his point of view, appeared to make her an unsympathetic, unsatisfactory, repellent wife. The whole matter should have rested on the original statement of "incompatibility;" but if the husband entered into details, the wife would have been justified in following his example. From Mrs. Dickens, however, proceeded no word of remonstrance and complaint; yet, by submitting to the imputations conveyed or implied in her husband's unfortunate letter, she placed him unavoidably in a position repugnant to the feelings of a gentleman and man of honor. Without any malicious purpose, he was heedlessly impelled, by the atrocify of the libels against himself, into making explanations which injured her in public estimation; and her silence must have self-convicted him, when the heat and irritation of the hour had passed away, of a violation of that sense of chivalry towards women which was as much a permanent sentiment of his heart as it was a constant inspiration of his genius. In truth, the circumstances connected with

his separation from his wife exhibited Dickens in his most ungenial and unamiable mood. The same force of will which made so effective all his good qualities, both of disposition and of genius, was subject at times to strange fits of willfulness, when he became altogether unmanageable and defiant of external control, even of that control which the love, the reason, and the prudence of his nearest and dearest friends brought to bear on his headlong self-assertion. Against the admonitions of Forster, to whom he opened his heart, he persisted in pushing his domestic discontents to the point of separating from his wife; and, until the scandals arising from that act were forced on his attention, he thought the public would not trouble itself with his domestic concerns. Up to this point he had carried out his will freely; the reaction against him was terrible, but it only stimulated his combativeness; his combativeness intensified his will into self-will; and the result was the letter to Mr. Arthur Smith, in which he forgot the rights of his wife in emphasizing his own. The whole thing is a wretched episode in Dickens's life; but we must still remember that it was an aberration of character, and not an example of its normal and healthy exercise. For years after this unfortunate event, as for years before it, Dickens showed that his character was sound at the core. He was betrayed into injustice by the perversion of qualities excellent in themselves.

Edwin P. Whipple.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

One evening, as I was visiting some friends in London, the conversation turned upon Americanisms of speech. I said that Americanisms were generally archaic or provincial English expressions, which had become conspicuous in America while they had remained obscure, or perhaps had been lost, in England. In illustration of this I quoted "fall" in the sense of "autumn," and "garden-sass," and "right away," and "let it slide," and other examples from Mr. Lowell's learned introduction to the second series of The Biglow Papers. Examples of this sort go to show that it is very hard to get back to the beginning of any word, phrase, or linguistic usage. It is very unsafe to pronounce any queer word or phrase a new coinage, because you are pretty sure to find, if you look into the matter, that it has been used somewhere or other from time immemorial. But, I added, there is certainly one American word, which has cropped out within a few years, that we may reasonably regard as a new coinage, and that word is "skedaddle." It is a ridiculous but graphic word which came into general use during our "late unpleasantness," and means to run away, or to be routed and scattered in fight. A good many college boys went to the war, and although they did n't usually carry Sanskrit dictionaries in their knapsacks, like the German soldiers of 1870, they at least knew a little bit of Greek, and more than one of them could no doubt have told you that *skedannumi* means to scatter, and also to be scattered, to disperse, to "put" or take to flight. Now what can be more natural — to talk after the manner of the Cox school of mythologists — what can be more natural than to suppose that some ingenious student-soldier converted skedannumi into skedaddle, thereby taking away its learned and ponderous sound and giving it a vernacular twist which made it tickle people's ears, and thus gave it currency. So here at least it is fair to suppose that we may have a word of American coinage, especially as in Halliwell's Diction-

ary of Archaic and Provincial Words skedaddle does not appear, and nowhere else have I found any trace of it in England. Thus I argued, with some show of *a priori* confidence. But my English friends lost no time in upsetting my hypothesis. "Why," they exclaimed, "we used to live in Lancashire, and heard skedaddle every day of our lives. It means to scatter, or drop in a scattering way. If you run with a basket of potatoes or apples, and keep spilling some of them in an irregular way along the path, you are said to skedaddle them. Or if you carry a tumbler full of milk up-stairs, and what De Quincey would call the 'titubation' of your gait causes a row of drops of milk on the stair-carpet to mark your upward course and awaken the ire of the housekeeper, you are said to have skedaddled the milk."

This seemed to be conclusive. In language, at any rate, there is nothing new under the sun. Evidently the Harvard student in the army of the Potomac did not introduce the word skedaddle. It was a provincial English word, and probably dragged out an obscure existence in some corner of our vast country till the time when somebody applied it in a pat or appropriate way that solicited general attention, and then the word became famous. Whether the word, as traditionally used in England, is in any way connected with skedannumi or not is a more difficult question. The similarity of sound is enticing to theorists, no doubt. But Grimm's Law has abundantly shown that conclusions crudely based on such similarities are very apt to be fallacious. An English word that is really akin to a Greek work ought not to resemble it so closely as skedaddle resembles skedannumi. Such a resemblance, if not purely accidental, would indicate borrowing from one language by the other. We get no help from the dictionaries, which until lately have paid too exclusive respect to the talk of learned and aristocratic folk, and so have ignored such humble words. I wonder if some Lancashire schoolmaster long ago can have played the part which I inconsiderately assigned to the Harvard student.

The little ways in which linguistic differences grow up are certainly very interesting. It is not at all likely that the great English language will ever get subdivided into an English and an American language. National intercommunion is too strong for that. The diversification of languages was the result of barbaric isolation of communities, and nowadays all circumstances tend to make some one form of language predominant and permanent, as generally useful to all sorts of people. The probable permanence and predominance of the English language, under such conditions, is too obvious to require much comment or elucidation. But, considering the strength of this conservative tendency in modern language, it is interesting to note how the old disposition toward diversity will now and then crop out. Take the words relating to travel by rail. In England a car is a "carriage," a baggage-car is a "luggage-van," a depot is a "station," a ticket-office is a "booking-office," your valise is a "portmanteau," and your trunk a "box;" the track is described as the "lines," and switches are "facing-points;" the engineer is the "driver," the fireman is the "stoker," and the conductor is the "guard." Pretty much the only word common to England and America is the word train, but a freight-train is over there a "goods-train." When you leave the train to go to your hotel, you take not a hack but a "cab;" or, if you are haunted by the demon of economy, you go by the "tramway," but not by the horse-cars. Here is a curious group of differences, and it is out of an accumulation of just such differences that distinct languages have hitherto arisen, though no such outward result seems to be probable in this case. When the German calls a table a "dish" (*tisch*), meaning probably "a place on which to put things," the diversity of usage is no greater in the start than the diversities just mentioned between English and American railroad terminology. It seems odd to call a table a dish; but when you

get to your hotel in England, you will find that a pitcher is supposed to mean a "pail," while the pitcher on the dining-table is called a "jug," and that on the wash-stand is known as an "ewer." One evening, when talking with the same English friends who instructed me about skedaddle, I remarked that I never could make head or tail of the constellations in the heavens, except in the case of the "Dipper." "Orion," I said, "does n't look like anybody, but of course you will admit that the Dipper does look like a dipper." Blank was my astonishment at the reply, "What is a dipper?" It seemed as if the foundations of all reality were slipping out from under me. A dipper! out of which my boyish thirst had so often been assuaged, — and here were people with whom I could talk by the hour about Locke and Berkeley and Hume, who did n't know after all what a dipper was! When I tried to explain, the result was, "Oh, yes! a *ladle;* we understand, — a ladle." At best, however, this was but an approximation; and when I afterwards escorted my English friends through a woodland road in Massachusetts, and gave them to drink of the clear crystal water out of a tin dipper, it appeared that not only the words but the things vary; that is, they don't have dippers, strictly so called, in England.

— If your attention was drawn lately to a rumor that the play of Les Danicheffs was not written by Newski and Dumas, but by an American, you must have been struck with the sudden change of tone which, in spite of attempts at concealment, this report caused among admirers of the piece. I myself think it is only to be expected that people should look at such a composition very differently if it were found to come from an American. If Les Danicheffs should be produced to-day as a new creation by a playwright native to the United States, I don't believe he would find many managers willing to venture on playing it unless under a French disguise. The plot is thoroughly coarse; but the coarseness is of a kind which, when skillfully coated with sentiment and offered from a source having traditional authority, will be readily accepted by most classes of society as æsthetically defensible. Yet what can be more painful and unpleasant — view it from as pure a standpoint as you will — than a story which turns upon the question, for some time left unsettled, whether or not the forced marriage of a lovely girl with a man repugnant to her has been consummated? This is a point which involves elements too sacred for such a wanton use as merely to excite curiosity and suspense in a theatre full of all sorts of people. I do not know how the text of the original reads, but even if we grant that the plot in its main lines is to be tolerated, nothing can excuse the stupid boldness of having the Countess Danicheff, when she has married Osip and Anna, enjoin upon Osip that he shall send her news of a *christening* as soon as possible. When I happened to see the play, I could not help noticing the involuntary murmur and recoil of disgust at this, on the part of the audience; and then I inwardly congratulated myself that no American, after all, would have been allowed to foist such cold indecency upon the public. There was one splendid passage, however, that between young Danicheff and his infamous mother, in the second act. Here one was almost ready to pardon the whole repellant fiction, out of regard for the magnificent indignation of the count's reproaches. Here, at least, was a momentary triumph of honesty and manliness. But what happened after that? We heard nothing more of honest denunciation, nothing of any punishment or shame for the hideous countess. The son became dutiful and polite again; everything ran smoothly with the mother. The only other trace of superiority to the low level of the situation was in the highly disagreeable renunciation and mawkish sentimentality of Osip's *rôle*. In what way is one bettered by the upshot of the entire drama? I did not find myself in any way exalted, or my perceptions stimulated, by the affair. I did not even think I had been satisfactorily treated in respect of mere analysis of character.

The piece left me material for discussion with those who liked it better than I; and I may be told that the fact of my strenuous dislike to it is testimony sufficient to its strength. To that I assent; but it is so easy to secure "strength" by invading regions more properly left to silence and reflection that I consider this sort of achievement an essentially feeble one, from even a simply artistic point of view. Every one — especially those masters of satire, the New York theatrical critics — would agree with me if Les Danicheffs were really the work of one of our countrymen. Why should we not stop this system of using canons of art for French and Russian writers which we deny to American or English? A double standard is as bad in criticism as in the currency.

— The paper on the sagacity of animals, in the February Atlantic, by Mr. Taylor, recalls a number of similar incidents which have come under my personal observation, one of which is so rare — in fact I have never met any one who has seen the like — that it may be of interest to your readers. It is generally supposed that cats, and indeed all animals, follow the pursuits for which they were intended by nature wholly by instinct, unaided by instruction; but the following circumstance would seem to indicate a certain degree of rudimentary education which each individual must acquire before its parents turn it adrift to prowl and prey through this vale of tears. I was sailing at the time in a Boston bark, and we were bound homeward in ballast. This gave the rats more room, and our cat was able now and then to bag one of the more daring or incautious rodents. At the outset of the voyage she had a litter of kittens, which in time became very playful and afforded much entertainment to the ship's company. But their school-hours and the more serious things of life were approaching for them. One calm evening, after sundown, it being in the dog-watches and all hands on deck, and the four kittens sporting famously, scurrying around the hatches and among the coils nicely hanging on the belaying-pins, the mother pussy appeared on the scene with a huge rat between her jaws, and, with a serious aspect and a low growl which seemed to say the hour for trifling was over and the time for business had arrived, marched across the ship and deposited the rat in a dazed condition on the deck. The kittens immediately stopped their sport and with a half-frightened, half-curious air gathered around their mother, who had retreated several yards from the rat. She then began to growl and purr in a manner alternately threatening and encouraging, and the startled and very uncomfortable look of the kittens showed that they perfectly well understood her meaning; indeed, one of them tried to back out altogether, but was decisively arrested by a smart rap from the maternal paw. In the mean time the rat began to come out of his stupor, and the old cat darted up to it and stunned it again. Then returning to the kittens she pushed one of them towards the rat. The kitten started and ran away; the mother caught it, gave it a sound drubbing, and turned it towards the rat again. This time, awed by parental authority, the poor kitten ventured to approach a little nearer to the rat. The mother, deeming this enough for the first time, then gave the same lesson to the others in turn; the last one, warned from observing the experience of the rest, did not wait to be turned over and thrashed, but went up with some boldness quite near to the rat. This part of the lesson being over, the old cat proceeded next to enforce her maxims by example, and unmercifully knocked the rat about and played with it, while the four kittens gravely sat together in a solemn group and gave close attention. When the recess was announced they all scampered off in the wildest glee, tails and backs up, and unbounded mischief in their comical eyes.

— I am not much disturbed by Mr. Richard Grant White's Three Periods of Music, in the June Galaxy, for the people who can be influenced by it must be so hopelessly lacking in real compre hension of art that it is hardly important what opinions they hold. At the

same time, when a writer so well known attempts to make an entire theory of musical development conform to a caricature in Punch which happened to take his fancy, it is worth while to point out his mistakes. To begin with, in fixing the date at which modern music commences, Mr. White gives us Orlandus Lassus as the type of the completed mediæval school, and Palestrina as the beginner of the modern style; whereas close students of musical history know that Orlandus Lassus was so much more an innovator that it was he and not Palestrina who first used chromatic melody and ended compositions by means of the major third. Again, without disputing Mozart's superiority to Haydn, one may still, in view of Mr. White's treatment of the latter, recall the fact that out of Mozart's forty symphonies only four survive, while among the one hundred and eighteen that Haydn wrote fifteen or twenty are still performed. But the chief technical absurdity of this critic's position is his claim that about half a century ago "beauty of form began to be disregarded in favor of finish and brilliancy of execution," and that "this was brought about in great measure by the improvement of the piano-forte and the extension of its scale." The truth is that the grand piano was introduced in Beethoven's time, and that without such a development of the piano his concertos and sonatas could have been written; and does Mr. White seriously undertake to say that Chopin, perhaps the chief illustrator of the poetry of perfected tone in this instrument, did not possess that "form of intrinsic absolute value" (as apart from technical form) which the autocratic essayist speaks of with such comprehension? The mere expansion of power in the instrument, since Beethoven, has given scope for new power in performance; but I cannot see why we should be misled, by hearing occasional noisy and insincere *players*, into supposing that *composers* have been corrupted. There are just as many and indeed more people listening nowadays to beautiful music profoundly, earnestly, and beautifully performed, as in the days which Mr. White looks back to with fond regret. We are called upon, it seems, to believe that emotional expression has been abandoned, and that since Von Weber "there has been a blank in the annals of music of the higher kind," relieved only by Schubert and Mendelssohn. But, if one looks at Schumann alone one cannot fail to see how the range of emotional expression has been extended. Mr. White says Schumann could not create a melody. Does he forget Du bist wie eine Blume, the slow movements of some of the symphonies, the spontaneous and charming melodies of the Kinder-Album? Mr. White does not find enduring and helpful beauty in Schumann: other people, quite as sound in taste, do. Mr. White is like the critics who rejected Beethoven because they were listening for something else. Schumann, Wagner, and various later men, such as Raff, Rheinberger, Brahms, and Gade have shown new paths in creation, and as Mr. White cannot see whither these lead, he says the guides are non-creative. His own favorite, Mozart, was treated in a similar fashion for a time; but as our generation is more tolerant and of quicker apprehension than the one to which Mr. White belongs in spirit, the recent composers need no champion. They are already recognized. Meanwhile the present deplorable state of things, Mr. White thinks, cannot be bettered by endeavor, but only by genius "when brought into contact with the power of appreciating genius," — whatever that may mean. Moreover, genius is not to know what it is about, and must be "ever ignorant of its tendency," etc. I do not find that Palestrina, Bach, Beethoven, were ignorant of their tendency, if I examine their lives; and will Mr. Grant tell me what art is, that man, who created it, must not try to elevate it or enlarge it? If I understand his language, it seems that art is held by him to be something helplessly produced by persons ignorant of their aim, none of whom can even appreciate "the highest things in art," unless he "remain an amateur." This is a little confusing, and excites skepticism.

— The maker of stories must sometimes have to ask himself, at least in the early stages of his career, what it is that constitutes an interesting character. He would like to reduce to a theory the kind of instinct he has about it. He is a man, and, if rightly constituted, ought to think nothing human uninteresting; yet it is certain that he puts into his note-books some matters as suitable for his literary purposes, and rejects others. In looking over a list of people I had set down as possible material from which to draft a set of characters for a piece intended to depict, among other things, the social life of an interesting community, I asked myself the question. The answer seemed to me to be some such analysis as the following: —

Characters are interesting and suitable for the novelist's purpose either as (1) unusual characters, (2) typical characters, or (3) commonplace characters in unusual circumstances.

The last division would be much the least. Circumstances alone would not save such characters to any great extent. Apart from the slight flurry of surprise their situations might occasion, they would not retain their hold upon our attention except by some strong or original traits in themselves.

In the view which regards the novel as a social history, the second division, typical characters are of especial use. In this position a very commonplace person may have an interest which does not attach to him personally. Gradgrind — although he has too much individuality to be a satisfactory instance in point — is worth of attention and study, not simply as Gradgrind, but as the representative of the class to which he belongs. He is the type of a large class who feel, think, and talk in most respects as he does.

But the great majority of the novelist's personages will be drawn from the division named as unusual characters. There is for every society and every phase of it a certain average or level, monotonous to contemplate, which is recognized as commonplace. It is made up of conventional views and practices, not worked out for themselves by the subscribers to them, but accepted from various authorities. Inside of reasonable limitations a character is apt to be interesting as it departs from this level. Character is interesting in proportion as it is intense in feeling, reflective, strong, and original; character at the level supposed being rather unimpassioned, vacant, weak, and conventional. The deviation from the line may be both ways, up and down. Depravity as well as excellence is interesting, but only in a true work of art, as a foil to virtue. A further indulgence in its presentation or enjoyment of it is baleful and evidence of a depravity of taste, which if pampered would end in a destruction of capability to appreciate the highest possibilities of literature.

A person in menial employments who is found to possess culture and fine sensibilities, a seamstress married into a fashionable social circle and having its prejudices to contend against, a lady in a haughty station, rather careless of it and considerate to those below her, or perhaps attached there by some tie, a lake-captain studying law in the intervals of his harassing duties, a returned convict endeavoring to retrieve the past, a good heart struggling with evil impulses, an apparently abandoned one moved by good impulses, — all these are interesting if they correspond in any degree to the unfamiliar and trying circumstances in which they are involved. A character which has done something remarkable, fought a great battle, written a great book, is interesting in all its other aspects, no matter how apparently commonplace. Thackeray, in The Newcomes, burlesques this sentiment a little. Speaking in the person of Pendennis, of the vanished illusions of youth, he says: "There was once a time when the sun used to shine brighter than it appears to do in this latter half of the nineteenth century; . . . when to know Thompson, who had written a magazine article, was an honor and a privilege; and to see Brown, the author of the last romance, in the flesh and actually walking in the park, with his umbrella and Mrs. Brown,

was an event remarkable and to the end of life to be perfectly remembered."

An idea of the commonplace level ought in some way to be conveyed in the novel. It is as indispensable to the relief of the truly interesting characters as the background is to the striking figures of a picture.

The *measure* of interest due to each character seems, other things being equal, to depend, both in novels and out of them, upon the loftiness of its ideal. Success in its aspirations is not a necessary concomitant. The pathos of failure after a brave effort is often even more interesting.

While some remove from the commonplace is necessary to make good literary material of a character, it is not certain that there is any such restriction as to incidents. Unusual incidents are more likely to be the worst rather than the best. This is a question of treatment and of genius. A true author makes more of his hero eating his breakfast of beefsteak and potatoes than a bungler of *his* scaling precipices to rescue Angelina from brigands. The question of genius, indeed, when one thinks of it, modifies the definition of the commonplace to such an extent that it is hardly safe to assert that there is any material not fit for literary use. The genius sees deeper than his fellows, and what is trite and wearisome to the rest of us may be full of hidden meanings to him. He can arouse the intensest interest in the fortunes of John Smith, the corner grocer, while the clumsy pretender will have Sir Vernon de Travers Beresford-Grosvenor left cold upon his hands. By the commonplace I mean that which is recognized as such by common consent. With that I let my analysis stand.

— Speaking of unintentional humor: Not long since I attended a concert at one of the many churches of one of the Middle States, and in addition to the music for which the programme called was treated to a look at the walls of the edifice. On one of them the words Now is the Accepted — were displayed over a clock; I would thou wert either — occupied a similar position in reference to a *thermometer*. What say you to that brace of unique macaronics? Again: Robert Collyer told the touching story to a fellow lecturer, and *he* told it to me. After a lecture somewhere beyond the Mississippi, Mr. Collyer was approached by an alert young fellow who remarked that he hailed from a neighboring town and wished for a little advice about getting up a "course." "We have never had a course, but I think we can go it next year, and I want to ask you, Mr. Collyer, whom we 'd better have." In response, Mr. Collyer kindly ran over the names of ten or a dozen of the eloquent gentlemen who at the time were going up and down the land instructing and entertaining the public. And among others he mentioned Emerson. "Emerson? Emerson?" queried the other. Mr. Collyer hastened to his relief with "As I need not remind you, Mr. Emerson is one of the foremost thinkers and philosophers of the country." The projector of the lecture course thought a moment and then slowly said, not without a shade of anxiety upon his face, "Well, I 'll put him on if you say so. I suppose that kind of people ought to be encouraged."

Once more: Down in — but I won't mention the State — is a flourishing educational institution whose latest catalogue I have just had the pleasure — I use the word advisedly — of looking over. *Ex pede Herculem.* Under the head of Prizes the public is informed that Misses —— and —— were respectively first and second best in True Modesty; very clearly the style of girl that Cæsar thought it becoming for Cæsar to wed. But what about the other members of the class in this exquisite branch of study? It appears that the total attendance of young ladies at the institution is one hundred and seventy-five. It seemed to me as I read that I was brought face to face with one of those embarrassing cases in which not to be first — or an uncommonly good second — was to be nowhere; at least nowhere to speak of in the presence of Mrs. Boffin.

— The community where I reside is in the neighborhood of remains ascribed to "the mound builders of the Mississippi

Valley." We have lately organized an archæological society to examine them. There is not much room for expecting striking discoveries. A former state geologist, a learned and painstaking man, now dead, opened most of the accessible mounds. The things he passed by seem to have been neglected for good and sufficient reasons, as the first experience of our society goes to prove. It opened a formidable-looking mound about which there was evidence, from trees growing upon it, etc., that it had an age of several hundred years at least. The only result was a skeleton, near the surface, heartlessly recorded by the press as of the ordinary *canis flavus* or yellow dog variety, with indications of having had a prehistoric kettle tied to its tail.

The archæologist may have a pleasure in his work apart from its results. He is an expression of the human tendency to look upon what is near and present as commonplace, and to invest the remote with a poetic haze. Any illusions he may indulge in cannot be brought up standing against hard facts. The labor is a gently stimulating mental exercise, like chess or conundrums. One hypothesis after another is proposed, discussed, and set aside upon reasonable considerations. The archæologist has the satisfaction of knowing that, although the correct solution may never be arrived at, he is continually approaching it. He is just so much nearer by the rejection of each successive untenable theory. Considering this, and the general use of being posted on what has been done in the past, it may be that our society has reason enough for existing even if it make no original discoveries. Yet I cannot help deferentially feeling — about it and some others devoted to kindred purposes — that its mental acumen might be better bestowed. The contents of the mounds, where they "pan out" the best, are of a dreary, lumpish character. There is no Schliemanism about them; you find no gold bracelets or delightfully tantalizing inscriptions. They yield stone hatchets, arrowheads, and pottery as formless as the specimens which it sometimes pleases a freak of nature to fashion into a resemblance to human handiwork, and now and then a skeleton in a sitting posture, with a hole in its head, like an intimidated voter or the victim of a court-house disaster of the present period. On this side of the water the life now blooming upon the surface of the earth is as much more beautiful than that below it as a hyacinth is than its bulbous root.

In case it were possible to find out about the mound builders whatever we desired to know, what would be the kind of information sought? We would wish to be informed about their personal appearance, their dwellings, their occupations, their habits, their aspirations. We endeavor to reconstruct the personality of the pipe smoker and the hatchet swinger from their resurrected implements. Why would it not be as well to devote the same sort of attention to the man who is actually drawing upon his meerschaum of current date, and the one who is swinging his axe in the pine forests of the present? There is a certain part of our lake-shore embankment which is being raised to the established grade. The passer-by may at any time see protruding from it a bit of stove pipe, an old shoe, a sardine box, a two-tined fork, a piece of sheet-tin out of which muffin rings have been stamped, which shines brilliantly from a distance. If material showing human ingenuity and progress be wanted, there is more of it in this one bank than in all the prehistoric mounds of heathendom. Supposing I were to rake out yonder well-bleached tooth-brush and take it down to the society's rooms. Few of us could give at once more definite information about it than if it had been found at Aztalan, yet the gift would be ignominiously treated, — I know it would, — simply because what particulars were lacking could be supplied in a week. Hence it follows that dilapidation and mystery alone are not sufficient for the archæologist; the mystery must be as nearly as possible impenetrable. Future generations will dig the oyster cans and broken tea-cups out of this bank, and speculate as to what manner of men we were who

put them there. The labor would be easier if we ourselves knew more about it. Might we not aid them by a little forethought? Might not, in short, each age be its own archæological society?

The kind of society I would propose, in case our association would consent to resolve itself into anything else, would be a sort of sociological society. Sociology may be called the archæology of the present. Taking at its successive meetings some product of man's invention, it would examine the status of its maker, his antecedents, education, hours of labor, rate of payment, his religious and political views, his relations in his family and socially, his personal and commercial ideal, how he lives and dies, the best and worst there is in him. As a French author has of late made a study of A Patrician of Venice of the Sixteenth Century, so the society I have in mind could make studies of the merchant, the manufacturer, the farm laborer, the stevedore, the dry-goods clerk, the baggage-smasher of the period. The benefit would be largely in contemplating life from so many different points of view. You have spoken from time to time of a training-school for novelists; the kind of material dealt in would be the same, and this might be a partial realization of the idea. A serious objection to the project is its obvious impertinence. The object of such leisurely examination, in case he discovered it, would be apt to be resentful and profane and perhaps to stigmatize the association as a Poke your Nose into other People's Business Society. Still it could be confidentially organized; and as science never paused before oppressive laws or malarious climates, it might not be called upon to do so before such an unsubstantial a thing as a sentiment.

— It will be a matter to regret if the permanent pedestal of the Halleck statue in Central Park be made, as is doubtless intended, of the proportions of the temporary one upon which it now rests. It is too scanty and too high. The figure, with crossed legs, sits in an ordinary parlor chair, seven or eight feet above the ground. One hand, dropped at the poet's side, holds a pencil; the other, a tablet; his head is thrown up sharply among the shading foliage about him, with the air of searching for an idea. The pose is theatrical and absurd. A Western photographer is said to have been nonplused by the request of a lady to take her with an expression as though she were writing a poem on the Centennial. Mr. Wilson McDonald has not shrunk before so slight a problem, but has intended to present the author of Marco Bozzaris in the very act.

Bad as the attitude is, its defects are magnified by its elevation. The soles of the boots and the angular crossed legs are forced upon the spectator with a prominence excusable only in a possible statue of O'Leary or Bertha Schiller. It is the unfavorable effect, from the floor, of a public man upon the platform, very much exaggerated.

It may be a finical point, but I doubt whether statues should sit down at all in public. It is not polite. They would not consider it deferential to the audience who have come to see them, in the flesh; why should they in the bronze? At least, if they do sit they should be so designed as to recognize the public and give it the most favorable opportunity for studying their features, these in a sitting statue being more important than in one standing, since in the case of the former there is nothing striking in the outline. The Walter Scott, by Steel, in the neighborhood of Halleck, and sitting also, gives us an opportunity to study his noble countenance. Let our own genial poet come down among us.

RECENT LITERATURE.

GARTH[1] is a story which was badly treated in its serial publication, by being doled out in thimblefuls at a time through a great number of months. It deserves to be read a second time in volume form. There is not only much interesting characterization and suggestive reflection in it, but the intricate narrative is also fruitful of entertainment. Mr. Julian Hawthorne appears not to have written Bressant and Idolatry in vain, since the experience gained in those two attempts has at last enabled him to produce a romance so commendable in some respects as we believe Garth to be. The movement of the story is needlessly slow, there being many instances of pages given up to a tedious account of motives or moods which the author has already made perfectly clear by a single remark or single action assigned to the person he is describing. But the historical treatment of the Urmson family, and the whole elaborate study which he gives us of Garth Urmson's growth and character, have merit. Garth, the hero, is a very much improved Bressant, and Madge Danvers is conceived with real force and subtilty. If the author had not beclouded his picture of her with so much explanation, she would have stood a fair chance of making a decided impression on the novel-reading public. The finest element in the book is Garth's pristine virtue, his high and delicate feeling about truth and honor; and his struggle, as an artist, with the fear that art is sacrilegious is as admirably depicted as it is new in conception. Garth is an embodiment of the good and evil traits that have been accumulating in the Urmson family for generations, and some notion of the keenness and originality with which his spiritual oscillations are given may be formed from this utterance of his to Miss Golightley: "I 'm dumb enough to people who love me, but detestation loosens my tongue. You bring the worst in me to the surface, and so put me at my ease; but my admirers misunderstand me, and torture me by probing after imaginary good. Our relation can be of great mutual benefit. Love is sugar, but hate is salt." The development of Garth involves a good deal of thought about education, and some of it is wise. His father, Cuthbert, is made to say: "I don't pretend to be wiser than my Creator, and he saw fit to give me free-will. Children are new wine; they must be let ferment freely, or they will never become clear, strong, and full-flavored." Mr. Hawthorne's style, in Garth, is greatly improved, and agreeably breaks faith with the bad promise of its earlier manifestations. There is also in this new fiction something which we have hitherto missed in the author, namely, an occasional pressure of genuine pathos. The attempted pathos of his other stories has been dishearteningly unreal. The recognition of so many good points, however, need not blind us to some traits of weakness in this novel. The theme of inherited malediction and of slow atonement for a wrong committed two centuries before at once recalls The House of the Seven Gables. The description of the Urmson mansion brings this resemblance out still more, and there is even an "Eve's window" to correspond to "Alice's posies" on the roof of the old Pyncheon mansion. In the same way, Golightley Urmson, though a satisfactory representative of sham sensibility and refined self-deception, is made altogether too much like Westervelt of The Blithedale Romance. One can hardly fail to see the likeness between the interview of Golightley and Elinor, in the forty-first chapter of Garth, and that of Westervelt and Zenobia on the wood-path, in Blithedale; and directly after that we have a sylvan interlude, in which a big rock forming a sort of chair, called by the author "Hiawatha's throne," looks as if it had been built on the pattern of "Eliot's pulpit" in Blithedale. All these things are interesting enough in themselves, but they are palpable new versions of what was original only with the elder Hawthorne. Doubtless Mr. Julian Hawthorne is tired of being compared and contrasted with his father; but not more so than his critics are of having the comparison forced upon them. We think he could do better if he would not encumber himself with so much legendary matter. Though following the Seven Gables, as we have seen, he has made his tradition so florid, and his reproduction of the past in the present so obvious, that he comes to the verge of destroying verisimilitude;

[1] *Garth.* A Novel. By JULIAN HAWTHORNE, Author of Bressant, Saxon Studies, etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1877.

while in the prototype of Garth nothing is more noticeable than the probability, nay, historic accuracy of the story, and the perfect local "keeping" of the scenery and persons. Garth is in this regard less a New England story than an Old England one; but the wigwam of the oppressed Indian in the garret of Urmshurst is like nothing in either England, and mixes an ill-timed ludicrousness with the culmination of the story.

— A Life of William Samuel Johnson[1] has been a desideratum for more than half a century. Almost sixty years ago John Cotton Smith, a man well entitled to speak for Connecticut, hoped that such a work was already in preparation. Ten years later (1830) he declared it "the bounden duty" of that generation to provide a memoir of Dr. Johnson, at the same time describing him as "one who for ardent piety, profound learning, unrivaled eloquence, beauty of person, and elegance of manners was justly the admiration of the age in which he lived." (Correspondence and Miscellanies, etc., with an Eulogy, etc., by Rev. William W. Andrews.) Governor Smith's brief panegyric may at least be taken as evidence that few citizens of Connecticut have done more honor to the little commonwealth than her first senator. Fortunately for our own generation, the materials for a biography are more abundant than is said to be the case with regard to some of his contemporaries. Fortunately, too, they have fallen into the hands of one whose good judgment and experience in historical study have enabled him to use them well. Our chief criticism upon Dr. Beardsley's performance of his task is one which has already been made: he has allowed himself too little space to do full justice to his subject.

Dr. Johnson's long life (1727–1819) covers the period during which the feeble, disconnected American colonies became a powerful nation. The story of his own agency in this development is the more interesting and instructive from the fact that at the supreme crisis he differed from those with whom he acted before and afterwards. This was partly the result of his early training. As the son of a very eminent Episcopalian divine (whose Life we have from the same pen), his opinions and character were strongly affected by the conservative influences of English churchmanship. There is, however, a striking dissimilarity between the father and the son, the ecclesiastic and the layman, both deeply religious men, in their respective views of various practical questions.

After achieving an excellent reputation at the bar, and serving in both houses of the Connecticut legislature, Johnson became in 1765 a member of the famous Congress assembled to take action about the Stamp Act. He was substantially at one with his countrymen in their dislike of internal taxation by Parliament, and the appeals in behalf of colonial liberties which the Congress sent to England were in great part drafted by him. In the following year he was appointed the agent of Connecticut in the Mohegan case, involving the title of an extensive tract of land and, indirectly, the security of the charter. While abroad on this mission he was justly considered to have done good service to the cause of freedom generally. It seems a pity that Dr. Beardsley has made no more than a brief allusion to Johnson's interview with Lord Hillsborough, in which the former so firmly asserted the chartered rights of Connecticut. Johnson's residence in England, and his pleasant intercourse with his father's many friends, naturally strengthened his tendencies to conservatism. He was, moreover, perhaps unduly impressed by the disparity in strength between the mother country and the colonies. Without being the less an American, he was more conscious than ever of being still an Englishman. But this was in no way inconsistent with continued devotion to justice and freedom. In a letter written in March, 1772, less than six months after his return to America, we find him speaking with generous indignation of the wrong done to innocent settlers on the New Hampshire grants.

In 1774 Dr. Johnson was chosen a deputy to the first Continental Congress. He declined to serve, on the score of private engagements, and it does not appear that he was suspected of seeking to evade a patriotic duty. He was probably as earnest an advocate of colonial privileges as the leading members of that Congress, none of whom as yet desired separation from England. After the fighting at Lexington and Concord, the Connecticut Assembly made Johnson, rather against his will, one of the bearers of a

[1] *Life and Times of William Samuel Johnson, LL. D., First Senator in Congress from Connecticut, and President of Columbia College, New York.* By E. Edwards Beardsley, D. D., LL. D., Rector of St. Thomas's Church, New Haven. New York: Hurd and Houghton. The Riverside Press, Cambridge. 1876.

letter from Governor Trumbull to General Gage, intended, if possible, to prevent farther bloodshed. Trumbull's letter, though pacific in design and expressing devotion to their "common sovereign," was sufficiently outspoken, and warned Gage that Connecticut was ready to fight, if she must, either for herself or for Massachusetts. As a member of the council Johnson must have known the purport of this letter, and we imagine him to have felt, with Trumbull, that civil war was being forced upon them. Gage welcomed the overtures of Connecticut, and sent her messengers away with the impression that he wished to conciliate the Americans. His written reply (not given by Dr. Beardsley) was in fact a sort of historical defense of the troops, and proposed no measures of pacification. It cannot, however, have been intended to exasperate, and its effect was not, as Mr. Bancroft thinks, to "shut out the hope of an agreement," for the Connecticut Assembly had committed itself to hostile action and adjourned before the envoys reached Hartford.

Johnson remained in the council for a year longer, and even contributed in various ways to the support of the army. The Declaration of Independence changed his relation to the contest, and he then withdrew from all participation in public affairs. He did not identify freedom with independence, and he believed that constitutional liberty might be secured in America, as in England, by steadfastly asserting the rights of British subjects. He seems afterwards to have learned to regard the separation as a benefit, but he never ceased to believe that it might have come of itself. He was probably mistaken: since England has known how to treat her colonies justly and generously they have been at least as unwilling to part company as she. Johnson had, however, still less sympathy with American tories than with American whigs, and, in spite of an arbitrary arrest, made under military authority and disowned by the civil power, he retained the respect and confidence of his countrymen. It was as well understood then as it is now, that those who deserve best of the state are not always those who are readiest to fight for it. Before the treaty of peace was signed he was intrusted by Connecticut with a share in the defense of her claims in the Wyoming Valley. In 1784 he became one of her delegation in Congress; in 1787 he headed her delegation to the convention which framed the constitution of the United States. He is said to have suggested, — he certainly supported, — the provision by which the States, as political units, are represented in a federal legislature. His prominence in the convention is unmistakable; he was the first choice of its members as one of the committee of final revision, his associates being Madison, Hamilton, King, and Gouverneur Morris. As was fitting, he became the senior representative of Connecticut in the senate which he did so much to call into existence. He had already (in 1787) assumed the academic office which his father was the first to hold, the presidency of Columbia College. The "scholar in politics" is not a modern invention.

Dr. Johnson retired from the senate in 1793, and in 1800, being then past seventy, he also withdrew from the college. The remaining years of his life, spent among his townsmen at Stratford, present a striking likeness to the corresponding period in the life of Governor Smith, as described by his eulogist. Each exhibited in a rare degree the spectacle of a holy and peaceful old age. Each, moreover, was an admirable specimen of a class developed in Connecticut under her marvelously free charter, and which, if not extinct, has lost its prerogatives. It was the most genuine and most respectable of aristocracies, not territorial like that of New York under the royal governors, nor yet commercial, and so not based upon wealth at all, farther than as competence supplied the conditions of graceful culture. It could owe nothing to the favors of a provincial court in a colony which chose its own governors, and though it often traced a connection, more or less clear, with English gentlefolk, it was essentially of native growth, the spontaneous product of a free society. It was in some sense official, but to have borne office was then for the most part evidence of the possession of the intellectual and moral qualities which entitle men to the first place among their fellows. That deference to the magistracy which the principles of the age required made high office the equivalent of high social rank, and as the conditions on which it was secured were also the conditions of its permanent tenure, rank had something of stability, and was so far hereditary as the personal qualities on which it rested became an inheritance. A commonwealth which with annual elections had, when the elder Trumbull retired from office just after the Revolution, chosen but eleven different governors in one hundred and twenty-seven years, of whom nine had

been raised from the post of deputy governor, and of whom seven died in office, must have had an aristocracy, and of a very good sort. It was from and of the people, with whom its members freely mingled, and whom it provided with a standard of courtesy and personal dignity, while it kept alive the elevating spirit of respect for authority and reverence for virtue.

Dr. Johnson died at Stratford, at the age of ninety-two, on the 14th of November, 1819. His biographer has done an important service in telling us so much of such a man, and we hope that he may find occasion to tell us more.

— The title of Mr. Leslie Stephen's work[1] is somewhat broader than the subject, for the history, although including in subordinate proportions several departments of thought, treats mainly of theology.

The first volume is devoted principally to the successive phases of the deist controversy. There is, however, so full a reference to the philosophical significance of the course of thought that general philosophy receives an ample, though indirect, consideration. The plan is that of a series of reviews of the principal books upon the subject, classified according to leading traits, and connected and illustrated by discussion and criticism. The exposition is clear, and — the greatest of merits — extremely interesting; the discussion so deep and suggestive that the book will have, for many readers, its greatest attractiveness as a thoughtful and brilliant examination of the religious, moral, and social questions which are pressing to-day.

Those old divines whose writings Mr. Stephen makes so fresh are a line of worthies sadly unknown to most of us, who of late have turned our backs upon theology to face the new light of science. The *odium theologicum* is indeed now in new hands, and the gun is turned upon the gunners. Who reads Toland, Tindal, Chubb, Wollaston, Warburton, Clarke, Sherlock, and the rest? But when we are spared the trouble of wading through the books themselves, and have the waste land of words drained by Mr. Stephen into clear pools of thought, there is no lack of interest.

The deist controversy took its rise in the rapidly growing importance of reason and decadence of authority, which are the marked facts of the eighteenth century. Mr. Stephen shows with great clearness the encouragement which the orthodox writers, themselves unconsciously moved by the growing power of the new spirit, gave to their opponents. The Christian religion was held up as above all the reasonable system, until the orthodox found that they had made the reasonableness so all conclusive that an authoritative revelation was unnecessary, and their deist opponents had the battle within their own territory. The champions in their zeal had worked out of their stronghold into the enemy's lines.

Mr. Stephen makes for his general classification a distinction between constructive and critical deists: the former built *a priori* systems in the attempt to surpass those which the orthodox raised; the latter were critical, purely.

These schools flourished side by side for a time, a fact which Mr. Stephen somewhat obscures, but which his chronological tables, so conveniently put at the ends of the chapters, make clear at a glance. The constructive deists made their attacks chiefly upon the internal evidences of Christianity; with the critical deists began the warfare upon the external evidences, which has been since that time so sharp. It was not until the close of the century that anything like the beginnings of the modern historical method appeared. It is a pity that Mr. Stephen's limits do not include the period which has felt the workings of this new force. It would be most interesting to trace its history and measure its effects. No direct criticism has ever had half its influence in weakening belief. It works that most fatal result of making men indifferent to the essential truth or falseness of beliefs by treating them as already outgrown or destined soon to be so. It concedes a certain temporary subjective truth to all the successive opinions which the race has held, and makes us ashamed of setting much by those we happen to hold just now. Downright contemptuous rejection and hearty belief are both rebuked.

In the great number of writers whom Mr. Stephen expounds and comments upon, we get many and widely varied views of those vital questions of theology and religion which still are, when squarely faced, the nearest to human interests. He is both a critical philosopher and a historian. In the latter capacity he is fully possessed with the modern notion of society as an organism whose history is the history of a growth. He is writing the progress of a development,

[1] *History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century.* By Leslie Stephen. In two volumes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1876.

and the narrative is pervaded with a subtle suggestion of motion. All things tend, and the direction is toward you. This in part explains one of the most marked peculiarities of the book, — its modern character. It may almost be read as an expression of the newest opinions in theology, morals, and social theory. Dealing with discussions almost obsolete, it faces constantly toward the most modern theories. Throughout the book there runs, woven into the old theological fabric, a stripe of the newest thinking of to-day. There is a constant implied reference to the present. To explain the progress, to mark the direction, to trace results, there is continually an allusion to points afterward reached.

But it is to Mr. Stephen's directly critical and even controversial treatment that the modern character of the history is chiefly due. He undisguisedly takes a side in the arguments which he expounds. His accounts of books are critical reviews. Whether this is acceptable or not may depend somewhat upon whether the reader agrees with the reviewer's opinions. But it is well to have the great questions of religion and morality treated as the vital matters which they still are. It would be a pity merely to follow them from point to point, trace them through successive phases, and not feel at each step their immeasurable interest and importance. The study of the development of opinions is apt to produce a fatalistic impression of their inevitableness, which makes it hard to approach directly the question of their truth. This is the ground of the complaint urged against the historical method, that it leaves you with the feeling that, having learned how a belief grew up, you have got around the need of deciding whether it is true. It is a corrective to this disposition to be aroused by the discussion which Mr. Stephen mingles in such large proportions in his history. Although plainly showing himself a disciple of the modern English school of liberals in religion, Mr. Stephen cannot be said to abuse the opportunity which is especially open to the historian of the development of religious ideas. A covert argument may be worked neatly into a history of development, by making it appear that all previous ages have been preparing the opinions which the historian himself holds. When applied to matters of opinion susceptible of argument and still in dispute, this is an exasperating way of cutting off discussion. It stops a fair fight until you have proved that your genealogy is satisfactory. Mr. Stephen is too much a philosopher to back off the field in this way as to opinions which are still in the making, and whether you agree with him or not, you have the satisfaction of downright argument.

In the second volume are discussed the moral, political, and economical theories of the last century, and some general characteristics of the literature and religion. These are much more briefly treated than the theology in the first volume. The chapter on morals should be read, if for no other reason, as giving an excellent statement of the most modern aspect of the utilitarian theory. This is so far removed from the early form of the same theory, and so much in practical accord with the intuitional theory, that the old enemies may almost strike hands. One side has insisted that moral ideas were planted in man by his Creator, and conscience is his divine guide; the early utilitarians asserting on the contrary that man got those ideas, as all others, by experience, and utility is the test of right conduct. The later utilitarians agree that moral ideas are innate, but in the individual only, not in the race; that they come from experience, though not of the individual who has them, but of his ancestors. In no speculative department of thought has the development theory worked greater change than in this. Its practical result is no less conspicuous. By the early utilitarianism a question in ethics was taken up as a sum to be done at once by the rule of the greatest good to the greatest number. By the later theory it is a problem, the complete answer to which waits only at the end of a study which is to include the whole race, running back through all time, and forecasting the movements of tendencies now setting in. The utilitarians have become the practical conservatives. It is they who cry *Noli turbare*. Society must be regulated not by the welfare of any individual, or of any number of individuals, but by the health of that organism which is the human race. Mr. Stephen says, "A scientific morality would imply not only a psychology but a sociology. To understand the laws of growth and equilibrium, both of the individual and the race, we must therefore acquire a conception of society as a complex organism, instead of a mere aggregate of individuals."

In a passage too long to quote he points out, by way of illustration, what far-reaching investigations must be completed before

any one should dare propose a change in the moral laws which now regulate marriage, and solemnly insists upon the reverence due to the principles which the race has worked out, and which have an authority not to be lightly questioned. Mr. Spencer has promised for the study of sociology that it shall persuade men both that improvement can be made, and that it cannot be made suddenly. We shall probably see the second effect first.

The chapter on political theories is so suggestive that we wish Mr. Stephen would give us a thorough treatment of the subject directly, instead of putting us off with side views. Here, as everywhere else, he builds his hopes upon the infant study of sociology, for want of which the former generations of thinkers have gone astray. He speaks as one upon the threshold of a new era. The new science is to transform old theories and direct practice into novel paths. All wisdom waits upon her progress. The fundamental principle of sociology — that of society as an organism whose condition is to be understood only by studying its growth and surroundings — has already proved very fruitful. This book itself establishes that fact. The theologian, with his blindness to historical explanation, and his view of human nature as always and everywhere the same; the moralist, with his ignorance of the growth of moral ideas, and his narrow test of immediate utility; the student of politics, searching for the origin and warrant of government in some original compact, or squaring everything by natural rights, — all needed to look at the race as a whole and understand its laws of development.

It does not seem by any means certain, however, that this principle, as it shall be applied in the science of sociology, will accomplish all that Mr. Stephen predicts. It will assuredly enlarge our horizon. But for definite ideas and for practical work we must not get too far from our subject. There is already apparent the danger that the prophets of the new science will be so anxious to frame all-comprehensive laws, and will stretch such very long and very fine lines of historical explanation, that we cannot make precise applications of their labors to anything.

We have left no room in this notice for words of general recommendation of this history, which after all must be superfluous. All who care for such subjects will be drawn by the title of the book and the name of the author. They will find it an exhaustive history, full of keen and brilliant criticism, and a stirrer of deep thoughts.

— Mr. Wilkes has added another to the world's collection of books discussing the works of Shakespeare,[1] with great reluctance. Believing, as he says, that "all mere mortals must be held responsible for their errors," and that "the general interests of mankind are superior to personal considerations," he has assumed the task of exposing the deformities of Shakespeare and of making him "face the ordeal of improved ideas." He would show that this "genius of the life-giving order," this "poet mighty beyond all comparison," who was "the greatest benefaction God ever made to man," was guilty of "deliberately falsifying history in order to check the march of liberal ideas," that he wrote an entire play "to deride the principle of popular suffrage," that he was "devoid of moral principle, had a low estimate of women, was a "base, cringing parasite who pandered to the crimes of tyrants," "catered for shouts and shillings," and, in brief, took "the god which was born in his bosom for noble purposes, subjugated it to his animal supremacy, and thrust its celestial head under the mire!"

Mr. Wilkes thinks that the writings of such an author ought not to be used as "a family text-book" in America, however appropriate their use may be in England, and, therefore, he labors to establish the argument against him. After he had long studied Shakespeare's plays with this end in view, Mr. Wilkes's attention was called to Miss Bacon's book on the subject of the theory that Lord Bacon was their author. This was done by the eminent "critic," General B. F. Butler, and it led Mr. Wilkes to inquire into Shakespeare's legal attainments and religious faith. The result of these extensive studies are now given to the public, being reprinted from The Spirit of the Times.

It must be confessed that Mr. Wilkes does not possess all the traits necessary for the most successful performance of his work. Few, however, will be disposed to dispute his arguments against the Baconian theory, nor need we stop to deny that the characters of Shakespeare, all of whom are repre-

[1] *Shakespeare, from an American Point of View.* Including an Inquiry into his Religious Faith and his Knowledge of Law; with the Baconian Theory considered. By GEORGE WILKES New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1877.

sented as having had their being before the rise of modern liberal ideas, were very deferential to kings and others of high social rank. Mr. Wilkes reasserts the dogma that Shakespeare was a Romanist, and in endeavoring to prove it shows that he has no very clear comprehension of the history of England at the Elizabethan period, and none at all of the relations of the different religious bodies at the time. He lacks, too, the clear and perspicuous style which is so great a desideratum in an argumentative literary work. In the course of his task he plays fast and loose with the evidence in a manner that is not adapted to beget confidence in the strength of the cause he supports. For instance, the language of King John when he orders Hubert to murder Arthur does not, he asserts, interpret Shakespeare's sentiments, and the words favoring Protestantism are "gags," but all the lines showing a familiarity with Romish rites, or that tend to support any of the arguments of Mr. Wilkes, do represent the views of the dramatist.

We cannot refer at length to the matter of style. The illustrations derived from references to "Christy's Minstrels" and the "prize ring" prepare us for such expressions as "fitting" character, "backing" certain pretensions, "the whole gang from Antonio down," Portia "jockeyed" her father, Bassanio "landed Portia from his net," and many others like them.

Mr. Wilkes is particularly scandalized because Shakespeare did not invent the stories of his plays, and he takes pains to show that the dramatist "adopts without scruple any fable he can lay his hands upon." "Every writer of any imagination," exclaims Mr. Wilkes, "knows for himself that a tale once begun may be reeled off with undisturbed facility; or, to use Shakespeare's own language in Falstaff, may be continued 'as easy as lying.' Witness," he adds, "in evidence of this, the prolific romance department in the thousand and one of modern weekly newspapers." Such a critic of Shakespeare is naturally astonished at the fact that Bacon obtained any reputation for his "truisms," or, as he explains, from "such obvious facts as formed the staple of his essays."

Mr. Wilkes conceives the word "American" to be a synonym of "Protestant," and that in turn to be equivalent to "Puritan," and this gives rise to the grievance that has caused the greatest share of his self-sacrificing labor. Shakespeare has spoken, or has caused his characters to speak, disrespectfully of Puritans, an offense which no Protestant, and therefore no American, can countenance. Furthermore he had the misfortune to live before the modern ideas of equal rights were evolved, and in spite of the fact that he "had a god in his bosom," he was warped in other ways by his efforts "to dramatize for the swarm who brought him their sixpences and shillings," and by his "vulgar yearning to look upon a lord and to lave in the sacred atmosphere of even illusory noblemen and kings." Mr. Wilkes points out the baleful effects of these somewhat contradictory influences with a minuteness rendered possible only by the deep sense of responsibility that he felt as the champion of American Protestanism and by his determination to "treat this mighty mortal as a man."

Our author professedly approaches the task of demolishing the Baconian theory with modest fear, because those "two prominent statesmen and lawyers, Palmerston and Butler, relatively of England and America," fenced the very threshold of his inquiry. To use his own words he advanced "with wary footsteps into the shades of the enigma," though no one would have suspected the fact after reading his dogmatic assertions on the subject and noticing with what coolness he annihilates the arguments of "Lord Chief Justice Campbell" and the minor critics.

In laying aside this book we notice an almost fatal omission: Mr. Wilkes has failed to tell the world how Shakespeare ought to have written, and we are thrown back upon our own resources, if we desire to rearrange the now imperfect work. Mr. Wilkes's contradictions furnish the only consolation that his book is likely to afford his readers. He reiterates the sentiment that the works of this "money-making" man, this incarnation of "toadyism and venality," this "beaming epicure," are still "the richest inheritance of the intellectual world." This ought to satisfy us!

— "There were many reforms and many reformers," wrote Sir Thomas Browne, in reference to infra-ecclesiastical movements before the time of Luther, and the idea may be extended to the cases of all those who, in whatever church organization, question accepted forms and theories, and strive to force a way back through the *débris* of time to the heights of primitive truth. Every sincere religious thinker is and must be a reformer, for there is always insincer-

ity enough around him to make him so. One of these self-centred reformers is Rev. R. A. Griffin, who now recounts the origin and office of his doubts and changes.[1] It matters nothing that the reform embraces only himself; that is already a great deal. If every one could accomplish as much, we should need no abused or abusive polemarchs of theological controversy, no universal revolts or abolitions, and no petty, continuous, every-day bickerings over dogmatical differences. What is exceptionally and lastingly valuable about Mr. Griffin's book is that it is the journal of a devout, intensely conscientious, inquiring soul; and its accurate detail of what he passed through and how his spirit was helped or thwarted is one of the best conceivable means for imparting to others the self-remolding capability which Mr. Griffin evidently possesses. For reasons which he makes manifest, Mr. Griffin passed from the Baptist congregation into the Unitarian fold; and if he had taken precisely the reverse course and could have shown it in his case to be as conscientious as the one he happens to have chosen, we should value his record just as highly as we now do. He evidently does not conceive of the Unitarian brotherhood as in all parts perfect or equally enlightened, but he finds liberty of speech and conscience in it, and with these contents himself. His tone towards those whom he has left in another church is tender, respectful, self-respecting, and worthy of imitation. To his old companions he says: "I go my way, sorrowfully, without you. In this world, no argument nor language available can perhaps convince you that God, Christ, atonement, faith, prayer, and the inward life are as real and holy to me now as when I labored among you. . . . Still, I go the way you go, — treading the same spiritual path you tread, . . . together in spirit yet separated until death unites us." The book is not, as might be thought from its being a direct self-revelation, weak or sentimental, but is calm and manly. Neither is it monotonous, for it includes a review of church history and the nature of the Scriptures, with an account of a temptation which the author had to remain with his flock and preach to them his new beliefs in a covering of the old, as many pastors have done. He resisted it, and it was that sincerity which has made this book one that deserves to be widely read.

— In 1874 Mr. Martineau opened the autumnal session of Owen College, Manchester, England, by an address on Religion as affected by Modern Materialism. This address, as the author gracefully says, brought upon him "the honor and the danger" of an attack by Professor Tyndall, begun in the Fortnightly Review of November 1, 1875, and continued in the article on Materialism and its Opponents, first published in the Fragments of Science. Professor Tyndall's line of argument was then reviewed by Mr. Martineau in two articles published in the Fortnightly in the spring of 1876, and these two articles have been reprinted in a small volume entitled Modern Materialism; its Attitude toward Theology.[2]

After defending himself, pleasantly and completely, against the chief of Professor Tyndall's personal charges, namely, that his own doctrine rested on certain unfounded assumptions, and that he had failed to apprehend that of the materialists, Mr. Martineau addresses himself anew to the consideration of modern materialism as promulgated both by Professor Tyndall and by other popular teachers of the same school. He confronts the tyrannous conceptions of matter and force, which they require us to regard as covering and including the whole domain of our consciousness, and shows that while it is impossible to identify them, it is equally impossible to separate; and the one implies the other. No theory of the universe, therefore, is worthy of our attention save one which shall include both matter and force in some larger conception, and range them under some higher law. Of such theories modern naturalism affects two, which Mr. Martineau distinguishes as the *atomic* and the *dynamic;* the one referring the infinitely various phenomena which we observe to changes in the relative position of infinitely minute and yet material atoms; the other, to the Protean transformations of an immaterial, universally diffused, uncreated, and indestructible energy. Both these theories he regards as provisionally valuable for purposes of scientific investigation; both, as equally inadequate to the *explanation* of natural phenomena. The atomic theory proves futile because "there is no magic in the superlatively little

[1] *From Traditional to Rational Faith; or, The Way I came from Baptist to Liberal Christianity.* By R. Andrew Griffin. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1877

[2] *Materialism and Theology.* By James Martineau, LL. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1876.

to draw from the universe its last secret;" because it "does not enable us to bridge the chasm between chemistry and consciousness;" because, finally, "in order to deduce an orderly and determinate universe such as we find around us, and to exclude chaotic system where no equilibrium is established he [the atomist] must pick out [of his universe, whether of homogeneous or heterogeneous atoms] the special conditions for producing this particular cosmos and no other, and must provide against the turning up of any out of a host of equally probable worlds. In other words, he must, in spite of his contempt for final causes, himself proceed upon a preconceived world-plan, and guide his own intellect as step by step he fits it to the universe by the very process which he declares to be absent from the universe itself."

Passing in the second part of his essay to what he calls the dynamic theory of the universe, that is, the doctrine of the conservation of forces, he finds in brief that all these fluctuating and shifting, yet constant forces whose action we observe are indeed reducible to one force; but that it is impossible, by the nature of our minds, that we should conceive of that force as aught but universal will. We have but indicated the direction, hardly the scope, of Mr. Martineau's argument. His reasoning is too compact to be condensed; his plea of too sustained a strength to be made to appear more striking by the presentation of salient points. The illustrations which he uses are of an admirable beauty and precision, but they are few. He seems actuated by an intensity of purpose which makes him almost impatient of the affluence of his own thought. In their strictly controversial portions these essays are simply beyond praise. Their temper is perfect, their wit inimitable. We hardly know where else in the history of modern discussion to look for passages at once so amiable, so polished, and so pungent, as the following: —

"One fault he [Professor Tyndall] brings home to me with irresistible conviction. He blames my mode of writing as deficient in precision and lucidity. And I cannot deny the justice of the censure. When I observe that my main line of argument has left no trace upon his memory, that its estimate of scientific doctrine is misconstrued, that my feeling toward the order of nature is exhibited in reverse, that I am cross questioned about an hypothesis of which I never dreamt, and am answered by a charming 'alternative exposition of ascending natural processes,' which I follow with assent until it changes its voice from physics to metaphysics, and from its premises of positive phenomena proclaims a negative ontological conclusion, — that at every turn I should have put so acute a reader upon a totally false scent rebukes me more severely than any of his direct and pertinent criticisms; for, smartly as these may hit me, they fall chiefly on incidental and parenthetical remarks which might have been absent, or on mere literary form which might have been different without affecting the purport of my address."

And again, in his discussion of the atomic theory: "Though I have the misfortune in the use of this argument — that you cannot pass from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous — to incur the disapproval of two great authorities, it somewhat relieves the blow to find Mr. Herbert Spencer at one with the premise, and Dr. Tyndall ratifying the conclusion." And again in the second essay: "I am aware what courtesy it would require in a modern *savant*, whether of the nescient or of the omniscient school, to behave civilly to such folly as this must seem to him [namely, the belief that the one power underlying all natural phenomena is a universal will]; nor can I pretend to find his laughter a pleasant sound, for I honor his pursuits and sorrowfully dispense with his sympathy."

There is a something about the measured utterances of this silver voice which furnishes an immense, if transitory and delusive, relief from the fatigue and dejection into which we sometimes feel ourselves plunged by the rather deafening dogmatism of the modern school of philosophy. The apprehension has occurred to most of us, at one time or another, that a world whose affairs these philosophers alone were competent to administer, might very probably be one without God within or hope beyond it. So that, when one who can so easily test the strength and so quietly turn the point of their weapons proclaims his own arrival at a larger and more consoling conclusion than theirs, we find our admiration of his ability quickened by an impulsive sense of personal gratitude and affection.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Dodd, Mead, & Co., New York: The Christian Way: Whither it leads and how to go on. By Washington Gladden.

Ginn and Heath, Boston: The First Four Books of Xenophon's Anabasis, with Notes. Edited by William W. Goodwin, Ph. D., and John Williams White, A. M.

Henry Holt & Co., New York: Turkey. By James Baker, M. A., Lieutenant-Colonel Auxiliary Forces. — Eugenia. By Beatrice May Butt. — In Change Unchanged. By Linda Villari. — Virgin Soil. By Ivan Turguenieff. Translated, with the author's sanction, from the French Version, by T. S. Perry.

Hurd and Houghton, New York: Politics and Political Economy. By Thomas De Quincey. — Ideals made Real A Romance. By George L. Raymond. — Romances and Extravaganzas. By Thomas De Quincey. — The Antelope and Deer of America. By John Dean Caton, LL. D.

John S. Levey, London: Reports from Mr. Andrews, Minister Résident of the United States at Stockholm, On the Revenue from Spirits and on the Civil Service in Sweden. On Pauperism and Poor Laws in Sweden and Norway.

J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia: Life of Edwin Forrest, the American Tragedian. By William Rounseville Alger. Vols. I. and II.

Little, Brown, & Co., Boston: Life and Letters of George Cabot. By Henry Cabot Lodge.

Lockwood, Brooks, & Co., Boston: Was Bronson Alcott's School a Type of God's Moral Government? A Review of Joseph Cook's Theory of the Atonement. By Washington Gladden.

George R. Lockwood, New York: A Day of My Life; or, Every-Day Experiences at Eton. By a Present Eton Boy.

Loring, Boston: Unclaimed. A Story of English Life. By an English Woman.

Macmillan & Co., New York: Harry By the author of Mrs. Jerningham's Journal. — Manchester Science Lectures for the People. Why the Earth's Chemistry is as it is. Three Lectures by J. Norman Lockyer, F. R. S. With Illustrations. — The Succession of Life on the Earth. Three Lectures by Prof. W. C. Williamson, F. R. S. With Illustrations. — Science Lectures at South Kensington. Technical Chemistry. By Professor Roscoe, F. R. S. With Illustrations.

Noyes, Snow, & Co., Boston: Coronation. A Story of Forest and Sea. By E. P. Tenney.

James R. Osgood & Co., Boston: Legends of the Province House. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. — Oriental Religions and their Relations to Universal Religion. China. By Samuel Johnson. — Favorite Poems. By Robert Browning. Illustrated. — Favorite Poems. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Illustrated. — Favorite Poems. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Illustrated. — Favorite Poems. By Thomas Hood. Illustrated. — Favorite Poems. By Alfred Tennyson. Illustrated. — On the Choice of Books. By Thomas Carlyle. — Tales of the White Hills. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. — The Principalities of the Danube: Servia and Roumania. By George M. Towle. With Map and Illustrations. — Legends of New England. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. — Favorite Poems. By John Greenleaf Whittier. Illustrated. — Poems of Places. Spain. Vols. I. and II. Edited by Henry W. Longfellow.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York: The Scripture Club of Valley Rest; or, Sketches of Everybody's Neighbors. By the author of Helen's Babies. — Lectures on the History of Protection in the United States. Delivered before the International Free Trade Alliance. By W. G. Sumner.

Scribner, Armstrong, & Co., New York: Christianity and Islam. The Bible and the Koran. Four Lectures. By the Rev. W. R. W. Stephens. — Charlotte Brontë. A Monograph. By T. Wemyss Reid. With Illustrations.

EDUCATION.

We have been in no haste to review the remarkable Report on Education prepared by Dr. Seguin,[1] and published for the national benefit in 1875, for the educational possibilities it indicates are so entirely in the future that it will be well if in ten years they so much as begin to be talked about by our educational authorities. Nevertheless, when a man with the sympathy of a woman, the culture of a *savant*, and the experience and insight of a physiological specialist prepares an essay on Infant and Primary Education from his personal inspection of European schools and of the exhibits at the Vienna Exposition, the sooner we rouse ourselves to listen to him the wiser.

Dr. Seguin, though now a citizen of this country, and, judging from this report, a devoted one, is a French physician of international reputation for his investigations and experiments in the training of idiots; and the key-note of the essay before us (in which is evidently condensed the best life-work of the author) is struck in one of its

[1] *Vienna International Exhibition.* 1873. *Report on Education.* By E. Seguin, M. D. Washington: Government Printing Office. 1875.

opening sentences: "Since singularly strenuous and successful efforts have been made to overcome the apparently impassable barriers which separate from the world some afflicted children, namely, the deaf-mutes and the idiots, we will append an account, somewhat historical, but mainly philosophical, of these methods, in the belief that, being positive, they can be applied to ordinary children," and with far greater results, Dr. Seguin would imply, than those at present in use.

Beginning his scientific solicitude with the beginning of existence, Dr. Seguin found that the Model Nursery at the Vienna Exhibition lacked none of the necessaries or even of the superfluities of the nursery, but it "ought to have been accompanied by a little manual of what is necessary to protect and prepare life before nativity." . . . "Physicians will testify that when our hands receive a new-comer, we read quite plainly upon his features on what sort of feelings he was bred by that *intra-uterine* education whose imprints trace the channel of future sympathies and abilities. Therefore if it is noble work to educate or to cure the insane, the idiot, the hemiplegic, the epileptic, and the choreic, how much higher is the work of preventing these degeneracies in the incipient being; of averting those commotions which storm him in the holy region intended for a terrestrial paradise during the period of evolution! To teach *him* reverence toward the bearer of his race, to instruct *her* in the sacredness of bland and serene feelings during the God-like creative process, is educating two generations at once,"—deep words that ought to glow in fire on the heart of every youthful pair that leaves the bridal altar.

"From this, the true cradle of mankind," Dr. Seguin "looks at that made for the baby," and describes the ideal cradle, its shape, coverings, and ornamentation. He then studies baby and infantine life in the public nurseries or *crèches* of Paris, and in the Salles d'Asyle of France, and the Kindergartens of Germany. The Salle d'Asyle is for the little ones of the poor what the Kindergarten is for those of the rich. The system was developed by a woman, Madame Marie Pape-Carpentier, "who put into its management, beside the requisite qualities of the will and of the mind, motherly virtues and powers," and who stands quite in the same relation to the Salle d'Asyle as Froebel does to the Kindergarten. After stating wherein, in his opinion, the Kindergarten, as at present managed, is open to criticism, he expresses the hope that "the kind training of the Salle d'Asyle and the joyous exercises of the Kindergarten will yet unite to form, in this country, the true National Physiological Infant School. The nation which in its infancy organized primary and grammar schools for two millions of children is able to create the infant school, not by copying European institutions, but by forming its own out of the conception of the popular wants. This new impulse will come as came the former. Ideas percolate through minds like water through the soft rind of the earth, to form mighty currents. Let us only tell the truth. It will soon be realized. Fifty thousand lady teachers, who listen for the approaching idea, stand ready to apply it if it is true."

The next chapter of the report is a highly scientific *résumé* of the physiological principles and methods which should govern this ideal infant school. The motive power should be love, "the pure love of children, without which none should come near them;" and the new aim to which Dr. Seguin is especially anxious to direct the experiments and efforts of teachers is the training of both sides of the body to equal sensitiveness and dexterity, instead of having every person, as now, right or left handed only. "A greater supply of blood to the left hemisphere incites this hemisphere to more brain work, and the right side of the body to more muscular work; but let the training of the left side of the body call for more blood, and the right hemisphere will soon receive more blood and be better able to assist or supplement the left in brain work." . . . "By this means may be restored to our race an inexpensive power, more permanent than steam, and equally applicable to mental and physical labor; a power which, in many cases, can double the products, and which in all cases can save or economize the ordinary one-sided powers. Through the restitution to our children of this natural capacity, the diseases and infirmities which attack one side of the body or the other would become unknown or rare. More continuous learning and thinking could be accomplished, and the fatal consequences of excessive strain on the brain would remain the accidents of age, instead of becoming the ironic rewards of young, heroic effort. Man would be rendered more serviceable as a worker, more harmonious in his movements, more deli

cate and thorough in his perceptions, and more kind and amiable in his family relations. In short, the human temper and passions would be harmonized to a point which the mind cannot foresee to-day, but whose social consequences cannot be overestimated." Dr. Seguin says that this is not alone his own appeal. "It seems but yesterday that the lamented Agassiz urged his pupils of Penikese Island to become "ambidextrous," if they wanted to become good naturalists; and my illustrious friend, Brown-Séquard, proclaimed at his Lowell Institute lectures "*the equal training of both sides* in our children as an urgent necessity."

The report is divided into four parts, and the first concludes with a chapter on toys, and what children gain from them. The second part contains a brief history of the schools and methods for the training of deaf-mutes into the attainment of speech, and of the philanthropists who accomplished it. The third part is devoted to a similar sketch of the education of idiots and feeble-minded children. The fourth part of the work is upon general education, and gives the generalizations of this admirable intelligence upon its observations of the school systems of the different European nations which exhibited at Vienna in 1873. Our space compels us to refer the earnest educator to the report itself for Dr. Seguin's views upon the arrangement and furniture of the school room, the training of the eye to measuring at sight, his definition of a good text-book, and his excellent suggestions upon the practice of writing and upon the studies of geography and history. He thinks that more attention should be paid to speech than to reading and writing, "too little culture and spontaneity of speech being one of the principal causes of the rarity of original genuine men;" and for this country Dr. Seguin wishes that "a physiological education of the masses could perpetuate the double fine art of standing nobly and speaking in the manly way which was *American* before the introduction of books and culture." How wise and how weighty this is, and how directly contradictory of the wretched pedagogy which has introduced into the *grammar*-schools the written examinations which were found suitable for the maturing minds of young men at college! Our author would relieve the plethora of the school rooms in large cities by sending the children in sections to the gymnasium and the music room, and to the various parks, gardens, aquariums, and museums of the locality. "After twelve or fourteen they may visit the shops of the neighborhood, and try their hands at something, as anything is better than nothing." The class rooms thus relieved would be more healthy, and they could all be used in the evenings for reading aloud to the children on subjects like history and literature, which encumber the curriculum without leaving more than a vague impress on it, and yet without which there is no such thing as culture; just as it is the shedding of many generations of forest leaves which makes the soil rich. Besides, if we do not teach our children *what* to read as well as *how* to read, we merely open the door to the overwhelming flood of cheap, sensational, and vicious literature, the immense consumption of which by the graduates of our national schools is demoralizing the public mind and is the most alarming problem now before the American educator.

Industrial schools Dr. Seguin regards "as much of a necessity as are schools of medicine and law," and as for the sexes in education, "the less we make the children feel the difference, the later it comes into existence. It is one of the merits of the American school to have the sexes educated just as they are made, side by side, and as they are destined to live in sincerity and purity of intercourse." "The second higher glory of the American school is that it has more female teachers than any other nation. Their work is the least remunerative, and the hardest, by the expense of vitality it entails, and worse than that, it has riveted upon them the evil eye of the enemy of free, republican schools, he who restores the Inquisition and its schools in Spain, and who now wants to take possession of ours in the name of liberty. . . . To defend their countries, the Austrian, the French, the Prussian, the Russian, keep under arms in idleness more than five hundred thousand young men. To protect *ours* against ignorance, we must have an army of fifty thousand young girls teaching our children in squads of twenty, and preparing themselves for the higher duties of motherhood, so much higher than those of paternity. Women — family educators! barriers against communism!" —

All through his report Dr. Seguin insists upon the woman teacher for the infant, for the deaf-mute, for the idiot, for the growing child. He insists also upon the feminine methods of tenderness and sympathy, —

upon the feminine motive of love. "A well-manufactured but sophistical book," he says, "recently created a sensation by attributing to overwork at school the ruin of girlish health. If the author had looked his subject, Sex in Education, full in the face, instead of in the tormented profile of enervated young ladies, he could have seen that the college curriculum is as murderous for boys as for girls, when applied by learned ignoramuses. The young Duc de Guise and Don Fernando de Montpensier, his cousin, both died from scholar's meningitis, which could have been successfully watched and arrested upon the timely indications of physiological thermometry." Dr. Seguin, therefore, expects that the ideal teacher of his ideal school will summon to his aid, in understanding and judging for his pupils, all those delicate instruments by which the physician takes note of the physical state of his patient; for "the invention of positive diagnosis has rendered possible the establishment of health records in schools, and the simplicity of their operations has rendered their use so easy that the time cannot be far distant when the neglect or indifference of teachers to the employment of these positive tests will be considered a proof of incapacity, and make them amenable to grave reprehensions." Surely the dreams of the philanthropist and of the physician cannot farther go than those of the educational reformer which we have been considering!

— The close of the fourth year of the Society to Encourage Studies at Home offers a good opportunity to review the work which has been done, to note the general method adopted, and to ask how far the practical test has served to modify the original organization; for the society is old enough now to make its friends desirous to secure for it as much permanency as possible. It ought to be observed that it is completely dissociated from all educational institutions, and cannot in any organic form be connected with them, while it offers many opportunities to teachers, which some have already discovered and are using. The purpose and general plan are very simple, as we have stated in our previous notices of the society. The purpose is to induce girls to form the habit of devoting some part of every day to study of a systematic and thorough kind. To carry out the purpose, courses of reading and plans of work are arranged from which the pupil members may select one or more according to their taste and leisure; aid is given them from time to time through directions and advice, and a meeting is held once a year where the students may meet the managers. Let us take a single illustration to show, more in detail, the working of the plan.

A girl of seventeen, we will say, for that is the lower limit of age in membership, has finished her ordinary schooling and is at home with a certain amount of leisure and with a general taste for study. She hears of the society and writes to the secretary in Boston, who forwards a programme of studies from which to select a course. She selects the sixth course, which is English Literature, and informs the secretary, sending at the same time the sum of two dollars, which is the yearly fee, a sum intended to cover the purchase of books by the society, clerk hire and printing, postage, stationery, etc. The expenses are not heavy, being about twelve hundred dollars last year. The secretary having entered her name sends her a printed list, containing the names of forty English prose-writers, the first being that of Richard Hooker and the latest that of James Russell Lowell. Against each name is set the title of the work or works selected for reading, with advice as to publisher and price of the most available edition, and in an adjoining column the titles of books or essays of criticism and illustration. Certain titles of books to be studied are printed in italics, to indicate that they are not required but are recommended to all advanced students who can procure them. With the list is sent also a paper of general directions as to the method to be pursued in reading, and the scholar is instructed to report, say to Miss H., who is a member of the committee having oversight of the studies.

Our pupil examines the list and finds two preliminary text-books named, Spalding's History of English Literature, which she happens to have used at school, and Chambers' Cyclopædia of English Literature, which being somewhat costly she thinks she will do without for a time. Hooker is in italics, so she skips his name without much regret, since the First Book of Ecclesiastical Polity does not sound as if it would encourage study at home, and comes to Francis Bacon, whose essays she has been told to read. She is a trifle dismayed at the prospect, but is brave enough to make a beginning. Against Bacon's name she finds, as illustrative reading, Macaulay's Essay on Bacon and the two chapters on

Bacon in Whipple's Literature of the Age of Elizabeth. Those seem to offer a little more lively reading, but she is at her home in the country, where there is as yet no library, and the book club takes in nothing but magazines and papers. She submits her case to the lady superior, who informs her that both books are in the library of the society and will be sent to her by mail, with the understanding that she shall pay one cent a day for each, and return them without expense to the society; perhaps advice is added to have out but one of the books at a time, or she is told how she can buy Macaulay's essay in a cheap English school edition for twenty-five cents. It is possible, too, that advice is given, based upon a postscript in the pupil's letter, to select some other author for a first attack, but we will believe her resolute enough to keep to Bacon.

A blank book with a wide margin completes her apparatus, and work begins. She has been told to do some reading, however little, every day. On the second day, recurring to her sailing-orders, she begins her task with writing in her blank book from memory notes of what she read the day before, and is mortified to find how little she remembers; she takes up the book again, and reads attentively, with a view to making her next notes fuller and more satisfactory. She reads a little in her Macaulay, which she has bought, and thinks him a vastly more brilliant writer than Bacon, and then takes up Whipple and wonders how in the world people find so much to say about Bacon. Her notes the next day are somewhat in a jumble and she begins to feel a little faint-hearted, but plods along, wishing occasionally that she could see Miss H. for a few moments, partly to see what Miss H. is like and partly to ask her some hard questions.

The month goes on, and at the beginning of the next month she sits down to write to the vague Miss H. She feels slightly guilty, for she has not read a little every day, though some days she has read a very little, to make up, as she explains to herself, but does not yet dare to say to the severe Miss H. She consults her sailing-orders, which she knows by heart, especially one terrible sentence. "Inclose a copy of some pages of your memory notes as you first wrote them. When you have read a volume, or an important division of the subject, please to review it, and make an abstract of its contents *from memory*, adding remarks on the subject, or on its treatment by the author. These abstracts I wish to see also. The notes should be very brief statements of facts. The abstracts should contain groupings of these facts with comments." "These abstracts I wish to see also." She hears Miss H.'s peremptory voice in these words, and her heart sinks. She begins her letter, addressing it shyly to "Miss H., Dear Madam," and wonders how old Miss H. is, — probably a retired school-teacher, she fancies. She states the book she has been reading, tells how much she has read, and tries to set down the difficulties she has met, frankly confessing, finally, her greatest one, that it is not very interesting. Then she looks over her blank book, and after trying in vain to find a flattering page copies the one that looks least disgraceful, and with great distress and humiliation prepares that abstract which Miss H. wishes so much to see.

All work is suspended during the intermission of sending the letter and receiving the reply, though she finds herself opening her Bacon and going over again the parts which she tried to present in abstract. Then comes the answer, which she opens with much curiosity and many misgivings. The misgivings quickly disappear. Miss H., it seems, had met with the same difficulties and had found satisfactory solutions. She had met with the greatest difficulty of all in finding Bacon uninteresting, and she offers some suggestions by which the girl may profit, but good-naturedly warns her that an interest in her study will not come as a matter of course, but will be one of the rewards of a steady, patient, and attentive application. After all, the worth of the letter is found in the sincere kindness of the tone and the frank enthusiasm which Miss H. displays. Back to Bacon flies the girl, and when she writes next to Miss H. it is with greater confidence and with some genuine pride. She has felt the inspiration both of a piece of great literature and of a wise friendship. Before the year is over she has begged to be allowed to read Hooker, and ardently hopes that she may be able to see Miss H. when the annual meeting is held.

The encouragement, then, which the society is able to offer rests in the wise and friendly oversight which ladies of experience and education can give by correspondence to younger ladies, who have the will to study without the wisdom which would form prudent plans and the knowledge

which would guide as to sources of supply. The organization brings these two together, and supplies the slight frame-work of rules and methods which economizes labor and saves indefinite duplication of work. The method cannot and is not intended to be a substitute for teaching, but a substitute for no-teaching. In its entire ignorance of all competition, it throws each scholar upon the higher impulses of learning and permits a warm current of sympathy and friendship to flow through the whole system. The pupils who make use of this help are found in all classes of society, though chiefly, it is to be presumed, among those having leisure, and in all parts of the country. Many teachers are among them, who find in this method a stimulus to their own better teaching, and in some cases clubs have been formed, one of the number conducting the correspondence with the society.

The increase in numbers has been rapid. The first year forty-five names were entered; in the second, eighty-two; in the third, two hundred and ninety-eight; and in the fourth, five hundred and seventy-six. Of these, four hundred and nineteen, or about seventy-three per cent., have done some satisfactory work, more than one fourth taking highest rank, more than half, second rank, and less than one fourth, third rank; seventeen per cent. showed reason for their inability to fulfill the requirements; only ten per cent. failed without offering excuse. The perseverance of the students is apparent also from the fact that three students have continued through the four years, nine for three years, and one hundred and ten for two years; that is to say, one fifteenth of the first year's students have continued, one ninth of the second year's, and more than one third of the third year's. When one considers that the work is wholly voluntary, and that it is taken up by a class very liable to disturbance in plans, the result indicates a very healthy condition of the society.

Turning from the pupils to the management, we find that the committee consists of a chairman, a secretary and treasurer, six heads of departments, twenty-eight members, and a number of associate correspondents. The officers and heads of departments are of Boston and vicinity, but the members upon whom rests the instruction by correspondence are found also in New York, Maine, Connecticut, and Louisiana. There is a group of associate correspondents in California, and an agency, as it is called, in Louisiana. It is evident that while for purposes of organization, even in so elastic and simple a society, a local, permanent committee is desirable, the increase in numbers and the distribution over the Union would render the reference of all work to this committee not only burdensome but entirely impracticable. It is likely, therefore, that from time to time affiliating societies will be formed in other centres, but we hope that the experience of the parent society will never be disregarded by newer and possibly more adventurous organizations. How the list of members can be kept adequate to the needs of the pupils requiring correspondence may yet be a problem. It is of course always possible to check the admission of new correspondents, but the addition this year to the rank of a member of one who has for four years been a pupil hints at a very agreeable mode by which the society may become wisely self-perpetuating.

The courses open to students are history, natural science (including botany, physical geography, zoölogy, geology, and mineralogy), astronomy (just added), art, German, French, English literature. There is naturally opportunity to strike out in a great many directions in these several courses. In the courses of history and English literature, we see that provision is made in the one for the Protestant Revolution as the earliest period, except as one may go earlier in Freeman's Outlines of History; and in the other for the Elizabethan period as the beginning of the study of literature. No doubt the great majority of girls are best to be reached in this way, yet we should be glad to see an invitation held out to students to take up courses in antiquities. Translations of Plato and Homer and of Greek plays would certainly be likely to open the mind to a wider horizon than even England can offer, and recent works of scholars in this direction have done much to break down the old-fashioned distinction of ancient and modern history, by indicating the cycle which permits this division in antiquity itself. Besides, the study of art would quickly lead one alongside the study of ancient life and literature. In suggesting this enlargement we are only indicating how elastic the plan of the society is, and how admirably it is adapted to do what our schools with their limitations cannot well do. We look for a positive influence through the pupil members upon social life and education in the next generation.

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SEPTEMBER, 1877

CONTENTS

	Page
The Queen of Sheba. VI., VII. *Thomas Bailey Aldrich*	257
Box. *Edgar Fawcett*	268
Fictitious Lives of Chaucer. *T. R. Lounsbury*	269
Consular Service and Society in Egypt. *Charles Hale*	280
A Study of De Stendhal. *Eugene Benson*	290
The Silver Bridge. *Elizabeth Akers Allen*	295
A Counterfeit Presentment. Comedy. II. *W. D. Howells*	296
Crude and Curious Inventions at the Centennial Exhibition. V. *Edward H. Knight*	305
The Temptation of Gabriel. *Catherine J. Schiller*	316
Waverley Oaks	319
Dickens's Great Expectations. *Edwin P. Whipple*	327
The Child of the State. *S. A. L. E. M.*	334
Are Titles and Debts Property? *David A. Wells*	347
The Contributors' Club	363

A Strange Piece of Impudence. — Unnecessary Munificence of the Postal Department toward Authors. — Unequal Marriages in Fiction. — Tennyson's Talking Oak and Drayton's Quest of Cynthia. — Local Nomenclature. — Realism of the Beautiful. — The Debt we owe to Motley. — Odds in Poets. — Vital Personality of Authors.

Recent Literature	373

Gill's The Life of Edgar Allan Poe. — Morgan's Ancient Society. — Fieldat and Aitiaiche's Popular Sayings from Old Iberia. — Greene's A Short History of Rhode Island. — "Warrington" Pen-Portraits. — Packard's Half Hours with Insects. — Tenney's Coronation. — The Scripture Club of Valley Rest. — *French and German:* Gréville's Les Koumiassine. — Gréville's La Princesse Oghérof — Flaubert's Trois Contes. — Haller's Le Bleuet. — Spielhagen's Sturmflut. — Turgenjew's Neu-Land.

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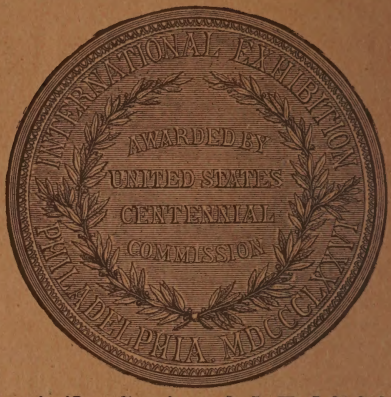

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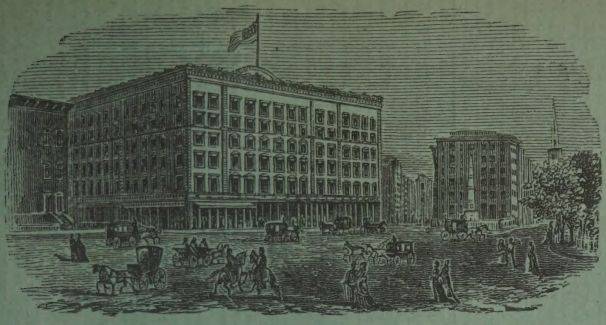

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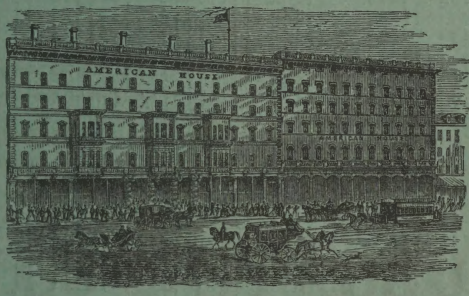

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VOL. XL.—SEPTEMBER, 1877.—No. CCXXXIX.

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA.

VI.

BEYOND THE SEA.

IN the early twilight of a July evening in the year 1875, two young Americans, neither dreaming of the other's presence, came face to face on the steps of a hotel on the Quai du Montblanc at Geneva. The two men, one of whom was so bronzed by Eastern suns that his friend looked pallid beside him, exchanged a long, incredulous stare; then their hands met, and the elder cried out, "Of all men in the world!"

"Flemming!" exclaimed the other eagerly; "I thought you were in Egypt."

"So I was, a month ago. What are you doing over here, Ned?"

"I don't know, to tell the truth."

"You don't know!" laughed Flemming. "Enjoying yourself, I suppose."

"The supposition is a little rash," said Edward Lynde. "I have been over nearly a year, — quite a year, in fact. After uncle David's death" —

"Poor old fellow! I got the news at Smyrna."

"After he was gone, and the business of the estate was settled, I turned restless at Rivermouth. It was cursedly lonesome. I hung on there awhile, and then I came abroad."

"A rich man — my father wrote me. I have had no letters from you. Your uncle treated you generously, Ned."

"Did he not always treat me generously?" said Lynde, with a light coming into his face and dying out again. "Yes, he left me a pile of money and a heart-ache. I can hardly bear to talk of it even now, and it will be two years this August. But come up to my room. By Jove, I am glad to see you! How is it you are in Geneva? I was thinking about you yesterday, and wondering whether you were drifting down the Nile in a dahabeeah, or crossing the desert on a dromedary. Of course you have hunted tigers and elephants: did you kill anything?"

"I have n't killed anything but time. I was always a dead shot at that."

Lynde passed his arm through Flemming's, and the two friends mounted the staircase of the hotel.

"How is it you are in Geneva?" repeated Lynde.

"By luck," answered Flemming. "I am going home — in a zigzag way. I've been obliged to take a reef in my Eastern itinerary. The fact is, I have had a letter from the old gentleman rather suggesting it. I believe he has availed himself of my absence to fall into financial difficulties."

"Why, I thought he was rolling in wealth."

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"No, he is rolling in poverty, as nearly as I can make out. Well, not so bad as that. Nothing is ever as bad as it looks. But he has met with heavy losses. I shall find letters in London and learn all about it. He wrote me not to hurry, that a month or two would make no difference. When I got to Munich I thought I would take a peep at Switzerland while I had the opportunity. I have done a good piece, — from Lindau to Lucerne, from Lucerne to Martigny by way of the Furca; through the Tête Noire Pass to Chamouny, and from Chamouny, here."

While Flemming was speaking, Lynde unlocked a door at the end of the hall and ushered him into a sitting-room with three windows, each opening upon a narrow balcony of its own.

"Sit there, old fellow," said Lynde, wheeling an easy-chair to the middle window, "and look through my glass at the view before it takes itself off. It is not often as fine as it is this evening."

In front of the hotel the blue waters of the Rhone swept under the arches of the Pont des Bergues, to lose themselves in the turbid, glacier-born Arve, a mile below the town. Between the Pont des Bergues and the Pont du Montblanc lay the island of Jean Jacques Rousseau, linked to the quay by a tiny chain bridge. Opposite, upon the right bank of the Rhone, stretched the handsome façades of tile-roofed buildings, giving one an idea of the ancient quarter which a closer inspection dispels; for the streets are crooked and steep, and the houses, except those lining the quays, squalid. It was not there, however, that the eye would have lingered. Far away, seen an incredible distance in the transparent evening atmosphere, Mont Blanc and its massed group of snowy satellites lifted themselves into the clouds. All those luminous battlements and turrets and pyramids — the Môle, the Grandes Jorasses, the Aiguilles du Midi, the Dent du Géant, the Aiguilles d'Argentière — were now suffused with a glow so magically delicate that the softest tint of the blush rose would have seemed harsh and crude in comparison.

"You have to come away from Mont Blanc to see it," said Flemming, lowering the glass. "When I had my nose against it at Chamouny I did n't see it at all. It overhung me and smothered me. Old boy," — reaching up his hand to Lynde who was leaning on the back of the chair, — "who would ever have thought that we two" — Flemming stopped short and looked earnestly into his comrade's face. "Why, Ned, I did n't notice how thin and pale you are. Are you ill?"

The color which had mantled Lynde's cheeks in the first surprise and pleasure of meeting his friend had passed away, leaving, indeed, a somewhat haggard expression on the young man's countenance.

"Ill? Not that I know."

"Is anything wrong?"

"There is nothing wrong," replied Lynde, with some constraint. "That is to say, nothing very wrong. For a month or six weeks I have been occupied with a matter that has rather unsettled me, — more, perhaps, than I ought to have allowed."

"What is that?"

"It does n't signify. Don't let 's speak of it."

"But it does signify. You are keeping something serious from me. Out with it."

"Well, the truth is," said Lynde after a moment's hesitation, "it *is* something serious and nothing very positive: that 's the perplexing part of it."

"You are not making it clear to me."

"I don't know that I can, Flemming."

"Try, then."

Lynde reflected a few seconds, with his eyes fixed on the remote mountain lines imperceptibly melting into the twilight. "Do you remember our walk home from the theatre, one night, two or three days before you sailed from New York?"

"Perfectly," answered Flemming.

"Do you recollect my telling you of a queer thing that happened to me up in the New Hampshire hills?"

"Your encounter with the little lunatic? Perfectly."

"Don't!" said Lynde, shrinking as if some sharp instrument had pierced him. "She is here!"

"Here!" exclaimed Flemming, half rising from the chair, and glancing towards a draped door which connected the suite of apartments.

"Not in these rooms," said Lynde, with a short laugh, "but in Geneva, — in this hotel."

"You do not mean it."

"When I say it is she, I am not sure of it."

"Of course it is n't."

"That 's what I say, and the next moment I know it is."

"And is *this* your trouble?"

"Yes," answered Lynde, knitting his brows. "I felt that I should n't make it clear to you."

"I am afraid you have n't, Ned. What earthly difference does it make to you whether or not it 's the same girl?"

"What difference!" cried Lynde, impetuously; "what difference, — when I love the very ground she walks on!"

"Oh, you love her! Which one?"

"Don't laugh at me, Flemming."

"I am not laughing," said Flemming, looking puzzled and anxious. "It is not possible, Ned, you have allowed yourself to go and get interested in a — a person not right in her mind!"

"Miss Denham is as sane as you are."

"Then Miss — Denham, is it? — cannot be the girl you told me about."

"That 's the point."

"I don't see why there should be any confusion on that point."

"Don't you?"

"Come, let us go to the bottom of this. You have fallen in with a woman in Switzerland, and you suspect her of being a girl you met years ago in New Hampshire under circumstances which render her appearance here nearly an impossibility. As I am not a man of vivid imagination, that floors me. What makes you think them identical?"

"A startling personal resemblance, age, inflection of voice, manner, even a certain physical peculiarity, — a scar."

"Then what makes you doubt?"

"Everything."

"Well, that 's comprehensive, at all events."

"The very fact of her being here. The physician at the asylum said that that girl's malady was hopeless. Miss Denham has one of the clearest intellects I ever knew; she is a linguist, an accomplished musician, and, what is more rare, a girl who has moved a great deal in society, or, at least, has traveled a great deal, and has not ceased to be an unaffected, fresh, candid girl."

"An American?"

"Of course; did n't I say so?"

"The other may have been a sister, then, or a cousin," suggested Flemming. "That would account for the likeness, which possibly you exaggerate. It was in 1872, was n't it?"

"I have been all over that. Miss Denham is an only child; she never had a cousin. To-day she is precisely what the other would have been, with restored health and three years added to her seventeen or eighteen."

"Upon my word, Ned, this is one of the oddest things I ever heard. I feel, though, that you have got yourself into an unnecessary snarl. Where does Miss Denham come from? She is not traveling alone? How did you meet her? Tell me the entire story."

"There is nothing to tell, or next to nothing. I met the Denhams here, six weeks ago. It was at the *table d'hôte*. Two ladies came in and took places opposite me, — a middle-aged lady and a young one. I did not notice them until they were seated; it was the voice of the younger lady that attracted me; I looked up, — and there was the Queen of Sheba. The same eyes, the same hair, the same face, though not so pale, and fuller; the same form, only the contours filled out. I put down my knife and fork and stared at her. She flushed, for I fancy I stared at her rather rudely, and a faint mark, like a star, came into her cheek and faded. I saw it as distinctly as I saw it the day she passed me on the country road, swinging the flower in her hand."

"By Jove! it's a regular romance, — strawberry mark and all."

"If you don't take this seriously," said Lynde, frowning, "I am done."

"Go on."

"I shall never know how I got through the endless courses of that dinner; it was an empty pantomime on my part. As soon as it was over I rushed to the hotel register. The only entry among the new arrivals which pointed to the two ladies was that of Mrs. William Denham and Niece, United States. You can understand, Flemming, how I was seized with a desire to know those two women. I had come to Geneva for a day or so; but I resolved to stay here a month if they stayed, or to leave the next hour if they left. In short, I meant to follow them discreetly; it was an occupation for me. They remained. In the course of a week I knew the Denhams to speak to them when we met of a morning in the English Garden. A fortnight later it seemed to me that I had known them half my life. They had come across the previous November, they had wintered in Italy, and were going to Chamouny some time in July, where Mr. Denham was to join them; then they were to make an extended tour of Switzerland, accompanied by an old friend of the family, a professor, or a doctor, or something, who was in the south of France for his health. Miss Denham — her name is Ruth — is an orphan, and was educated mostly over here. When the Denhams are at home they live somewhere in the neighborhood of Orange, New Jersey. There are all the simple, exasperating facts. I can add nothing to them. If I were to tell you how this girl has perplexed and distressed me, by seeming to be and seeming not to be that other person, — how my doubts and hopes have risen and fallen from day to day, even from hour to hour, it would be as uninteresting to you as a barometrical record. But this is certain: when Miss Denham and I part at Chamouny, as I suppose we shall, this world will have come to an end so far as I am concerned."

"The world does n't come to an end that way, — when one is twenty-six. Does she like you, Ned?"

"How can I say? She does not dislike me. We have seen very much of each other. We have been together some portion of each day for more than a month. But I've never had her a moment alone; the aunt is always present. We are like old friends, — with a difference."

"I see; the aunt makes the difference! No flirting allowed on the premises."

"Miss Denham is not a girl to flirt with; she is very self-possessed, with just a suspicion of haughtiness; personally, tall, slight, a sort of dusky Eastern beauty, with the clear warm colors of a New England September twilight, — not like the brunettes on this side, who are apt to have thick complexions, saving their presence. I say she is not a girl to flirt with, and yet, with that sensitive-cut mouth and those deep eyes, she could do awful things in the way of tenderness if she had a mind to. She 's a puzzle, with her dove's innocence and her serpent's wisdom. All women are problems. I suppose every married man of us goes down to his grave with his particular problem not quite solved."

Flemming gave a loud laugh. The "every married man of us" tickled him. "Yes," said he; "they are all daughters of the Sphinx, and past finding out. Is Miss Denham an invalid?" he asked, after a pause.

"No; she is not strong, — delicate, rather; of the pure type of American young-womanhood, — more spirit than physique; but not an invalid, — unless" —

"You have let a morbid fancy run away with you, Ned. This lady and the other one are two different persons."

"If I could only believe it!" said Lynde. "I do believe it at times; then some gesture, some fleeting expression, a turn of the head, the *timbre* of her voice, — and there she is again! The next moment I am ready to laugh at myself."

"Could n't you question the aunt?"

"How could I?"

"You could n't!"

"I have thought of that doctor at the asylum, — what in the devil was his name? I might write to him; but I shrink from doing it. I have been brutal enough in other ways. I am ashamed to confess to what unforgivable expedients I have resorted to solve my uncertainty. Once we were speaking of Genoa, where the Denhams had spent a week; I turned the conversation on the church of St. Lorenzo and the relic in the treasury there, — the *Sacro Catino*, a supposed gift to Solomon from the Queen of Sheba. Miss Denham listened with the calmest interest; she had not seen it the day she visited the church; she was sorry to have missed that. Then the aunt changed the subject, but whether by accident or design I was unable for the soul of me to conjecture. Good God, Flemming! could this girl have had some terrible, swift malady which touched her and passed, and still hangs over her, — an hereditary doom?"

"Then she 's the most artful actress that ever lived, I should say. The leading lady of the Théâtre Français might go and take lessons of her. But if that were so, Ned?"

"If that were so," said Lynde, slowly, "a great pity would be added to my love."

"You would not marry her!"

Lynde made no reply.

The night had settled down upon Geneva while the friends were talking. The room was so dark they could not distinguish each other; but Flemming was conscious of a pale, set face turned towards him in the obscurity, in the same way that he was conscious of the forlorn whiteness of Mont Blanc looming up out yonder, unseen. It was dark in the chamber, but the streets were gay now with the life of a midsummer night. Interminable lines of lamps twinkled on the bridges and along the quays; the windows of the cafés on the opposite bank of the Rhone were brilliant with gas jets; boats, bearing merry cargoes to and from the lake, passed up and down the river; the street running under the hotel balcony was crowded with loungers, and a band was playing in the English Garden. From time to time a strain of music floated up to the window where the two men were sitting. Neither had spoken for some minutes, when Lynde asked his friend where he was staying.

"At the Schweizerhof," replied Flemming. "I always take the hotel nearest the station. Few Americans go there, I fancy. It is wonderfully and fearfully Swiss. I was strolling in here to look through the register for some American autographs when I ran against you."

"You had better bring your traps over here."

"It would not be worth while. I am booked for Paris to-morrow night. Ned, — come with me!"

"I can't, Flemming; I have agreed to go to Chamouny with the Denhams."

"Don't!"

"That is like advising a famishing man not to eat his last morsel of food. I have a presentiment it will all end there. I never had a presentiment before."

"I had a presentiment once," said Flemming, impressively. "I had a presentiment that a certain number — it was number twenty-seven — would draw the prize in a certain lottery. I went to the office, and number twenty-seven was one of the two numbers unsold! I bought it as quick as lightning, I dreamed of number twenty-seven three successive nights, and the next day it drew a blank."

"That has the ring of the old Flemming!" cried Lynde, with an unforced laugh. "I am glad that I have not succeeded in turning all your joyous gold into lead. I 'm not always such dull company as I have been to-night, with my moods and my presentiments. I owe them partly, perhaps, to not seeing Miss Denham to-day, the aunt having a headache."

"You were not in a rollicking humor when I picked you up."

"I had been cruising about town all the morning alone, making assaults on the Musée Fol, the Botanic Garden, and the Jewish Synagogue. In the afternoon I had wrecked myself on Rousseau's Island, where I sat on a bench staring at Pradier's poor statue of Jean Jacques

until I fancied that the ugly bronze cannibal was making mouths at me. When the aunt has a headache, *I* suffer. Flemming, you must see Miss Denham, if only for a moment."

"Of course I should like to see her, Ned."

"You do not leave until evening," Lynde said, reflecting. "I think I can manage a little dinner for to-morrow. Now let us take a breath of fresh air. I know the queerest old nook, in the Rue de Chantpoulet, where the Bavarian beer is excellent and all the company smoke the most enormous porcelain pipes. Have n't I hit one of your weaknesses?"

"You have hit a brace!"

VII.

THE DENHAMS.

When Edward Lynde returned to the hotel that night, after parting with Flemming at the head of a crooked, gable-hung street leading to the Schweizerhof, the young man regretted that he had said anything on the subject of the Denhams, or, rather, that he had spoken of the painful likeness which had haunted him so persistently. The friends had spent the gayest of evenings together at a small green-topped table in one corner of the smoky café. Over their beer and cheese they had chatted of old days at boarding-school and college, and this contact with the large, healthy nature of Flemming, which threw off depression as sunshine dissipates mist, had sent Lynde's vapors flying. Nothing was changed in the circumstances that had distressed him, yet some way a load had removed itself from his bosom. He was sorry he had mentioned that dark business at all. As he threaded the deserted streets, — it was long after midnight, — he planned a dinner to be given in his rooms the next day, and formulated a note of invitation to the ladies, which he would write when he got back to the hotel, and have in readiness for early delivery in the morning.

Lynde was in one of those lightsome moods which, in that varying month, had not unfrequently followed a day of doubt and restless despondency. As he turned into the Quai des Bergues he actually hummed a bar or two of opera. He had not done that before in six weeks. They had been weeks of inconceivable torment and pleasure to Lynde.

He had left home while still afflicted by David Lynde's death. Since the uncle's ill-advised marriage the intercourse between them, as the reader knows, had all but ceased; they had met only once, and then as if to bid each other farewell; but the ties had been very close, after all. In the weeks immediately following his guardian's death, the young man, occupied with settling the estate, of which he was one of the executors, scarcely realized his loss; but when he returned to Rivermouth a heavy sense of loneliness came over him. The crowded, happy firesides to which he was free seemed to reproach him for his lack of kinship; he stood alone in the world; there was no more reason why he should stay in one place than in another. His connection with the bank, unnecessary now in a money point of view, grew irksome; the quietude of the town oppressed him; he determined to cut adrift from all and go abroad. An educated American with no deeper sorrow than Lynde's cannot travel through Europe, for the first time at least, with indifference. Three months in Germany and France began in Lynde a cure which was completed by a winter in Southern Italy. He had regained his former elasticity of spirits and was taking life with a relish, when he went to Geneva; there he fell in with the Denhams in the manner he described to Flemming. An habitual shyness, and perhaps a doubt of Flemming's sympathetic capacity, had prevented Lynde from giving his friend more than an outline of the situation. In his statement Lynde had omitted several matters which may properly be set down here.

That first day at the table d'hôte and the next day, when he was able more deliberately to study the young woman, Edward Lynde had made no question to himself as to her being the same person

he had seen in so different and so pathetic surroundings. It was unmistakably the same. He had even had a vague apprehension she might recognize him, and had been greatly relieved to observe that there was no glimmer of recognition in the well-bred, careless glance which swept him once or twice. No, he had passed out of her memory, — with the other shapes and shadows! How strange they should meet again, thousands of miles from New England; how strange that he alone, of all the crowded city, should know there had been a dark episode in this girl's history! What words she had spoken to him and forgotten, she who now sat there robed in the beauty of her reason!

It was a natural interest, and a deep interest, certainly, that impelled Lynde to seek the acquaintance of the two ladies. On the third day a chance service rendered the elder — she had left a glove or a handkerchief beside her plate at table, and Lynde had followed her with it from the dining-room — placed him upon speaking terms. They were his country-women, he was a gentleman, and the surface ice was easily broken. Three days afterwards Lynde found himself oddly doubting his first conviction. This was not that girl! The likeness was undeniable: the same purple-black hair, the same long eyelashes, a very distinctive feature. In voice and carriage, too, Miss Denham curiously recalled the other; and that mark on Miss Denham's cheek — a birth-mark — was singular enough. But there the analogies ended. Miss Denham was a young woman who obviously had seen much of the world; she possessed accomplishments which could have been acquired only by uninterrupted application; she spoke French, German, and Italian with unusual purity. That intellect, as strong and clear as crystal, could never have suffered even a temporary blur. He was beginning to be amazed at the blunder he had committed, when suddenly, one evening, a peculiar note in her voice, accompanied by a certain lifting of the eyelashes, — a movement he had noticed for the first time, but which was familiar to him, — threw Lynde into great perplexity. It *was* that other girl! How useless for him to try to blind himself to the truth! Besides, why should he wish to, and why should the fact of the identity trouble him to such a degree? The next day he was staggered by Miss Denham alluding incidentally to the circumstance that she and her aunt had passed a part of the spring of 1872 in Florida. That was the date of Lynde's adventure, the spring of 1872. Here was almost positive proof that Miss Denham could not have been in New England at the time. Lynde did not know what to think. Of course he was mistaken; he must be mistaken, — and yet! There were moments when he could not look at Miss Denham without half expecting to see the man Blaisdell flitting somewhere in the background. Then there were days when it was impossible for Lynde to picture her as anything different from what she now was. But whatever conclusion he came to, a doubt directly insinuated itself.

While he was drifting from one uncertainty to another, a fortnight elapsed in which his intimacy with the Denhams had daily increased. They were in Geneva for an indefinite time, awaiting directions from Mr. Denham. The few sights in the city had been exhausted; the places of interest in the environs could not be visited by ladies without escort; so it fell out that Lynde accompanied the Denhams on several short excursions, — to Petit and Grand Saconnex, to the Villa Tronchin, to Prégny and Mornex. These were days which Lynde marked with a red letter. At the end of the month, however, he was in the same state of distressing indecision relative to Miss Denham. On one point he required no light, — he was deeply interested in her, so deeply, indeed, that it had become a question affecting all his future, whether or not she was the person he had encountered on his horseback journey three years before. If she was —

But Edward Lynde had put the question out of his thought that night as he walked home from the café. His two bars of opera music lasted him to the ho-

tel steps. Though it was late, — a great bell somewhere, striking two, sent its rich reverberation across the lake while he was unlocking his chamber door, — Lynde seated himself at a table and wrote his note to the Denhams.

Flemming had promised to come and take coffee with him early the next morning, that is to say at nine o'clock. Before Flemming arrived, Lynde's invitation had been dispatched and accepted. He was re-reading Miss Denham's few lines of acceptance when he heard his friend, at the other end of the hall, approaching with great strides.

"I 'm the thousandth part of a minute late!" said Flemming, throwing open the door. "There is no excuse for me. When a man lives in a city where they manufacture a hundred thousand watches a year, — that 's one watch and a quarter every five minutes day and night, — it 's a moral duty to be punctual. Ned, you look like a prize pink this morning."

"I have had such a sleep! Besides, I've just gone through the excitement of laying out the *menu* for our dinner. Good heavens, I forgot the flowers! We 'll go and get them after breakfast. There 's your coffee. Cream, old man? I am in a tremor over this dinner, you know. It is a maiden effort. By the way, Flemming, I wish you 'd forget what I said about Miss Denham, last evening. I was all wrong."

"I told you so; what has happened?"

"Nothing. Only I have reconsidered the matter, and I see I was wrong to let it upset me."

"I saw that from the first."

"Some people," said Lynde, gayly, "always see everything from the first. You belong to the I-told-you-so family, only you belong to the cheerful branch."

"Thank the Lord for that! A wide-spreading, hopeful disposition is your only true umbrella in this vale of tears."

"I shall have to borrow yours, then, if it rains heavily, for I 've none of my own."

"Take it, my boy; my name 's on the handle!"

On finishing their coffee the young men lighted cigars and sallied forth for a stroll along the bank of the river, which they followed to the confluence of the Rhone with the Arve, stopping on the way to leave an order at a florist's. Returning to the hotel some time after midday, they found the flowers awaiting them in Lynde's parlor, where a servant was already laying the cloth. There were bouquets for the ladies' plates, an imposing centre-piece in the shape of a pyramid, and a profusion of loose flowers.

"What shall we do with these?" asked Lynde, pointing to the latter.

"Set 'em around somewhere," said Flemming, with cheerful vagueness.

Lynde disposed the flowers around the room to the best of his judgment; he hung some among the glass pendants of the chandelier, gave a nosegay to each of the two gilt statuettes in the corners, and piled the remainder about the base of a monumental clock on the mantelpiece.

"That 's rather a pretty idea, is n't it? — wreathing Time in flowers," remarked Flemming, with honest envy of his friend's profounder depth of poetic sentiment.

"I thought it rather neat," said Lynde, who had not thought of it all.

In the course of that dinner if two or three unexplained demure smiles flitted over Miss Denham's face, they might, perhaps, have been indirectly traced to these floral decorations, though they pleased her more than if a woman's hand had been visible in them.

"Flemming," said Lynde, with a severe æsthetic air, "I don't think that arrangement in the fire-place is quite up to the rest of the room."

"Nor I either," said Flemming, who had been silently admiring it for the last ten minutes.

The fire-place in question was stuffed with a quantity of long, delicately spiral shavings, sprinkled with silver spangles or flakes of isinglass, and covered by a piece of pale blue illusion. This device — peculiarly Genevese — was supposed to represent a waterfall.

"Take a match and touch it off," suggested Flemming.

"If we had some more flowers, now" —

"Exactly. I am going to the hotel to get myself up like a head-waiter, and I'll bring some when I come back."

In an hour afterwards Flemming reappeared, followed by a youth bearing an immense basket. Lynde removed the Alpine waterfall to an adjoining chamber, and built up a huge fire of flame-colored flowers in the grate. The two friends were standing in the middle of the room, gravely contemplating the effect, when a servant opened the door and announced Mrs. and Miss Denham. A rustle of drapery at the threshold was followed by the entrance of the two ladies in ceremonious dinner toilets.

Lynde had never seen Miss Denham in any but a dark traveling-dress, or in such unobtrusive costume as a modest girl may wear at a hotel table. He stood motionless an instant, seeing her in a trailing robe of some fleecy, maize-colored material, with a cluster of moss-roses at her corsage and a cross of diamonds at her throat. She was without other ornament. The shade of her dress made her hair and eyes and complexion wonderful. Lynde was proud to have her look like that for Flemming, though he was himself affected by a queer impression that this queenly young person was not the simple, lovely girl he had known all along. He was embarrassed by her unexpected elegance, but he covered his embarrassment and his pleasure by presenting his friend to the ladies, and ordering the servant to serve the dinner immediately.

Lynde's constraint was only momentary, and the others had experienced none. Flemming, indeed, had a fleeting surprise at finding in the aunt a woman of thirty-five or thirty-eight, in the Indian summer of her beauty. Lynde had given him the idea of an elderly person with spectacles. As to Miss Denham, she had not fallen short of the mental picture Flemming had drawn of her, — which ought to have surprised him. No charms or graces in a woman, however, could much surprise Flemming; he accepted them as matters of course; to him all women were charming in various degrees. He had that general susceptibility which preserves us the breed of bachelors. The constant victim of a series of minor emotions, he was safe from any major passion. There was a certain chivalrous air of *camaraderie* in his manner to women which made them like him sooner or later; the Denhams liked him instantly. Even before the *potage* was removed, Lynde saw that his dinner was a success. "The cook may drop dead now, if he wants to," said Lynde to himself; "he can't spoil anything."

"You are not entirely a stranger to us, Mr. Flemming," said Mrs. Denham, looking at him from behind the floral pyramid, which had the happy effect of isolating the parties who sat opposite each other. "There is a person who goes about foreign lands with no other ostensible mission than to sound your praise."

"You must set down a great deal to filial gratitude," returned Flemming. "I have been almost a father to our young friend."

"He tells me that your being here is quite accidental."

"It was one of those fortunate things, madam, which sometimes befall undeserving persons, as if to refute the theory of a special providence."

"On the contrary, Mr. Flemming," — it was Miss Ruth who spoke, — "it was evidently arranged with the clearest foresight; for if you had been a day later, perhaps you would not have found your friend in Geneva, — that is, if Mr. Lynde goes with us to Chamouny."

"You have heard from Mr. Denham, then?" said Lynde, turning to the aunt.

"We had letters this morning. Mr. Denham is in Paris, where he will remain a week or ten days, to show the sights to an old American friend of ours who is to join our party. I think I told you, Mr. Lynde? Supposing us to be weary of Geneva by this time, Mr. Denham suggests that we go on to Chamouny and wait there. I have left the matter to Ruth, and she decides in favor

of leaving to-morrow, if the weather is fine."

"We are not tired of Geneva," said Miss Denham; "it would be ingratitude to Mr. Lynde to admit that; but we are longing for a nearer view of the Mont Blanc groups. One ought to know them pretty well after six weeks' constant looking at them; but the changes in the atmosphere make any certain intimacy impossible at this distance. New ranges loom up and disappear, the lines alter almost every hour. Were you ever at the Isles of Shoals, Mr. Flemming?"

Flemming started slightly. Since Miss Denham entered the room he had given scarcely a thought to Lynde's dismal suspicions. Once or twice they had come into Flemming's mind, but he had promptly dismissed them. The girl's inquiry concerning a locality in New Hampshire suddenly recalled them, and recalled the motive with which Lynde had planned the dinner. Flemming flushed with vexation to think he had lent himself to the arrangement.

"I have spent parts of two summers at the Isles of Shoals," he said.

"Then you must have observed the singular changes that seem to take place on the mainland, seen from Appledore. The mirage on the Rye and Newcastle coasts — is it Newcastle? — sometimes does wonderful things. Frequently you see great cities stretching along the beach, some of the houses rising out of the water, as in Venice, only they are gloomy, foggy cities, like London, and not like Venice. Another time you see ships sailing by upside down; then it is a chain of hills, with peaks and projections that melt away under your eyes, leaving only the flat coast-line."

Flemming had seen all this, and seemed again to see it through the clear medium of the young girl's words. He had witnessed similar optical illusions in the deserts, also, which he described to her. Then Flemming remembered a curious trick of refracted light he had once seen in the sunrise on Mount Washington, and suddenly he found himself asking Miss Denham if she were acquainted with the interior of New Hampshire. He had put the interrogation without a shadow of design; he could have bitten his tongue off an instant after.

Lynde, who had been discussing with Mrs. Denham the details of the next day's journey, looked up quickly and sent Flemming a rapid scowl.

"I have never been inland," was Miss Denham's answer. "My acquaintance with New Hampshire is limited to the Shoals and the beaches at Rye and Hampton. In visiting the Alps first I have, I know, been very impolite to the mountains and hills of my own land."

"Ruth, dear, Mr. Lynde and I have been speaking of the conveyance for to-morrow; shall it be an open or a close carriage?"

"An open carriage, by all means, aunt."

"That would have its inconvenience in case of showers," said Lynde; "when April takes her departure from the Alps, she is said to leave all her capriciousness behind her. I suggest a partially closed vehicle; you will find a covering comfortable in either rain or shine."

"Mr. Lynde thinks of everything," remarked Mrs. Denham. "He should not allow himself to be dictated to by unforeseeing woman."

"In strict confidence, Mrs. Denham, I will confess that I have arbitrarily taken this business in hand. For nearly a week, now, I have had my eye on a vehicle that must have been built expressly for us; it is driven by a tall, distinguished person, frosty of mustache and affable of manner, — evidently a French marquis in disguise."

"What an adroit fellow Ned is!" Flemming said to himself. "I wonder that with all his cleverness he could have got such a foolish notion into his head about this girl."

"We must have the French marquis at any cost," said Miss Denham.

"The truth is," remarked Lynde, "I have secured him."

"We are to start at eight, Ruth."

"Which means breakfast at seven. Is Mr. Lynde equal to a feat like that, aunt?"

"As I intend to have watchers and

sit up all night," said Lynde, "I think I can promise to be on hand."

This matter decided, the conversation, which had been carried on mostly in duets, became general. Flemming soon recovered from the remorse of his inadvertent question, or rather from his annoyance at the thought that possibly it had struck Lynde as having an ulterior motive.

As to Lynde, he was in the highest humor. Miss Denham had been thoroughly charming to his friend, with her serious and candid manner, — a manner as far removed from reserve as from the thin vivacity of the average young woman of the period. Her rare smile had been finer than another's laugh. Flemming himself went as near to falling in love with her and the aunt as his loyalty to Lynde and the supposed existence of a Mr. Denham permitted.

After a while the window curtains were drawn, though it was scarcely dusk without, and candles brought; then the ices were served, and then the coffee; and then the clock on the mantel-piece, as if it took malicious satisfaction in the fleetness with which Time (wreathed in flowers) slips away from mortals, set up a silvery chime — it sounded like the *angelus* rung from some cathedral in the distance — to tell Flemming that his hour was come. He had still to return to the hotel to change his dress-suit before taking the train. Mrs. Denham insisted on Lynde accompanying his friend to the station, though Flemming had begged that he might be allowed to withdraw without disturbing the party, and even without saying farewell. "I don't recognize good-bys," said he; "there are too many sorrowful partings in the world already. I never give them the slightest encouragement." But the ladies persisted in considering the dinner at an end; then the two friends conducted the Denhams to the door of their own parlor and there took leave of them.

"Well?" said Lynde as he seated himself beside Flemming in the carriage. "What do you think of her?"

"An unusually agreeable woman," returned Flemming, carelessly. "She is thirty-eight, she looks twenty-six, and is as pleasant as nineteen."

"I mean Miss Denham!"

"Ned, I don't care to discuss Miss Denham. When I think of your connecting that lovely lady with a crazy creature you met somewhere or other, I am troubled touching your intellect."

"But I do not any longer connect her with that unfortunate girl. I told you to put all that out of your mind."

"I don't find it easy to do, Ned; it is so monstrous. Was not this dinner an arrangement for me to see Miss Denham and in some way judge her?"

"No, Flemming; there was a moment yesterday evening when I had some such wild idea. I had grown morbid by being alone all day and brooding over a resemblance which I have not been able to prevent affecting me disagreeably at intervals. This resemblance does not exist for you, and you have not been subtile enough to put yourself in my place. However, all that is past; it shall not disturb me in future. When I invited the Denhams to this dinner it was solely that I might present you to the woman I shall marry if she will have me."

"She is too good for you, Ned."

"I know it. That is one thing makes me love her. I admire superior people; it is my single merit. I would n't stoop to marry my equal. Flemming, what possessed you to question her about New Hampshire?"

"We were speaking of the White Hills, and the question asked itself. I was n't thinking of your puerilities; don't imagine it. I hope her reply settled you. What are you going to do now?"

"I shall go with them to Chamouny."

"And afterwards?"

"My plan is to wait there until the uncle comes."

"That would be an excellent plan if you wanted to marry the uncle. If I were you, Ned, I would go and speak with Miss Denham, and then with the aunt, who will be worth a dozen uncles if you enlist her on your side. She does n't seem unfriendly to you."

"I will do that, Flemming," returned Lynde, thoughtfully. "I am not sure

that Miss Denham would marry me. We are disposing of her as if she could be had for the asking. I might lose everything by being premature."

"Premature! I've a mind to stay over and fall in love with her myself. I could do it in a day and a half, and you have been six weeks about it."

"Six weeks! I sometimes think I have loved her all my life," said Lynde.

From the Schweizerhof the young men drove without speaking to the railway station, which they reached just in time for Flemming to catch his train. With hurriedly exchanged promises to write each other, the two parted on the platform. Then Lynde in a serenely happy frame of mind caused himself to be driven to the Rue des Pâquis, where he stopped at the château of the French marquis, which looked remarkably like a livery-stable, and arranged for a certain traveling-carriage to be at the door of the hotel the next morning at eight.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

BOX.

The path, from porch to gate, I rim,
In rounded clusters rising trim;
With changeless mien I lift serene
My small bright leaves of dusky green.

I droop not under blinding heat,
Nor shrink from savage cold and sleet;
When o'er me flow pale shrouds of snow,
My patient verdure thrives below.

I cannot lure the dainty bee;
No breeze of summer sighs for me;
In sombre mood I drowse and brood
With memory-haunted quietude.

For though I guard a sturdy strength,
My life has known unwonted length;
Bright days or dark I mutely mark,
The garden's tranquil patriarch.

That white-haired lady, frail of form,
Who seeks the porch when suns are warm,
Has near me smiled, a blithesome child,
With tangled ringlets tossing wild!

As years went on, with air sedate
She met her love at yonder gate.
I saw him bring, one night in spring,
The precious gold betrothal-ring!

To church along this path she went,
A twelvemonth later, well content;

With peerless charm, in sweet alarm,
She leaned upon her father's arm!

Again to church, when years had fled,
In widow's dress, with bended head,
I saw her guide, at either side,
Her black-robed children, pensive-eyed.

These children now are dames and men,
But I to-day am young as then;
And yet each rose that near me blows
Laughs lightly at my prim repose.

Ah, giddy flowers, that briefly live,
Your thoughtless whispers I forgive,
Since calmly I, as years go by,
In damask thousands watch you die!

Edgar Fawcett.

FICTITIOUS LIVES OF CHAUCER.

I.

In 1628, twelve years after the death of Shakespeare, appeared the first edition of the Microcosmographie of John Earle, then fellow of Merton College, Oxford, afterward successively the bishop of Worcester and of Salisbury. This work belonged to a class of writings — the delineation of individual characters — which the intensely introspective life of the earlier half of the seventeenth century had made extremely popular. Among some fifty others sketched was that of A Vulgar-Spirited Man, by whom was meant one who merely followed in all things the common cry, who had no opinions but the received opinions of the majority about him. In the description of this character occurs a passage which is of some importance to us as marking the position then held in popular estimation by the first great writer of our literature. The vulgar-spirited man is characterized as one "that cries Chaucer for his money above all our English poets, because the voice has gone so, and he has read none." At the time when this appeared, it must be borne in mind that a succession of writers had come and gone who had made the Elizabethan age the proudest in our literary annals. The intellectual outburst of that period, it is true, had long before reached its point of highest flow, and was then running in narrow channels or losing itself entirely among shallows. But if the power of production was beginning to fail, self-respect still survived unimpaired. A certain degree of distance, indeed, is usually needed to gain a proper conception of the magnitude of large objects; and Shakespeare was as yet too near the time to have the fullness and extent of his superiority generally appreciated. But it is certainly creditable to the honesty and healthy spirit of that age that the first poet, in point of time, of our literature, strictly so called, was still reckoned by the common voice the first in point of greatness; and, with an exception in favor of one man only, that verdict has never been set aside. No higher tribute

can be paid to the freshness and power of Chaucer's genius than to say that it has never failed in any period to triumph over the obsoleteness of his diction and the capriciousness of popular taste, and that, though nearly five centuries have gone by since his death, in the long and illustrious roll of English poets the opinions of all competent to judge set the name only of Shakespeare above his own.

At the same time it need not be denied that to many, even of professedly literary men, Chaucer is a name rather than a power. Up to a comparatively late period a large share of his poetry was practically inaccessible in any form to the vast majority of the English-speaking race. Four centuries went by before his greatest work was competently edited; and his other poems still wait for some one to do for them what Tyrwhitt did for the Canterbury Tales. In regard to his personal history, our information, though still scanty, is far fuller than could reasonably have been expected. If later investigations have not added much to our real knowledge of the poet, they have taken away a good deal that had been unpleasant to contemplate in the character of the man. During the last twenty years, but in particular since the forming of the Chaucer Society, in 1867, light has been obtained on many points which were previously uncertain or unknown. Facts have been discovered, doubts have been dispelled, and suspicious statements have been exploded. Along with this, it must be confessed, there has been and still is manifested a disposition to make assumption and assertion do the work of investigation and argument. Even when results probably right have been reached, they have not unfrequently been defended by wrong reasons. Worse than this, the wildest, not to say the absurdest, inferences have been elevated to the dignity of certainties. And nowhere have these methods been more conspicuously exhibited than in the treatment of the personal details which make up what little we know, or think we know, of the poet's life. One fictitious story was looked upon for centuries as perfectly trustworthy, and is still far from dead, though slowly dying; but now that it is disappearing, another is apparently coming in to take its place, fully as irrational in its character, and based upon even less substantial grounds. The present, therefore, seems a fitting time to investigate carefully what we do know and what we do not know in regard to Chaucer; to separate sharply what has been assumed from what has been actually ascertained; and, especially, to make a full examination of those two fictitious histories of his life, or rather of supposed events in his life, which resemble each other in nothing save in the fact that both are equally unsupported by any evidence. The story which is dying out naturally takes the precedence. It has, moreover, a special interest of its own from its intimate connection with a purely literary question of some importance, though not a question in regard to which there has been as yet much controversy.

Of all the writings produced by Chaucer, or ascribed to him, the prose Testament of Love is the most wearisome to read and the hardest to understand. Nevertheless, it forms the foundation upon which was built that monstrous account of his life which still survives, and even flourishes with all the vitality belonging to a story not merely false but also injurious. The scattered statements of that treatise were early brought together so as to frame a consistent narrative; the events directly mentioned in it or indirectly alluded to were ingeniously connected with well-known political occurrences that took place in the reign of Richard II.; and both statements and events were cleverly made to fit in with certain incidents in the career of Chaucer in regard to which we have positive information from special records. As a result of this a life of the poet was formed, under the plastic hands of successive biographers, which had all the plausibility of truth with scarcely a trace of its reality. Yet for two centuries at least this account was accepted without question; and its inaccurate and even contradictory assertions are still to be

found in some of our most valuable works of reference. It is, indeed, only likely to die out in the same gradual way in which it came into being. For the story did not spring up at once : each generation added something of its own to what had been invented by the preceding. The conjectures of one man became the certainties of another, and from these inferences were drawn by a third, to which constant repetition finally gave all the sacredness of unquestionable truth.

The complete comprehension of the story involves in consequence a careful examination of the ultimate source from which it was derived. This is all the more necessary because the Testament of Love is a work which very few men ever meet with, fewer still read, and nobody understands. It has never been printed save in the clumsy folio volumes which contain the complete works of the poet; and these are not often found except on the shelves of great libraries or of curious collectors. Not one of these, in fact, is of a later date than the early part of the eighteenth century; and the only one of them that can be looked upon as in any degree an authority for the text of this particular treatise is the first edition of 1532. All others are mere reprints, so far as this production is concerned.

The Testament of Love is a treatise in three books, and is directly modeled upon the Consolation of Philosophy of Boethius. The latter is a work which seems to have made a profound impression upon the minds of men in the Middle Ages, — an impression which at this day it is somewhat hard for us to realize. Whether it was that the fate of the Roman senator was constantly before the minds of the actors in the stormy scenes of those periods, or that the present could never be so prosperous but there existed a secret feeling that the future had in reversion great store of sorrow, certain it is that the reflections with which the latest of the philosophers consoled his prison hours had a special interest for men who knew not how soon they might be called upon to repeat his experience. Chaucer himself, it is well known, made a translation into English of this treatise, and indeed in his other works speaks of his version of it twice, with an approval in which, it is to be feared, very few of his readers would ever feel disposed to share. Like its model, the Testament of Love is in the form of a dialogue. As philosophy appears to Boethius in his prison in the shape of a venerable but beautiful woman to comfort and strengthen, so in this case a being appears to the writer who seems at first to represent an earthly love, but as the work proceeds assumes more and more the character of an incarnation of divine love. Like its model, also, it is to a certain extent autobiographical; at least it is full of references to events, real or fictitious, in the life of the author. Accepting these references as relating to occurrences which actually took place, the following facts can be made out: At the supposed time of composition, the writer is in prison; at any rate he has been released from it only a short time before. He had been possessed of wealth and honor, but had lost both. He had held positions of great public trust, of which he had been deprived. In particular, he had, to use his own words, "administered the office of common doing, as in ruling the establishments among the people," whatever may be meant by that language. And he had fallen from this position because he had been led to take part in certain political intrigues and conspiracies, which seem to have had for their immediate aim the possession of the government of the city of London. Seem to have had, it is well to observe, for the language of the Testament of Love is throughout oracular in its obscurity, and any given passage can often bear an unlimited number of interpretations. But in consequence of his participation in these "conjurations and other great matters of ruling of citizens," he had been forced to flee and to live for some time in exile; where, it is not once stated, though he mentions incidentally that he had paid the expenses of some of his associates until they were turned out of Seland. But the men for whom he suf-

fered proved unfaithful to him, and even endeavored to defraud him. So at last he appears to have returned to his native country, determined to take the chance of the fate which fortune had in store for him. Arriving there he had been thrown into prison, but had been offered both safety and release if he would make full confession of whatever he knew in regard to the matters in which he had been concerned. To solicitations of this kind he had finally yielded. But although by this compliance he had secured for himself the safety and liberty which had been promised, he had secured them at the expense of his reputation; for he was charged with having betrayed his associates, and from the odium of the accusation and the hatred caused by the general belief in it, he had been unable to free himself.

These are the main facts which can be made out from the Testament of Love; and even in the simple form in which they are here stated, it is probable that too much certainty has been imputed to what, after all, is but mere inference. For illustration, the writer speaks of himself as having been in exile; but neither is the time when nor the place where mentioned, nor does he say that he returned from it of his own accord, or that having returned he was thrown into prison. It is, indeed, possible that "to be exiled" may be used in this work as in the first book of the Consolation of Philosophy, not in the sense of being driven from one's country, but of having gone astray from the true path of thought and action. However that may be, all of the points above given had to be assumed in order to make the scattered statements of the treatise have any consistence whatever. Thus welded together they formed the groundwork of a biography, which was enlarged by such successive additions of minute detail, and covered with such a superstructure of inference, that in process of time the original foundation disappeared both from sight and consideration.

The editions of Chaucer's complete works which came out in 1598 and 1602, under the superintendence of Thomas Speght, contained also a life of the poet. This, however, did not make much personal application of the events spoken of in the Testament of Love. Speght did little more than remark that it was evident from this treatise that Chaucer was in trouble during the reign of Richard II.; and he added that he had seen a manuscript of the Complaint to his Purse, containing ten times more than the printed copy, in which the poet had spoken of his wrongful imprisonment. This biographer, however, did not venture to go at all into detail. He contented himself simply with complimenting the prudence of Chaucer in those troublous times; for he tells us that "as he was learned, so was he wise, and kept himself much out of the way in Holland, Zealand, and France, where he wrote most of his books."

The next edition of Chaucer, excluding, of course, mere reprints, was that of Urry, which came out in 1721. This is the last of the folios. But it has several other claims to notice. Among the many poor editions of the poet's works, it early acquired and has ever since retained the double distinction of being the poorest and most pretentious. Tyrwhitt, in fact, in his preface to the Canterbury Tales, declared that it ought never to be opened by any one for the purpose of reading Chaucer. Still, as the volume is pretty scarce, and on that account held at a somewhat high price, it is not likely that many have been seriously injured by its perusal, or that the reputation of the poet as poet has suffered in consequence to any great extent. But so much cannot be said for the elaborate biography prefixed to it. This, however, was not written by Urry himself, who had died before the work was finished, but by a certain Mr. Dart, who was employed for that purpose by the University of Oxford. It is always interesting to observe how much more positive and precise men become in their knowledge of events the farther they are removed from the time in which the events occurred; but in this particular case it is almost startling to find into what magnificent proportions

the simple story of Chaucer's life had been developed during the little more than one century that had elapsed between the appearance of these two editions. Doubt had become certainty, surmise had been turned into explicit assertion. Nothing new had actually been discovered, but an infinitude of exact detail had been secured by a thorough and systematic utilization of the hints scattered up and down the pages of the Testament of Love. The personal statements of that treatise were made to refer to certain well-known facts in Chaucer's career, which had been carefully dovetailed with other facts in the political history of the times; and from the union of these three sources of information, each of which standing by itself was probably true, a clear and consistent narrative was formed which has turned out to be absolutely false.

This is an abstract of the story as told in Urry's edition and repeated with more or less fullness of detail by every biographer up to about the middle of the present century. Chaucer was attached to the party of John of Gaunt, the "time-honored Lancaster" of Shakespeare, the uncle of the boy-king, Richard II. At a period when the influence of that nobleman was on the wane, and while he himself was absent from England, the country was disturbed by civil commotions excited by his followers. The culmination of the troubles came in 1384, when John of Northampton, a creature of the Duke of Lancaster, took advantage of the favor in which he stood with the multitude to seek reëlection as lord mayor of London. This brought him into collision with the court, and in the conflict which ensued the poet, who was at that time controller of the customs, took sides with the popular party. The latter were defeated. The success of the court was followed by the downfall and ruin of all opposed to it who had been concerned in these disturbances. Chaucer was forced to go into exile. He made his escape to Hainault, afterwards went to France, and finally took refuge in Zealand. There he struggled for a while with all sorts of privations; but finding, at last, his means of support entirely cut off by the treachery of pretended friends, he carried into effect the apparently desperate resolution of returning to his native country. Soon after his arrival in England he was arrested and imprisoned, probably in the Tower; and he was informed that his only way to obtain mercy was to make a full confession of the treasonable practices in which he had been engaged, and thereby expose his confederates. After evading this for a long time he at last consented. By so doing he gained the favor of the monarch, but brought upon himself the ill-will of his previous associates and of the people; and as a sort of apology for his conduct, and of consolation for the miserable straits into which he had fallen, he wrote the treatise which goes under the name of the Testament of Love.

This in the main became the accepted story, and was the one generally given. For more than a century it met with neither contradiction nor criticism. Even Tyrwhitt, though some of the statements struck him as singular and indeed as inexplicable, did not venture to question the substantial accuracy of the narrative. Elaborate as it was, it was destined to be still further elaborated in the next biography of any importance. This appeared in 1803 in two large volumes, and was the work of William Godwin, the author of the treatise on Political Justice, and the father-in-law of the poet Shelley. How any one could manage, by any conceivable device of the human intellect, to fill two enormous folios with the life of a man, all the known facts of whose history could be easily compressed into the space of a few pages, was a mystery which at first puzzled the critics of that period. An examination of the book speedily made that point entirely plain. It is an account of everything that Chaucer took part in or knew or mentioned, or might have taken part in or have known or mentioned. The process has been made so familiar to modern readers by the life of another poet, which has not yet been completed, that in this case no more than a single illustration will be needed. The antiquary

Leland had handed down the story that Chaucer was a student at law in London. It is entirely traditional. It may be true, or it may not be true. Strictly speaking, there is nothing that can be called good evidence either for it or against it. Godwin, after mentioning the statement and the uncertainty attending it, goes on to say: "Let us, however, for a moment conceive of Chaucer as a student at law, and let us examine what ideas and conceptions would have been produced in his mind by this study." On this most insecure of pegs he thereupon proceeds to hang several pages of disquisition, in which he gives an account of the civil law, of the canon law, of the feudal law, of the English constitution, of early writers on English law, of modes of pleading, of the venality of the administration of justice, and of the attempts for its reformation. This is no extreme case; and the application of this process through two volumes causes Chaucer himself often to appear to the reader as an exceedingly dim and dubious speck on the horizon of the book devoted to his life. Nor did the biographer stop here. Not only was everything examined anew, but satisfactory reasons were given for everybody's conduct and precise dates assigned to everybody's actions. Godwin, indeed, added something specific to our knowledge of the poet by printing some official documents which had never before been brought to light; and it is curious to observe how gallantly he struggled with the difficulties which the very records he had himself unearthed raised in the way of his theories. It was in the beginning of 1384 that the disturbances in the city of London had taken place. It was then that John of Northampton had been the candidate for lord mayor. It was in the middle of that same year that this popular leader was brought to trial and sentenced to imprisonment. It would have been reasonable to suppose, Godwin justly remarked, that the flight of Chaucer began about the time of the arrest of the man whose cause he had supported. But unfortunately the records of the reign of Richard II. show that in November, 1384, leave of absence for one month from the duties of his office was granted the poet on the ground of urgent business connected with his private affairs. Accordingly, he must then have been in London. But the biographer felt that it was incumbent to exile him, and therefore inclined to the belief that Chaucer took advantage of this leave of absence to withdraw to the Continent. So nine months after the arrest, and three months after the trial and imprisonment of the ringleader in whose plot he was concerned, the poet, without any apparently adequate motive, got a leave of absence from his duties in order to run away from his native land. Even this was not all. Godwin discovered from the records that Chaucer was not deprived of his office as controller of the customs; and, moreover, that in the beginning of 1385 he was granted the special favor of executing its functions by deputy. But his faith in the common story was of the kind that removes mountains. Difficulties did not daunt him, impossibilities only made it dearer to him. Dating Chaucer's flight from November, 1384, he insisted that the time of his exile lasted two years, and even went so far as to assure us that he doubtless took his wife with him, that is, if she were living. The reasons given for this assertion were certainly as convincing as those advanced for most of the statements contained in this narrative. Though prudence would have dictated the separation, the poet "was too deeply pervaded with the human and domestic affections to be able to consent to such a measure." The taking with him of his wife necessarily involved the taking also of his little son Lewis, who was then about four years old. Doubt was graciously expressed as to whether he was accompanied by his elder son, Thomas; a hesitation which is fortunate for the biographer, as modern investigations seem to prove that Thomas Chaucer was not the poet's son. Godwin, having started the family on their travels, landed them at last in Zealand; and his account of what happened there does not differ from the one usually given, save in the greater minuteness of detail.

He returned the poet to England in 1386, where he had him immediately arrested and confined, though he added he had searched in vain among the records for the warrant committing him to prison. There he remained until 1389, when after confessing his treason and exposing his accomplices he was set at liberty; and in June of that year he composed the Testament of Love, though it was not published sooner than 1393.

It is not simply that this elaborate story was a fiction throughout that made its constant reappearance disagreeable. But from its very nature it conveyed an imputation upon the character of the man which every admirer of the poet felt called upon to apologize for and explain away, so far as lay in his power. As a matter of fact, all sorts of palliating circumstances were introduced by every one of his biographers. But the need of all explanation and apology was finally to pass away. In 1845 the distinguished antiquary, Sir Nicolas Harris Nicolas, prefixed to the Aldine edition of Chaucer's poetical works a life which was largely based upon official documents that had never before been printed, nor probably for this purpose even perused. The biography, it must be confessed, was not in itself particularly entertaining; but dry as it was, it was far more destructive. The whole edifice of fiction that had been so carefully reared toppled at once. The records that were published destroyed forever any autobiographic value that could be attached to the Testament of Love, at least as regards Chaucer. They demonstrated beyond a doubt that during the time he was supposed to be in exile, he was living in London; that from 1380 to 1388 he received half of his pension semi-annually with his own hands; that he held both his offices in the customs from 1382 to 1386; and that in the last-named year, when he was theoretically in prison in the Tower, he was actually a member of Parliament as knight of the shire for the county of Kent.

But, after all, nothing has much more vitality than a lie. Though the absurdity of these statements has been shown beyond cavil, they still hold a place in most of the popular accounts that are given of the poet. They still continue to deform books of reference generally trustworthy. Naturally they would be found in all of them that were published before 1845; but since that time there has appeared the eighth edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica,[1] Allibone's Dictionary of Authors, and two editions of the New American Cyclopædia, and in every one of them this exploded story is gravely told as a truth. Worse than this, there has been an effort to reconstruct it so as to make it fit in with another period of Chaucer's life, during which we are pretty certain that he was in trouble and perhaps in disgrace. As late as 1867, Professor Morley, of University College, London, evolved a new arrangement of the events referred to in the Testament of Love. After criticising the previous explanation of the autobiography as placing "Chaucer at an impossible date, 1384, in the impossible position of a supporter of the citizens of London against the king," he went on to advance another theory, which had nothing to recommend it save its novelty, and which cannot be disproved simply and solely because it cannot be proved. He established, to his own satisfaction at least, that Chaucer was thrown into prison during the sitting of the Parliament that met in February, 1388; and he added some reflections as to the loss which English literature would have sustained had the poet been executed before he wrote the Canterbury Tales; for it is to be borne in mind that those were days of somewhat liberal and indiscriminate hanging. Following the fashion of making history which Godwin had introduced, he likewise informed us that the son of the Duke of Lancaster, the Earl of Derby, who subsequently ascended the throne as Henry IV., was the person who persuaded Chaucer to separate himself from his dishonorable associates, and to confess the plots in which they had been concerned. Singularly enough, Morley took no notice of the plain refer-

[1] The story is not found, however, in the article on Chaucer, in the ninth edition, now coming out.

ence to exile which appeared in the Testament of Love, although he quoted the very passage in which it occurred.

About this time, however, an unexpected turn was given to the whole discussion. Hitherto no doubt had been expressed as to the genuineness of the treatise upon which this story had been founded; at least no doubt had been publicly expressed, whatever may have been the views privately entertained. Sir Harris Nicolas had simply contented himself with denying the autobiographic value of the Testament of Love, which he spoke of as an "allegorical composition, of which it is equally difficult to comprehend the meaning or the purport." But in 1866 Wilhelm Hertzberg, a German author, published a translation into that language of the Canterbury Tales. To this he prefixed an introduction, in which he devoted a good deal of attention to several obscure points in the poet's life and writings. As a result of his examination he was led to deny not merely that the Testament of Love had any value as illustrating passages in Chaucer's career, but even that it was written by Chaucer at all. He pointed out how insignificant was the evidence in favor of this, and against it brought forward three arguments. The first was that the treatise was not mentioned by Lydgate, who, in his prologue to his translation of Boccaccio's Fall of Princes, specifically named both the poetical and prose works of the man he called his master. The second was that the author of the Testament of Love, whoever he was, invariably spoke of himself in the first person, and thereby separated himself from Chaucer, of whom he spoke in the third. And lastly, the manner in which he spoke of him was in terms of the very highest praise, in words, indeed, which would not only be out of taste as coming from the poet's own mouth, but wholly out of character. For while in Chaucer's writings there are frequent allusions to himself, these allusions, so far from being of a self-asserting nature, are almost invariably depreciatory. In this respect they present a marked contrast to the passage in which he is mentioned in the Testament of Love. This occurs in the third book, which is largely taken up with the discussion of the questions of God's foreknowledge and of man's free will, but does no more than suggest their inevitable entail of endless controversy as to the origin of evil. To the query propounded by the writer whether, if certain points of view are insisted on, it does not necessarily follow that God is the maker and author of bad works, and therefore cannot rightfully punish the evil doings of mankind, Love rather cleverly shifts the burden of reply to Chaucer's shoulders. The passage, with the spelling modernized, reads as follows:—

"Quoth Love, I shall tell thee, this lesson to learn, mine own true servant, the noble philosophical poet in English, which ever more him busieth and travaileth right sore, my name to increase; wherefore all that willen me good, owe to do him worship and reverence both: truly, his better ne his peer in school of my rules could I never find; he, quoth she, in a treatise that he made of my servant Troilus hath this matter touched, and at the full this question assoiled. Certainly his noble sayings can I not amend: in goodness of gentle manly speech, without any nicety of starieres imagination, in wit and in good reason of sentence he passeth all other makers."

To those who are familiar with Chaucer's writings and with his manner of referring to himself it seems almost incredible that such a passage could have come from his own pen. For this reason, and those above given, Hertzberg concluded that the Testament of Love was not written by the poet himself, but by one of his contemporaries and admirers. He seemed to think, indeed, that no satisfactory explanation or excuse could be made for this result not having been reached previously, except on the ground that no one before himself had ever read the treatise entirely through. For the passage in regard to Chaucer occurs near the end of the incomprehensible third book, while almost every one of the personal references is to be found in the first. But Hertzberg

was not the pioneer in the exploration of that literary jungle. Others had earlier made their way through it; but the toilsomeness of the journey doubtless prevented them from thinking of anything beyond the speediest means to reach the journey's end.

Moreover about the same time, and entirely independent of Hertzberg, the same conclusion in regard to the genuineness of the treatise was reached and publicly expressed in England. The fifth annual report of the Early English Text Society gave as a reason for not reprinting the Testament of Love, which had been previously promised, that the committee had been "advised by Mr. Bradshaw, Mr. R. Morris, and Mr. Furnivall — following Mr. Payne Collier and prior critics — that the work is not Chaucer's; that there is no evidence for its being so, and much against." This statement led to a very vigorous remonstrance from Mr. Collier, who in August, 1867, the date of his Introduction to his Reprint of the Seven Poetical Miscellanies, had denied the authenticity of this production. He objected strongly to the phrase "prior critics," inasmuch as he claimed that he was the first person who had publicly declared that it could not have been written by Chaucer. A somewhat angry discussion sprang up in consequence between him and Mr. Furnivall, the director of the Early English Text Society, which was carried on in the columns of the London Athenæum for 1869. Into the details of this it is not necessary to enter; but in a communication sent by the latter gentleman to that journal in the course of the controversy, he stated that somewhere between 1863 and 1865, Mr. Bradshaw, the librarian of Trinity College, Cambridge, had denied to him the genuineness of certain poems commonly attributed to Chaucer, and also of this prose treatise which he "judged to be a late translation of a French original; that there was not a scrap of good external evidence for its being the work of the poet; that it was put into the 1532 edition of his work for no sufficient reason and in wholly uncritical times; and from internal evidence it could not be his." What Mr. Bradshaw meant by speaking of the Testament of Love as a late translation of a French original, it is hard to say. It is almost impossible, for many reasons, to make this treatise of a later date than the fourteenth century, though there are instances, in the form in which we have it now, where the language has pretty certainly been modernized. Outside of any other consideration, the fact that Chaucer in the paragraph cited above seems to be spoken of as alive may be regarded as of itself practically decisive of that question. That there is anywhere for it a French original is full as doubtful; certainly we can afford to wait for its production before accepting such a statement. But beyond the assertions quoted there has apparently been no further examination of this work, no effort of the slightest sort made to prove or disprove its genuineness, with the single exception of two facts contained in a communication from Mr. Brae, the editor of the treatise on the Astrolabe. In this he pointed out that the planetary hours, as described and correctly described by Chaucer, are not at all like the description given of them in the Testament of Love; and, furthermore, that that treatise invariably made use of *neverthelater* for *nathless* or *nevertheless*, the forms found in the undoubted works of the poet. But the simple assertion of its unauthenticity seems to have been all that was necessary. Accordingly this singular state of things has been reached, that a production which for more than three centuries at least has been admitted to be the composition of a particular author is now discarded from the list of his writings, without any attempt at proof and scarcely any at explanation. So much may be conceded to human nature, that men who find their old belief thus summarily shattered may feel that they have a just right to complain of the mysterious and arbitrary manner in which it has been demolished.

At the same time it is only internal evidence that can settle this question satisfactorily; and while this may be very

strong to the special student, it is hard to make it appear decisive to him who has only a general acquaintance with an author. Moreover, the internal evidence derived from language and style is far more conclusive than that more tangible sort on which Hertzberg mainly relied. The latter, after all, raised only a presumption. It created difficulties, but they were difficulties that could be surmounted. But the evidence from language and style is something that can hardly be shaken, if the whole work ever receives that thorough critical examination to which as yet it has never been subjected. In this place only the most obvious differences between it and the admitted prose productions of Chaucer can receive attention; and it is proper to say that any close comparison will be peculiarly troublesome from the uncertainty prevailing as to the correct text of the Testament of Love. No manuscript of the treatise is known to exist; and the copy which appeared in the first edition of 1532 has been the one which has been followed in all subsequent publications. All criticism must, therefore, be somewhat modified by the fact that the text, as we now have it, is to a greater or less extent corrupt. Still it is not so corrupt that certain general statements cannot be safely made in regard to the work as a whole, and especially to its character as a prose production.

The art of writing prose is always of comparatively late development. It usually takes many years of literary culture before it is ever done at all; centuries before it is done well. No more striking illustration of this truth can be found in the history of our own literature than in the writings of Chaucer himself. His prose works not only have nothing of the deeper qualities of his poetry, but they show scarcely a sign of its lightness and grace, its fancy and its fun. It may be said, to be sure, that the treatise on the Astrolabe, designed as it was merely for instruction, does not afford any opportunity for the exhibition of those characteristics; and in his version of the Consolation of Philosophy, the poet was naturally bound by the necessity which the translator labors under of reproducing the original. But there are two prose pieces included in the Canterbury Tales, — the Tale of Melibeus and the Persones Tale, — and not only are they the least read, they are the least worth reading. It is, in fact, hardly an exaggeration to say that they are never read at all. Men now talk of the shackles of verse; and the linguistic and literary revolution that has taken place since the fourteenth century is nowhere more strikingly brought to notice than in the restraint which was laid upon Chaucer's genius by the shackles of prose. The Tale of Melibeus is very much in the nature of those impositions that some modern novels have made familiar to all of us, in which when we ask for bread in the shape of a story, we get a stone in the shape of a sermon. It reminds one of nothing so much as of those short and easy lessons in statesmanship and morals which the average American college student is accustomed to furnish in some prize essay as his contribution to the speculative thought of the times. The Persones Tale is even duller. Nothing more wearisome to the carnal heart can well be imagined than the worthy priest's disquisition upon the various venial and deadly sins to which man's frail being is exposed, and the various remedies against them. It is one long, dead level of tediousness, save in two or three places where the preacher steps aside to denounce some particular manifestation of evil, as, for instance, that of "outrageous array of clothing," and thereby gives us a glimpse of practices then prevalent. Nevertheless it should in justice be added that there is a certain quaintness about Chaucer's prose which has an interest of its own; but it is probably due more to the language of his age than to any special characteristics of his own style.

But whatever else may be said about Chaucer's prose, it is perfectly intelligible. He was never in any doubt as to his own meaning, and, little plastic as the language then was, had command enough of it to express that meaning clearly to

others. Especially was he too full of the simplicity of genius to make that pretense to profundity which consists in stating the most ordinary commonplaces in the most oppressively solemn and obscure manner. In this respect, particularly, the Testament of Love is altogether different from any of the prose works of the poet which we know to be certainly his. It is not alone that it is not interesting; it never escapes from being excessively commonplace except by becoming excessively obscure. A few venturesome souls have read it through; but no one has ever really understood it. There are those, to be sure, who think they have; but they forget that comprehension of parts of a work by no means involves the comprehension of it as a whole. Its form and subject-matter are of a kind to deter investigation. Allegory is obscure, metaphysics are dry; and the union of both in this one treatise has resulted in making it the darkest and dullest production that can be found in the whole range of early if not of all English literature. Moreover, in addition to the difficulty of understanding it, the mind of the reader is constantly haunted by a dreadful suspicion which paralyzes all continuous effort, that after the task of making out the meaning shall have been accomplished it will be found to have not been worth making out. The text, as has already been said, must be in a more or less corrupt state. Certainly, parts of it in their present form are absolutely incomprehensible. There are passages from which, as they appear, no one can get an intelligible idea, conceding that in their original shape they expressed an intelligible idea. Generally the style may be said to be a most vicious specimen of a most vicious kind. Sentences are not only long, but are inextricably involved. In many places, besides, the grammar is in a hopelessly muddled condition. Adjectives are torn away from the nouns which they qualify, or are left without anything to qualify at all. Substantives which seem to be designed to stand for the subject of the sentence are left in the most helpless way without any verb to be attached to, and are finally shut out from sight and lost to memory by intervening masses of parenthetical clauses that rise up on every side; and very few readers, in consequence, have the patience to trust themselves for any length of time to this stream of muddy metaphysics, that winds its way through a channel of still muddier syntax to nowhere in particular.

And not only is the general style entirely different from that of the prose works which are certainly Chaucer's, but peculiarities of construction occur constantly in this treatise which are found rarely, if at all, in the former. One of them, especially, is the excessive tendency to throw the verb to the end of the sentence. It is only in the Tale of Melibeus that there is any resemblance at all to this in the unquestionably genuine works of the poet, and in that it is far from being so noticeable. Another though much less marked feature is the employment of double comparison, as *more hardier*, *more sweeter*, *noblerer*. This is common in many of the writers of the fourteenth century, but is exceptionally rare in Chaucer. The Harleian manuscript, as edited by Wright, exhibits, to be sure, in the Tale of Melibeus, three instances of this usage, twice in *more easier*, once in *most greatest;* but these forms do not appear in the other manuscripts that have been printed, nor are any examples of a similar construction found in the Persones Tale, the translation of Boethius, or in the treatise on the Astrolabe. So also the frequent employment of *are* in the Testament of Love as the third person plural of the present tense of the verb *to be* contrasts strongly with the almost invariable employment by Chaucer of *ben*. It is easy to lay too much stress upon such particulars; they can only be regarded as corroboratory evidence, not as conclusive. There is but little limit to changes that may have been due to the copyist; and there is certainly nothing to prevent a writer from using forms and expressions at one time of his life which he would not or did not use at another. After all, the essential difference is in

the clearness with which the ideas are expressed. The author of the Testament of Love was the slave of his language. He had no mastery over it, no power to mold it into the shape best suited to convey his meaning. Not unfrequently when he began a sentence, he was dominated by some word or clause that suggested a new thought or a modification of the previous thought, and was carried away by it to an entirely different point from that for which he set out: so that the reader who embarks on the stream of his statement can never be quite sure as to where he is to be landed. At the very opening of the prologue he took pains to say that such skill in writing is attained by some that the subject of which they treat is not heeded at all; but he flattered himself that his manner of composition was so poor that it would have the effect of turning the attention of his readers to the matter. It is a curious comment upon this that the "rude words and boistous," on which he rather prided himself, are so put together that no one has as yet been fully able to comprehend what they are written about. The author, whoever he was, apparently never lived to perpetrate a second treatise, which near the beginning of the second book he threatened; or if he did, it has fortunately perished.

It would simply be unjust and unfair to convey the idea that the Testament of Love has not many portions which are clearly expressed. It would be even more unfair at a period like this, when poets are no longer born but are discovered, when there is no production of our early literature, whether in prose or verse, so tedious and stupid that it does not find admirers, to imply that there are not those who see in this treatise numerous passages of great beauty. Still it is safe to say that, like many far more famous works, it has been admired chiefly by those who have not read it. But whatever may be its value in itself, its value as throwing any light whatever upon Chaucer's career is now forever gone.

Whether the story it tells or implies be a real or a fictitious one, it is one with which the poet has no concern. But it is little creditable to literary history that the carelessness of the first editors in admitting into the collection of his works a treatise that did not belong to it, and the ingenuity of later biographers in deducing from this unauthentic production unfounded inferences, have combined to cast, for more than three centuries, upon the foremost writer of our early speech a stain which has not yet been wholly effaced.

T. R. Lounsbury.

CONSULAR SERVICE AND SOCIETY IN EGYPT.

The official reception of a consul-general by the Egyptian government is made the occasion of a ceremonious pageant which is interesting and characteristic. Even among the Western nations, the first audience accorded to a new ambassador by the sovereign to whom he is accredited is an occasion of some solemnity, of much pains taken on both sides that there shall be no neglect of the forms of courtesy. The ceremony in Egypt might perhaps be reduced to more simple proportions but for the difficulty in making a change, at any particular epoch, in a matter of usage so long established. Whenever a new consul-general arrives, it is naturally deemed proper to receive him with the same honors as the last. I arrived in Egypt in the hot season, to occupy the post rendered vacant by the death of my predecessor, and agreeably to the instructions of the Department of State established relations immediately with the gov-

ernment. His highness the Pacha (as we then called him) received me informally at Alexandria, in August, and the ceremonious reception was postponed until the summer should have passed and the offices of the government should have been transferred to Cairo. Meanwhile three other new consuls-general had arrived, — a rather unusual number for so short an interval, — and their receptions were appointed to follow mine, which was to take place at Cairo on the 10th of October, in the palace of Kasr-el-Nil, situated, as the name indicates, on the bank of the Nile.

I had come from Alexandria to Cairo the day before. The weather was excessively warm. The resolution of Congress prohibiting any person in the diplomatic service of the United States from wearing an official dress was passed in 1867; previous to that date, a distinctive official costume had been usual in Egypt. I took my uniform from the box in which it was packed by the tailor in London who made it. He had told me that his grandfather made the uniform worn by John Adams, our first minister at the court of St. James; his father, that of John Quincy Adams; and he himself, that of Charles Francis Adams. His occupation in making uniforms for American diplomatists is now gone. The costume, although handsome, was extremely simple and without unnecessary ornament: a coat of dark-blue cloth, embroidered with gold lace, in the pattern of which acorns and oak leaves were introduced; a buff waistcoat; trousers with a gold stripe. The buttons on the coat and waistcoat bore the conventional effigies of the American eagle. A chapeau with gilt tassel, and a dress sword, completed the equipment. Hassan and Yani, the *cawasses* of the consulate (or janissaries as they are more commonly called), were resplendent in the colors allowed to Oriental costume, and each bore with pride his long silver-mounted staff of office.

Zeky Bey, the master of ceremonies, called at the hotel where I was staying at about nine o'clock in the morning, and presently it was announced that the cortége was in readiness to conduct me to the palace. There was a state carriage, a stupendous vehicle, elaborately decorated with gilding on the outside, and upholstered inside with white satin worked with threads of gold. It was drawn by four horses richly caparisoned. Two other carriages, scarcely less magnificent, were occupied by officers in attendance. A number of mounted outriders in gay uniforms surrounded the carriages, and a corps of one hundred and fifty government cawasses formed the escort.

As the escort was on foot, the progress was slow, and the heat seemed almost intolerable to people dressed in heavy uniforms. It was, however, not difficult to maintain conversation with the amiable and affable Zeky Bey. The distance from the hotel to the palace was between two and three miles. As the procession entered the court-yard it was greeted by a lively peal of music from a military band stationed there; three regiments of soldiers drawn up in array presented arms, and a small section of artillery thundered into the ears of the inhabitants of Cairo the tidings that a new consul-general had come. A number of dignitaries were assembled on the steps of the palace. Zeky Bey led me across the spacious entrance hall, between two rows of pachas and beys, to a room opening from the upper end, where Ismail Pacha was ready to receive me.

His highness had with him Chérif Pacha, minister of foreign affairs, and some other official personages. He was seated at the most remote part of the room when I entered, but arose and advanced towards me, so that we met about the middle of the room, when I bowed and spoke the words of a brief address in French, previously prepared and committed to memory. In the determination to make no mistake or break-down, I had so indelibly stamped the words upon my memory that they sometimes now recur to me at odd minutes. I placed in the hands of his highness the letter of credence from the president, sealed with the great seal of the United States.

An office-copy of the letter, furnished to me for the purpose by the Department of State, had already been communicated to the minister, agreeably to diplomatic usage. The following is a copy of the form used in such letters: —

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, *President of the United States of America, to His Highness the Pacha of Egypt, etc., etc., etc.*

GREAT AND GOOD FRIEND: I have chosen ——, a respectable citizen of the United States, as Agent and Consul-General of the United States of America for Egypt, to reside at Alexandria, to watch over our interests, and by all honorable means to cultivate and to maintain harmony and good-will between us. Wherefore, I request your highness to receive him in this character, to cause him to be duly respected, and to give full credit to what he shall represent from his government, more especially when he shall assure you of our cordial friendship.

Written at Washington, the —— day of ——, in the year of our Lord ——.

Your Good Friend,

[Signed] ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President:

[Signed] WILLIAM H. SEWARD,
Secretary of State.

His highness made a reply, which, as is usual in such cases, was an echo or reciprocation of the amicable sentiments of the president's letter and of the consul-general's address. He then shook hands and invited me to a seat, in the corner of the room, in one of two large *fauteuils* upholstered in yellow silk, the other of which he occupied himself. The other personages present, who had formed a semicircle at a little distance while the address and reply were spoken, remained standing, until at a motion of his hand they took seats upon the divan which surrounded the room on every side. Long pipes with jeweled mouth-pieces were brought, and coffee was served, scalding hot but delicious, in small cups of delicate porcelain, mounted on stands of gold of curious workmanship and ornamented with diamonds. His highness at once entered into an affable and unceremonious conversation, speaking of the pleasantness of the fresh air from the water, which was indeed most grateful in this large, cool room of the palace, shaded by trees and standing upon the river's bank. On my side, allusion was made to the many fatiguing ceremonies he was undergoing: for two days previously there had been a formal presentation to him of a portrait of the sultan, brought by a special envoy from Constantinople; on the day before, he had in like manner received the decoration of the Grand Cross of Greece, at the hands of a special envoy from the young King George; the present reception was to be followed the same afternoon by that of the Persian consul-general, and this, on following days, by those of the Greek and Brazilian consuls-general. After a short time thus spent in conversation, the interview ended; and the forms incident to taking leave having been gone through with, the procession returned to the hotel in the same order in which it had come.

Immediately after this ceremony, it is the usage for the new consul-general to receive formal visits from his colleagues (who have been notified of the time of the official reception at the palace) and to return them the same day. These visits were at that time made in uniform; but not long after the time when Congress prohibited the use of diplomatic uniforms in the American service, the consular body in Egypt came to the resolution to dispense with them on occasions even of ceremonious visits to each other.

The first consul-general sent to Egypt by the United States was Daniel S. Macauley, who arrived at Alexandria in February, 1849. Congress had made provision for the office by a clause in an appropriation act the previous year. We had formerly been represented by consuls at Alexandria and sometimes at Cairo, although our consular service in all parts of the world was without regular system or organization until 1856. Mr. Macauley was appointed by President Polk, and entered upon his duties a short time before the inauguration of President Taylor. His was not a political

appointment; he had had a long experience at one of the consular posts on the north coast of Africa, posts which were established in the earlier years of the republic, and which, with the exception of the consulate at London, were for a long time the only consular offices in our service for which salaries were provided. Mr. Macauley died in Egypt, in 1853. Mr. R. B. Jones was appointed by President Fillmore to succeed him. The occasion for this appointment arose during the brief interval when Mr. Everett held the office of secretary of state, after the death of Mr. Webster. Mr. Jones had visited Egypt as an officer of the navy in the time of Mehemet Ali. His service there under his appointment as consul-general was brief, and he was succeeded, on the change of administration at home, by Mr. Edwin De Leon, who came to Egypt in November, 1853. Mr. De Leon was appointed by President Pierce and held the office during the administrations of that president and his successor, Mr. Buchanan, retiring at the outbreak of the rebellion, in which he espoused the cause of the Confederates. The appointment of Mr. William Sydney Thayer was one of the first acts of President Lincoln's administration, the nomination being sent to the senate on the 5th of March, 1861, together with those of Mr. Adams as minister to England, Mr. Dayton as minister to France, and Mr. Marsh as minister to Italy. Mr. Judd had been nominated as minister to Prussia the day before. Mr. Thayer came to Egypt in June, 1861, and died in that country in April, 1864. My own appointment was made on the 18th of May in that year; I arrived in Egypt in August, and remained there until May, 1870.

The appointments subordinate to the consul-general were made, according to the usage of our service, by the Department of State, on the nomination of the principal consular officer. With regard to these I acted on the plan of not changing what was already established. There were officers with the title of vice-consul at Alexandria, Damietta, and Suez, and others known as consular agents at several of the inland towns in Lower Egypt and upon the river. They were able frequently to be of use to travelers; and as the works on the Suez Canal progressed, and were largely visited, similar officers were named for Port Said and Ismailia on the isthmus. The duties of vice-consul at Alexandria had been performed from time to time under my predecessors by Mr. Victor Barthow, a gentleman exceedingly capable for the post. Although born in Egypt he was a citizen of the United States by virtue of the nationality of his father, a native born citizen and an officer in the navy. He was well acquainted with the languages current in Egypt, including Arabic, and had been useful to the government of Mehemet Ali in making translations, and in rendering other services at that critical period in the modern history of Egypt. The appointment of vice-consul at Alexandria (the term "vice-consul-general" had not then been invented) was conferred on him during my term of service, and afterwards he received the compliment of the appointment by the president to be consul at Cairo. Unfortunately this was little more than a compliment, as no emoluments beyond the receipt of a trifling amount of fees attach to that office. This was not very long before his death, which occurred in 1872.

The graves of Mr. Macauley and of Mr. Thayer in the Protestant cemetery at Alexandria are marked by appropriate monuments, and receive tender care and attention from the representatives of our government in the distant country where these consuls closed their lives in its service.

At the time of my service in Egypt, sixteen nations had consuls-general there. These nations, besides the United States, were the following: Austria, Belgium, Brazil, Denmark, France, Great Britain, Greece, Italy, the Netherlands, Persia, Portugal, Prussia, Russia, Spain, and Sweden and Norway, the last two kingdoms counting together as a single power. The grade of all these officers in their consular service was "consul-general," but some of them bore the full

title of "agent and consul-general," which is understood to imply at least a *quasi*-diplomatic rank. From some of the same countries were consuls also, either at Alexandria or Cairo, and in one or two instances at both of those places. For a short time there was a consulate-general of the "empire" of Mexico, held by a resident native who was understood to have received the appointment through the minister of Maximilian at Constantinople; but with that administration, of course, the United States had nothing to do. On the formation of the North German Union, the agent and consul-general of Prussia received the same appointment under the new form of government in his country, and at the same time the consulate-general in Egypt which had previously been maintained by the Hanseatic towns was merged in the German consulate-general. It will be observed that with the exception of Persia the consulates represented Western powers, and with the further exception of Brazil and the United States, European powers.

There were frequent changes. France and Spain each had no less than four consuls-general whose service was contemporaneous with some part of my own. The number of colleagues whom I knew altogether was twenty-eight. Of those who retired, some were recalled to be decorated or otherwise distinguished for long-continued faithful service of their respective governments. These were the veterans. For instance, the British officer, Robert G. Colquhoun, had been appointed consul at Bucharest in 1834, and after having served at several intermediate posts was made agent and consul-general in Egypt in 1858; he retired in 1865, after more than thirty years of service, with a pension for the residue of his life, computed at half the salary received at the time of retirement, and was made a knight commander of the Bath, which gave him the title of "Sir Robert." The pension was nine hundred pounds per annum, or more than the salary accorded for actual service to the representative of the United States of the same grade at the same post. Mr. Tastu, the French consul-general, on retiring was treated with similar liberality; he was decorated and was made *ministre en disponibilité*, that is, nominally liable to be called upon for service, meanwhile receiving a salary. The others on leaving Egypt were nearly all appointed to more difficult and highly prized posts of duty. The average term in Egypt of those whose acquaintance I made at the beginning or in the course of my own service was, in fact, less than three years; and considerably less, if the number of the resident merchants representing smaller powers be left out of the account. Notwithstanding our mischievous system of "rotation," and the frequent changes it involves, it is because the consul's term at the post to which he is sent is generally his whole service that it is to be regarded as brief; the consuls of other countries are not generally left as long even as four years in the same place. They are transferred, chiefly by way of promotion, from one post to another, until they can be retired with distinction to close their careers in private life. The same principle of frequent transfers is applied to the officers of lower grades. By the carefully arranged systems of the Continental nations the vice-consuls are divided into classes, with promotion from a lower to a higher, and are recruited from the young gentlemen who begin the career as *elèves consuls*, or consular pupils. Promotions from one grade to another and changes from one post to another are accordingly constantly going on, from which results a great variety in the acquaintanceships that are formed.

One of the matters which was occupying the attention of the consular body when I arrived in Egypt was the question, who was our *doyen?* In a strictly diplomatic circle at the capital of a nation, this position belongs to the senior in service of the highest grade represented at that place; except that at the courts of Roman Catholic countries the precedency is allowed to the representative of the Pope. This rule was declared by the Congress of Vienna in 1815 in these words: "Diplomatic agents

shall take precedence in their respective classes according to the date of the official notification of their arrival. The present regulation shall not cause any innovation with regard to the representative of the Pope." The United States, of course, were not parties to the Treaty of Vienna, but the Department of State has wisely prescribed the same rule, in order to avoid any inconvenience arising from differences with regard to a matter of no intrinsic consequence. The office of doyen does not imply the slightest authority over the members of the diplomatic or consular body in any place, and is chiefly significant as indicating which one of the number shall act as spokesman for the whole on ceremonial occasions. The rule of the Vienna congress, which has been cited, applies in terms only to diplomatic agents, but the same principle of seniority is recognized by custom as establishing the precedency among consuls. The difficulty of applying the rule in Egypt arose from the circumstance that a part only of the consuls-general held the quasi-diplomatic title of "agent," and while some without that title had precisely the same powers, and had been accredited with the same formalities, others were resident merchants qualified to exercise purely consular functions. It was generally admitted that there should be a distinction between these last and those who were *envoyés* from the countries they represented in the performance of their official duties, and that the office of doyen should be held by one of the latter. Under these circumstances, in accordance with an understanding arrived at by private conversation, in which the most amicable spirit was manifested on all sides, a meeting of the body was held at which two votes were passed without opposition: first, that in Egypt the office of doyen should be filled by vote; second, that the vote of the body on that occasion was for Mr. Testa, the consul-general of Sweden and Norway, the senior in years of the whole number, a veteran in official experience, and not without a long service in Egypt. When these votes were taken, one of our number good-naturedly remarked, "Nous avons fait prévaloir le principe américain." This solution of the problem was acceptable, and was adhered to for several years, until Mr. Testa left Egypt. During the interval, the governments of such of the more important powers as had not previously done this took occasion to confer upon their representatives in Egypt the full title of agent and consul-general, so that it was easy afterwards to revert to the principle which prescribed that the office should be held by the senior in service of those having that title.

This conjunction of the title of agent with that of consul-general for the officer in Egypt was expressly sanctioned by Congress in 1864, and serves to mark one of the important differences between our service in that country and elsewhere. The post in Egypt is the only one so distinguished, and the functions which the incumbent is called upon to discharge are so various that it would be difficult to describe them in detail. Even as regards purely consular duties, it is to be remarked that the popular notion that a consul anywhere is chiefly concerned about ships and sailors is not correct. This is especially the case since the passage, in 1863, of an act by Congress, providing that all invoices of goods shipped to the United States from foreign countries must be presented in triplicate for authentication to a consular officer at the place of shipment. This is the place where the transportation of the goods to the United States in fact begins, not necessarily that where they are actually put on board ship, and the establishment of this system has had the effect to augment the importance as consulates of many inland places. But besides the ordinary consular duties of the position, a peculiar importance attaches to the office of consul-general in Egypt, arising from the character which the place possesses in common with other posts in Mohammedan or non-Christian countries, the treaties with which recognize the principle of "exterritoriality," as it is called, as pertaining to the citizens or subjects of the Christian or

Western powers residing therein. It was due to the recognition of this principle that no technical difficulties stood in the way of the surrender of John H. Surratt to the government of the United States, when he was found in Egypt. Congress has imposed judicial functions on the consuls of the United States in such countries by express enactments, the validity of which was always generally recognized, and has been recently upheld by a decision of the supreme court, so far as they fall within the terms of the treaties. Our treaties with the sublime porte have been interpreted as giving to the citizens of the United States residing within the Ottoman dominions, of which Egypt forms a part, the privileges enjoyed by the subjects of Christian nations under the ancient treaties of the sultans and caliphs with the principal European powers. By virtue of these "capitulations," as they are called, the Frank residents in Egypt are suffered by the authorities of the country to enjoy an entire immunity from local laws and local tribunals, and are regarded as subject to the jurisdiction of their several consulates. It follows that it is of the utmost importance for every Frank who wishes the benefit of this privilege to register himself at his consulate, to acknowledge and accept its jurisdiction. He desires that the consulate should take notice of almost every act in his life: he goes there to be married and to record the births of his children; and, "after life's fitful fever," it is through the consulate that a permit is obtained for the burial of his body, and there his worldly estate must be settled. All formal communications between subjects of different nationalities are made by their respective consulates, and their intervention is invoked in many matters of ordinary business. The consuls have the powers of notaries public, and are constantly called upon to exercise them. The laws of most of the Continental nations of Europe prescribe a great number of formalities, attaching to the various relations of the life and work of every individual; these laws follow their people when they take up their residence in the East, and are administered through their consulates. The number of different officers known to the French civil codes, the duties of whom as regards subjects of that nation resident in Egypt devolve on the French consul-general, is as many as fifty or sixty, and the number of times that officer is called upon to sign his name officially is almost incredible. For the consular officers of the United States many perplexities were created by the importunities of persons asserting a right to the protection of the consulate to which, perhaps, they were not entitled, or by the claims of others to be subjects of its jurisdiction as citizens under evidence of naturalization obtained in some instances by fraudulent means. Such cases require very careful attention, that no wrong may be done.

The numbers of the several European colonies in Alexandria were generally estimated as follows: Greeks, fifteen thousand; Italians, nearly as many; French, ten thousand; British subjects, including Maltese, six thousand; and other nationalities smaller but considerable numbers, making fifty or sixty thousand in all. Some classes of this population, especially those of the baser sort, were of a fluctuating character. At Cairo, the permanent foreign residents amounted to five or six thousand altogether, and smaller numbers were scattered among others towns. During the construction of the Suez Canal, a considerable number of workmen of various European nationalities were employed there from time to time, but these disappeared with the completion of the undertaking.

The marked distinction between the Franks and the natives, and the exemption of the former from the jurisdiction of the local tribunals, gave an importance to the collective action of the consular body on a variety of subjects in which the Egyptian government sought their coöperation or counsel. The consuls-general were more than once assembled to consider a scheme for a municipal government of Alexandria, a thing which in itself was proper, and even almost necessary, but involving perplexing questions which always baffled solu-

tion. Here was a sea-port town with a population of one hundred and fifty thousand, more than a third of whom, including half of the well-to-do inhabitants, were independent of the local jurisdiction and paid no taxes whatever, except as duties were paid by the whole commerce of the country. It was urged with obvious force that it was not reasonable that the Egyptian government should bear the entire expense of paving the streets of Alexandria, lighting and sweeping them. The foreign residents generally expressed a willingness to be taxed for purely municipal purposes, provided they should be duly represented in whatever board of administration should be charged with collecting and disbursing the money. The plan was accepted in principle, but difficulties were always found in the way of carrying it into execution. In particular emergencies it was sometimes possible for the consular body to take special measures to preserve order and quiet among the European population, strengthening the hands of the local police by assenting to reasonable provisions for the public security, although technically in derogation of the principle assured by the capitulations. In these meetings of the consular body, the objects under consideration being of common interest, the representatives of the various nations met as equals, without reference to the number of the subjects of those nations composing the respective colonies.

Each of the consulates-general celebrates a national fête-day in the course of the year; for the United States this is, of course, the 4th of July; for Great Britain, the queen's birthday, on the 24th of May; with the French, in the time of the empire, it was the 15th of August; with the Italians, the day of the "Statute," or proclamation of the constitution, and so on. A few days beforehand, in each case, the consul-general sends about to his colleagues a paper stating that on such a day the flag of his country will be displayed at the consulate in honor of the occasion, briefly describing it; this is marked *vu* (seen) at the several consulates at which it is in turn presented, and it is a point of courtesy that their flags also shall be displayed on the same day. There thus recur fifteen or sixteen days in the course of the year when the flags of all the consulates at Alexandria are gayly waving in the wind, from this cause; besides which the Christian powers display them on Sundays throughout the year. On occasion of any national misfortune, as the death of President Lincoln, the flag is raised at half mast. Notice of such ceremony is also given to the other consulates, and it is reciprocated. It cannot be doubted that a favorable impression is made on the Oriental mind by this unity of action among the representatives of the Christian powers.

On the national fête-day, moreover, the Egyptian minister of foreign affairs, sometimes accompanied by one or more other state dignitaries, and generally by the governor of Alexandria, pays an official visit to the consul-general, and renews his felicitations on the continued maintenance of friendly relations and his good wishes for the health and happiness of the head of the foreign state. These visits were made to me on the 4th of July, and were never omitted during the term of my service in Egypt, not even in 1865, when the cholera at Alexandria was at its height. They happened inevitably at a season of intense heat; but on each occasion there was a grateful topic of conversation in the approach towards Cairo of the overflow of the Nile, of which the minister, by means of his telegraphic reports from the upper country, would be able to give exact tidings.

In the sea-port town of Damietta, the usage prevailed of an interchange of visits among the consular representatives of the foreign powers on their respective national fête-days. One of the principal inhabitants of that curious old town is Mr. Michel Surur, as warm-hearted and true a man as ever lived. He holds under the British government the office of vice-consul, to which he was appointed as long ago as 1828, being the senior member, with a single exception, in the numerous consular service of that coun-

try. When the queen's birthday recurred, it was his custom, no doubt still maintained, to hoist the British flag on the top of his house, to don the uniform prescribed by the rules of the British service for a vice-consul, and to receive the ceremonious visit of his brother, vice-consul of the United States,[1] of his nephew, vice-consul of the Hanseatic towns, and of another neighbor, the vice-consul of Russia. These guests were entertained with the dignity and courtesy due to the states which they represented, were served with pipes and coffee, and treated with every mark of genuine hospitality. But Mr. Surur's loyalty was not satisfied with these three visits. It happened that besides being the vice-consul of Great Britain, he also held the same position under the governments of Prussia and of Spain. Believing that the number of visits made, of pipes smoked, and of cups of coffee imbibed in honor of the queen ought not to suffer reduction because he was a pluralist of three offices, he resorted to an ingenious expedient to protract the ceremonies of the day. After the visits already described, he would don the official costume authorized by the rules of the Prussian consular service, and, having caused the garments of his British uniform to be laid decorously in the chair he lately occupied in receiving visits, would again enter the room, this time as a guest, taking the opposite seat, where his servants would bring him the pipe and coffee due in proper courtesy to a visiting colleague. After the lapse of an interval of time equal to that ordinarily required for a visit, necessarily spent in silence, he would retire; but would shortly return, this time dressed in uniform as Spanish vice-consul, to be again served with pipes and coffee as a guest in that capacity. A separate room in his spacious house was set apart as the state saloon for each of the powers he represented, ornamented with the appropriate national coat-of-arms richly carved, and accordingly the scene of this characteristic ceremony was varied each time that it recurred in respect of each of his three consular offices.

At Alexandria and Cairo the personal relations of the members of the consular body of all grades were most friendly, and the community of service was the basis of agreeable intercourse. About half of them had families, which were of course the nucleus of the Frank society in Egypt. The residue of this society was composed chiefly of European merchants and bankers, with a few lawyers, doctors, and clergymen. The American missionaries, with their families, teachers, and assistants from the home country, constituted an establishment of thirty or forty persons, but they were scattered in different parts of Egypt, and seldom assembled more than two or three households in Alexandria or Cairo. In social matters, Cairo was the head-quarters during the winter months, and even the resident Alexandrians generally contrived to make one or more visits to the inland city at that season; but such absences did not check the current of friendly intercourse among the families remaining in Alexandria, and the Khedive's balls, to which allusion was made in a previous paper, were given partly in one capital and partly in the other. The resident foreign circle, limited in number, comprised representatives of all European countries, besides many educated and agreeable persons who must be described as Levantines, that is, of families of European origin, but long established in the East. The French language was generally effective to solve the problem thrown upon the world at the building of the Tower of Babel, although Italian is perhaps more generally spoken in Egypt by natives who have learned only one European language; and a knowledge of English is becoming every day more usual. The cultivated Russians are masters of all tongues. Besides combining the differences of nationality and of language, the social circle united wide differences of religious faith. There were representatives of three Christian churches, the Greek, the Roman Catholic, and the Protestant, while there were a number

[1] Mr. Joseph Surur, the brother here mentioned, died in 1869.

of Israelites equal to the average of either of the other confessions. When the ladies gave an entertainment for general charitable objects, the proceeds would be divided into four portions to meet this diversity. Yet in a society composed of elements thus various in every point of view, the utmost harmony prevailed, and the forms of politeness seemed natural rather than artificial.

The foreign residents brought with them the usages of their respective countries, but these have become in some degree assimilated and adapted to the local conditions. On receiving a visit, the Oriental custom prevails in almost all houses of offering some refreshment to the guest, generally a cup of coffee. The servants have the coffee-pot at hand, to be placed over the fire at the same moment that they are aroused to answer a summons to the door, so that they may bring the cup already filled into the saloon as soon as the guest has entered. At evening parties ices are several times served, with *bonbons* and *petits gâteaux* in profuse abundance. A heavy supper is considered less necessary; but when one is served, arrangements are made to seat the guests, the tables being several times renewed for this purpose. Whether at large or small parties there is a card-room for the gentlemen, in which there is smoking throughout the evening; for in an Oriental country the idea of enjoyment would scarcely attach, in the minds of the sterner sex, to time spent without that solace. The English adhere to their dinner customs throughout the world; but in the houses of others, full dress at dinner was not exacted, and less time was spent at the table, which the gentlemen quitted in company with the ladies at the conclusion of the repast. It is well known that Prince Albert, when he came to England as the consort of the queen, would have been glad to introduce there the Continental usage in these respects, but was advised that English habits were too confirmed to tolerate a change.

Social enjoyments hardly admit of particular description without trespassing the rules which rightly guard the privacy of personal friendships. The universal and overwhelming kindness with which I was received has left a deep impression on my mind, but, although sorely tempted, I refrain from touching upon any particular incidents. If I recall a single illustration of witty speech, it is because it illustrates a necessary characteristic of such life. A lady, on being questioned about the sort of marriage she would wish her daughter to make, replied with pleasantry: "She shall not have a soldier, because he is alive to-day and dead to-morrow; nor a consul, because he is here to-day and there to-morrow; nor a banker, because he is rich to-day and ruined to-morrow." The drawback to the enjoyment of social life in Egypt is found in the many changes to which it is subject. The European residents, if possible, are absent from the country for a part of each year; my colleagues almost invariably obtained leave of absence at least once in every two years. It is not regarded as a good place in which to bring up a family. There is an impression that the children of European parents born in Egypt do not long survive, unless their residence in the country is frequently interrupted. Parents are thus constrained to leave the country from time to time, or to live there without their loved ones. The numerous partings caused by temporary absences may be cured by the pleasure of meeting again after the separation; but this cure does not admit of universal application. In very many cases the residence of foreigners in Egypt is temporary at best. The *personnel* of the consular service there, as has been shown, is constantly changing; while the merchants and professional men who establish themselves in the country either make their fortunes and go away to enjoy them elsewhere, or else they fail and go away to try life in another place. The travelers are always "birds of passage;" birds of passage, moreover, whose visits are seldom repeated. They generally do not remain in Egypt many weeks altogether, and their stay in Alexandria or Cairo in most cases does not

exceed a few days. It is very pleasant to make the acquaintance of distinguished and agreeable people, but it is disappointing to lose them from sight soon afterwards. That under such circumstances a small number of European families, of varied nationalities and differing personal interests, keep up their spirits under a species of exile, and maintain with vigorous earnestness the forms of friendly intercourse, composing what is called society, is partly due, no doubt, to the favorable natural characteristics of the country, to its delicious winter climate, for instance, to its interesting historical associations, and to the unbounded hospitality of the Khedive, whose constant effort it is to make the life of strangers brighter and more interesting. But in large degree also it must be attributed to the special kindness of heart and generous sympathy of feeling which it is pleasant to believe are inherent in our common humanity, and which wherever Christians assemble manifest themselves in their social relations with each other.

Charles Hale.

A STUDY OF DE STENDHAL.

Occasionally there are brilliant writers and superior men who are "caviare to the general;" whose pride is to be exclusive, whose aim is to be appreciated by the few. They appeal to particular people, and are best explained by a peculiar experience of life. They disdain the general public. They believe everything in literature and life to be — what we have no English expression for — *recherché*. They have consequently missed the incense of popularity, they have been neglected by the people. The most distinguished and inveterate example of this literary type is De Stendhal, whose real name was H. Beyle. Need I say he is a writer who entices the intellect but does not attract the heart? Such a writer must be provoking and epigrammatic in expression, incessant in his thinking; an analytic mind, a critic of life and character, without warmth, without glow, but keen, cutting, piercing, stinging even; a writer who may be compared to a cutter of gems, to a polisher of crystals. He takes pleasure in the hard, the neat, the shining, the brilliant, the rare; he may be said to use words to split, to shave, to sharpen common truths, to lift them out of the sphere of accident and change into a classified and fixed world, — the world of his own thoughts. His mind is a museum of classified selections; his books, descriptive catalogues of his mental possessions.

Thackeray took a sad pleasure in contemplating society and men as a spectacle of puppets. He commented on them as a play, with Tragedy at the last act dropping the pall and putting out the lights. What Thackeray is in this trite but always forcible fancy, what he is without the irresistible pathos with which he speaks of youth and love and old age, De Stendhal is at all times, — a cynical observer of men and manners, a singular man himself, speaking from a varied experience, having studied character in military camps, in battles, in the trivial and intriguing society of Italy of the first part of this century, and in the broken society of France during the wars of the first Napoleon. He has the distinction of being a literary type, a peculiar thinker, an uncommon writer. He is the eldest brother of that literary family which claims Balzac and Thackeray. I should say he is the man of the world, who observes and writes, as opposed to the solitary dreamer, who contemplates and speaks his thought in impassioned prose.

There are two great literary races in

France. Their inspiration is diverse and opposite to each other. In no prose literature is the distinction of race so clearly defined as in the French. Of the one race is Montaigne, Voltaire, De Stendhal, Balzac, Sainte-Beuve, About, and Taine; of the other is Bossuet, Fénelon, Rousseau, Chateaubriand, George Sand, and Alfred de Musset. On the one side is wit, the expression close to the thought, a direct and nervous style, a prosaic sense, everything dominated by the understanding. On the other is amplitude of expression, an ideal, something vague and grand in the conceptions, always essentially poetic and large, and exacting a liberal interpretation from unimaginative people. The first are sensible, satirical, ironical, without moral indignation, but caustic; the second are impassioned, speak from the moral sense, and appeal to the whole being as distinguished from the isolated understanding which may be said to be tickled by such writers as Montaigne and Voltaire. One of the most eminent of this high literary race is De Stendhal. His place in French life is between the first empire and the revolution of 1848. His place in literature was made by his minute observations and raillery of Continental society before it had fully incorporated modern ideas and suppressed its most ancient prejudices. De Stendhal belongs to the eighteenth century. The new ideas which turned so many heads, the immense expectations which the revolution begot in Frenchmen, did not touch him. He was soldier and civilian, scrutinizing his masters, mocking them, but never dreaming of revolt. While the noble Pierre Leroux was brooding over the ideas which were brought forth in 1848, in France, De Stendhal, simply as a man of the world, was writing the third preface to a curious book about love, De l'Amour, which had made no noise in the polite world, but had pleased some, interested some, and provoked others, —a book of shreds and patches, made of observations, anecdotes, and reflections concerning what he calls the malady of the soul.

De Stendhal is the author of fifteen books of special interest, novels, biographies, stories, art criticisms, and a remarkable history of painting in Italy, which contains several really extraordinary chapters about the temperaments and manners of men. He is the most *outré* in his thought, and the most sedate in his expression; he contrives to say things in such a way that they make you think, and to irritate the mind. His *sang froid*, his raillery, his dryness, his accumulations of observations and reflections, and the pains he takes to make you feel that unless you are well-bred and have *une âme delicate et tendre*, he does not address *you*, separate him from all the writers with whom I am acquainted. But without the wish to be one of the elect of De Stendhal's world, it is possible to appreciate his work. He has written the best criticism on Raphael that I know of; his story of Andrea del Sarto is a beautiful example of biography; his life of Leonardo da Vinci is admirable, and the reflections he makes concerning Greek art and Michael Angelo are such as do not occur to any but subtle and superior minds, out of the common track of travelers who venture into the boundless world of æsthetics.

He says of our country that the government is good and the society detestable; that love, as understood in Italy, is not in the United States; that manufacturers and bankers are recompensed by millions of dollars and not by tender sensations.

De Stendhal's novel, Le Rouge et le Noir, is a remarkable series of studies of French character, trustworthy, like Thackeray's Vanity Fair, as a rendering of society, free from the romantic interest and the magic of passion which always lift George Sand's studies above the ordinary and prosaic. De Stendhal does not share the life of his dramatic personages, like the most illustrious French romancer; he merely photographs them; he brings them before you like a detective, and lets you see them act; he penetrates their minds and betrays what is passing in their most hid-

den recesses; he describes them, but he does not judge them. He furnishes you with no moral maxims, he indites no little sermons. He is as impartial as a Greek chorus. He is absolutely unbiased and unjudging, like a perfect man of the world. He has no moral convictions, but he has taste; he has no religion, but he has a sentiment of life which consecrates certain subjects and about which he speaks with delicacy if not with reserve.

De Stendhal is a strange writer, and it is difficult to make his acquaintance for the reason that he is preoccupied with the exceptional sentiments and circumstances of human life. He is an incessant thinker, but lacks unity, largeness, and harmony in his thinking. He may be called the father of such critics as Taine and Sainte-Beuve, the Montaigne of his time, distasteful to most hearty and zealous souls, yet commanding the respect due to decided traits and a conscientious mind.

It seems strange to converse with a man who does not flatter the people, who does not take off his hat to popular idols, who avoids a platitude as most men would avoid the pest, whose only occupation seems the dissection and analysis of men and things. Such a man is rare in France, but is absolutely unknown here. Balzac had a high appreciation of his work, but said his weak point was his style; yet Taine says no literary manner is more piquant, none gives a more solid pleasure, and he praises it for being opposed to the *style à développements*, the style of pulpit orators, which is so tiresome to men of wit; on the other hand George Sand bluntly says he writes badly, but adds, "yet he says things in a way to strike and vividly interest his readers."

De Stendhal is so French that it is difficult for an American to place himself in just relation with his mind and the subjects which interested it. He is mocking and he has no heart; he has a love for conditions of life and character which are to be discovered only in Italy and France; he subjects to intellectual discrimination and judgment the gallantries and passions of idle people; he follows Faust like Mephistopheles, and he scrutinizes the simple Margaret, comparing and contrasting the allurements of her sweet nature and the expression of her fondness with other specimens *de ce genre* which he has collected and classified. He is a French Mephistopheles, little, fat, restless, observant, and, I am sorry to add, with that unexplained hankering for the obscene which is the characteristic of so many Frenchmen. It is not a Guizot, a Laboulaye, a De Lamennais, a George Sand, or a Renan who furnishes any fact for this odious comparison, but it is Montaigne, La Fontaine, Voltaire, Diderot, and De Stendhal, the dryest and hardiest successor of these purely French minds, — these men of wit, men of the world, men without the religious feeling, lively and mundane, of rare good sense, but deficient in imagination, and amused by everything transcendental. They have written the books which shock Englishmen and Americans, which offend all but the most indifferent and philosophical minds.

But to return directly to De Stendhal. He instructs us by his careful expression of personal tastes. A cynic by temperament and conviction, he never mistakes the curiosity of the public for the compassion and delicate solicitude of a friend. While he entertains his reader with what he has seen and thought, he does not betray any anxiety for your approbation. If he is lacking in imagination, his understanding is so superior that one listens contentedly to him as to a man of experience. The charm of youth, which is never lost by men of genius, which always has a place in their writings, is not in De Stendhal's style. No trace of youth is in his books, nothing of its credulity, its enthusiasm, its freshness, its energy. His books abound in curious and striking reflections, and he has rivaled Voltaire in the stinging truths he has written about his own countrymen. When he says that Montaigne and Voltaire and nearly all the brilliant and veritable French minds have not comprehended Raphael and Michael Angelo, he says something suggestive.

De Stendhal is one of the most modern of writers by his style. But like Emerson he never develops his thoughts; he merely scatters them like so many seeds which, falling in a good soil, will make their own development. He says, "I seek to relate with truth and clearness what passes in my head. I have but one rule, — to be clear; if I am not clear my whole world is ruined." We who have such an inadequate appreciation of style, and understand it by the vices of mannerists rather than by the models of the masters, could not have a more correcting and just phrase: "I have but one rule, — to be clear."

What De Stendhal calls *le véritable esprit français* is always clear, and clearness is the first condition of a good prose style. But we should not call De Stendhal an artist; his literary aim is very limited, and he does not draw upon all the means of expression. He is not an artist; his aim is not the beautiful, but the intelligible; he is not an artist, therefore he misses all the consolations of the ideal, therefore he prefers La Fontaine to Rousseau. We cannot too often repeat, he is a man of the world. He puts in play the finest irony, and pleases himself with the cold superiority of a man untouched by your enthusiasms and master of all your disguises. When you come warm and palpitating from the utterance of a man whose words sweep over your soul like the fingers of a skillful minstrel, touching all the chords of passion, he dampens your ardor by saying that all rhetoric is ridiculous; but of course he speaks like a conversationalist and not like a great writer. It is not so that De Quincey, or Burke, or Milton would have spoken.

De Stendhal's studies have all the interest of a dissection; they pique the curiosity and are repugnant at the same time, like a lesson in anatomy. Like all special examinations they appeal only to a few people, but they would be valuable as a corrective to most of us, because most of us have our literary taste formed by the verbose and general style which obtains on the platforms and in the pulpits of the land. When we make this suggestion we admit the limitations of De Stendhal. Deficiency of heart and imagination cannot be compensated by any clearness, polish, and keenness of intellect. De Stendhal instructs us in many ways, and chiefly by what he is. The worldly mind, *blasé*, stored with the fruits of travel and wide reading, and accustomed to intercourse with the most civilized minds, is not equal to a great literary or artistic work, — is not even equal to works that beget anything like a personal feeling of affection (like Goldsmith and Irving) for the author. In Le Rouge et le Noir, the man who writes seems actually suppressed. The total absence of the sympathetic nature, the presence of a dry, clear, illuminating mind, the indifference with which the scampishness and roguery of the hero are detailed, implies the intelligence of a reporter, but not a heart that suffers and rejoices. De Stendhal has no moral sense, nothing of the genial and fusing elements which endear authors to us, and because of which we give them our impassioned admiration. For De Stendhal, the author of La Chartreuse de Parme, Le Rouge et le Noir, and De l'Amour, with his penetration and subtlety, we have only intellectual curiosity; we follow his demonstrations with the consciousness that it will soon be over, and we shall breathe again quick, glad, full breaths in the wholesome air of living men and women. Yet it must not be understood from this that De Stendhal's science destroys the vitality of his subjects; it merely limits the action and interest. Julien and Fabrice are living and varied in action. Whoever would know a young Italian or a young Frenchman should read Le Rouge et le Noir and La Chartreuse de Parme. They offer types which lack the element that makes the grandeur and tediousness of the life of the English and American young man. The study of the young men of these books is made in absolute contrast with the style of George Sand's romances. Taine says De Stendhal's personages are remarkable but not great. The distinction is just. Because they are remarkable, they interest us; not be-

ing great, we cannot admire them. We rise from Thackeray's Vanity Fair saddened and disgusted with the actual English society during the Waterloo year; we rise from De Stendhal's studies of French and Italian society of the same period with a kindred sentiment. Both societies are portrayed in the same tone, but with this difference: the Englishman is at times pathetic; the Frenchman, never. De Stendhal is caustic, ironical, prosaic, inveterate; nothing mellows or fuses his phrases — but I forget; the sentiment of nature and art occasionally makes him write like a man of sensibility, and always with delicacy. Such, for example, is the description of Julien in the cathedral, his soul exalted by the full and solemn sounds of the great bell. But even in these pages worthy of George Sand there is the irony of De Stendhal, and the analysis is pushed so far that the revelation of what passes in the mind of Julien jars upon us. As lovers of fine and harmonious influences we cannot forgive the intrusion of a mean and calculating mind such as he reveals in his hero; the poet and the scamp, the lover of the ideal and the Judas soul, are not an agreeable combination for a work of art. With the instinct of a Greek artist we would protest against our guide's revelations and forbid his realism. Devoted as De Stendhal was to everything that made polite society, he was not an artist, — less of an artist than Thackeray or Balzac, the two writers who have excelled him in profiting by his studies. He was a man of sense, of rare intellectual delicacy, without any moral prejudices, on the scent for pretension, which he hunted down; he discussed woman with more boldness and sang froid, and yet with great reverence, than any other French writer; he once made this good reflection, and we are not yet sufficiently beyond its reach: —

"From the actual system of the education of young girls, all the geniuses that are born *women* are lost to the public; the very moment chance gives them the means of showing off see them reaching the most difficult of places; in our days see a Catherine II., who had no other education than danger and . . . ; a Madame Roland; an Alssandra Mari, who, in Arezzo, raises a regiment and hurls it against the French; a Caroline Queen of Naples, who knows better how to stop the contagion of liberalism than Castlereagh. As to what places an obstacle to the superiority of women in works of the mind, consult the chapter on *pudeur*. And what height would not have been reached by Miss Edgeworth, if the consideration due to a young English girl had not made it necessary for her, when she began writing, to transport the pulpit into the novel?"

To-day it is common to suggest the correspondence between music and landscape art. De Stendhal beautifully expresses the dominant charm of landscape painting when he says, "The magic of remoteness, that part of painting which charms tender imaginations, is perhaps the principal cause of its superiority to sculpture. By that it comes closer to music, it engages the imagination to complete its own pictures, and if at first struck by figures in the foreground, it is those the details of which are half hidden in air which we remember with most charm; they have taken in our soul a celestial tint."

One of his many reflections concerning wives is of general interest. He says, "By means of a certain law named *sympathy*, law of nature, which in truth vulgar souls never perceive, the defects of the companion of your life do not hurt your happiness by any positive evil which they occasion to you. I would prefer to have my wife, in a moment of rage, try and thrust a dagger at me once a year than to receive me with bad temper every evening. Between people who live together happiness is contagious. If your friend has spent her morning in copying a rose or in reading a play of Shakespeare, while you were absent, her pleasure will have been innocent; only with the ideas given to her by the rose she will bore you when you come home, and furthermore she will long to go into society that very evening and seek in it more vivid sensations. But if she has read Shakespeare well,

on the contrary, she will be happier in taking your arm for a walk in the woods than in appearing in the world. The pleasures of the world are small to happy women." It is in this fashion that De Stendhal unexpectedly brings from a common theme a suggestive thought. While he gives all the importance due to the question of sex, — a question which must always have the chief place in any discussion of woman, — he happily refutes the arguments of the stupid and knavish who would withhold the most liberalizing and emancipating studies from women. He accomplishes all that can be accomplished with irony; he trusts to love and to sex as the adequate laws to regulate and determine the conduct of women in modern society.

De Stendhal had aristocratic prejudices and tastes, he was not imbued with democratic ideas, he did not believe in heroes, he was out of humor with his time, and for immortality he missed the two essentials, — advanced ideas and a beautiful literary form. But scholars and thinkers will turn to his books with interest, and from time to time glean many suggestive thoughts. The matter of his history of painting in Italy is in every way instructive and curious; certainly an original work, remarkable in its arrangement and combination, and probably the most novel and interesting history of art ever written. All that one wishes to know, all that one may think, the most unexpected questions and the most indirect, yet questions which merely to have stated instruct us, are to be met with in the fragments, in the examinations, in the sketches, in the materials *for* a history of Italian art and society and character of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries which is called Histoire de la Peinture en Italie; but De Stendhal is better known by his Essai sur le Rire, which is occasionally quoted. His most harmonious writings are his life of Andrea del Sarto, and his Raphael. French critics claim him to be an *esprit supérieur;* our interest in him and the reason we introduce him to attention is that he is an example of mental refinement not second to Sainte-Beuve or Matthew Arnold, an unfortunate in being less of a literary artist, though of a much more original mind, than either of these illustrious critics. He hates exaggeration of phrase and rank colors in style as much as either Matthew Arnold or Sainte-Beuve, and it seems to us that he anticipated the intellectual delicacy and the search after fine gradations and subtle thoughts which make the distinguishing merits of Sainte-Beuve, the accomplished French critic, and his discriminating English disciple, Matthew Arnold.

Eugene Benson.

THE SILVER BRIDGE.

The sunset fades along the shore,
And faints behind yon rosy reach of sea;
Night falls again, but ah, no more,
No more, no more,
My love returns to me.

The lonely moon builds soft and slow
Her silver bridge across the main,
But him who sleeps the wave below,
Love mourns in vain;
Ah no, ah no,
He never comes again!

But when some night, beside the sea,
I watch, when sunset's red has ceased to burn,
That silver path, and sigh, "Ah me,
Ah me, ah me,
He never will return,"
If on that bridge of rippling light
His homeward feet should find their way,
I should not wonder at the sight,
But only say,
"Ah love, my love,
I knew you would not stay!"

Elizabeth Akers Allen.

A COUNTERFEIT PRESENTMENT.

COMEDY.

IN THREE PARTS. PART SECOND.

I.

CONSTANCE *and* MRS. WYATT.

Constance: "And he is still here? He is going to stay on, mother?" She reclines in a low folding-chair, and languidly rests her head against one of the pillows with which her mother has propped her; on the bright-colored shawl which has been thrown over her lie her pale hands loosely holding her shut fan. Her mother stands half across the room from her, and wistfully surveys her work, to see if there may not yet be some touch added for the girl's comfort.

Mrs. Wyatt: "Yes, my child. He will stay. He told your father he would stay."

Constance: "That 's very kind of him. He 's very good."

Mrs. Wyatt, seating herself before her daughter: "Do you really wish him to stay? Remember how weak you are, Constance. If you are taking anything upon yourself out of a mistaken sense of duty, of compunction, you are not kind to your poor father or to me. Not that I mean to reproach you."

Constance: "Oh, no. And I am not unkind to you in the way you think. I'm selfish enough in wishing him to stay. I can't help wanting to see him again and again, — it 's so strange, so strange. All this past week, whenever I've caught a glimpse of him, it 's been like an apparition; and whenever he has spoken, it has been like a ghost speaking. But I have n't been afraid since the first time. No, there 's been a dreary comfort in it; you won't understand it; I can't understand it myself; but I know now why people are glad to see their dead in dreams. If the ghost went, there would be nothing."

Mrs. Wyatt: "Constance, you break my heart!"

Constance: "Yes, I know it. It 's because I've none." She waits a little space without speaking, while she softly fingers the edges of the fan lying in her lap. "I suppose we shall become more acquainted, if he remains here?"

Mrs. Wyatt: "Why, not necessarily, dear. You need know nothing more of him than you do now. He seems very busy, and not in the least inclined to intrude upon us. Your father thinks him a little odd, but very gentlemanly."

Constance, dreamily: "I wonder what he would think if he knew that the man whom I would have given my life did not find my love worth having. I suppose it *was* worthless; but it seemed so much in the giving; it was that deceived me. He was wiser. Oh, me!" After a silence: "Mother, why was I so different from other girls?"

Mrs. Wyatt: "So different, Constance? You were only different in being lovelier and better than others."

Constance: "Ah, that 's the mistake! If that were true, it could never have happened. Other girls, the poorest and plainest, are kept faith with; but I was left. There must have been something about me that made him despise me. Was I silly, mother? Was I too bold, too glad to have him care for me? I was so happy that I could n't help showing it. May be that displeased him. I must have been dull and tiresome. And I suppose I was somehow repulsive, and at last he could n't bear it any longer and had to break with me. Did I dress queerly? I know I looked ridiculous at times; and people laughed at me before him."

Mrs. Wyatt: "Oh, Constance, Constance! Can't you understand that it was his unworthiness alone, his wicked heartlessness?"

Constance, with gentle slowness: "No, I can't understand that. It happened after we had learned to know each other so well. If he had been fickle, it would have happened long before that. It was something odious in me that he did n't see at first. I have thought it out. It seems strange, now, that people could ever have tolerated me." Desolately: "Well, they have their revenge."

Mrs. Wyatt: "Their revenge on *you*, Constance? What harm did you ever do them, my poor child? Oh, you must n't let these morbid fancies overcome you. Where is our Constance that used to be, — our brave, bright girl, that nothing could daunt, and nothing could sadden?"

Constance, sobbing: "Dead, dead!"

Mrs. Wyatt: "I can't understand! You are so young still, and with the world all before you. Why will you let one man's baseness blacken it all, and blight your young life so? Where is your pride, Constance?"

Constance: "Pride? What have I to do with pride? A thing like me!"

Mrs. Wyatt: "Oh, child, you 're pitiless! It seems as if you took a dreadful pleasure in torturing those who love you."

Constance: "You 've said it, mother. I do. I know now that I am a vampire, and that it 's my hideous fate to prey upon those who are dearest to me. He must have known, he must have felt the vampire nature in me."

Mrs. Wyatt: "Constance!"

Constance: "But at least I can be kind to those who care nothing for me. Who is this stranger? He must be an odd kind of man, to forgive us. What is he, mother? — if he is anything in himself; he seems to me only a likeness, not a reality."

Mrs. Wyatt: "He is a painter, your father says." Mrs. Wyatt gives a quick sigh of relief, and makes haste to confirm the direction of the talk away from Constance: "He is painting some landscapes, here. That friend of his who went to-day is a cousin of your father's old friend, Major Cummings. He 's a minister."

Constance: "What is the painter's name? Not that it matters. But I must call him something if I meet him again."

Mrs. Wyatt: "Mr. Bartlett."

Constance: "Oh, yes, I forgot." She falls into a brooding silence. "I wonder if *he* will despise me, — if he will be like in that, too?" Mrs. Wyatt sighs patiently. "Why do you mind what I say, mother? I 'm not worth it. I must talk on, or else go mad with the mystery of what has been. We were so happy; he was so good to me, so kind; there was nothing but papa's not seeming to like him; and then suddenly, in an instant, he turns and strikes me down! Yes, it was like a deadly blow. If you don't let me believe that it was because he saw all at once that I was utterly unworthy, I can't believe anything."

Mrs. Wyatt: "Hush, Constance; you don't know what you 're saying."

Constance: "Oh, I know too well! And now this stranger, who is so like him, — who has all his looks, who has his walk, who has his voice, — won't he have his insight, too? I had better show myself for what I am, at once, — weak, stupid, selfish, false; it 'll save me the pain of being found out. Pain? Oh, I 'm past hurting! Why do you cry, mother? I 'm not worth your tears."

Mrs. Wyatt: "You 're all the world to us, Constance; you know it, child. Your poor father" —

Constance: "Does papa really like me?"

Mrs. Wyatt: "Constance!"

Constance: "No; but why should he? He never liked *him;* and sometimes I 've wondered, if it was n't papa's not liking him that first set him against me. Of course, it was best he should find me out, but still I can't keep from thinking that if he had never *begun* to dislike me! I noticed from the first that after papa had been with us he was cold and constrained. Mamma, I had better say it: I don't believe I love papa as I ought. There 's something in my heart — some hardness — against him when he 's kindest to me. If he had only been kinder to *him*" —

Mrs. Wyatt: "Kinder to *him?* Constance, you drive me wild! Kind to a wolf, kind to a snake! Kind to the thief who has robbed us of all that made our lives dear; who stole your love, and then your hope, your health, your joy, your pride, your peace! And you think your father might have been kinder to *him!* Constance, you were our little girl when the war began, — the last of brothers and sisters that had died. You seemed given to our later years to console and comfort us for all that had been taken; and you were *so* bright and gay! All through those dreadful days and months and years you were our stay and hope, — mine at home, his in the field. Our letters were full of you, — like young people's with their first child; all that you did and said I had to tell him, and then he had to talk it over in his answers back. When he came home at last, after the peace — can you remember it, Constance?"

Constance: "I can remember a little girl that ran down the street and met an officer on horseback. He was all tanned and weather-beaten; he sat his horse at the head of his troop like a statue of bronze. When he saw her come running, dancing down the street, he leaped from his horse and caught her in his arms, and hugged her close and kissed her, and set her all crying and laughing in his saddle, and walked on beside her; and the men burst out with a wild yell, and the ragged flags flapped over her, and the music flashed out" — She rises in her chair with the thrill of her recollection; her voice comes free and full, and her pale cheeks flush; suddenly she sinks back upon the pillows: "Was it really I, mother?"

Mrs. Wyatt: "Yes, it was you, Constance. And do you remember, all through your school-days, how proud and fond he was of you? what presents and feasts and pleasures he was always making you? I thought he would spoil you; he took you everywhere with him, and wanted to give you everything. When I saw you growing up with his pride and quick temper, I trembled, but I felt safe when I saw that you had his true and tender heart, too. You can never know what a pang it cost him to part with you when we went abroad, but you can't forget how he met you in Paris?"

Constance: "Oh, no, no! Poor papa!"

Mrs. Wyatt: "Oh, child! And I could tell you something of his bitter despair when he saw the man" —

Constance, wearily: "You need n't tell me. I knew it as soon as they met, without looking at either of them."

Mrs. Wyatt: "And when the worst that he feared came true, he was almost glad, I believe. He thought, and I thought, that your self-respect would come to your aid against such treachery."

Constance: "My self-respect? Now I know you 've not been talking of me."

Mrs. Wyatt, desperately: "Oh, what shall I do?"

Mary, the serving-woman, at the door: "If you please, Mrs. Wyatt, I can't open Miss Constance's hat-box."

Mrs. Wyatt, rising: "Oh, yes. There is something the matter with the lock. I'll come, Mary." She looks at Constance.

Constance: "Yes, go, mother. I'm perfectly well here. I like being alone well enough." As Mrs. Wyatt, after a moment's reluctance, goes out, the girl's heavy eyelids fall, and she lies still against her pillows, while the fan, released from her careless hold, slides slowly over the shawl, and drops with a light clash upon the floor. She starts at the sound, and utters an involuntary cry at the sight of Bartlett, who stands irresolute on the threshold on her right. He makes as if to retreat, but at a glance from her he remains.

II.

BARTLETT *and* CONSTANCE.

Bartlett, with a sort of subdued gruffness: "I'm afraid I disturbed you."

Constance, passively: "No, I think it was my fan. It fell."

Bartlett: "I'm glad I can lay the blame on the fan." He comes abruptly forward and picks it up for her. She makes no motion to receive it, and he lays it on her lap.

Constance, starting from the abstraction in which she has been gazing at him: "Oh! Thanks."

Bartlett, with constraint: "I hope you're better this morning?"

Constance: "Yes." She has again fallen into a dreamy study of him, as unconscious, apparently, as if he were a picture before her, the effect of which upon Bartlett is to reduce him to a state of immovable awkwardness. At last he tears himself loose from the spot on which he has been petrifying, and takes refuge in the business which has brought him into the room.

Bartlett: "I came to look for one of my brushes. It must have dropped out of my traps here, the other day." He goes up to the piano and looks about the floor, while Constance's gaze follows him in every attitude and movement. "Ah, here it is! I knew it would escape the broom under the landlady's relaxed régime. If you happen to drop anything in this room, Miss Wyatt, you need n't be troubled; you can always find it just where it fell." Miss Wyatt's fan again slips to the floor, and Bartlett again picks it up and restores it to her: "A case in point."

Constance, blushing faintly: "Don't do it for me. It is n't worth while."

Bartlett, gravely: "It does n't take a great deal of time, and the exercise does one good." Constance dimly smiles, but does not relax her vigilance. "Is n't that light rather strong for you?" He goes to the glass doors opening on the balcony, and offers to draw down one of their shades.

Constance: "It does n't make any difference."

Bartlett, bluffly: "If it's disagreeable, it makes some difference. Is it disagreeable?"

Constance: "'The light's strong' — Bartlett dashes the curtain down — 'but I could see the mountain.'" He pulls the curtain up.

Bartlett: "I beg your pardon." He again falls into statue-like discomposure under Miss Wyatt's gaze, which does not seek the distant slopes of Ponkwasset, in spite of the lifted curtain.

Constance: "What is the name? Do you know?"

Bartlett: "Whose? Oh! Ponkwasset. It's not a pretty name, but it's aboriginal. And it does n't hurt the mountain." Recovering a partial volition, he shows signs of a purpose to escape, when Miss Wyatt's next question arrests him.

Constance: "Are you painting it, Mr. — Bartlett?"

Bartlett, with a laugh: "Oh, no, I don't soar so high as mountains; I only lift my eyes to a tree here and there, and a bit of pasture, and a few of the lowlier and friendlier sort of rocks." He now so far effects his purpose as to transfer his unwieldy presence to a lat-

eral position as regards Miss Wyatt. The girl mechanically turns her head upon the pillow and again fixes her sad eyes upon him.

Constance: "Have you ever been up it?"

Bartlett: "Yes, half a dozen times."

Constance: "Is it hard to climb — like the Swiss mountains?"

Bartlett: "*You* must speak for the Swiss mountains after you 've tried Ponkwasset, Miss Wyatt. I 've never been abroad."

Constance, her large eyes dilating with surprise: "Never been abroad?"

Bartlett: "I enjoy that distinction."

Constance: "Oh! I thought you had been abroad." She speaks with a slow, absent, earnest accent, regarding him, as always, with a look of wistful bewilderment.

Bartlett, struggling uneasily for his habitual lightness: "I 'm sorry to disappoint you, Miss Wyatt. I will go abroad as soon as possible. I 'm going out in a boat this morning to work at a bit on the point of the island yonder, and I 'll take lessons in sea-faring." Bartlett, managing at last to get fairly behind Miss Wyatt's chair, indulges himself in a long, low sigh of relief, and taking out his handkerchief rubs his face with it.

Constance, with sudden, meek compunction: "I 've been detaining you."

Bartlett, politely coming forward again: "Oh, no, not at all! I 'm afraid I 've tired *you*."

Constance: "No, I 'm glad to have you stay." In the unconscious movement necessary to follow Bartlett in his changes of position, the young girl has loosened one of the pillows that prop her head. It slowly disengages itself and drops to the floor. Bartlett, who has been crushing his brush against the ball of his thumb, gives a start of terror, and looks from Constance to the pillow, and back again to Constance in despair.

Constance: "Never mind." She tries to adjust her head to the remaining pillows, and then desists in evident discomfort.

Bartlett, in great agony of spirit: "I — I 'm afraid you miss it."

Constance: "Oh, no."

Bartlett: "Shall I call your mother, Miss Wyatt?"

Constance: "No. Oh, no. She will be here presently. Thank you so much." Bartlett eyes the pillow in renewed desperation.

Bartlett: "Do you think — do you suppose I could" — Recklessly: "Miss Wyatt, let *me* put back that pillow for you!"

Constance, promptly, with a little flush: "Why, you 're very good! I 'm ashamed to trouble you." As she speaks, she raises her head, and lifts herself forward slightly by help of the chair-arms; two more pillows topple out, one on either side, unknown to her.

Bartlett, maddened by the fresh disaster: "Good Heaven!" He flings himself wildly upon the first pillow, and crams it into the chair behind Miss Wyatt; then, without giving his courage time to flag, he seizes the others, and packs them in on top of it: "Will that do?" He stands hot and flushed, looking down upon her, as she makes a gentle attempt to adjust herself to the mass.

Constance: "Oh, perfectly." She puts her hand behind her and feebly endeavors to modify Bartlett's arrangement.

Bartlett: "What is it?"

Constance: "Oh — nothing. Ah — would — would you draw this one a little — towards you? So! Thanks. And that one — out a little on the — other side? You 're very kind; that 's right. And this one under my neck — lift it up a little? Ah, thank you ever so much." Bartlett, in a fine frenzy, obeying these instructions, Miss Wyatt at last reposes herself against the pillows, looks up into his embarrassed face, and deeply blushes; then she turns suddenly white, and weakly catching up her fan she passes it once or twice before her face, and lets it fall: "I 'm a little — faint." Bartlett seizes the fan, and, after a moment of silent self-dedication, kneels down beside her chair and fans her.

Constance, after a moment: "Thanks,

thanks. You are very good. I'm better now. I'm ashamed to have troubled you. But I seem only to live to give trouble."

Bartlett, with sudden deep tenderness: "Oh, Miss Wyatt, you must n't say that. I'm sure I — we all — that is — Shall I call your mother *now*, Miss Wyatt?"

Constance, after a deep breath, firmly: "No. I'm quite well, now. She is busy. But I know I 'm keeping *you* from your work," with ever so slight a wan little smile. "I must n't do that."

Bartlett: "Oh, you 're not *keeping* me! There 's no hurry. I can work later just as well."

Constance: "Then," — with a glance at his devout posture, of which Bartlett has himself become quite unconscious, — "won't you sit down, Mr. Bartlett?"

Bartlett, restored to consciousness and confusion: "Thanks; I think it will be better." He rises, and in his embarrassment draws a chair to the spot on which he has been kneeling, and sits down very close to her. He keeps the fan in his hand, as he talks: "It 's rather nice out there, Miss Wyatt, — there on the island. You must be rowed out as soon as you can stand it. The general would like it."

Constance: "Is it a large place, the island?"

Bartlett: "About two acres, devoted exclusively to golden-rod and granite. The fact is, I was going to make a little study of golden-rod and granite, there. You shall visit the Fortunate Isle in my sketch, this afternoon, and see whether you 'd like to go, really. People camp out there in the summer. Who knows but if you keep on — gaining — this way you may yet feel like camping out there yourself before you go away? You do begin to feel better, don't you? Everybody cries up this air."

Constance: "It 's very pleasant; it seems fine and pure. Is the island a pretty place?"

Bartlett, glancing out at it over his shoulder: "Well, you get the best of it from the parlor window, here. Not that it 's so bad when you 're on it; there 's a surly, frugal, hard-headed kind of beauty about it, — like the local human nature, — and it has its advantages. If you were camping out there, you could almost provision yourself from the fish and wild fowl of the surrounding waters, — supposing any of your party liked to fish or shoot. Does your father like shooting?"

Constance: "No, I don't believe he cares for it."

Bartlett: "I 'm glad of that. I shall be spared the painful hospitality of pointing out the best places for ducks." At an inquiring look from Constance: "I 'm glad for their sakes, not mine; *I* don't want to kill them."

Constance, with grave mistrust: "Not like shooting?"

Bartlett: "No; I think it 's the sneakingest sort of assassination. It 's the pleasure of murder without the guilt. If you must kill, you ought to be man enough to kill something that you 'll suffer remorse for. Do you consider those atrocious sentiments, Miss Wyatt? I assure you that they 're entirely my own."

Constance, blankly: "I was n't thinking — I was thinking — I supposed you liked shooting."

Bartlett, laughing uneasily: "How did you get that impression?"

Constance, evasively: "I thought all gentlemen did."

Bartlett: "They do, in this region. It 's the only thing that can comfort them in affliction. The other day our ostler's brother lost his sweetheart, — she died, poor girl, — and the ostler and another friend had him over here to cheer him up. They took him to the stable, and whittled round among the stalls with him half the forenoon, and let him rub down some of the horses; they stood him out among the vegetables and allowed him to gather some of the new kind of potato-bugs; they made him sit in the office with his feet on top of the stove; they played billiards with him; but he showed no signs of resignation till they borrowed three squirrel-guns and started with him to the oak woods yonder. That seemed to 'fetch' him. You should have seen them trudging off together with

their guns all aslant, — this way, — the stricken lover in the middle!" Bartlett rises to illustrate, and then at the deepening solemnity of Constance's face he desists in sudden dismay: "Miss Wyatt, I've shocked you!"

Constance: "Oh, no — no!"

Bartlett: "It *was* shocking. I wonder how I could do it! I — I thought it would amuse you."

Constance, mournfully: "It did, thank you, very much." After a pause: "I did n't know you liked — joking."

Bartlett: "Ah! I don't believe I do, — all kinds. I — that is — I beg your pardon." Bartlett turns away, with an air of guilty consciousness, and goes to the window and looks out, Constance's gaze following him: "It 's a wonderful day!" He comes back toward her: "What a pity you could n't be carried out there in your chair!"

Constance: "I 'm not equal to that, yet." Presently: "Then you — like — nature?"

Bartlett: "Why, that 's mere shop in a landscape painter. I get my bread and butter by her. At least I ought to have some feeling of gratitude."

Constance, hastily: "Of course, of course. It 's very stupid of me, asking."

Bartlett, with the desperate intention of grappling with the situation: "I see you have a passion for formulating, classifying people, Miss Wyatt. That 's all very well, if one's characteristics were not so very characteristic of everybody else. But I generally find, in my moments of self-consciousness, when I 've gone round priding myself that such and such traits are my peculiar property, that the first man I meet has them all and as many more, and is n't the least proud of them. I dare say you don't see anything very strange in them, so far."

Constance, musingly: "Oh, yes; very strange indeed. They 're all — wrong!"

Bartlett: "Well! I don't know — I 'm very sorry — Then you consider it wrong not to like shooting and to be fond of joking and nature, and" —

Constance, bewilderedly: "Wrong? Oh, no!"

Bartlett: "Oh! I 'm glad to hear it. But you just said it was."

Constance, slowly recalling herself, with a painful blush, at last: "I meant — I meant I did n't expect any of those things of you."

Bartlett, with a smile: "Well, on reflection, I don't know that I did, either. I think they must have come without being expected. Upon my word, I 'm tempted to propose something very ridiculous."

Constance, uneasily: "Yes? What is that?"

Bartlett: "That you 'll let me try to guess *you* out. I 've failed so miserably in my own case, that I feel quite encouraged."

Constance, morbidly: "I 'm not worth the trouble of guessing out."

Bartlett: "That means no. You always mean no by yes, because you can't bear to say no. That is the mark of a very deep and darkling nature. I feel that I *could* go on and read your mind perfectly, but I 'm afraid to do it. Let 's get back to myself. I can't allow that you 've failed to read my mind aright; I think you were careless about it. Will you give your intuitions one more chance?"

Constance, with an anxious smile: "Oh, yes."

Bartlett: "All those traits and tastes which we both find so unexpected in me are minor matters at the most. The great test question remains. If you answer it rightly, you prove yourself a mind-reader of wonderful power; if you miss it — The question is simply this: Do I like smoking?"

Constance, instantly, with a quick, involuntary pressure of her handkerchief to her delicate nostrils: "Oh, yes, indeed!"

Bartlett: "Miss Wyatt, you have been deluding me. You are really a mind-reader of great subtlety."

Constance: "I don't know — I can't say that it was *mind*-reading exactly" — She lifts her eyes to his, and catches the gleaming light in them; all at once she breaks into a wild, helpless laugh, and striving to recover herself with many lit-

tle moans and sighs behind her handkerchief laughs on and on: "Oh, don't! I ought n't! Oh dear, oh dear!" When at last she lies spent with her reluctant mirth, and uncovers her face, Bartlett is gone, and it is her mother who stands over her, looking down at her with affectionate misgiving.

III.

MRS. WYATT *and* CONSTANCE.

Mrs. Wyatt: "Laughing, Constance?"

Constance, with a burst of indignant tears: "Yes, yes! Is n't it shocking? It 's horrible! He made me."

Mrs. Wyatt: "He?"

Constance, beginning to laugh again: "Mr. Bartlett; he 's been here. Oh, I *wish* I *would n't* be so silly!"

Mrs. Wyatt: "Made you? How could he make *you* laugh, poor child?"

Constance: "Oh, it 's a long story. It was all through my bewilderment at his resemblance. It confused me. I kept thinking it was *he*, — as if it were some dream, — and whenever this one mentioned some trait of his that totally differed from *his*, don't you know, I got more and more confused, and — Mamma!" — with sudden desolation — "I know he knows all about it!"

Mrs. Wyatt: "I am sure he does n't. Mr. Cummings only told him that his resemblance was a painful association. He assured your father of this, and would n't hear a word more. I 'm certain you 're wrong. But what made you think he knows?"

Constance, solemnly: "He behaved just as if he did n't."

Mrs. Wyatt: "Ah, you can't judge from that, my dear." Impressively: "Men are very different."

Constance, doubtfully: "Do you think so, mamma?"

Mrs. Wyatt: "I 'm certain of it."

Constance, after a pause: "Mamma, will you help take this shawl off my feet? I 'm so warm. I think I should like to walk about a little. Can you see the island from the gallery?"

Mrs. Wyatt: "Do you think you 'd better try to leave your chair, Constance?"

Constance: "Yes, I 'm stronger this morning. And I shall never gain, lounging about this way." She begins to loose the wraps from her feet, and Mrs. Wyatt coming doubtfully to her aid she is presently freed. She walks briskly toward the sofa, and sits down quite erectly in the corner of it. "There! That 's pleasanter. I get so tired of being a burden." She is silent, and then she begins softly and wearily to laugh again.

Mrs. Wyatt, smiling curiously: "What is it, Constance? I don't at all understand what made you laugh."

Constance. "Why, don't you know? Several times after I had been surprised that he did n't like this thing, and had n't that habit and the other, he noticed it, and pretended that it was an attempt at mind-reading, and then all at once he turned and said I must try once more, and he asked, 'Do I like smoking?' and I said instantly, 'Oh, yes!' and then I began to laugh — so silly, so disgusting, so perfectly flat! And I thought I should *die*, it was so ridiculous! Why, it was like having a whole tobacconist's shop in the same room with you from the moment he came in; and when I said it was n't mind-reading exactly, of course he understood, and — Oh, dear, I 'm beginning again!" She hides her face in her handkerchief and leans her head on the back of the sofa: "Say something, *do* something to stop me, mother!" She stretches an imploring left hand toward the elder lady, who still remains apparently but half convinced of any reason for mirth, when General Wyatt, hastily entering, pauses in abrupt irresolution at the spectacle of Constance's passion.

IV.

GENERAL WYATT, CONSTANCE, *and* MRS. WYATT.

Constance: "*Oh*, ha, ha, ha! Oh, *ha*, ha, ha, ha!"

General [illegible] "Margaret! Constance!" [illegible] of his voice, Constan[illegible] a little cry, and stiffens [illegible] of ungracious silence, [illegible] at her father, who turns [illegible] ession of pain toward her

"Yes, James. We were l[illegible] mething Constance had [illegible]e about Mr. Bartlett. Tell [illegible] Constance."

[illegible]e, coldly, while she draws [illegible] her hand the handkerchief [illegible]e has been pressing to her eyes: [illegible]'t think it would amuse papa." [illegible]sses her hand across her lap, and [illegible] not lift her heavy eyelashes.

Mrs. Wyatt, caressingly: "Oh, yes, it [illegible]uld; I 'm sure it would."

Constance: "You can tell it then, mamma."

Mrs. Wyatt: "No; you, my dear. You tell it so funnily; and" — in a lower tone — "it 's so long since your father heard you laugh."

Constance: "There was nothing funny in it. It was disgusting. I was laughing from nervousness."

Mrs. Wyatt: "Why, Constance" —

General Wyatt: "Never mind, Margaret. Another time will do." He chooses to ignore the coldness of his daughter's bearing toward himself: "I came to see if Constance were not strong enough to go out on the lake this morning. The boats are very good, and the air is so fine that I think she 'll be the better for it. Mr. Bartlett is going out to the island to sketch, and" —

Constance: "I don't care to go."

Mrs. Wyatt: "Do go, my daughter! I know it will do you good."

Constance: "I do not feel strong enough."

Mrs. Wyatt: "But you said you were better, just now; and you should yield to your father's judgment."

Constance: "I will do whatever papa bids me."

General Wyatt: "I don't bid you. Margaret, I think I will go out with Mr. Bartlett. We will be back at dinner." He turns and leaves the room without looking again at Constance.

V.

CONSTANCE *and* MRS. WYATT; *then* BARTLETT.

Mrs. Wyatt: "Oh, Constance! How can you treat your father so coldly? You will suffer some day for the pain you give him!"

Constance: "Suffer? No, I 'm past that. I 've exhausted my power of suffering."

Mrs. Wyatt: "You have n't exhausted your power of making others suffer."

Constance, crouching listlessly down upon the sofa: "I told you that I lived only to give pain. But it 's my fate, not my will. Nothing but that can excuse me."

Mrs. Wyatt, wringing her hands: "Oh, oh! Well, then, give *me* pain if you must torment somebody. But spare your father, — spare the heart that loves you so tenderly, you unhappy girl."

Constance, with hardness: "Whenever I see papa, my first thought is, If he had not been so harsh and severe, it might never have happened! What can I care for his loving me when he hated *him?* Oh, *I* will do my duty, mother; *I* will obey; I *have* obeyed, and I know how. Papa can't demand anything of me *now* that is n't easy. I have forgiven everything, and if you give me time I can forget. I *have* forgotten. I have been laughing at something so foolish, it ought to make me cry for shame."

Mrs. Wyatt: "Constance, you try me beyond all endurance! You talk of forgiving, you talk of forgetting, you talk of that wretch! Forgive *him*, forget *him*, if you can. If he had been half a man, if he had ever cared a tithe as much for you as for himself, all the hate of all the fathers in the world could not have driven him from you. You talk of obeying" —

Mary, the serving-woman, flying into the room: "Oh, please, Mrs. Wyatt! There are four men carrying somebody up the hill. And General Wyatt just went down, and I can't see him anywhere, and" —

Mrs. Wyatt: "You 're crazy, Mary! He has n't been gone a moment; there is n't time. It can't be he!" Mrs. Wyatt rushes to the gallery that overlooks the road to verify her hope or fear, and then out of one of the doors into the corridor, while Constance springs frantically to her feet and runs toward the other door.

Constance: "Oh, yes, yes! It 's papa! It 's my dear, good, kind papa! He 's dead; he 's drowned; I drove him away; I murdered him! Ah-h-h-h!" She shrinks back with a shriek at sight of Bartlett, whose excited face appears at the door: "Go! It was you, *you* who made me hate my father! You made me kill him, and now I abhor you! I" —

Bartlett: "Wait! Hold on! What is it all?"

Constance: "Oh, forgive me! I did n't mean — I did n't know it was you, sir! But where *is* he? Oh, take me to him! Is he dead?" She seizes his arm, and clings to it, trembling.

Bartlett: "Dead? No, he is n't dead. He was knocked over by a team coming behind him down the hill, and was slightly bruised. There 's no cause for alarm. He sent me to tell you; they 've carried him to your rooms."

Constance: "Oh, thank Heaven!" She bows her head with a sob upon his shoulder, and then lifts her tearful eyes to his: "Help me to get to him! I 'm weak." She totters and Bartlett mechanically passes a supporting arm about her. "Help me, and don't — don't leave me!" She moves with him a few paces towards the door, her head drooping; but all at once she raises her face again, stares at him, stiffly releases herself, and with a long look of reproach walks proudly away to the other door, by which she vanishes without a word.

Bartlett, remaining planted, with a bewildered glance at his empty arm: "Well, I wonder who and what and where I am!"

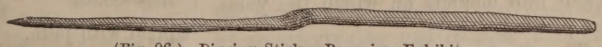
W. D. Howells.

CRUDE AND CURIOUS INVENTIONS AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

V.

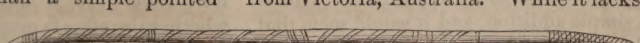
II. HUSBANDRY.

(1.) *Culture.* — Husbandry: the first of settled arts, though not so old as the arts of war and the chase. The Centennial Exhibition furnished us with implements in this line as crude as those in any other branch of ingenuity.



(Fig. 96.) Digging Stick. Peruvian Exhibit.

We cannot conceive of any instrument more primitive than a simple pointed stick. Curious to say, Australia and Peru each sent one. It must not be understood that these are for cultivation in any proper sense of the word; their owners may some of them have reached that stage of civilization, but the principal use is for digging wild roots. Figure 96 is Peruvian; the little shoulder at the bend of the stick is of some advantage, as it forms a rest for the hand in pushing the stick into the ground. We need not dwell long upon this.



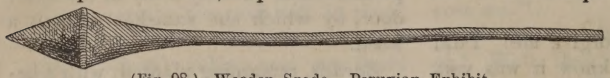
(Fig. 97.) Lubra's Yam Stick. Victoria, Australia Exhibit.

Figure 97 is a *lubra's* yam stick (*katta*) from Victoria, Australia. While it lacks a certain convenience in the shoulder by which the Peruvian stick is thrust into

the soil, it shows some degree of taste in ornamentation. It is used in planting and digging yams, the nearest like work of anything pursued by the natives; a hole being made with the sharpened rod, a piece of yam is dropped into it and a stick driven in alongside for the support of the future plant. There is no fencing, no proper cultivation, but the pieces of tuber are planted in season and trusted to the rains.

The inhabitants of New Caledonia, in addition to this amount of care, sow the teeth of old women in the yam patches, to secure good crops; the toothless skulls adorn poles in the vicinity for the same purpose.

The Peruvian spade (Figure 98) is one step in advance; a piece of wood has been shaped so as to have a blade like a spear-head. This, of course, renders it more efficient, and gives the idea of digging rather than merely prying a hole with a round stick.



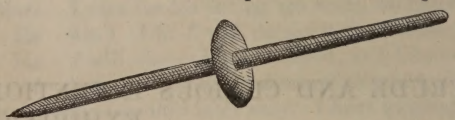
(Fig. 98.) Wooden Spade. Peruvian Exhibit.

The Fijian digging-tool is a stick made from a young mangrove-tree, and is about the size and length of an ordinary hay-fork handle. One end of this is slanted off on the side, which is kept downward in digging. Three or four men drive down such sticks into the ground, inclosing a circular piece of about eighteen inches in diameter, which they then raise by united efforts, using the poles as levers. Lads follow with sticks to break the clods, which are then pulverized by hand, and made into mounds on which the yams are planted.

The digging-stick of the Kafirs and neighboring tribes is a singular tool. It is a stick thrust through a disk of stone three inches in diameter, which gives weight to the implement and also affords a rest for the hands in pushing. This is a simple addition, and it would seem that the result might have been more readily reached some other way; it is, however, the implement of vast tribes who have excellent weapons of iron and who seem satisfied with the wooden digging-stick. One remark will explain this: it is the women alone who have to use the implement, and they are not smiths; a blacksmith works for men only. Figure 99 shows the implement complete; Figure 100, the stone on an enlarged scale. It is just possible that some of the perforated stones which have given our archæologists so much trouble may have been thus used by our Indians.

The Hottentots use the same, a stick of hard wood, weighted by a perforated stone secured by a wedge.

The New Zealand spade (*kaheru*) is a sharpened stick with a cross-piece on which the foot is placed to force it into the ground. The ancient Greek spade had two cross-pieces for the right and left foot respectively, so as to dig with either foot. The Roman similar tool was called *bipalium*. This New Zealand tool is two degrees in advance of the Australian and one ahead of the Kafir. We should have expected better things of the Maori than to be next but one in order after the poor Australian *gin*.



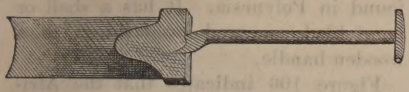
(Fig. 99.) Kafir Digging Stick. Cape of Good Hope Exhibit.

These tattooed gentry have, however, one distinguishing virtue: the Maori man does the principal part of the work. Some of the New Zealand spades have been seen tipped with jade. The Maori have also a hoe.

(Fig. 100.) Digging Stone. Cape of Good Hope Exhibit.

We now reach what we may really call a *spade*, but still a clumsy and complex contrivance. Figure 101 is the Japanese spade, made of wood, with an iron shoe. It is not quite apparent whether the edge is merely ground bright or has a steel portion welded to the iron: we did not take a file to it. The wooden portion is socketed in the iron shoe. The same plan is adopted with their hoes and

plows, as we shall see presently. The Roman spade (*pala*) was also merely shod



(Fig. 101.) Iron Shod Spade. Japanese Exhibit.

with iron, and probably for the same reason, scarcity and dearness of the metal. It had the shape and long handle of our pointed shovel; the same form is used in Italy to-day and is known as *la pala*.

As the New Zealand spade carries us back to Hesiod, so the Japanese reminds us of Columella and Cincinnatus; thus by aid of the admirable collection in Philadelphia we grasp the tools of former ages.

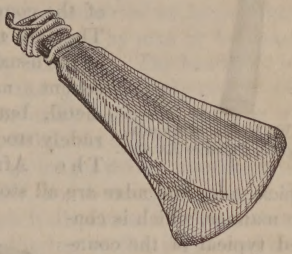
We find genuine spades, the blades all of iron, on coming to Africa. The Dyoors are the smiths of the Upper Nile region, and the shape in which the forged metal is used as a medium of exchange is in the form of spades or spear-heads, the latter about twenty-seven inches in length. The Mari and Bali tribes of Central Africa also make an iron spade (*molote*) of a sagittate shape.

The spade of the Monbuttoos is a sort of trowel, but in their well-tended and well-stocked gardens it has a use to which the mere doura and sorghum growers of other tribes are strangers.

The spade as a digging tool does not seem to have been known in ancient Egypt. Shovels were used in mining metals and winnowing grain, but the hoe and the plow were the agricultural implements.

The hoe of ancient Egypt came nearer to the typical implement than any existing one. Imagine a letter V inverted, thus ∧: let one arm be the handle and the other the blade; that is the manner of the Egyptian hoe. The original was a forked limb, one end pointed to make a pick; such are shown on the Egyptian monuments. An ancient hoe of Egypt may be seen in the Abbott Collection, Museum of the New York Historical Society, New York city. Both portions are of wood, one flat and wide to form a blade, the two limbs being united by a thong which acts as a tie.

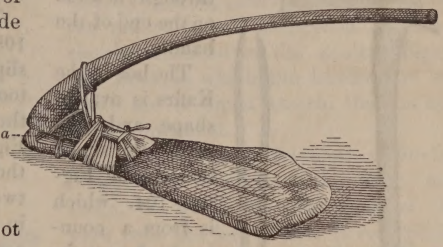
In some lands other materials are convenient, and so we find scapulæ of animals, clam or oyster shells, tortoise-shells, flint, obsidian, and even walrus teeth used as hoes when mounted upon handles. The exhibit of the National Museum furnished two illustrations.



(Fig. 102.) Bone Hoe Blade. Dakota National Museum Exhibit.

Figure 102 is a hoe blade made from the scapula of an elk and used by the Gros Ventre Indians of Dakota.

Figure 103 is an Arickaree hoe ob-



(Fig. 103.) Scapula Hoe Blade. Arickaree Indians. National Museum Exhibit.

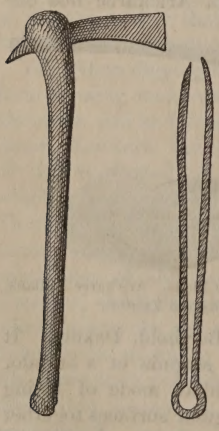
tained from Fort Berthold, Dakota. It is made from the scapula of a buffalo, and shows the Indian mode of fitting two hard and irregular surfaces together by an intervening pad of such material as may be convenient, a folded strip of hide or soft bark, or, as in the case of the Australian weapons, a bunch of moss and a wad of "black-boy" gum.

The hoe is the universal agricultural implement among all the Central African tribes who cultivate the ground. The Batoka and Banyeti tribes obtain the iron from the ore by smelting. The Balondas of Equatorial Africa use a double-handled hoe. The Ovambo hoe

has a blade in a line with the handle, a spade, in fact.

Figure 104 represents a hoe, and Figure 105 a pick and tongs, discovered at a miner's camp in Angola when the Portuguese took possession of the country. They are made of the usual excellent native metal, but are rudely stocked. The African hoe, pick, axe, and adze are all stocked in one manner, which is considered typical of the country. The distinction between the tools mentioned is sometimes merely one of size and purpose. The peculiarity in the mode of stocking consists in the blade having a tang passing through a knob on the end of the handle.

(Fig. 104.) Hoe of Angola. Portuguese Colonies Exhibit.



(Fig. 105.) Angola Mining Pick and Tongs. Portuguese Colonies Exhibit.

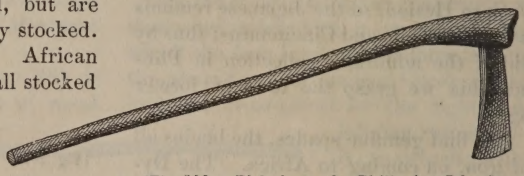
The hoe of the Kafirs is oval in shape and well made; the shape is seen in Figure 104, which is from a country to the northward of Kafirland. The Kafir blade is thick in the middle and becomes thinner at the sides and point; it has an elongated tang which is inserted in a hole bored in the highly polished hard wood handle.

The *zappa* of the Italian peasant is an equally clumsy implement, but has an adze shape.

The Fijian hoe is used with a thrust action, like the scuffle hoe. The blade is a bone from the back of a turtle, a plate of tortoise-shell, an oyster-shell, or a large kind of *pinna*. The hoe of the Tonga Islands is among the best to be found in Polynesia. It has a shell or bone blade secured by lashings to a wooden handle.

Figure 106 indicates that the African method extends to Polynesia. The pick is modern but shows the persistence of the primitive method, the tang being inserted through the tough, knotty head of the helve, left large for the purpose.

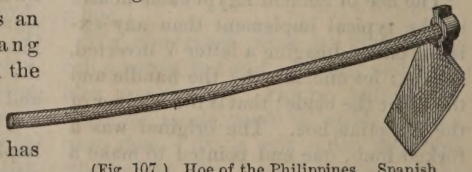
The Roman *dolabra fossoria* was a pick used in mining and ditching; it had a cutting edge and a pick point.



(Fig. 106.) Pick from the Philippine Islands. Spanish Colonies Exhibit.

Figure 107 is a hoe from Manila, in the Philippines. The mode of stocking the tool is a European innovation; it is, however, native made.

The Japanese hoe (Figures 108 and 109) has a wooden head over which is a slipper of metal. It is a very inferior tool. Another of the same make is in the National Museum in Washington. Figure 108 was in the Main Building at the Centennial. Figure 109 illustrates two hoes and a pronged hoe or grubber, in the same building. The latter tool is common in Europe, and is used in the vineyards in Ohio and elsewhere. The *ligo* and *bidens* (or *sarculum bicorne*), two-pronged hoes, were in use in Italy in old Roman times. The Greeks had, and yet have, similar tools. The ligo was the larger of the two. Besides these the



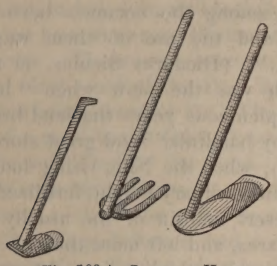
(Fig. 107.) Hoe of the Philippines. Spanish Colonies Exhibit.

Romans had the sarculum or weeding hoe, and the *capreolus*, which had two tines and was used like the bidens; also

the *raster*, which had sometimes as many as four prongs (*quadridens*). The *marra*

(Fig. 108.) Japanese Hoe.

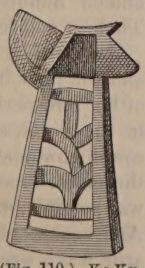
was a broad hoe with teeth. We can hardly be said to have added materially



(Fig. 109.) Japanese Hoes.

to their assortment of garden implements for hand culture.

The *páchul* or large hoe of Java serves the same purpose as the spade in Europe. The head is of wood tipped with iron; the handle is two and a half feet long, and curved.



(Fig. 110.) Ko Kumara. Sweet Potato Planter. New Zealand Exhibit.

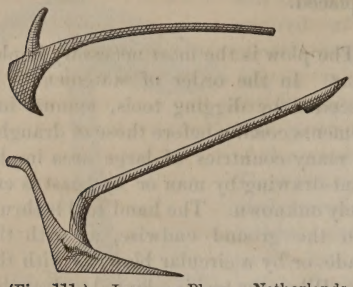
Figure 110 is a nondescript, one might say; its purpose was clearly stated in the catalogue, but it seems droll that anybody could contrive such an implement for the purpose. Two of the objects shown in Figure 110 are used in planting *kumaras* (sweet potatoes) by the natives of New Zealand. The Maori holds one in each hand, and we suppose he drives them into the loosened soil to make a hole in which the piece of tuber is placed.

The plow is the most necessary implement. In the order of statement it is preceded by digging tools, manual implements coming before those of draught. In many countries of large area implement-drawing by man or by beast is entirely unknown. The hand tool is thrust into the ground endwise, as with the spade, or by a circular blow, as with the hoe. When the tool is adapted to draught, it is no longer driven into the ground by a blow, but is dragged through the soil, which it displaces, leaving a trench.

Adhering to the purpose of confining the illustrations to objects actually presented at the Centennial Exhibition, we are precluded from offering even diagrams which would show how the forked limb was the original both of the hoe and of the plow; of the former we have already spoken, referring to the fact that the paternity and succession are more clearly exhibited in the ancient Egyptian hoes, in which the handle and the blade are of equal length, than in any other implement.

We are, however, fortunate in having illustrations from Malaysia, Siam, and India, in which the derivation of the plow from the forked limb is very plain: the plowman, hitching his buffalo or his cows to the end of one prong of the fork, allows the other prong to stick into the ground, takes hold of the fork in the rear of the junction of the prongs, and holds the implement upright, at the same time pressing upon it to keep it in the soil. By the selection of an appropriately shaped limb, such an implement as that shown in the upper portion of Figure 111 is obtained; this closely resembles the Roman *aratrum*, which may be seen on many *basso-rilievos* and coins. It was usually the branch of an elm, the European tree of that name yielding a very different kind of timber from the American trees, — white, red, or hickory elms. The long limb was the beam

(*temo*); when made of a natural crook (*buris*) it was known as *aratrum curvum;* an artificial bend made the *aratrum incurvum;* the part presented to the



(Fig. 111.) Japanese Plow. Netherlands Colonies Exhibit.

ground was sharpened to form the share (*vomer*); another limb or an additional piece projecting behind formed the tail (*stiva*) or handle. Sometimes the stiva had a cross-bar (*manicula*) which was grasped by both hands and made the plow more manageable.

The yoke (*jugum*) of the ancients was the universal means of attaching a pair of draught animals to the pole, temo, of a vehicle or to the beam of a plow. It rested upon the withers of the horses or the necks of the cattle, and was secured to the pole by a thong (*cohum*). It was fastened to the animals by straps (*vincula*), or a pair of descending prongs (*subjuga*) on each side of the necks of the horses, or by bows beneath the necks of the oxen. When four horses were hitched abreast, each yoke horse had an outrigger (*funalis*) to the horse on the outside. This was of rope and served as a trace to draw by. In times preceding the invention of the outrigger, the yoke went over all four of the horses and was strapped beneath their necks, forming a sort of collar for each.

The goad (*stimulus*) had a spud (*vallum*) at the end to clean off the plowshare.

Not a single feature of the plows of Columella, Varro, and Pliny is absent from the plows exhibited in the buildings whereof we speak.

Millions of people with whom the plow is the principal means of obtaining their daily bread — cultivators of rice, wheat, barley, doura, corn, millet, and what not, and who live on every continent of the world — have never seen any other plow than that which simply roots a furrow in the ground, turning a trifling amount of soil to right and left, just as the old plow of Egypt, which made a deep mark in the mud left by the retiring Nile, covered the seed which was sown broadcast on the soil in advance of the plowman.[1]

Such was the plow, the emblem of Osiris, the deification of the river which was, physically, the source of all sustenance on the whole strip of land, six hundred miles long and from one to eleven miles wide, — that ribbon known as Egypt.

"Osiris taught the way and manner of tillage and good management of the fruits of the earth. Isis found out the way of cultivating wheat and barley, which before grew here and there in the fields, among the common herbs and grass, and the use of them was unknown." (Diodorus Siculus, 60 B. C.)

Such was the plow when "in the seven plenteous years the land brought forth by handfuls," and great store was laid up; when the Nile, rising doubtless above his ordinary height, fertilized even the desert margin of the usually cultivated area, and left more than his average deposit, which raises the cultivable soil almost six inches in a century at Elephanta, so that the land at that point has been elevated nine feet in seventeen hundred years, seven feet at Thebes, and less towards the Delta.

Arts and sciences came from Egypt, and the plow in the land was the basis of her prosperity. There, of all places in the world, a man could tell when he sowed how much he should reap. There, therefore, success being assured, leisure was possible, and a cultivated class arose. And yet the plow, judged by our standards, was a wretched affair. On this rich, moist soil it would produce its maximum effect, and the plows of the alluvial rice lands of Java and Siam, exhibited at the

[1] "Some of the Egyptians run lightly over the surface of the earth with a plow after the water has fallen, and gain a mighty crop without any great cost or pains." (Diodorus Siculus.)

Centennial, are of substantially similar construction. One must go to lands termed "less hospitable" to find the improved implements which the earnest and inevitable struggle for life has brought into existence.

In viewing the crude plows at the Centennial we are carried back a clear two thousand years or more, and are brought also to face a singular fact: in the very lands which formerly used the rude tools similar to those which we are now considering, the same implements are yet in vogue. Speaking in general terms, it may be said that the ancient Egyptian, Etruscan, Syrian, and Greek plows were equal to the modern plows of the south of France, part of Austria, Poland, Spain, Turkey, Arabia, India, Ceylon, China, and Japan.

Time came when, according to Pliny's account, the Gauls devised a better plow. We must recollect, however, that the Gaul of the ancient writers extended to the Po and included the wonderfully fertile region now known as Piedmont and Lombardy. There was even a little scrap of Gaul south of the Po, *Cispadana*, Padus being the river Po. The plow received a mold-board which threw sidewise the soil lifted by the share. This was the *aratrum auritum*, or plow with mold-board, — from the *aures*, or wings; it had two wings before it had a single one, seemingly. Such a plow is shown in a basso-rilievo at Magnesia, in Asia Minor, and Pliny refers to it. Varro and Columella may be consulted also.

All these modifications of the implement were exhibited at the Centennial. One might look back to the prehistoric times of his own race and see how his ancestors fared before they knew metal. All the ages were there at once, and the lowest possible to the highest known means of cultivating — from the pointed stick to the gang-plow — were presented to the spectator. The best and most elaborate do not come within our province now. It may be mentioned, however, in passing, that the wheeled plow (*currus*) and the plow colter (*culter*) were also known to the Romans, as well as the two handles.

The Javanese plows are of several varieties: for irrigated lands, *walaku;* for hill work, *brujul;* for the garden, *luku china*, or Chinese plow. Either is readily carried on the shoulder by the husbandman. One kind has a mold-board; the point is tipped with iron, which is sometimes cast. The wood of the plow is generally teak; the yoke (*rakitan*) of bamboo. The plow shown in Figure 112 has its standard planted in the block,

(Fig. 112.) Javanese Plow. Netherlands Colonies Exhibit.

and its beam proceeding from the standard. The plow shown in Figure 111 has a standard and handle a part with the sole piece, and the beam stocked into the latter. They are two interesting variations preserving the original features in the main.

(Fig. 113.) Ox Yoke of Java Netherlands Colonies Exhibit.

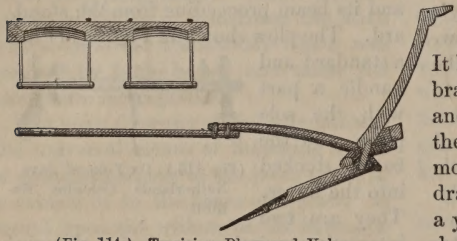
The plow of Macassar is a rude implement with a single handle, the point of the share being a piece of hard palm wood fastened in with wedges.

A quaint description of the Oriental plow is found in Knox's Ceylon, a folio of a couple of centuries since, written by a Scotchman who was for nineteen years detained a prisoner within the limits of the Kandyan kingdom, which maintained its isolation and independence for centuries after the coast country was occupied by strangers: —

"Their [Singhalese] Plough is a crooked piece of Wood, but little bigger than a Man's Arm, one end whereof is to hold by, and the other to root up the Ground. In the hollow of this Plough is a piece of Wood fastened, some three or four Inches thick, equal with the breadth of the Plough, and at the end of the Plough is fixt an Iron Plate to keep the Wood from wearing. There is a Beam let into

that part of it that the Ploughman holds in his hand, to that they make their *Buffaloes* fast to drag it. . . . These Ploughs are proper for this Countrey, because they are lighter and so may be more easie for turning, the Fields being short, so that they could not turn with longer, and if heavier they would sink and be unruly in the mud. These Ploughs bury not the grass as we do, and there is no need they should. For their endeavour is only to root up the Ground, and so they overflow it with Water and this rots the Grass."

The Singhalese plow (*naguela*) is similar to the one shown in the lower portion of Figure 111. It is made of two pieces, a wedge fastening one within a mortise of the other. Two buffaloes are attached to it by the yoke (*veaga*). The



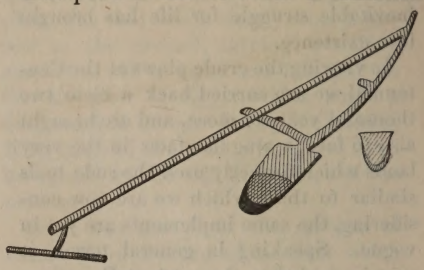
(Fig. 114.) Tunisian Plow and Yoke.

plow is directed by a single handle and leaves one hand free for the goad (*kaweta*).

A golden plow for marking out consecrated ground is mentioned in the Singhalese annals, 306 B. C. A plow represented on a black stone found in the Assyrian ruins opposite to Mosul is the only representation of an ancient agricultural instrument found by Layard in that country.

The plow (Figure 114) shown in the Tunisian exhibit of the Main Building is another illustration of the problem of how many forms and modes of making up can be elicited, three necessary parts being made to project in as many different directions: one for the ground, another for the team, and the third for the hand of the plowman. The yoke is light and so is the work, the cattle being usually small in size and poor in flesh; in place of bows are ties and bars to hold beneath the throat and keep the yoke to its place on the neck.

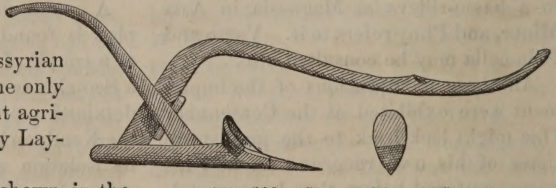
The Japanese plow (Figure 115) has that peculiar feature which is exhibited



(Fig. 115.) Japanese Plow.

also in their spades and hoes; the wooden stock has a shoe or pocket of metal which slips over it. The typical tree limb which we have previously referred to is shown very clearly in this plow, and the whole is strangely like the old Egyptian hoe, but larger, of course. It has the single handle, a strengthening brace between the beam and standard, and a single-tree for the attachment of the buffalo by which it is drawn. Almost all the other plows of our series are drawn by a pair of oxen attached to a yoke. This plow resembles our single shovel plow for tending corn and potato crops.

The Siamese plow (Figure 116) is an implement superior to all which have preceded it in our description. The bent beam and the handle are both stocked



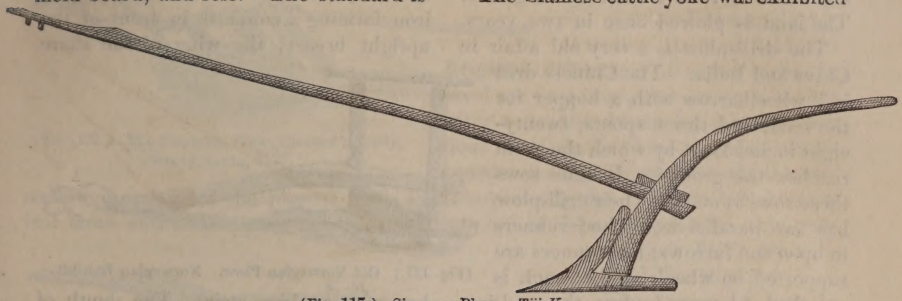
(Fig. 116.) Siamese Plow. Tāi-de-ow.

into the long sole piece, which will run steadily in the furrow, and they also mutually brace each other. The share is tipped with iron and the oval mold-board throws the soil right and left. The adaptation of three pieces, two of them natural crooks, is very ingenious.

Figure 117 is another Siamese plow which was in the Siamese exhibit, in the Government Building. It shows that no absolute rule of construction ob-

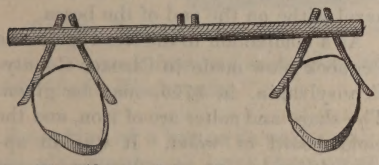
tains in that country, but that the order of structure is adapted to the material. In this case a crotch forms the share, mold-board, and sole. The standard is stocked into the crotch, the beam is mortised into it, and the standard projects backwardly to form the handle.

The Siamese cattle yoke was exhibited



(Fig. 117.) Siamese Plow. Tăi-Ku.

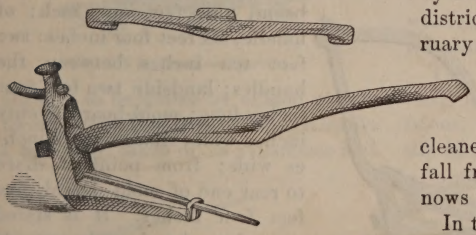
along with the plows, and has two pairs of downwardly projecting prongs which



(Fig. 118.) Ox Yoke. Siamese Exhibit.

bestride the necks of the cattle, and thongs which are lashed beneath their throats.

The native plow of Hindostan is represented in Figure 119. It is of two



(Fig. 119.) Plow and Yoke of Berar, Hindostan. British Colonies Exhibit.

massive pieces of babool wood (*acacia arabica*), one simply framed through the other. The lower piece is a natural bend. The iron bar projecting in front forms a tusk and is held to the point of the sole-piece by a square link. In many parts of India the plow is destitute of this iron point. The plow is controlled by a single handle, the other hand of the driver being employed in guiding the team. The yoke is bound to the end of the beam by a thong, and the knot is like that tied by Gordius, king of Phrygia, the ends tucked in after the manner in which a sailor works a Turk's-head on the end of a man-rope. Alexander's patience was not as great as his resources, and so he cut it apart with his sword, — a way he had. The ox yoke of India rests on the neck in front of the hump, and is tied under the throat by a cord. The ordinary plow of India is a wretched affair, and is drawn by two cows. The team is worked from seven o'clock A. M. till noon, and then driven into the jungle to feed. The amount cultivated by one plow is five acres. In the rice districts, the *ryot* plows his fields in February and again in March or April, and in May sows the seed. The crop is cut in August, and thrashed by the tramping of oxen. It is cleaned by hand fans, one man letting it fall from his hands while another winnows it.

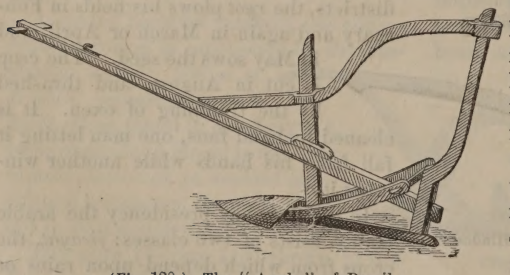
In the Bombay presidency the arable land consists of two classes: *jirayat*, the crops from which depend upon rains or irrigation; and *bágáyat*, or garden lands where fruit trees and vegetables are planted. The *humbi*, or cultivator, has two crops to attend to during the year: the *kharif*, which he sows in June or July and reaps in October and November; and the *rabi*, which he sows in the latter months and reaps in January or February. For the kharif, or summer crop, he sows *bajori*, or spiked millet, the chief food of the people. This is

mixed with *toor* and *muthic*, two leguminous plants, and sown in rows with a drill-plow. The rabi, or winter crops, are wheat and some other cereal grains. The land is plowed once in two years.

The drill-plow is a very old affair in China and India. The Chinese drill is a wheelbarrow with a hopper for the seed, and three spouts, twenty-eight inches long, by which the grain reaches the ground. It thus sows three rows at once. Their drill-plow has two parallel iron-shod runners to open the furrows; the runners are supported on wheels, and to each is attached a hopper to drop the seed into the furrows, which are subsequently leveled by a transverse piece of wood fixed behind and just sweeping the surface of the ground, — a curious anticipation of most of the points of our corn drills.

The elephant-plow is used to some extent in India. It has a fore-carriage like that of a wagon, on which the point of the plow-beam is supported, and to which it is attached. It has a very large share and mold-board, and throws an immense furrow slice.

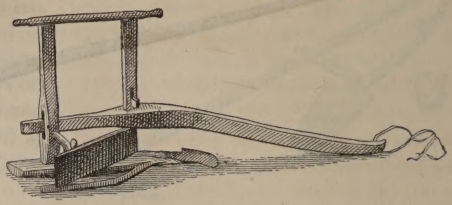
Figure 120 is the native plow (*arado*) of Brazil. It is a very well made and light implement of its kind, being crude



(Fig. 120.) The "Arado" of Brazil.

mainly in the use of wood almost exclusively. It has a triangular share with an upward curve, and is designed to be pulled by two persons, but has a hook on the end to which an animal may be hitched as an auxiliary.

The Norwegian plow shown in Figure 121 was exhibited by the commissioners of Norway as a specimen of the olden time, not of their present style of manufacture. It does not differ materially from contemporary implements of other countries of two centuries since. The frame is all of wood; it has an iron share; a strip of iron forming a colter is in front of the upright breast; the wing of the share



(Fig. 121.) Old Norwegian Plow. Norwegian Exhibit.

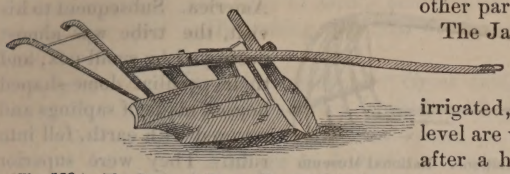
has also an iron strip. The depth of penetration is determined by a wedge in a slot in the upright standard. The draught animal is attached to it with a hazel withe on the end of the beam.

As a companion to the Norwegian, the Pennock plow made in Chester County, Pennsylvania, in 1775, may be given. The share and colter are of iron, and the mold-board of wood. It was an approved implement one hundred years ago.

The "Daniel Webster plow" in the Massachusetts section of the agricultural building is probably the clumsiest implement extant in the country. The total length is thirteen feet: length of beam, nine feet one inch; of handle, six feet four inches; two feet ten inches between the handles; landside two feet four inches long; mold-board twenty inches wide; share sixteen inches wide; from point of share to rear end of mold-board, five feet four inches. It is stated on a placard to have been made in 1837, but this date is probably a mistake. Webster was then fifty-five years of age. It is to be hoped that he was very much younger than that when he made or used such a fearful thing. Only the charm that surrounds the recollection of our youth and early manhood could inspire anybody to write of such a plow as follows:—

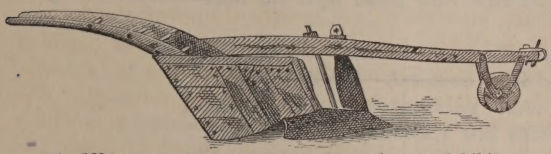
"When I have hold of the handles of my big plow with four yokes of oxen to pull it through, and hear the roots crack

and see the stumps all go under the furrow out of sight, and observe the clear



(Fig. 122.) The Pennock Plow, Chester County, Pennsylvania, 1775.

mellowed surface of the plowed land, I feel more enthusiasm over my achieve-



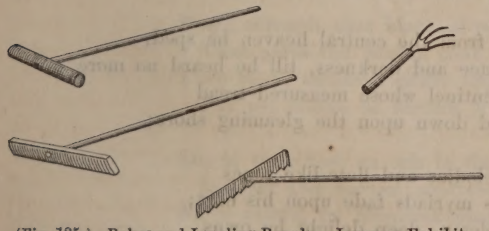
(Fig. 123.) Daniel Webster's Plow. Massachusetts Exhibit.

ment than comes from my encounters in public life in Washington."

Some kind of a harrow is used in almost all countries, to level the plowed ground: it is practically a rake on so large

(Fig. 124.) Japanese Harrow.

a scale as to be drawn by animal power. The *moyi* of India (Dinajpoor) is a frame six feet long, made of two bamboos and

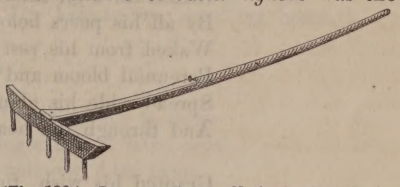


(Fig. 125.) Rakes and Leveling Boards. Japanese Exhibit.

several cross-bars. The driver stands on it as it is dragged over the ground to cover the seed. The *bidd* or *naugol* of India (Dinajpoor also) is used as a cultivator, being dragged over the growing rice to loosen the soil. It is all of wood, is drawn by two buffaloes, and in some other parts of India has iron teeth.

The Japanese harrow for leveling the rice grounds has a single row of teeth. As these fields are irrigated, differences of a few inches in level are very important, so much so that after a harrow drawn by a buffalo has done its work, hand-rakes and leveling-boards are carefully used to make the surface perfectly flat. Figure 125 shows a number of Japanese tools for this purpose; their fields are cultivated like gardens.

The harrow of Java is similar to that of Japan: the head and teeth are of teak, the handle and bow of bamboo. The Javanese level their rice fields in the same careful manner. Figure 126 shows the rake of that Batavian colony. The *rastellus* or *raster ligneus* was the



(Fig. 126.) Javanese Rake. Netherlands Colonies Exhibit.

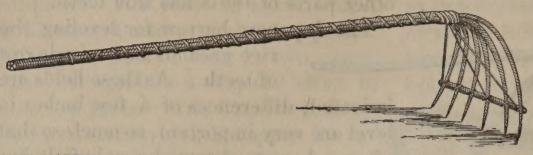
wooden rake used by the Romans for smoothing the ground after sowing seed.

The Singhalese harrow (*anadapoorooa*) is a board on edge, drawn by buffaloes, and weighted by the driver who sits upon it.

The harrow of the Romans, for breaking the clods left by the plow, was a hurdle (*crates*) or a wooden frame set with teeth (*dentata*); in obdurate land a heavy pronged implement (*rastrum*), between a rake and a hoe, was employed.

The Roman *cylindrus* was a trunk of a tree attached to a pole and drawn over the ground to level it; it did not usually revolve, but was simply dragged; a passage in Columella, however, indicates that sometimes it was drawn by gudgeons driven into the ends, and consequently revolved.

Figure 127 is a garden rake of bent saplings, used by the Mandan Indians of Fort Berthold, Dakota Territory. Mr. Catlin visited this interesting tribe of Indians at the confluence of the Yellow-stone and Missouri, and described them in his work on the Indians of North America. Subsequent to his visit, the tribe was almost destroyed by small-pox, and their peculiar dome-shaped houses, made of saplings and covered with earth, fell into ruin. They were superior to all other Indians of the plains: it is but few of the Dakota Territory Indians that have any use for garden rakes.



(Fig. 127.) Garden Rake of Mandan Indians. National Museum Exhibit.

Edward H. Knight.

THE TEMPTATION OF GABRIEL.

GABRIEL, high ranked amid th' angelic host,
By all his peers beloved and trusted most,
Waked from his rest within the odorous shade
Perennial bloom and fadeless foliage made,
Spread wide his glancing pinions silv'ry white,
And through the heavenly air winged his majestic flight.

Granted his wish, full leave had he to gaze
Upon the universe both near and far,
Pause where the Pleiads and Orion blaze,
Or seek the glory of some farther star;

Or cleave the space of ether, black as night,
That parts the peopled worlds and lands of bliss:
Swift comets only, with electric light,
Startle the darkness of the vast abyss.

And outward from the central heaven he sped,
Through space and darkness, till he heard no more
The legions sentinel whose measured tread
Goes up and down upon the gleaming shore;

Till far-off melodies and flute-like tones
Of heaven's myriads fade upon his ears;
Till with a solemn, deep delight he owns
The thund'rous music of the moving spheres.

Through the wide ether that before him spread,
Pregnant with latent worlds, a fitful gleam
Fell faintly shining from some distance dread,
Of suns and systems a far-wandering beam.

Onward and onward still: his weary mind
Surveys no limit, comprehends no goal;
The light of God's omnipotence doth blind
His aching eyes and overpower his soul.

In adoration deep, "Great God," he cried,
"Thine every work is with perfection crowned;
And yet new glories spread on every side,
And yet fresh harmonies afar resound!"

While thus he bowed his head and humbly spoke,
He saw, in gloomy majesty upreared,
That angel who the peace of heaven broke
And his high name with mad rebellion seared.

Deep was his voice as sweep of mighty wind:
"Ha, Gabriel! Art thou banished? Come with me.
Leave all these awe-inspiring works behind,
And some less perfect I will show to thee.

"There are strange sights for seraph eyes to see;
I marvel thou hast liberty to roam
From that bright realm where all things lovely be.
Oh, lost! Oh, lost! Thy heaven was once my home."

GABRIEL.

"Tempt me not, Lucifer! No power is thine
To bend my fixed allegiance. I have seen
That perfect all God's universe doth shine
And naught create in vain, or e'er hath been."

LUCIFER.

"Most loyal seraph, I have not the power
To show thee Hades, or perchance thou 'dst deem
It was well planned, — for us a goodly bower;
But I can dim with doubt thy pleasing dream."

Down through that black abysm of dreary space
That parts the worlds next heaven from such as this
They sank, exultant either angel's face,
But yet unlike as torture is to bliss.

Lo, at their feet an orb in darkness lay,
Ice-cold and barren, shattered, soundless, drear;
Ne'er visited by life-awakening day
Nor changeful seasons of the moving year;

Chaotic, void, sightless, and hearing not,
As light and sound were from its precincts fled;
Something that its creator had forgot,
The corpse of some fair world forever dead.

LUCIFER.

" Now rest thee, Gabriel. Poise thy stainless wings.
Survey this sphere, — 't is one of many like.
Contemplate now how beauteous all that springs
From Him whose selfish power I sought to strike."

The seraph gazed, with chilling doubt o'erwrought,
At that world damned to death's eternal doom;
And Lucifer, conceiving Gabriel's thought,
Fled like a lurid brightness through the gloom.

Mid infinite space the central heaven around
Moves all the universe, majestic, slow;
And while it circled that tremendous bound,
Did outcast Gabriel wander to and fro,

Lingering near heaven, shunning that hideous sphere;
Yet when he fain would enter heaven's light
A voice proclaimed, " Doubt cannot enter here,"
And once again he faced the desolate night.

At last how thrilled his spirit to behold
A Form from out the vacant darkness rise:
Peace like an atmosphere of lucid gold
Shone round his kingly brow and tender eyes,

And radiance like a garment wrapped him round,
The auroral radiance of a heavenly day,
Whose broad white beams reached through the dark profound
And at the seraph's feet in lustre lay.

No voice heard Gabriel, but with pinions spread,
In the effulgence of that supreme light,
He gladly followed where its splendor led,
Piercing like swords the ambient space and night.

Orion paled, Arcturus' light grew dim,
Swift-shooting comets fled like shadows cast;
Suns near that glory moved unrayed and grim,
And stars were orbs of blackness as it passed.

Outward on every side the radiance spread
In lessening waves, till on the bounds remote
Of distant systems and that world erst dead
Like luminous silvery mists it seemed to float.

That world erst dead, — for still as they drew near
Gabriel beheld that it was dead no more,
But, blest with life and day, a beauteous sphere,
Whose oceans surged from peopled shore to shore.

Then spoke the Guide: "How fair did God create
This world that sin and doubt alone can mar!
Here dwells man, heir to thy immortal state,
And little lower than the angels are.

"Couldst not believe 't was an unquickened seed?
Know'st not that life proceedeth from the grave?
Speed back to heaven with faith that thou dost need, —
The faith that makes the high archangels brave.
Seraph, this is my world I died to save."

Catherine J. Schiller.

WAVERLEY OAKS.

I.

ROOTS.

In the woods the months follow each other after the manner of Indians, single file, gliding abruptly into sight, pausing, then flitting away into the thickets again, — how slowly, how swiftly! The particular April I am recalling came in that unexpected, stealthy fashion, and — moved by the instinct of a thousand ancestral Aprils — began to look for the trail that should lead towards summer. A large, persuasive warmth invaded earth and sky; civilization became hateful; nothing seemed wise but to go forth and listen for the footsteps of the maiden season shyly advancing through the trance-stilled woods. So, at least, thought the inmates of a certain microscopic household in the suburban city of Cambridge, as they drooped in the heavy atmosphere of culture and criticism. For a time, the householder struggled with his sylvan yearnings, and even so far recovered himself as to go to a coal-dealer's and order a fresh supply of fuel. "It may seem superfluous," he said to the others, "to think of fires on a day like this, but my experience of the New England climate has developed an austere conscience in the matter of weather. To fall into hopes of a balmy air before the last of May savors of original sin: I have been guilty of it, and must expiate my fault by buying another ton of Lackawanna."

Early in the afternoon, however, the three friends yielded to the morning's impulse, and started out in search of the Waverley Oaks. There were the householder and his wife, whom we may call, in view of their romantic tendencies, Dorastus and Fawnia; and with them went one who was older than themselves and whom they therefore spoke of as the child, in order to subordinate his dignity to their own. They had just time to reach Porter's Station before the promised train came glittering and groaning up from Boston. It was short, consisting of a baggage-car and two cars for passengers, — a pert, spry, swallow-like train just fitted for summer travel. The excursionists met it in a congenial mood, flew a short distance with it, and quitted it within a few minutes, at Waverley. It must be understood that they were not the sort of persons to bungle matters by inquiring their way; nor had they procured any topographical guide. What a folly it would have been to bring out on such an expedition any device so gross as a county map! Maps are a specious imposture of modern life, for they compel us to know about all the roads we don't want to follow; exactly as we are

forced to read in the newspapers things which concern some one else much more than ourselves, or as we are expected to prattle knowingly of science and of particular books simply because another person can talk better about those things than we can. So, with a pleasant irresponsibility, we took the wrong turning at once, and set our faces in the general direction of home, without knowing that the oaks were only a few rods on the other side. When I say we, I of course mean Dorastus and Fawnia and their companion; wherever I slip into the first person plural, it should be understood as a dramatic contrivance for making it appear that I was of the party. The child gathered from the highway a handful of stones, which he threw at trees, fences, and stray animals, "to give force," as he said, to his remarks about them; and this petrified emphasis was so absorbing that we were soon misled into striking off on another false scent, through a spacious grove on the southwest flank of Wellington Hill. We followed a wide, grassy opening between the trees that curtained us on either side with their cold, faded gray. The track had seemingly no object but that of serving us in our wanderings; and a mountain butterfly now guided, now pursued us, as if to insure a gentle safe-conduct through the deserted precinct. A turning to the left caused some confusion, till this little lancer of the air carried his pennant in that direction; and similarly he led us to the right again, beyond, where the path narrowed insidiously to a lessening vista between white-birch saplings crowned with purpling twigs. This, as we found, ended suddenly at a maple-tree abutting on a thick stone-wall and lifting its head to look over a broad bare field toward the Harvard Memorial and many-roofed Boston heaped upon its sea-side hill. The child at once embraced the tree-trunk and began to climb, announcing that he was "the squirrel Adjidaumo," mentioned in Hiawatha. "All others are counterfeit," he assured us; and in proof of this he uttered from his perch among the boughs a remarkable succession of sounds to illustrate these lines: —

> "Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
> In and out among the branches,
> Coughed and chattered from the oak-tree."

"But the *oak-tree* is just what we miss, in your performance," criticised Fawnia.

"I 'll soon provide that," replied the child, busily surveying the adjacent country from his tree-top. "You can't expect me to be a squirrel and an oak-tree both at once." But at this moment we espied a stout Irishwoman picturesquely dressed, standing a whitish mass among the thicket-mazes not far off, snared like a large bird in a fowler's net. Her dress was of bright printed stuff (though not the same that this essay consists of), which was drawn in rich folds across her ample breast and back; but the skirt was rolled up succinctly in a bunch behind, leaving in view the white petticoat, and she had a quaint cap on her head. As for her face, it was bewitchingly tinted the color of a newly dug potato that shows its dusky golden skin through a frank and engaging disguise of dirt. A flat, straw-matted sack with twisted, pliant handles lay near her on the ground, partly filled with sticks of dead wood gathered for fuel; but at present she was wholly absorbed in waiting to be spoken to. We thought ourselves far enough astray, by this, to make it quite safe to ask her where the oaks were. She promptly pointed to the region we had come from, and said, "Down there, in a field."

"I thought they were on a hill," said Dorastus.

"Well, yes," she assented, "I suppose it *is* a hill." She evidently understood that it made no real difference where she put the oaks just for that one day. The child, having slid down out of the maple, now advanced with Fawnia, and the old woman's mind began to work on a fresh tack. "I should think you must have been here before," she said.

"Why?" demanded the child, in a melodramatic tone, as if anticipating a "long-lost mother."

"Because so many people come this way in summer," was the answer.

I suppose the ancient, earthy dame felt as if nearly all the people in Boston must have passed before her eyes in years gone by, and was not aware that a new generation had been growing up. We concluded that she had taken her stand there to watch for the earliest summer skylarkers so as to be assured that spring had really returned, as we of the city wait to be convinced by the logic of bluebirds and robins. Satisfied with these discoveries, and remembering that as spring harbingers we ought not to linger long, we strolled off once more through the grove.

"I find," observed Dorastus, growing thoughtful, "that trees, like children, reveal peculiarities of character more frankly in their budding-time than at maturer stages." And truly it seemed more than a fancy, for the shapes all around us were almost more interesting than anything offered by a forest in perfect leaf. Fully exposed to view, the long, pensile boughs of the ash looked so much like a woman's graceful arms that we saw how natural it is to give that tree a feminine impersonation. Tennyson touches this sentiment beautifully where he speaks of a maiden who lingers to clothe her heart with love: —

"Delaying as the tender ash delays
To clothe itself, when all the woods are green."

Young oaks, too, crowded about us; but they were like athletes in the *palæstra*, sinewy, yet supple, and awaiting their turn to wrestle. An oak is as radically man-like as an ash is in league with womankind. But, on the whole, the hickories were more entertaining. The oak and the ash posed themselves for our admiration with a more or less conscious grace; but the hickory has to provide directly for the feeding of men and women, and instead of trying to look like either it is all absorbed in its own arboreal activity. What a multitudinous and busy aspect it has, when seen at a little distance! Small, short branches strike out from the boughs with astonishing readiness; the twigs are a host, short, tough, curvilinear, fairly skipping from the parent stem in their excess of vitality; and the boughs, which make sudden turns as if called by their affairs in many directions, still maintain that gracefulness that belongs to resourceful bodies. In some places they bend slightly earthward at the extremity, as if practicing how best to drop the nuts when they shall ripen; but at other times, mindful of pilfering urchins, they spring far up alongside the trunk. That precaution will not avail, of course, when the fatal hour and the barefoot boy arrive together. But in the mean time the cautious and thrifty tree has nothing to offer except buds, thick and brief in shape, at once exquisitely soft and perfectly hardy in appearance, their texture firm but fine, their color a delicate mouse-tint edged with purple where the leaf turns open.

At last we came to an edge of the hill where the timber had been slowly worn away, and where the land drops to the railroad. A view from this point grouped together the Bunker Hill granite shaft, the Old South spire, the State House dome, and the Harvard Memorial again, the tall shaft of which with its distant argillaceous glitter suggests the gleam of those forgotten weapons wielded by the brave youths whom this pile is built to honor. The landscape at our feet and just beyond was fresh and pleasant in its cold young-maidenly way. The grass-fields on the opposite hilly rise were of a pale dead yellow, like flowers left long since on a grave. Two or three unpainted fences sped in that direction, carrying rigid lines of shining yellow across the vista. Down in the intervening bottom-land the thick black earth broke up through vestiges of last year's herbage with an almost portentous air; but over it in parts was spread a plantation of birches black and white, their tops budding faintly rosy above a woof of innumerous fine, gray, thread-like shoots and twigs. Among the Belmont villas an apple orchard unrolled its square of chilly purple; the groves at a distance were like flat, dark surfaces full of closely curling lines. Some of the houses added picturesqueness to the scene, but most — as the case always is in America — were possessed of a vindictive ugliness.

But so omnipotent was the exquisite spell of spring that in spite of the houses it was delicious to sit there musing. Fawnia sketched. Dorastus said he was going to write. But it seemed that he could produce nothing original that afternoon.

At last they set out in search of the child, who had been dispatched some time before to discover a homeward route. After a considerable tramp, assisted by much hallooing, they found him serenely abiding on a stone at the roadside below the hill. He had encountered an available gate and path, of which he had been making a drawing for half an hour or so, with utter disregard for the mission on which he had been sent. Keen were the reproaches hurled at him by his youngers; to which he replied by drawing himself up rigidly, with one hand pointing in the approved style eastward, and solemnly reciting the words: "Three miles to Cambridge." Indeed, so repentant was he that he continued to make a sign-post of himself at every available point along the whole walk back to town; and it is fair to presume that by his energy he saved us from ever getting sight of the trees we had set out to find.

II.

BRANCHES.

Our inquiry concerning the whereabouts and character of the Waverley Oaks proved to have various branches, for Dorastus or myself made frequent attempts, and all in vain, to reach them. Once I got to the bare hill-side again, in company with a friend, and we picked columbines and saxifrage and violets, all growing together there. But some children who were also picking said: "We 're getting these flowers for a little boy who fell down in Greece and got very lame, and his family, some of them, live next door to us, and they 're going to send them in a letter, and" — It happened that we knew very well about the little boy, whom we identified by questions to the children; and this coincidence was so singular that we contributed some of our flowers and at once returned home, knowing that it was not well to seek the further surprise of the oaks, on that occasion.

But at last I found myself, one day, walking up the Concord road, with a professor of science at my side whom I could trust implicitly, for he was a poet as well as a mathematician, — one of those rare characters whom a prejudiced and specializing modern spirit forces to conceal their most ideal tendencies. A red-headed linnet greeted us from the bushes near the highway, as if inviting us to throw some chance loop of song over his shining neck; but he speedily vanished again; and so we came to the Waverley Oaks. This is not very explicit; but when one has got to the oaks, it is not profitable to discuss how the thing was accomplished. There is nothing mean or secretive about these great trees, but they are so peculiarly situated between railroad and highway that it is the easiest thing in the world to overlook them.

When you first catch sight of them they do not look surprisingly large. A ruined group of "bony button-woods" on the other side of the turnpike will very likely attract more of your attention to its haggard array of gaunt, white, tottering forms. A depression of the land, along which a shallow streamlet scuffles, separates us from the oaks; and though they stand in the open, being scattered on a low green ridge, the intervening hollow seems to put them out of the way. My scientific friend explained that the ridge, which runs out from higher land like a military earth-work, is thought to be the moraine of some ancient glacier. I could not see where the ice came from: but, not being particular about my glaciers, I was grateful even for an unaccountable one, and still more grateful that it had grown tired of sitting under the trees before we came there. The frigid monster has left another memento in the shape of a swampy pool sheltered by a curve of the moraine and haunted by a kingfisher, whom I have

more than once seen skimming over it with predatory haste, while the sharp notes that he let fall in flying seemed to trace his course through the air as with a dotted line. But prehistoric associations are not endearing; and it seems strange that when the mind can pierce so far into the past of this spot, the heart should be unable to find any sweet or homely reminiscence connecting these old barky existences with the human life that has so long been going on all around them.

In the trunk of one of the oaks which fell or was cut down a few years ago an eminent New England poet, who observes such matters, counted, I think, between four and five hundred annual rings. The bigger members of the group probably date back still farther, — perhaps reach the antiquity of a thousand years; so that it would have been perfectly easy for the red men to attach some wild tradition to them. They had several centuries at their disposal for developing legends. But the besottedly prosaic natives of Massachusetts allowed themselves to be nearly exterminated by small-pox just before the Pilgrims landed, and this ill-timed acquiescence of theirs has robbed us of whatever accumulations of story may have been made before that period. The only scrap that remains is a tame antiquarian rumor to the effect that Indians once used to encamp under the liberal porch of stretching boughs that arch this turfy bank. Speculating on the origin of the mighty boles I have sometimes wished that they might be referred to some forgotten order of oak-revering priests. But the honest disciple of nature soon finds it a relief and refreshment not to have any burden of age — long recollections weighing on him here. It matters little what you think of, under Waverley Oaks. Mosses and lichens, in such a place, furnish an ample history, and I have found the substance of innumerable dreams in the gray and twisted ends of limbs that have fallen to the earth and lain untouched, retaining precisely the form they had had while resting on the air. From these I learned how exactly death may carry out and preserve the forms of life. And if life, in all its loftiest and most splendid growths, can fade so utterly into ashes, — this very power of decaying is so miraculous, that I argue from it another miracle of generation out of the ashes. The one marvel must be balanced by the other, unless the universe is top-heavy, and no better than a stone falling forever in one direction through space.

We soon found that associations of our own germinated and shot up so thickly around the venerable oaks that if I were to give an account of them all, the ramifications of this paper would push out through the covers of the magazine, ruining its classic compactness, as I remember to have seen the roof and wall of an old Mexican house perforated by a tree which the occupants had inadvertently allowed to grow up inside of their dwelling instead of outside. But it is important to notice one festal excursion for which the trees furnished a nucleus. Dorastus had been for a long while hinting that he was going to write a profound essay about the Waverley Oaks, and at last a day was appointed for a picnic on the old moraine, at which he should read his manuscript. Dorastus and Fawnia, having been given supervision over some children orphaned by an absence of their parents at the Centennial Exhibition, rescued the young creatures from the perils of school and carried them off with the excursion party. In this they were abetted by the child and by a certain friendly philosopher who had got on the right side of the Cosmos by printing a large work about it. This wise man, too, not content with solving or discussing the problems of life already extant, had provided himself with several small human problems of the most captivating kind, in the persons of his children. These likewise we took, being satisfied that however many uncertainties of existence our party comprised, a sufficient response would be yielded to all by the inarticulate oracle of the oaks. Forth, then, we went in a great vehicle technically called a "three-seater." Telescopically arranged on three broad seats

one behind another, we had much the same sense of power that the occupants of a Roman trireme must have felt when rowing into battle; but the peacefulness of our errand was an advantage the more on our side. It was on that lovely afternoon of summer that, having unyoked our steeds in the green covert of a light grove by the way, and formed a bivouac of the driver beside the vacant carriage, we explored the picturesque vicinity. Dorastus had informed us that the rivulet near the oaks was the same Beaver Brook which rippled into verse, years ago, as the poet Lowell stood watching it: —

> "No mountain torrent's strength is here;
> Sweet Beaver, child of forest still,
> Heaps its small pitcher to the ear,
> And gently waits the miller's will."

He fancied that the verses might have had their origin in the thickly wooded miniature glen, higher up, where, according to the poem,

> "Only the little mill sends up
> Its busy, never-ceasing burr."

So we made our way thither. But the mill has crumbled now into a loose heap of stones, from which a shattered and parched-looking wheel hangs suspended over the water. A sinister train of vegetation adds to the sentiment of the place, by sprinkling deadly-nightshade, with its lurking purple blooms, along the rock ledges, and the gray mill wall is mantled with poison-ivy. Just peeping into sight beyond the mill was a cottage which had been built by an artist, and we at once inferred that he had let the mill fall to pieces, in the interests of painting. It was delightful, also, to see the liveliness of the brook which he had thus set free from bondage: it poured down from a pond above and played merrily at hide-and-seek with all the rocks that it encountered. But as we walked from the pond across the cottage grounds towards a return road, a group of ferocious hounds came hotly in pursuit of us, threatening to make serious havoc with evolutionary thought, and to tear a perceptible gap in magazine literature. The women and children fled, and very dramatically got over the stone-wall, while the philosopher and Dorastus paused and faced the furious dogs. The eye which had not quailed before Kant and Hegel and Herbert Spencer was not lacking in self-possession now. And something in the magazinist's look evidently betrayed to the four-footed assailants that he meant to turn them into "material." By the time they reached the two men, they began abjectly to fawn; philosophy and fiction had overcome brute force. But the child was disappointed; he had retired to make a safe sketch of canine forms in savage action, and could not reconcile himself to the mild event. We diverted him, nevertheless, as we went along back to the oaks, by pointing out a resemblance to England in the scenery and the excellent hard roads; for we knew he liked England. "By the way," said Dorastus, "when the English poet, Clough, was walking along this road, a few years ago, a red fox crossed his path. Was not that a graceful tribute to his nationality?"

"You should keep those interesting little facts for your essay," said the thrifty Fawnia; and Dorastus became meditative.

The lunch was various and large; but again intellect triumphed, and the substances known as bread, chicken, olives, etc., were vanquished. Some one tremblingly recalled Mr. Ruskin's indignation at people who feast in the face of nature; but on the other side was cited the tradition of the Homeric heroes, ἐς ἠέλιον καταδύντα δαίνυντ', — "feasting till set of sun." The poet always reminds us that on those occasions "neither did the soul suffer want;" and in order to complete the parallel, Dorastus began his essay, while the rest of us smoked. He had something to say about the early worship and the religious symbolism of trees: the cruciform *sal* of the Hindoos, the Scandinavian ash-tree Ygdrasil, and the sacred Egyptian peach-tree from which the goddess Athor fed the soul enfranchised by death. He touched upon the terebinth of Abraham, the oak-trees of Dodona, Eliot's oak on which Longfellow has since written a sonnet. "The Persians," he went on, "figured

the life of the universe by a tree; the early Christians made it a mystic symbol; and it was deeper than mere trope in Virgil to speak of a big tree that sent its roots down to hell and its branches to the stars. How shall I reverently enough speak of the awe that invests those olives in the garden of Gethsemane? It was a beautiful superstition that made the Glastonbury Thorn to flower only at Christmas; and equally impressive was that other which told that the cross of Calvary was wrought of aspen wood, and that all trees of this kind had shuddered and trembled ever since. The pine, the palm, the sycamore have all been holy trees; and in short a volume is needed to treat this theme aright. But let us consider the simpler personal influences of trees. They differ almost as much as human beings, and there are days when they are all utterly unsympathetic. Do you remember Coleridge's verses? —

> 'some love-distemper'd youth
> Who never more shall see an aspen-grove
> Shiver in sunshine, but his feeble heart
> Shall flow away like a dissolving thing?'

So strong are one's responses to the influence of trees. But they most often fill us with immeasurable strength. Once, when Waverley Oaks put on that gray-gold beauty of their early leaves, and the dim white blood-root blossoms by the old wall were disappearing, I came hither and renewed all the noblest impulses of my life. And have they not aspects which correspond to the needs of all who come to them for counsel and benison? Then, the changes of the season! First the softly crimsoned, crinkled unfolding of budding leaves as delicate and rosy as the fingers of a baby's hand; next the summer's wildering masquerades of green; and lastly the autumn, when the year seems to meet these giants with a solitude as ancient as their own. Few human countenances give so profound a sense of age as these furrowed boles with fibres all 'inveterately convolved,' like those of Wordsworth's famous yews; yet they send more of youthfulness into our veins than any but the sweetest feminine face has power to give.

"The oak is the noblest of trees. It is from this alone that the chemists can get what they call the 'spirit of wood.' Think, too, what a part this species has played in the history of navies. In 1839, by the way, the commissioners of land revenue in England computed that a seventy-four ship of the line required two thousand tons of oak; and as a tree yielding a ton must be about seventy-five years old, and only forty of this size can usually be found on an acre of land, the ship of the line absorbed the product of fifty acres. Both æsthetically and materially do the oak and all its fellows rank high. Why do we not more openly and generally reverence and protect such gifts? A tree is an outpost of man, getting nearer to heaven and all creatures of sky and meadow than he can. O mighty oak, huge accumulator of sunshine and companion of all weathers, you stand forth there all the year, catching the strength and grace, the various temperament, the multitudinous cadence of the seasons, and preserving them in your vast, puissant form! All these you gather for me." What followed, Dorastus said he had written in winter. "Even now, majestic amid the snows, you rally the wasted legions of your leaves against the freezing wind, and in the cold midwinter light they flash like brandished steel. Would it were possible for you also to combat man; for, though he knows you are his ally, he is apt to fall treacherously upon you with the axe.

"Trees, we know, are the regulators of our water supply: the planting of forests in Egypt created there a brisk trade in umbrellas. They prevent drought and inundation, they shelter us and our animals from sun and rain. There was once in Labes, in Spain, an oak with a hollow in the trunk having a circumference of twenty-one feet, in which as many as thirty sheep would seek refuge during storms. Trees call the lightning away; they mitigate malarial harms, and are by some considered not merely regenerators but almost the creators of the best part of our atmosphere. They form natural conservatories where fruits can flourish that disappear when the woods

are cut down; they harbor birds which protect our crops from bugs and insects; they clothe banks of stone with rich soil, by the shedding of leaves and by sending their roots always lower to draw up life-supplying salts. Yet even these uses fail to bring them into favor with our special American barbarism, or *un*-emotional insanity of cutting down. We ought also to consider the moral effect of trees. Greatly should I reverence the man who had passed a life-time near these oaks, and could tell me all about them during that term. I believe we must yet have an arboreal prophet, a preacher of tree-worship in a modern and Christian and poetic sense. The great appreciator of the Waverley Oaks is still to come. When he has done his work, in some future generation may be seen free man growing up amid free nature. How many virtues of strong humility and rugged self-denial these lusty wards would encourage, how many robust men and generous women might be dedicated to ampler lives, in a community reverencing such great examples of development! When trees have their rights, man will be nobler and his own welfare more secure. Let the republic cherish its greatest."

"Men or trees?" queried the child, fastidiously. (Dorastus deigned no answer.) "I don't think your essay has the right tone: it is n't misanthropic, like Thoreau."

"That 's the best of it," said the philosopher. "He has given the human side of tree-life. And really men are very much like trees: for though we may rise high by the reason, as a sort of trunk, we have to put forth the branches and leafage of faith and imagination before we can make the heavenly influences a part of our substance."

The rest seemed to concur in this opinion. What Dorastus had said about a prophet of trees, however, set me thinking. After this time I looked eagerly in the faces of men and women, expecting to find the harbinger of a new era. But all who knew the oaks seemed to have a conviction that they alone could understand them. One afternoon, I found myself again on the moraine, and sitting down beneath my favorite tree I mused upon this peculiar vanity. October had softly tanned the southern sky, and beyond the horizon great white arms of cloud uplifted themselves in outspread lines, suggesting the image of some mighty oak that had perished from the earth and taken to a ghostly existence. The real oaks balanced their sharp bronze leaves above me, and the barberry-bushes around were filled with their acrid clusters. An elm not far off formed a great sheet of orange, against which the swallows shone blue as they darted about, seeming to carry here and there a color-echo of the sky. All at once a slight sound took my attention. It came from so far up in the oak that I was uncertain whether I had really heard anything. Then there was a faint tap and a rustle, somewhat nearer; again silence, and the tap was repeated twice. Something was evidently falling through the hush, touching the boughs and grazing many a leaf as it came. At last, it cleared the final impediments, and a small object struck sharply at my shoulder. It was an acorn. Finally, then, after so much communing with the oaks, had I received from their chief a token of friendly recognition and welcome?

DICKENS'S GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

On the first of December, 1860, Dickens began the publication, in All the Year Round, of his novel of Great Expectations, and closed it in the number of that weekly which appeared on the 3d of August, 1861. His first intention, as in the case of The Old Curiosity Shop, was to write a short sketch or story for the periodical he edited. Forster had suggested to him that he should try something in his old way, — something which would recall to the public his youthful achievements in humorous scenes and characterizations. Dickens replied: "For a little piece I have been writing — or am writing, for I hope to finish it to-day — such a very fine, new, and grotesque idea has opened upon me that I begin to doubt whether I had not better cancel the little paper and reserve the notion for a new book. You shall judge as soon as I get it printed. But it so opens out before *me* that I can see the whole of a serial revolving on it in a most singular and comic manner." This grotesque idea was, doubtless, the relation established between Pip and Magwitch, which might easily have been narrated in a few charming pages, such as those in which he had disposed of the germs of many other romances, in the series of essays, sketches, and portraitures of life which he was then writing under the general title of The Uncommercial Traveller. But the idea of an innocent boy establishing unconsciously an immense influence over the mind of a hunted felon, merely by giving him that assistance which he dared not refuse, haunted Dickens's imagination until he gathered round it a whole new world of characters and incidents. He thought at first that it might furnish the materials for a monthly serial, in twenty numbers, like Dombey and Son, or Little Dorrit; but the falling off in the circulation of All the Year Round induced him to publish it in that weekly, and to confine it to the dimensions of A Tale of Two Cities. It is doubtful if he could have sustained himself in making the story double its present length. As it is, nothing could be better of its kind; but the atmosphere of Old Bailey and Newgate, which penetrates the whole tale, might have become insupportable in a romance as long as Copperfield or Bleak House. The only method by which the interest could have been sustained would have been a forced extension and development of Pip's character through scenes which might have followed the downfall of his "expectations," and which would have led him up to his eventual marriage with Estella in a less curt fashion than that which the romancer eventually employed.

To account for the conclusion of the story as it now stands, where, in a concluding chapter, "the heroine, after being married, reclaimed, and widowed, is in a page or two made love to and remarried to the hero," we must refer to a remonstrance from friends, which was more effectual in the case of Dickens than that which protested against the death of Clarissa Harlowe, in the case of Richardson. Carlyle was among the persons who listened to the reading of advanced sheets of the story, and on one occasion, at a meeting of friends in Dickens's house, called, in his boisterous, laughing way, for more of that "Pip nonsense;" and Bulwer Lytton was so strongly opposed to the conclusion of the story as originally written that Dickens reluctantly altered it. "I have changed the end of Great Expectations," he wrote to Forster, "from and after Pip's return to Joe's, and finding his little likeness there. Bulwer, who has been, as I think you know, extraordinarily taken by the book, so strongly urged it upon me, after reading the proofs, and supported his view with such good reasons, that I resolved to make the change. You shall have it when I come back to town. I have put in as

pretty a piece of writing as I could, and I have no doubt the story will be more acceptable through the alteration."

The original closing chapter left Pip a solitary man, as much estranged from Estella as he was from all the persons connected with her and his great expectations. He returns to England after an absence of eight years, and finds that Joe and Biddy, happily married, have given his name to their son. He learns that Estella, in marrying Drummle, has endured every outrage that could be inflicted by such a husband's pride, cruelty, and meanness; that she was relieved from her hated bonds by a merciful kick bestowed upon him by a nobler brute, namely, a horse that he had ill-treated; and that she was now married to a Shropshire doctor, who had witnessed and resented, during his professional visits to her dying husband, the outrages that he heaped upon her to the last. Pip is also informed that she and the doctor are living comfortably on her personal fortune. Then come the concluding sentences of the tale: "I was in England again — in London, and walking along Piccadilly with little Pip — when a servant came running after me to ask would I step back to a lady in a carriage, who wished to speak to me. It was a little pony carriage which the lady was driving; and the lady and I looked sadly enough on one another. 'I am greatly changed, I know; but I thought you would like to shake hands with Estella, too, Pip. Lift up that pretty child, and let me kiss it!' (She supposed the child, I think, to be my child.) I was very glad afterwards to have had the interview; for, in her face and in her voice and in her touch, she gave me assurance that suffering had been stronger than Miss Havisham's teaching, and had given her a heart to understand what my heart used to be." This was a natural and artistic conclusion of the story; but Bulwer insisted that Pip should not be left alone in desolate bachelorhood; that he should marry Estella. It must be confessed that Dickens contrived to give an unprepared, unexpected, and inartistic ending to the romance, satisfying to Bulwer and to ordinary readers of novels, because it promised a marriage between the hero and the heroine; but how dreary, how sepulchral, is this mating of hearts never intended to be matrimonially joined! Better to have left Pip an experienced merchant emancipated from all his old delusions, and leading his little namesake by the hand along Piccadilly, than to have married him to the lady who looked out upon him from her pony carriage as she drove by. Estella had deliberately used her charms for the purpose of winning his heart only to torture it; she had deliberately married a dolt and a brute for money; and she should have been left to the Shropshire doctor, who had softened all the heart she possessed by defending her from the deathbed malignity of her savage husband. Pip, educated into a man of affairs, who had learned the value of the affections he had foolishly sacrificed in his green youth, should also have been left, as Dickens intended to leave him, calmly surveying the woman who had awakened in his youthful breast the passion of love only to deceive it merely as a matron in whom he hoped calamity had developed a heart never revealed to him.

There is much of Dickens's best writing in Great Expectations. The characterization is forcible even when it is least attractive. Thus the weird, ghostly Miss Havisham has more power expended on her than she deserves. Orlick is a savage of the same race as Hugh, in Barnaby Rudge, but is represented as more brutal than his prototype. A broad-shouldered, loose-limbed, swarthy, sullen, hulking ruffian, who "slouches into his work as he slouches out of it," his great physical strength is guided by a low cunning only to the gratification of a low malignity, and he is thoroughly dehumanized in the process by which he is strongly individualized. Magwitch is a criminal of another type, having in him human elements of gratitude and love; and his own account of his miserable life has a rude fervor and pathos which are indescribably affecting. He condenses his biography in what he

calls "a mouthful of English," namely, "In jail and out of jail, in jail and out of jail, in jail and out of jail. . . . I first became aware of myself, down in Essex, a-thieving turnips for my living. Summun had run away from me, — a man, a tinker, — and he 'd took the fire with him, and left me wery cold." How did he know his name was Magwitch? "Much as I know'd the birds' names in the hedges to be chaffinch, sparrer, thrush. I might have thought it all lies together, only as the birds' names come out true, I supposed mine did. So far as I could find, there warn't a soul that see young Abel Magwitch, *with as little on him as in him*, but wot caught fright at him, and either drove him off or took him up. I was took up, took up, took up, to that extent that I reg'larly grow'd up took up." The narrative that succeeds is a compact account of the way in which the criminal classes are constantly recruited by swarms of neglected or abandoned children. Compeyson, the greater rogue of the two, plays an important part in the story, but he is felt rather by the effect his villainy produces on the character and fortunes of others, than by his own personality. The mother of Estella and wife of Magwitch, the murderess whom Mr. Jaggers releases from the grasp of justice and, curiously enough, chooses for his housekeeper, completes the criminal group, though there is not a felon lounging around Mr. Jaggers's office who is not thoroughly individualized by a few brief, discriminating touches, from the red-eyed little Jew "performing a jig of anxiety under a lamp-post, and accompanying himself in a kind of frenzy with the words, 'Oh, Jaggerth, Jaggerth, Jaggerth!'" to the shuffling, one-eyed, weeping Mike, who always seems to have one member of his interesting family up for larceny or burglary, and who is always prepared with a witness ready to swear, "in a general way, anythink."

Mr. Jaggers himself is one of Dickens's most felicitous characterizations in the law department of what we have called Dickens-land. It is astonishing that his limited experience as a reporter and as an apprentice in an attorney's office should have furnished him with so many sharply defined types of the English lawyer, through all the grades of the profession, from Sampson Brass, in The Old Curiosity Shop, all the way up to the bland Lord Chancellor who figures so gracefully in Bleak House. He introduces scores of lawyers into his various romances, and shows a superficial knowledge, at least, of the jargon which distinguishes their language from the English language, and of the moral qualities which distinguish their legal nature from ordinary human nature; but he also discriminates clearly between the different classes into which the profession is divided, and, while preserving the general features of each class, sharply individualizes every person included in it, — that is, every person who seems deserving of a place in his gallery of original characters. Thus Stryver, in A Tale of Two Cities, belongs, like Jaggers, to the class of domineering legal bullies, and they might, upon a superficial observation, be considered as pretty much alike; but, as represented by Dickens, they are very far apart in individual character, and cannot be confounded by any reader whose imagination has once been stamped with the image of either. The variation comes in great part from the fact that the idea, purpose, and atmosphere of the two romances are widely different. Stryver comes into A Tale of Two Cities chiefly as the advocate of an honest man accused of high treason. Jaggers comes into Great Expectations as the legal centre of a story which is saturated with crime, a story where the criminal or worthless characters are in the majority, and where the innocent persons are all involved in a mesh of contradictions, arising from low villainies of which they are the victims. The offenses in the one romance are political; technical crimes which are universally known to be often the highest expression of noble virtues. In the other the crimes are such as all civilized mankind repudiates, and the perpetrators of which are persons who

can be saved from death or transportation only by the interposition of such lawyers as Mr. Jaggers, exerting their force and ferocity, their ingenuity and knowledge of technical forms, on behalf of the criminal's "legal rights."

Mr. Jaggers is, indeed, the very impersonation of the Old Bailey advocate, — the guardian angel, or at least the protecting genius, of all unfortunate gentlemen afflicted with irresistible tendencies to theft, arson, forgery, and homicide, standing firmly between them and the gallows (provided always that they have previously "seen Wemmick"), and inspiring the whole swell-mob of rascaldom with the well-founded conviction that "Jaggers can do it, if it is to be done." He "always seems to me," says his clerk, Wemmick, "as if he had set a man-trap, and was watching it. Suddenly, click! you 're caught!" A poor outcast woman, comforting another outcast whose "Bill" has got into trouble about some matter of housebreaking, says to her, "Jaggers is for him, 'Melia, and what more *could* you have?" Indeed, there is hardly in literature a more finished specimen of the legal bully, perfect in the art of hectoring witnesses, terrifying judges, and bamboozling juries. Even when there is no case to be tried he cannot get rid of the contentiousness of mind and manner he has acquired in the criminal courts. In private conversation, where no point is to be gained, he refuses to admit anything, and cross-examines everything and everybody. When he drops into the village ale-house to inquire after Pip, and inform him of his great expectations, he cannot resist, before proceeding to business, the temptation to demolish poor Mr. Wopsle, who is reading, in his grandest elocutionary tones, to a wondering audience, a thrilling newspaper account of "the last highly popular murder." By a few crushing Socratic interrogatories, as insolent as they are searching, he cross-examines that village luminary into utter silence and insignificance, so that even the rustics around the tavern fire, over whom he has long domineered, feel and see that he is utterly discomfited by this intruding stranger with the big head, deep-set eyes, and bushy, black eyebrows, who lowers upon him from the back of the settle on which Mr. Jaggers is contemptuously leaning. Throughout the book he appears impregnable in every defensive position he takes, and overwhelming whenever he assumes the offensive. He penetrates into the heart of every person with whom he comes in contact or collision, while he himself remains impenetrable. Even Dickens only catches glimpses here and there of his inner self. The one occasion in which he exhibits feeling is that in which Pip implores him to state the facts regarding the parentage of Estella, and then he only gives the information in the form of an imagined case. Both he and Wemmick are so much mortified that they have been betrayed into an expression of sentiment which they consider unprofessional that they become hard and harsh toward each other, and are only prevented from falling into a quarrel by the opportune arrival of Mike, who enters to announce that his eldest daughter is arrested on suspicion of theft. Wemmick detects a tear "twinkling in his eye," and asks him roughly, "What do you come sniveling here for?" "A man can't help his feelings," pleads Mike. "His what?" Wemmick savagely exclaims. "Say that again!" Then Mr. Jaggers advances, points to the door, and, in a voice of thunder, bids this father of an unfortunate family to leave the office. "I 'll have no feelings here," he says; "get out." And Pip observes that, after Mike humbly withdraws, "Mr. Jaggers and Wemmick appeared to have reëstablished their good understanding, and went to work again with an air of refreshment upon them, as if they had just had lunch."

Joe Gargery is one of a large class of characters which Dickens delighted to create, — men in whom solid integrity of heart and conduct can find no adequate expression through the brain and the tongue. Generally the tongue is but too glib in uttering fine sentiments and ideas

which have no root in feeling or character; if a man has nothing really to say, he finds little difficulty in saying it fluently, coherently, and charmingly; and no hypocrite, conscious or unconscious, would suffer from the impediments which obstruct the utterance of the stalwart Joe, when his great heart stumbles over the usual phrases of affection or disinterestedness in a sort of hopeless confusion. His brain can only stutter when his heart swells to its utmost capacity; and his favorite expression, "which I meantersay," is more eloquent than the lucid sayings of less simple and noble natures. Dickens was so captivated by Joe Gargery that he undertook the task of devising a new language for him, governed by a novel grammar, and with rules for the construction of sentences which must naturally surprise the student of Blair, Kaimes, Campbell, or Whately. The creator of Joe felt that Christian civilization was based on the real existence of persons resembling Joe in kind; and that political, fashionable, literary, and scientific "society," adorned with any number of fluent, graceful, and highly cultivated men and women, would crumble unless sustained by sturdy workmen of which Gargery is the type. The solid nobility of his nature is all the more apparent when we reflect that the circumstances of his early life were almost as unpropitious as those of Magwitch. In apologizing to Pip for his lack of schooling, this tongue-tied hero — a man whom Carlyle would have rapturously hugged as a realization of his ideal of silent fortitude — gives a pathetic account of his childhood and youth: "My father, Pip, he were given to drink, and when he was overtook with drink, he hammered away at my mother, most onmerciful. It were a'most the only hammering he did, indeed, 'xcepting at myself. . . . Consequence, my mother and me we ran away from my father several times; and then my mother she 'd go out to work, and she 'd say, 'Joe,' she 'd say, 'now, please God, you shall have some schooling, child,' and she 'd put me to school. But my father were that good in his hart that he could n't abear to be without us. So he 'd come with a most tremenjous crowd, and make such a row at the doors of the houses where we was that they used to be obligated to have no more to do with us and to give us up to him. And then he took us home and hammered us. Which, you see, Pip, were a drawback on my learning." Joe, under these circumstances, was set hard to work to support the drunken father; and "I kep' him," he adds, "till he went off in a purple'leptic fit. And it were my intentions to have had put upon his tombstone that Whatsume'er the failings on his part, Remember, reader, he were that good in his hart. . . . As I was saying, Pip, it were my intentions to have had it cut over him; but poetry costs money, cut it how you will, small or large, and it were not done. Not to mention bearers, all the money that could be spared were wanted for my mother. She were in poor 'elth, and quite broke. She were n't long of following, poor soul, *and her share of peace come round at last.*" And he then goes on to give the reason why he submits to be so atrociously henpecked by his wife: "I see so much in my poor mother of a woman drudging and slaving and breaking her honest hart, and never getting no peace in her mortal days, that I 'm dead afeerd of going wrong in the way of not doing what 's right to a woman, and I 'd fur rather of the two go wrong the t'other way, and be a little ill-convenienced myself." There is something almost sublime in the patience of this tender-hearted Vulcan, toiling day after day to support such a vixen Venus, neither expecting nor receiving the slightest recognition of his services, scorned, scolded, derided, and tormented by his termagant wife, and anxious only to save her brother Philip from the worst consequences of her senseless anger when she was on "the rampage." What can be better than his account of his courtship and marriage? "She was a fine figure of a woman, Pip, — a little redness, or a little matter of bone, here or there; what does it signify to me? . . . But when I got acquainted with your sister, it were the talk how she was bringing you

up by hand. . . . If you could have been aware how small and flabby and mean you was, dear me, you'd have formed the most contemptible opinions of yourself. . . . And when I offered to your sister to keep company, and be asked in church at such times as she was willing and ready to come to the forge, I said to her, 'And bring the poor little child. God bless the poor little child,' I said to your sister, 'there's room for *him* at the forge.'" The essential peculiarity and originality of Joe Gargery is that he is contented with the mere exercise of goodwill toward others. However unworthy may be the objects of his instinctive beneficence, and with whatever ingratitude his service may be requited, he is blind to everything except that the inborn necessity of his nature has found vent in some blundering words or efficient acts which rudely express his benevolent feelings. He is as perfectly unconscious of merit in saying and doing these grand things as he is of merit in breathing, in swinging his arms at his forge, or in exercising any other bodily function. The more the character is studied, the more profound and beautiful in essence it is found to be.

Among the many characters of the book, the uncle of Joe Gargery, the selfish, solemn, windy old donkey, Pumblechook, is deserving of special mention. He is asinine in soul, — a jackass who swindles humanity by assuming the human form, feloniously disregarding the gradual stages which the theory of development exacts in the structural transformation of species. Yet how delicious an ass Pumblechook is! Before Pip comes into his fortune, he is a tyrant; afterwards a sycophant; then again a hypocritical pretender; but always and ever an ass! The different members of the Pocket family who assemble in Miss Havisham's mansion, each toady anxious to excel the other in the grand object of being prominently named in that lady's will, are all well drawn; but we think there is one touch which is original in humorous nomenclature. Camilla is the sentimental lady among the numerous toadies gathered around the ghastly old maid; she suffers, according to her own statement, immense agonies, by night and by day, in thinking of the unhappiness of Miss Havisham; and she constantly appeals to a husband, kept in the background, to sustain her asseverations of the distressing effects on her physical system occasioned by the intensity of her sympathies with the afflicted woman of whom she is ambitious to be the heir. The husband's name is Raymond, and she is legally Mrs. Raymond; but, as she is the dominant force in their domestic establishment, Dickens calls the husband Mr. Camilla. Is not this an entirely original stroke of humor, on a subject which has exercised the humorists of all generations? Certainly no satirist that we can call to mind, in indicating the (doubtless proper) subordination of the husband to the wife, has ever hit before on calling the male animal Mr. Jane, or Mr. Mary, or Mr. Betsy. Then there is Miss Sarah Pocket, "a little dry, brown, corrugated old woman, with a small face that might have been made of walnut-shells, and a large mouth like a cat's, without the whiskers." Mr. Wopsle is another marked character, a man magnificently impotent, with a resounding voice that proclaims his imbecility over a wider area than is reached by the lungs of other fools, and whose performance of Hamlet forms one of the most richly humorous of the many scenes in which Dickens has ridiculed the theatre and the actors of his time. And, finally, there is the father of Herbert Pocket's Clara, old Bill Barley, a bed-ridden, covetous, swearing scamp, who seeks to allay the torments of the gout by copious libations of rum flavored with pepper, and who is naturally indignant that this fiery medicine does not have the curative qualities which might reasonably be expected of it.

But it is needless to call further attention to the felicity with which Dickens instantly individualizes his least important characters. His power of imaginative description is exhibited in this romance in two quite remarkable instances: the first is in the opening chapters, where the boy Pip comes into rela-

tion with the escaped convict; the second is the account of the defeated attempt, in the fifty-fourth chapter, to get the convict safely out of England. Both are masterly. The incidental remarks, arising naturally in the course of the story, are frequently striking, in their quaint humor of pathos. Thus: "Mrs. Joe was a very clean housekeeper, but had an exquisite art of making her cleanliness more uncomfortable and unacceptable than dirt itself." Pip says: "I was always treated as if I had insisted on being born, in opposition to the dictates of reason, religion, and morality, and against the dissuading arguments of my best friends." Again: "I had seen the damp lying on the outside of my little window, as if some goblin had been crying there all night, and using the window for a pocket-handkerchief." Pip, as a boy, is surprised at the chalk scores against topers on the wall at the side of the door of the village tavern. "They had been there," he says, "ever since I could remember, and had grown more than I had. But there was a quantity of chalk about our country, and perhaps the people neglected no opportunity of turning it to account." Everybody has heard of the rank which the great brewers of England obtain, from the husband of Dr. Johnson's Mrs. Thrale to the present Sir Something Bass. "I don't know," says Herbert Pocket, "why it should be a crack thing to be a brewer, but it is indisputable that while you cannot be genteel and bake, you may be as genteel as never was and brew." Indeed, all the eminent brewers are invariably members of Parliament. Bentley Drummle is described as a fellow so sulky that "he even took up a book as if its writer had done him an injury," a very admirable characterization of a whole class of critics. Pip fears that when Joe Gargery visits him in London the rustic may be seen in his company by Drummle, a person for whom he has the most profound contempt. "So," he says, "throughout our life, our worst weaknesses and meannesses are usually committed for the sake of people whom we most despise." This last remark may have been stated before, but we remember no moralist who has given such pointed expression to a fact of universal experience. A large portion of the comedies and tragedies of life spring from our tendency to live beyond our means; and we live beyond our means merely to keep up a visiting acquaintance with persons whom we either positively hate or for whom we have not the slightest sympathy.

The plot of Great Expectations is more ingeniously complicated than any other of Dickens's novels except Bleak House. As the story came out in weekly installments, the general impression was that the concealed benefactor bent on enriching Pip was Miss Havisham; and when Magwitch, the convicted felon, announced himself as the person who had supplied the funds by which the blacksmith's apprentice had been converted into a fine young gentleman, he surprised most readers of the narrative as much as he surprised, horrified, and disgusted the recipient of his favors. When Dickens was once asked if those who met him daily in society guessed the secret of the story before it was disclosed, he answered that he had succeeded in putting every gentleman of his acquaintance on a false track, but that all the women with whom he conversed divined his purpose before the narrative had gone much beyond the introductory chapters, and were sure, in spite of his denials, that the escaped convict, whom Pip had supplied with a file and with meat and drink, was more likely to be his benefactor than the weird old maid, who used him as a plaything and as a victim. When the novel is read as a whole, we perceive how carefully the author had prepared us for the catastrophe; but it required feminine sagacity and insight to detect the secret on which the plot turns, as the novel first appeared in weekly parts. It is a pity that some woman has not solved the Mystery of Edwin Drood — a mystery which the author carried with him to the grave — as easily as all women, according to Dickens, solved the mystery of Pip's Great Expectations.

Edwin P. Whipple.

THE CHILD OF THE STATE.

Josie Welch's mother was a widow, who worked in a cotton factory. Josie was six years old, and her brother Tommy was eight. All this meant that Mrs. Welch rose at half-past five in the morning, lit a hasty fire in the kitchen, made some tea and drank it, set some bread and butter on the table, in cold weather arranged the fire so it would keep along till noon, and then hurried to her work, leaving the children still in bed.

An hour or two later, Tommy, who was a methodical little soul, routed his sister and himself out of bed, when, without washing, they fell upon the bread and butter and devoured it. They then dressed themselves quite leisurely, although their toilet was a meagre one and included very little in the way of ablutions. Afterwards, Tommy took some of the bread and butter and carried it into the mill to his mother, for her breakfast. At the same time he took her a tin pail, filled the night before. She warmed the contents of this on the steam-pipes in the mill, and at twelve o'clock the children came to the factory and shared with her this made-over dinner, since the brief "nooning" did not give Mrs. Welch time to go home and warm her dinner there. A neighbor, at the widow's request, used to go into the house in the afternoon and replenish the fire, that the place might be warm when the children came home from school. Tommy and Josie went pretty regularly to school in cold weather, because it was warmer there than at home, where the fire their mother left often went out before the neighbor came in. They could not get at the cellar, where the fuel was kept, but sometimes they picked up sticks in a grove hard by, or stole from somebody's unguarded wood-pile, and kept up a very nice fire for themselves. However, there were not many unguarded wood-piles in that village.

The neighbors were kind, and welcomed the shivering little creatures to their own firesides, in those families whose prosperity permitted that the mother or some elder daughter should stay at home from the mill.

At night, Mrs. Welch came home, gave the children their supper, swept and cleaned, washed dishes and clothes, and cooked far into the night; and then lay down for a few hours of heavy sleep.

Tommy and Josie were as good children as could be expected under the circumstances; but Josie had, even then, a restless and nervous organization. In a happier home her peculiarities would perhaps have been carefully studied, and all this fine, nervous force might have been trained and utilized. But Josie belonged to a stratum of society far below those in which exists the practice of such study and consideration. She often ran away from home and school, and got herself into endless scrapes.

A year or two of this sort of life went by, and Mrs. Welch suddenly died. A brother of her husband's took the children. Tommy, of course, prospered in his new home, and when he had nearly attained the age at which the law would allow him to work in the mill, being a well-grown lad, his uncle took him to the overseer, said he was old enough, and obtained employment for him.

Josie, equally of course, did not prosper in the keeping of her aunt. She did not love to tend her aunt's babies. She hated to wash dishes, with a hatred more intense, and perhaps not really more culpable, than that which is felt for this task by some more fortunate daughters of our common race. She did not enjoy the restrictions suddenly placed about her. They irked her greatly after the free street life she had led while her mother lived.

Josie had the instincts that in higher ranks of society are called Bohemian, and for which our many-sided civilization now begins to find respectable chance for action. In the lower strata of this

civilization, however, the pressure of circumstances and of life itself is so great that it bears down heavily on all such instincts, and frequently crushes and distorts them till they become impulses towards crime and outrage. The conscientious student of social life, and of the actual forces of nature and character which shape or deform social life, must often halt between two opinions, and be thankful if the horns of his dilemma are only two, as he questions whether the sovereign cure for many of the ills of humanity would be more liberty or more restraint, always meaning by restraint a control whose sources shall be inward, not outward.

It is the old problem which besets also the individual life. Are obstacles set in our way to warn us back from any special path, or that we may grow stronger by overcoming them as we go forward? Some there are who may decide whether they will go back or go on. Men and women who, like Mrs. Welch, labor eleven hours a day, in the stifling air of a great factory, have limitations to their freedom of will. Those men must eat and sleep away most of their leisure hours. Those women must often toil on in the home after the mill work is done. They cannot spend time and money to go out in search of healthful recreation. The devil surrounds them with sensual enjoyments only. Their jaded nerves respond most readily to such, and in factory villages but little effort is made, by what calls itself Christianity, to compete with Satan in his struggles for souls, or to prove his choice of pleasures an unwise one to the multitude.

So, in her new surroundings, Josie fared ill, and looked forward, in her childish brain, to faring worse. She had, perhaps, at best, a rather weak moral nature, and she experienced no dutiful desires to grow older, take her place in the factory, and do her part towards the support of herself and of her uncle's numerous progeny. She ran away very frequently, and would stay away for hours and cause endless trouble. Finally, one morning she disappeared and was not found till the next day. The child had not yet got into any real harm, but she was certainly on the high road to ruin.

Her aunt, scandalized, provoked, and worn out, complained of her, had her arrested, poor little mite, taken before a magistrate, and sentenced to the Reform School. It was thus that, before she was ten years old, this unfortunate waif became the child of the State.

The institution in which Josie found herself contained generally about a hundred boys and from thirty to fifty girls, from seven or eight years old to twenty. The girls were sent there for all offenses, short of flagrant crime, which girls can commit. There was very little effort made at this time to classify or separate the older and more depraved inmates from those childish sinners who had drifted thither from sheer ill luck rather than through any fault of their own. At a later period, it became the custom, in that State, to send to an institution designed more especially for such characters all girls over sixteen, arrested for certain vices. When Josie Welch entered the Reform School, such offenders, if under twenty, were often confined there, to spread the contagion of their own polluted lives among the younger children. Yet among these little ones, even, were sometimes to be found strange and abnormal tendencies to evil, developed, generally, by an utterly uncared-for childhood.

Josie was but an innocent, excitable, restless child, with no moral training, when she was dropped into this hot-bed of vice. What were the means which the State provided to cure these soul-sick little children? An account of the daily routine of the school will suffice to tell the story of several years of Josie's life.

The girls rose at five. Their sleeping accommodations were pretty good, since never more than two occupied a room together, and in some cases separate apartments were provided. Nothing can be said in praise of the arrangements for bathing.

At half past five the girls went to school, sleepy and hungry. In the summer it was not so bad, with the dawning

light shining through the eastern windows and waking them up; but in winter doors and windows were shut, because the room was never very warm at that hour, the atmosphere was both chilly and close, and the children were stupid with sleepiness. At seven, the girls went to breakfast. At eight, they began to work. The older ones did the housework. One or two servants were employed in the immediate family of the superintendent, but all the rest of the work in that immense establishment, except, of course, the actual care of the part of the house which was occupied by the boys, was done by the girls. The little children and such of the larger ones as were not needed in the other household departments sewed and knit.

Since girls who have spent their minority in a Reform School are just the ones whom families are naturally and often rightly unwilling to take into service, the State kindly teaches these girls to do nothing well but domestic labor; the sewing and knitting which they learn being too coarse to serve as a resource to them in the struggle for a living which awaits them. The boys in the Reform School which we are describing are taught a trade. The girls are only qualified to do housework; but at the expiration of their term it is difficult for them to obtain places in families, and they are generally so demoralized that they cannot safely be admitted to households where there are children.

To return to the daily routine. The girls had a short recess in the forenoon, just long enough for them to move about a little, or, if they wished, to run out-of-doors. At noon they had dinner, and then began work again, which lasted till four, when they had supper. At five, they went into school and remained there till seven; and then were sent to bed. Thus, all their schooling came between supper and breakfast, and left time for a full day's work besides.

Josie did not learn much at school. She hated it, and she hated the long whitewashed corridors, and the little cooped-up yard where all the drying of clothes for the whole establishment was done, so that the girls could seldom move freely about in it.

The boys had a large play ground. Josie could see it through a knot-hole she discovered in the fence. This knot-hole was her own peculiar property, her one great possession and secret. She told none of the other girls about it. She seldom looked through it lest they should see her. It was half hidden by one of the posts to the fence. The poor child had a great pride in this little secret of hers, and never dreamed what a fatal thing this knot-hole, with its outlook on forbidden grounds, was yet to be.

Josie hated the slow pace at which she always felt obliged to walk about the house and yard. The girls never ran there. The boys, on the other side of the fence, ran and tumbled each other about and shouted; but the girls, on their side, were always silent and slow of motion and sad of face, except when they quarreled among themselves. Even Josie, young as she was, felt that a doom was on them all, and could perceive the settled hopelessness which brooded over the faces of all the girls, whether they were otherwise bright or stupid.

One day a lady came to visit the school, and brought a dainty little girl with her. As they stood in the hall, Josie came in from recess.

The two children stared, open-eyed, at each other. The fair, curled darling of her mother looked at the close-cropped head, the dark, wild eyes, the sulky mouth, of the child of the State. Then, with a little pout of aversion and fear, the golden-haired one turned away, and an angry look came into Josie's face.

The mother, bending over her darling, coaxed and murmured to her a moment, till the little one turned back, with a sweet smile ran towards Josie, and pushed into her hand a tiny china doll, new that day and not yet dressed.

Josie took it awkwardly, but looked her wonder and delight, till the matron who stood near bade her thank the lady and the little girl; at which Josie, overcome with bashfulness, fled away to the sewing-room, tightly clutching her doll.

The matron would have followed and forced her to return, had not the lady mother interposed a smiling plea for the childish terror she well understood. Nevertheless, Josie was held for several days in high disgrace, and was frequently reminded of her bad manners "to that kind lady and sweet little girl." She was rather sorry when she reflected on her behavior, but she consoled herself by petting and playing with her doll, and teaching to it the polite methods of action in which she herself had failed.

She was very much afraid that the doll would take cold, as it had no clothes, and she tore off a strip from her only flannel petticoat to wrap it in. She was very happy when, soon after this, the day came for sorting over the rags of the household.

Through the year, all the rags which accumulated in the establishment were stuffed into great bags kept in the attic. Once a year these bags were brought down into the room which served as sewing and school room for the girls. They were emptied on the floor, and the girls were set to picking them over and sorting out the woolen and cotton pieces.

The regular daily routine was broken on this occasion, and the girls enjoyed the work hugely. Smiles lit up their heavy faces, and a visitor on that day might have been beguiled into a belief that the inmates of this Reform School were tolerably happy.

Josie's vagabond instincts reveled in this companionship of rags. She made precious discoveries in these motley heaps, such discoveries as can be made only by the eyes of childhood.

Here she found a bit of bright, new calico. How it contrasted with her own dingy, oft-washed, and faded gown! What tales it seemed to tell the child, whispering of possible luxury and of new dresses! — forever unattainable for her. Now she came across a tiny bit of red silk, and now a faded blue necktie was discerned among the rough débris of half a dozen gray cloth jackets, such as the boys wore.

Josie's soul burned within her. Her little heart throbbed with longing. She thought of her gownless doll, and she grew bold. She went up to the matron in charge, and asked her if she might have some of these little pieces for herself. Fortunately, the matron knew not that the child had torn her petticoat, and was so touched by this seeming honesty that she gave permission, but told the little girl to bring for her inspection all the coveted pieces. Poor Josie brought so many that the matron, fearful of giving her too great happiness, was forced to tell her to choose six pieces from all, and put the rest in the common stock.

Such a time as the little girl had to choose! But at last she heaved a great sigh of mingled satisfaction and regret that the pleasant but puzzling task of choice was over. As she did so she heard some one speak to her, and looking up she saw with affright the superintendent of the school standing by her. He was an immense man, with an oily smile which played over a cruel mouth. Josie's fears were assuaged a little when she perceived that the voice which had addressed her came not from him, but from the lips of a lady by his side, — a lady with a tender face and sweet, deep eyes.

She bent over the startled child, and asked her gently what she meant to do with those pieces. Josie stammered something about dressing her doll. The lady smiled pleasantly, but the matron drawing near said that Josie would have to pay more attention to her sewing in the school before she would be able to sew very well for herself. Josie shrank away and sat down by a heap of rags, and turned it over with her little hands.

The lady looked at the soft, wild eyes of the child till a moist tenderness came into her own, and turning suddenly away she walked out into the corridor, and stood gazing out of the window over the yard, where the girls could not play because it was filled with clothes hung out to dry.

The superintendent followed her, and coming up said blandly, "You have now seen the whole of the institution, Mrs. Keyes."

"Yes," she answered, absently; then, after a moment's pause, she spoke quickly: "And I have seen many others like it. I have spent ten years studying the classes from which our reform schools, our houses of correction, and our jails are filled, and this is my conviction: that you take the children who are the worst born and bred in the world, and put them under circumstances which would render desperate, and consequently depraved, the best natures you could find. Your system is a failure, and you know it is."

The eyes of the superintendent contracted savagely for an instant. Then he said, as mildly as ever, "On the contrary, madam, a large proportion of the boys who leave this school go to earning their living honestly, and lead respectable lives."

"And the girls?"

"Oh, the girls! Well — the girls are a great deal worse. Women always are worse than men, you know, when they are bad. There 's a peculiar devil in women, somehow, begging your pardon."

"You mean that you do not reform the girls," said the lady, curtly.

"No; there is no possibility of reforming the girls. It is merely a house of correction for them, and serves a very good purpose in keeping them out of mischief for a few years, at least."

"And you only reform more boys than girls," said Mrs. Keyes, with some indignant passion in her voice, "because you don't undertake to cure the girls of the same faults, and it is no matter, when they go out into the world, whether they have or acquire vices or not. No, there is another reason why you reform more boys. You treat them better, with more respect, and thus you inculcate self-respect in them. You teach them a useful trade. You give them a decent yard to play in. You give them good seats at chapel. But what do you give to the girls to reform them? Vacant minds, a dismal present, and despair for the future. There 's a peculiar devil in women, is there? You remember what the Bible says. You may sweep that chamber empty of devils as many times as you please, and they will come back, if you put nothing else in the place. Take that child, in there, who had the rags for her doll. Anybody can see what a nervous, impressible, restless creature she is. If she is chained down to this life of hopeless monotony, without change and without chance, of course her feverish feelings will find an outlet in some wrong way."

The superintendent's face had grown black with anger as the lady went vehemently on, unheeding his wrath, and he spoke quickly and irritably: "They find it now. She 's one of the worst and most unmanageable children we have in the school."

"I don't doubt it. What was she sent here for?"

"For running away from home."

"Poor little thing! Mr. Brewster, why should n't you take these girls out, one or two at a time, once in a while, to walk, as a reward of good behavior? You 'd see if they would n't try to earn the privilege."

Whether the superintendent's anger would, at this juncture, have overcome his politeness, it is impossible to say, for just then he was called away by one of the officers to attend to some new guests, and Mrs. Keyes, meanwhile, having finished her visit, went her way sorrowfully and indignantly.

When the superintendent had finished with the later visitors he returned to the sewing-room and ordered Josie to put her cherished rags among the others. The child, in a furious passion, refused to do so. The matron interposed, rather fearfully. Mr. Brewster seized what pieces he could discover on the struggling girl's person, threw them into the general heap, and then dragged Josie away to one of the dormitories, where she was locked up for the rest of the day. She had, however, saved the blue necktie and a couple of bits of calico; and after she had regained her freedom she clothed her doll with these.

A few days later the torn state of her petticoat was discovered, and the missing fragment of flannel was traced to her doll's wardrobe. Josie managed to secrete and save the doll in the storm that

followed, but she herself suffered fresh disgrace and punishment. Her character seemed somewhat altered after this, and marks of desperation showed in her moods.

After Josie had been in the Reform School a year or two, she was taken out by a farmer's wife to help take care of the babies of the family. She could be returned at any time when Mrs. Faber saw fit. It was a happy, healthful season in Josie's life. She went to school part of the time, she tended the baby, she washed the dishes, and she rambled over the farm so much that she did not care to run away. But after a year and a half of this pleasant life, Mrs. Faber's oldest daughter came home from school to stay, and the mother had no more need of the services of the little alien.

The next place to which she was sent was in the city, and she did not do well there. At Mrs. Faber's she had been treated as a child of the house might have been. Here she was only a servant, and one to be specially watched and suspected, because she came from the Reform School. She soon merited all this suspicion, and in six months she was returned to the school with a character which caused the superintendent and teachers to watch her in their turn.

When she was fifteen she was once more launched out in life. Again she had a place on a farm. It was one of those sterile, hilly farms which abound in New England, where rocky pastures afford a scanty sustenance to the few cattle or sheep who wander among their gray, stony hillocks, and where huckleberry bushes grow in rampant profusion. There were old orchards scattered over this farm, where gnarled and aged apple-trees sprouted innumerable new shoots, which no careful hand ever pruned away. They were dark, twisted, uncanny trees, that in the spring-time of "apple years" burst forth into strange beauty, when rose-tinted blossoms covered every living twig and branch, and threw into dark shadow the dead, massive limbs that coiled about among the flowers, themselves ungarnished by green leaf, pink bud, or full white bloom.

But it was not in the beauty of the spring-time that Josie came to the farm. It was in the autumn, when golden-rod waved in every nook and cranny of the stony fields, and lined the wild, wandering roads with glory. Far round the farm stretched blue hills drenched deep with color in the autumnal haze, and the roads that traversed the valley and climbed the distant slopes seemed to lead straight up to heaven.

Josie was driven to the farm-house in the market-wagon in which Mr. Jacobs had come to the school for her. She got down at the door of the house and meekly followed her new master into the kitchen.

Mrs. Jacobs stood by the stove, frying doughnuts, and just as she turned round to look Josie over, the door from the woodshed beyond the kitchen opened, and a tall young fellow came in. His eyes fell on Josie, and she returned his glance boldly for a moment; then her lids drooped shyly, and she stood staring at the floor, while Mrs. Jacobs, the farmer, and the young man all brutally inspected her. Alas! Josie had not been educated in a school of refinement, and Charley Manton's rude gaze charmed while it abashed her.

What need to tell the story of the weeks that followed? Flossy Jacobs, a colorless blonde, was in love with Charley Manton, and had fancied her passion returned — as probably it was — till this girl from the Reform School crossed their path.

Charley was a minister's son, an orphan, now working for his board on Mr. Jacobs's farm. He was only eighteen, but he had lived a long life already; familiar with vice, he still paused on the threshold of crime. Some sudden fancy, perhaps for Flossy Jacobs's blue eyes, had prompted him to spend these weeks of the harvest season in honest labor; but he had begun to tire of it, and he had wild visions of an adventurous career in California or Mexico, upon which he meant soon to enter. He was cruelly selfish, but he possessed all the charm which sometimes belongs to strong, heartless natures.

I never saw Josie Welch but once, and

it was about this time. She was hardly full grown then, but she had a lithe, graceful form, masses of dark, waving hair, good features and complexion, cheeks and chin rounded, and lips a little full. Out from this immature, girlish face looked the saddest, softest, wildest dark eyes I ever saw. They haunted me for years. They have followed me ever since, seeming to beseech me to give language to their dumbness and tell their story. They seemed to understand so little, to want so much; but when I came to know the whole of Josie's life, they took upon themselves a new character, and to my imagination there was something awful and accusing in their remembered gaze. I could not put the memory of them away from me, and I learned, at last, that they were not meant to be forgotten.

Flossy Jacobs hated Josie, and in a few weeks this unfortunate girl was sent back to the Reform School. The morning the wretched outcast was to go, Flossy kept persistently by her side, to prevent the possibility of any sentimental leave-taking with Charley Manton. This young man, however, marched boldly up, where the two girls stood, at last, in the doorway, waiting for the farmer to come and unhitch the horse and drive Josie away over the wild roads, where the golden-rod had faded and fallen before the first frosts of winter.

Josie shivered with the cold and with the passion of pain and hatred in her tortured heart. Charley turned to Flossy and said, roughly, "Go in and get your blanket shawl, and lend it to Josie for the ride. She can send it back in the wagon. You 've made a pretty mess, you have, but you need n't kill her with the cold. Go in, I say."

There was a blaze that boded evil in his eyes, and Flossy dared not, for her life, disobey him. He took Josie's hand and laughed a little bitterly. "You poor little wretch!" he said; "no more good times for you. Run away, if you get a chance, and I 'll take you to Mexico with me." Then he stooped and kissed her, and, as he lifted his head, he saw Flossy's angry eyes behind Josie, as she came along the entry with the shawl. He stepped forward to take the wrap, when she threw it at him in a fury. He laughed as he caught it, and took her firmly by the wrist.

"Mind what you say and do," he said in a fierce whisper. "I 've stood all I will stand. There 's two can play at telling. And your pa and your ma might not like all they 'd hear."

Flossy turned away cowed, and Charley wrapped Josie up, half tenderly, and helped her ostentatiously into the wagon when the farmer came.

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to add that when Mr. Jacobs returned that night from the city, he informed Charley that his services were no longer needed on the farm.

Josie went back to be watched and suspected, and to hate the whitewashed walls and the long corridors and the monotonous daily routine, the silent meals, the morning and the evening schools, the sense of suffocation everywhere, as she had never hated them before.

She was desperate, and yet she was nearer salvation than ever before in her life. Her love purified her, as love must purify. She had not been a bad girl, hitherto, but she had grown up among girls many of whom were of bad lives and vicious propensities. She had listened to their talk, she had laughed at their jokes, and had been contaminated by them. Now she shrank from their coarseness. She had read some pure stories of love and marriage while at Mr. Jacobs's. All the passion and all the purity of which she had read now filled her heart. She formed to herself an ideal that she would gladly be like for Charley Manton's sake. She believed he would marry her if he could, if she were free to go out to him in that wide, beautiful world of which, since her childhood, she had had such few glimpses. She would have given her life for him. She wanted at least to give him a pure heart. He was a minister's son, she knew; she had wild, foolish notions that he belonged to some half princely race; so high above *her*, alas, seemed any respectability of blood and breeding. She

felt that she must strain every nerve to be worthy of him.

It would, perhaps, have been a wiser effort of the conscience if she had tried to attain this worthiness by a strict compliance with the rules of the institution of which she was a member, and by a faithful service therein. But, possibly because her moral nature was weak, it never occurred to Josie that the Reform School really had any claim on her obedience or her loyal devotion. Certainly she never yielded any which she could avoid. She simply hated it all, — the routine, the superintendent, the teachers, the girls and their coarseness.

Many a night, when things had gone more wrong than usual through the day, when her unsubdued temper had shown itself in sulky looks, in muttered words, and impatient flashes of those dark eyes, when the matrons had been cross, when the washing — for Josie worked now in the laundry — had made her back ache intolerably, and when "marks" had crowded against her record, the unhappy child cried away long hours before she slept, smothering her sobs in the bedclothes, so that her room mate should never guess her trouble.

The chapel of the school was a long, pleasant room, with a low platform at one end, having the speaker's desk on it. The boys, during services, sat in settees on the floor, facing this platform. Behind them, at the extreme end of the hall, was an elevated gallery shut off by a wooden fence rising some three or four feet. Into this pen the girls were marshaled on Sundays. The boys came into the hall first, from their part of the house, and took their seats on the floor, directly before the speaker. After they were seated, the door from the other side of the house, which led into the gallery, was opened, and the girls filed in. They were forbidden to look at the boys as they entered. When they sat down, those in the front rows could see the speaker over the fence if they took pains to look, but he could see little of them but the tops of their heads. The speakers who came there were sometimes ministers, sometimes gentlemen from the city, who were interested in the school or in the classes of juvenile offenders from whose ranks it was recruited. They generally addressed their remarks to the boys. It was difficult for them to realize that those half-unseen girls thus set aside behind that wooden fence made part of their audience. They encouraged the boys to do well, and promised them an honorable future if they did. These gentlemen were usually too well informed to hold out to these boys the possibility of possessing the presidential office; still, the careers of Abraham Lincoln and Henry Wilson were sometimes too tempting to be wholly ignored. There was not much said to the girls. It was difficult for the most sanguine believer in the reformation wrought in the school, or the most hopeful observer of social phenomena, to picture any very bright future as attainable by these pariahs. Sometimes the speaker would remember that half-hidden audience behind the fence, and amid his exhortations to the boys would helplessly add, "and girls," and feel that his duty was done. The girls, in a vague way, knew and felt all these things. They rather liked the singing, but otherwise cared very little for the chapel services. One reason they liked the singing was that then they stood up and could look round among the boys, — though, of course, they were forbidden to, — and could even sometimes make stealthy signals to them. Whether those boys and girls could ever have been taught to behave quite properly in each other's presence may be a question; but certain it is that in the institution described here the only effort made was to keep the sexes apart, and no attempt whatever was put forth to teach them how to behave when they did come in contact.

It was thus, one Sunday morning, that, standing up to sing, Josie Welch saw Charley Manton in the chapel below her. His face was turned from her, of course. She saw only the back of his head and his broad shoulders, but she knew him. She felt a great dizzy throb. She grew faint and white, but happily there was no one near who cared enough for her to

notice her agitation. She watched him as a drowning man might watch a nearing sail. She looked at him as the rich man in hell might have looked into heaven when its gates opened before him, and heaven, safety, hope and happiness, all grew possible to her. She sang no more that day. She only looked. Even when they sat down again, and she could see him no more, she kept her eyes turned towards the part of the hall where he sat. She fancied the face she had not seen. She dreamed a thousand dreams in the short half hour before the service was over. Afterwards she began to wonder how Charley Manton, a minister's son, her imagined prince, came to be in the Reform School.

The facts were very simple. He had come to the city and eked out his living for some time by his wits, till he was finally arrested for some petty larceny. The judge before whom he was brought remembered his father, and sent him to the Reform School, although he was older than most boys when first condemned there. The judge hoped thereby to save his old friend's son from the disgrace of imprisonment in jail, and perhaps to break up in its beginning the career of crime on which the youth seemed about to enter.

Charley doubtless remembered that Josie was an inmate of this house, when he came there, but he made no effort to renew his acquaintance with her.

Josie, on her part, had recourse to the knot-hole she had found when a child. She spent all the minutes she could snatch from the vigilance of the teachers and the coarse observation of the girls staring through that hole into the boys' yard, hoping to see Charley pass. Several days elapsed before she saw him. When she did it was at a most favorable moment. He was absolutely alone on his side of the fence, and she on hers, and he was passing very near her. She put her lips to the hole and softly called, "Charley!" He heard her, sent his quick eyes roving round the yard, and in an instant spied the tiny opening. He went up to it.

"Who are you?" he said.

"Oh, don't you know me? I'm Josie."

"Yes, I thought so. Well, I don't see as I can shake hands with you or kiss you through this fence; but never mind; I'm glad to hear you, since I can't see you. I've been expecting you to make some demonstration."

Josie trembled at the sound of his voice. They whispered a moment more, and made some arrangement for talking there occasionally, and for slipping letters through when they dared not speak to each other. Then each turned back to the house, which, of course, they entered at different sides. Josie went to her work in the laundry, as happy a girl as ever lived.

Two weeks after this, the superintendent passed Charley Manton as at noon time he stood slouching in the door of the workshop. Mr. Brewster, though a very large man, had a soft, noiseless step, and for once Charley's vigilant senses were off their guard. The young man held a bit of paper in his hand, and was reading it, while a smile half-pleased, half-scornful, curved his handsome lips. The superintendent stepped suddenly up behind him and snatched the paper from him.

Charley turned with the spring of a tiger and with a loud oath; but when he saw who it was he stopped and stood still. The rage in the boy's eyes was matched by the triumphant and mocking glare in the master's orbs. Charley did not speak while the superintendent glanced rapidly over the paper. It was a letter signed "Josie."

"Oh, yes," exclaimed Mr. Brewster. "Josie Welch! I knew that girl was up to something by her looks, and I've been on the watch for her. I heard you were at Mr. Jacobs's farm with her last fall, and I suspected her excitement was about you. Making love to her, are you? What do you want to do it for? It's pretty business for you."

"Oh, she does well enough to pass away the time here," answered Charley, with the look of a devil in his young face. "If I were out of here, I would n't take her to wipe my shoes."

The superintendent smiled appreciatingly, pocketed the letter, and left Charley, who, as soon as he found himself alone, gave a long, sharp whistle, and said in a low tone, "So, you think that 's up, do you, sir? We 'll see."

This is a literal copy of Josie's letter, spelling, capital letters, and all, and it may serve to show the extent of the education likely to be acquired in the Reform School: —

DEER CHARLEY, — I got the pictures safe, thank you dont come heer never enny more. i shall cry all nite if i dont get letters or see you thru the hole but it is nt safe, i know the super is looking out for us. I can feel myself get red whenever i see him. I dont care what he does to me if he finds out but he would flog you dredfully and i dont want to get you in enny truble. i love you all the same deer Charley, so no more at present from JOSIE.

With this epistle in his pocket, the superintendent marched directly to the laundry, and waited a few minutes till the girls came in with the matron to begin their afternoon work. Josie started guiltily when she saw Mr. Brewster, but proceeded quietly to the ironing-table, where she took out one of his shirts and began to press it. He loitered about the room a moment, spoke to one or two of the other girls, and exchanged a few words with the matron, and then said suddenly, in a loud, clear voice, "Josie Welch, come here with me."

She set down her iron, threw one frightened glance at the matron, turned violently red, then grew white as a corpse, placed one hand on the ironing-board and steadied herself a second, and then followed him without a word.

He led her through one or two entries to a large empty room, sometimes used to store wood. Like the laundry they had just left it was in the basement, and it had whitewashed walls and a stone floor. When they had entered the room he locked both the doors leading from it, and then looked at the girl with cruel steadiness and said, "I want you to give me the letter you have had from Charley Manton."

"I have not had any letter."

"Oh," he sneered, "perhaps you don't know who Charley Manton is!"

"I knew somebody named that when I was out on trial."

"You did n't know he was in the school?"

"No, sir."

"Well, he is. Birds of a feather flock together, you know. And I want the letter he 's sent you."

"He has n't sent me none."

"And you have n't seen him or spoken to him since he 's been here?"

"No."

"Are you sure?"

"Before God, I have n't!" cried Josie. Her face was dogged and hopeless, but determined.

The superintendent drew from under his coat a rattan, and struck her three or four times. She winced horribly, and grew whiter still with pain and fear, but she did not cry out. Then he crunched his teeth, and brought his lower jaw forward, while a murderous look came into his eyes, and catching her hand he said, "I know you 've got a letter from Charley Manton. I 've got your letter to him in my pocket. If you don't give me the one you have, I 'll get a larger rattan and flog you till you do."

She put her hand in her bosom and drew out a little package. He seized it from her, and turned it over contemptuously. There were three or four little colored prints wrapped in a bit of white paper, but no writing anywhere. If Josie had any letters from Charley she had hidden them. The superintendent tore the pictures, which were innocent enough, into pieces, and stuffed the bits into his pocket. Josie could willingly have murdered him that moment, and she looked so.

"You need n't make a fool of yourself over that fellow," said he, meeting her furious dark eyes with his own. "He does n't care anything about you; he told me so. He said if he were out of this place, he would n't take you to wipe his shoes."

"I don't believe," answered the girl, "that he said any such thing."

Mr. Brewster stared at her for a moment, and he picked up the rattan which had dropped on the floor; but then he gave a short laugh, and said, "Go back to your work now, and mind what you do after this."

A few days later, the judge who had sentenced Charley Manton to the Reform School prevailed on the authorities to consent that he should go out on trial, with far less restriction placed about him than was usual in the cases of inmates of the Reform School sent out before the expiration of their term of sentence. But the influence of Charley's friends and the fact that he was of such good family operated powerfully in his favor. He was put at work in a machine-shop, a few miles from the city, and he boarded in a respectable family.

Josie, disgraced and suspected, remained in the school, undergoing many physical hardships and a mental torture which strained her nerves to their utmost, till at last an outbreak came.

It was a chilly morning in March, when Josie took down to the laundry a plant which Charley Manton had given her at the farm, the fall before. The pot which contained it was too small for it, and she delayed her work a few minutes to transplant it into a little box she had found in the yard. The laundry matron came in just then, and, happening to feel cross herself, as she passed Josie she caught the plant from the girl's hand, and flung it into the stove. Josie gave a cry like that of some wild beast in pain, and darting forward seized it from the flames, put it back in the box and smoothed the earth around its roots, her hands trembling with excitement. The matron pushed her aside, took box and plant, opened the window, and tossed them out into the frosty air. "Go to work, Josie Welch!" she said.

Josie stood still one second, then, panting and struggling as with some unseen evil spirit, she rained forth curses. She grew dark in the face, her breath came hard, and she sprang furiously at the matron, who darted aside and called out, "Susy Jones, go for Mr. Brewster!" Then Josie burst into a peal of laughter more horrible than her ravings; scream followed scream, after her laughter died away; she made no further attack on the matron.

"Susy," cried that woman again, as she saw the other girls, Susy among them, standing motionless around.

Josie's own cries brought the superintendent there. He came up to her and attempted to take her arm. She dashed herself on him, like a wild cat. He seized a basin that stood near a tub of cold water, and filling it again and again threw the chilly flood over her. She broke loose from his grasp. He pursued and caught her, dragged her back to the tub, and poured the water over her while she gasped and struggled. Choked and breathless, her sight growing dim, a horrible agony in all her frame, she groped in blind fury, while the icy water still dashed relentlessly over her, until she caught hold of the basin and threw her whole weight upon it, to drag it from her tormentor. He pulled it back and hit her under the chin with such force that she nearly bit her tongue off. Her mouth filled with blood, which poured out and stained his hands. He saw his advantage over the dizzy, half-stunned girl, and followed it up. Josie fell reeling to the floor. He said, afterwards, that she fell down herself. The frightened girls who witnessed the scene always said he struck her again with the basin and knocked her down.

They took her to her room and locked her up for three days. For a week she could not talk, because of the blood which poured into her mouth, and she was able to eat only enough to keep her alive.

One day before she was released from her room, two of the matrons came in and told her to sit down, for they were going to cut her hair off. She looked imploringly at them, and saw that entreaty and protest would be alike vain. She submitted, and they sheared her beautiful dark hair short, and then made a clumsy attempt to shingle it. No reason was assigned for this act, but Josie

supposed it was intended for punishment. She wept bitterly at first for the loss of her lovely hair, but her shorn head soon suggested to her a daring idea.

She went back to her work in the laundry, and began to secrete occasional articles of male clothing. She had ripped open the mattress of her bed and she hid them in that. One day she found a large heap of clothing brought into the sewing-room to be mended. She was alone, and she stole from the pile a pair of trousers. She coveted a jacket, but dared not take that also, lest she should be discovered.

It happened that she had then a room by herself. She rose at twelve o'clock that night, dressed herself rapidly, and stood in the starlight at last, in shirt and trousers, looking like a delicate, pretty boy. She took the sheets from her bed and tossed them through the transom over the locked door of her chamber. She stuffed her shoes into her shirt, climbed out herself, and glided like a shadow past the doors of the other dormitories, and reached the window at the end of the corridor. She pushed up the sash and looked out. Fifteen feet below was the roof of the front porch.

She looked down till she felt dizzy, then took the sheets, tied them securely together, fastened one end to the blind, and, without stopping to think, swung herself out. The blind creaked horribly. She dropped close by the window of the superintendent's room, and, as she gathered herself up, she heard sounds within as of some one stirring in sleep, — waking, perhaps, at the noise she had made!

She stood up, and stared with her beautiful wild eyes into his room. A low light burned there, and she saw him tossing on his bed. What kept him from fully waking, God only knows. Perhaps it would have been better, even, for hapless Josie, if he had awakened.

She threw her arm up as she turned away, and in a low murmur called down a dreadful curse upon the sleeper's head. She went to the edge of the piazza and again looked down. The pillars that supported the roof of the porch were too large for her to clasp. The sheets dangled helplessly in front of that window behind her. She saw, at last, the pipe — a large, strong one — which drained the eaves. It ran down by the column. She swung herself over, and clinging desperately to the pipe, and bracing herself against the pillar, after some dizzy, desperate struggles she found herself on the ground in the front yard. She easily made her escape from this small inclosure; climbing a low fence, and dropping into the street, she ran out into the free, horrible darkness of the night.

The gray, chilly dawn was close at hand when, shivering and faint, Josie crouched by the roadside, in the suburbs of a large manufacturing town, in the neighborhood of the city she had left. After a night of terror and excitement, the early morning often brings to jaded nerves and brain a peculiar sense of suffering and discouragement. Josie felt that the broadening light was creeping on solely to discover her to all the hounding police, who would be, she knew, on her track that day; she was bitterly cold, and, covering her face with her hands, she crept yet closer to the fence, and sobbed and cried. Her hour of heroism was over, and the hour of despair had struck. Just then she heard a quick step sounding near her, and, starting up, she saw Charley Manton. She flung herself toward him with a cry of unutterable gladness.

"Hulloa!" he exclaimed. "What's all this?"

"Oh, Charley!" sobbing wildly and clinging to him.

"Well, this is a pretty piece of work. You've run away, I suppose. Plucky, on my word, and you've turned into a boy." He pushed her off half roughly, so he could look at her. "Well, you don't act much like a boy. You need n't flatter yourself. You'd better get into petticoats again. Your disguise is not a success. You poor little fool!"

"I want to go somewhere and get work, where they can't find me," sobbed she, with a desperate effort to assert a maidenly pride, and act as if she did not mean to throw herself wholly on his

protection. Poor child, where had she learned maidenliness, among the bold young boys and girls at the Reform School!

"How can you get work till you 've got a dress? It 's no use for you to try to get a place as a boy. You could n't deceive anybody twenty-four hours."

"I 'll go to my uncle," she said.

"Do you know where he is? And do you think your aunt will be glad to see you back again? Have they taken much pains about you these six years?"

"I 've got a brother."

"Yes, I know it. He did work here. He enlisted in the navy a month ago, and his ship has sailed."

"You know that? Then," she cried, "you know where my uncle is?"

"Your uncle, Josie, is dead. Your aunt has married again."

"Why did n't you tell me this before?"

"Oh," he laughed, "I wanted to see what your ideas of action were."

"Oh, Charley, what can I do?"

"Why, I guess we can manage you. Come with me; I 'll take care of you."

She drew back a little, and said, "I don't want to go with you unless" —

"Unless what?"

"You know what," she stammered. "I ain't a bad girl. You know I ain't, Charley. You would n't have liked me if I had been."

"Well, is it going to make you a bad girl to go with me? Come, don't be too stuck-up."

"I 'd rather get work."

"Try it, and see if you can. You 're a Reform School girl. That 's enough against you."

"They won't ask where I 'm from, at a factory."

"And you understand factory work?"

"No, but I can learn."

"Do you mean to ask for a girl's work, or a boy's?"

Josie was silent. Why had she not brought her dress with her from the Reform School? It might have saved her now.

"You know," went on Charley, "that if you 're found out you 'll be taken back to the school, and you know what 'll happen to you then; and you 'll be found out, as sure as you try for work."

"Oh," said Josie shuddering, "the superintendent has used me awful."

"I don't doubt it, the old brute! Come with me, and I 'll fix it. Why should n't you come with me? Ain't I your best friend?"

His eyes were magnetic as he fixed them on her, and this faint touch of tenderness in his speech set her to sobbing afresh. In a moment, she raised her head, fixed on him her lovely eyes, from which looked forth a soul's last appeal, and with a sweet, steady sadness she said, "Will you marry me, Charley?"

He laughed: "Oh, may be so. Come on, there 's a good girl. Hurry up, midget. There 'll be a *million* people in the street in a few minutes! The whole town is waking up. There 'll be a devil of a row if you 're caught here."

She heaved a long, shivering sigh, and followed him.

Seven years afterwards, Mrs. Faber visited the house of correction. It was Sunday, and the inmates were assembled in the chapel, — vagrants, drunkards, prostitutes, men and women out of whom debauchery seemed to have stamped the last spark of divinity, almost of humanity. The good country woman shuddered as she glanced around. She had come to see the institution from mere curiosity, but that feeling shrank back abashed before the horrible reality of what she saw. As she looked around she perceived, at last, among the women, a girl in whose face was something strangely familiar. Those dusky eyes seemed to start up from some cloudy past and stare at her through clearing mists. Mrs. Faber beckoned to one of the officials, who came to her during some pause in the services.

"What is that girl's name?" she asked, "the dark one who sits third on the second seat from the front. The one with a scarlet ribbon at her throat."

"Oh, Josie Burns she calls herself. I don't suppose it is her real name."

"Do you know anything about her?"

"Not much. She grew up in the Reform School at ——, she says. She 's rather refined and gentle in her ways, except when she 's angry. She has a quick temper, and I guess she 's quite a desperate character. She says she has one or two children, and sometimes she says she 's had to live as she has to support them, but I presume that 's all lies. You can't tell much by what any of these women say."

"What will become of her children, if she has any?"

"It 's rather sad to think of, but the girls will grow up like her, probably, and the boys will become thieves and tramps, most likely. Such women are the mothers of criminals."

"Is she here for long?"

"Six months, and she 's been here three. It 's quite a story. She threw herself under the railroad train as it was coming out of the station, and was just pulled off the track in time to save her, and then, as there did n't seem to be anything else to do with her, she was sent here."

"And where can her children be?"

"I don't believe she has any; but she says she had got them places, and thought she 'd take herself out of the way. Do you know her?"

"She reminds me of a little girl I took once from that Reform School, but it 's not the same name."

"I dare say it is she. They change their names a dozen times, and sometimes they really get married besides."

"I should like to speak to her after the services are over."

"Oh, certainly."

As the women were about to leave the chapel, Mrs. Faber went up to the one who had roused her interest, and said to her simply, "Are n't you Josie Welch?"

"Yes," answered the girl, "and you are Mrs. Faber, that I used to live with. I had a very good time at your house, and you were very kind to me."

"Oh, Josie," said Mrs. Faber, half crying, "I am so sorry to see you here. Such a nice little girl as you were."

No tears stood in Josie's hopeless eyes, even when she saw the kindly drops in the other's eyes.

"Thank you," she said. "It would have been better for me if I could have stayed with you always."

"I wish you had," sobbed Mrs. Faber. Josie smiled slowly; it was so many ages too late for such a wish!

"Oh, Josie!" cried Mrs. Faber, after a moment more, "they tell me you threw yourself under the train. How could you?"

"I was drunk," answered the girl in a hard, cold voice, "and I thought, besides, if I did so, may be Charley Manton would hear of it some day."

S. A. L. E. M.

ARE TITLES AND DEBTS PROPERTY?

EVERY one who has had any experience knows that nothing is more difficult than to attempt to excite popular interest in any question involving social, political, or moral reforms by presenting and arguing the matter abstractly. People in general act very much like the crows in the fable. So long as the wood-chopper and his sons talked about cutting down the trees, the crows did not much concern themselves; but when the blows of the axe began to be heard in their immediate vicinity, the question of changing their roosting-place became a matter of practical individual importance. For centuries the church has denounced war, and yet there was really no effectual obstacle interposed to war until the mercantile interests found out by experience that it was for their

pocket interests to have peace. Slavery, also, so long as it was maintained at a distance, moved but comparatively few in the free States to active efforts for its abolition; but slavery practically illustrated by men and women fleeing from bondage and appealing personally to individual sympathies for succor and protection soon roused a nation to irresistible indignation and opposition. And so in respect to the evils of injudicious taxation. That there are evils, that their toleration makes sinners faster than the pulpit can make saints, that they sap the foundations alike of public morality and national prosperity, and unequally affect the distribution of the results of industry is not disputed. But the difficulty here, as with other similar moral and economic questions, is that actual illustrations, involving time and place, and specific details and effects, are not readily obtainable; and without them argument goes for little. It is a matter of congratulation, therefore, that in the course of events a case has recently occurred which practically and clearly brings before the public the full bearing and effect of the present generally accepted theory of state taxation, and involves at the same time details of interest adequate, it would seem, to command the attention of all interested in having good government, just laws, and continuous economic progress. In what this case consists, it is now proposed to tell; and then to consider what inferences in the way of economic principle, law, and equity are deducible from it.

STATEMENT OF THE CASE.

In 1869, or previous, Charles W. Kirtland, a citizen of Woodbury, Litchfield County, Connecticut, loaned money, through an agent, a resident and citizen of Illinois, on bonds secured by deeds of trust on real estate in the city of Chicago. Each of these bonds declared "that it was made under and is in all respects to be construed by the laws of the State of Illinois;" and that the principal and interest of the obligation were payable in the city of Chicago. The deed of trust also contained a provision that all taxes and assessments on the property conveyed should be paid by the obligor (borrower) without abatement on account of the mortgage lien; that the property might be sold at auction, in Chicago, by the trustee, in case of any default of payment, and that a good title, free from any right of redemption, on the part of the obligor, might in that case be given by the trustee. Another interesting feature of the case, not to be overlooked, was, that pending the proceedings to be next related, the loans as originally made became due and were paid; when the proceeds, without being removed from Illinois and returned to Mr. Kirtland in Connecticut, were reinvested in Chicago by his agent, under terms and conditions as before.

These facts becoming known to the tax officials of the town of Woodbury, they added in 1869 to the list of property returned by Kirtland for the purpose of taxation, as situated within the State, the sum of eighteen thousand dollars; and in 1870 the sum of twenty thousand dollars, to represent the amount of property owned and loaned by Kirtland, in each of these years, as was conceded, without the territory of the State. The sums thus added were subsequently assessed in the town of Woodbury in the same manner and at the same rate as was other property which Mr. Kirtland owned within the State and there situated.

Payment of the taxes thus assessed on the amount of these Illinois loans being refused by Kirtland, the tax collector (Hotchkiss), in April, 1873, levied his tax warrants on the real estate of the alleged delinquent in Woodbury, and advertised the same for sale; and on petition for injunction to restrain the collector from such proceedings, on the ground of the illegality of the tax in question and its assessment, the case came for the first time before one of the inferior courts (the superior) of Connecticut. There, upon hearing, it being agreed by all parties concerned that the only question in the case was whether the bonds owned by Kirtland, drawn in

the form and secured in the manner stated, were liable to taxation in Connecticut, the cause, by agreement, was referred (for advice) to the court of last appeal in the State, known as the Supreme Court of Errors, a temporary injunction, in accordance with the prayer of the petitioner, being at the same time granted. After further hearing and argument, this latter court, in June, 1875, dismissed the petition and dissolved the injunction, one judge (Foster) out of a full bench of five alone dissenting. Sent back to the superior court, the record of the case was then on motion transmitted again to the Court of Errors for revision of errors in respect to involved questions of constitutional law; and the decision being here again adverse (the judges dividing as before), the case was next appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States, on the docket of which it now stands entered for trial in order. With this brief statement of the origin of a case (Kirtland *v.* Hotchkiss) which is certain to become historical, inasmuch as according to the future decision of the United States Supreme Court in respect to it, the arbitrary, unjust, and economically unsound system of taxation at present existing in most of the States will either receive a new lease of life and continuance, or else be so far broken in upon and changed as to necessitate a new and better system, attention is next asked to the economic and constitutional questions involved in the case, and to the light which their discussion sheds upon the general principles of taxation and upon the sphere within which the several States of the Union, under the federal compact, are limited in their exercise of this function. And in this discussion, little more can be attempted or achieved than to follow and enlarge upon the opinion of the single dissenting judge of the Connecticut Court of Errors (Hon. L. F. S. Foster, formerly president of the senate and acting vice-president of the United States), which in point of legal and economic wisdom, and cogency and clearness of reasoning, is confessedly equal to any similar opinion that has heretofore emanated from the Connecticut bench. (See Connecticut Reports, 1876, vol. xlii., part ii.)

THE QUESTIONS OF INTEREST INVOLVED.

A very cursory examination will satisfy that the questions of interest and importance involved in this case are mainly as follows: *First*, Was the debt due Kirtland from a citizen of Illinois property; or is any debt — abstract or particular — ever entitled, from a rational and politico-economic point of view, to be thus considered and treated? We say from a rational and economic point of view, because a complete sovereignty may, if it please, enact that black is white, and compel all persons within its jurisdiction to act in conformity with the enactment. *Second*, Did jurisdiction over the person of Kirtland by the State of Connecticut warrant the assumption that the State had jurisdiction over his transactions in Illinois, and that a debt due him from a citizen of Illinois had its *situs* in Connecticut and was so made subject to such laws as that State might enact in respect to taxation?

The first of these questions in turn involves a discussion of some interesting points in political economy; and the second, of the nature and sphere, under the federal compact, of state sovereignty and jurisdiction.

The Connecticut Court of Errors, with these questions clearly before them, decided first, that a debt was property; second, that the statutes of Connecticut, so naming and defining them, expressly subjected to taxation within the State all debts due citizens of Connecticut from parties without the State; and finally, reasoning, as the court expressed it, — "in the absence of any provision limiting and defining taxation in the constitution of Connecticut," — from "principles of natural right and justice," that the power to thus tax was legitimately inherent in the legislature of the State, and was by them lawfully exercised.

Following the path which the Con-

necticut court said should be taken, it is now proposed to inquire whether the conclusions the court arrived at were really in consonance, as claimed, with the principles of "natural right and justice;" and for this purpose consideration is first asked to the question, *Are debts property?* And, as helping to its correct answer, it is important to attempt to obtain at the outset what courts, legislators, lawyers, many writers on economic subjects, and the public generally, as proved by their decisions, enactments, and reasonings, do not now possess, namely, a clear conception and idea of *the exact nature of property*, or rather *of what property consists.*

WHAT IS PROPERTY?

All investigation on this subject can, it is believed, lead to but one conclusion, and that is that *property is always a physical actuality, with inhering rights or titles, the product solely of labor, and is always measured in respect to value and for exchange by labor.* Thus, for example, a fish *free in the ocean* is not property; but when it has been caught through the instrumentality of labor, it becomes property. Property, furthermore, cannot be created, except by an application of labor of some kind to material substances, which because they are substances and in order to be substances must have both a *corpus*, or an entity, and a *situs*, or a situation. It is interesting also to note in this connection how the etymology of the Latin words *possessus* and *possideo*, namely, *po* and *sideo*, to *sit by* or *on*, and from which in turn we have the English word *possession*, — the common definition of property being something possessed, — curiously harmonize with and confirm the conclusion that property must be always a physical actuality. For it is clear that it is only a material something, a visible and tangible entity, that one can sit down on, and not an invisible, intangible nothing, the fiction of law or of the imagination.

Property, therefore, is not only always *a physical actuality*, but, to borrow the language of Judge Foster, is also always "*embodied or accumulated labor.*" And as political economy does not, and jurisprudence ought not, take cognizance of *chateaux en Espagne*, these are the only senses in which political economy and the law can legitimately reason about property.

Examples of property which is apparently not the result of accumulated or of any labor, and so militating against these conclusions, will doubtless suggest themselves: such, for instance, as a diamond found upon the sea-shore, land squatted upon and obtained by preëmption, bank-stock, patent rights, copyrights, annuities obtained by gift or purchase, franchises, monopolies, and debts; but an examination will soon prove that the objections embodied in them are more specious than real. Thus, in the case of the diamond accidentally picked up, which is perhaps one of the most striking of all the examples that can be adduced in favor of the position that property can come into existence without the agency of labor, it may be said: first, that an exceptional fact like this cannot constitute an adequate basis for the enunciation of a principle; and, next, that the value of this accidental diamond is solely determined by and represents the value of the labor which has been required to obtain all other existing diamonds. The moment the fact ceases to be exceptional, the moment diamonds can be had in abundance by merely picking them up, that moment their value will simply represent the cost of the physical effort requisite to pick them up. Again, if land squatted upon has any value as property whatever in the first instance, it is because it is the embodiment of the labor required to discover it, to conquer it, to defend and protect it; to effect all of which, taxes, which are the results of labor, may have been paid for centuries. If it acquires any additional value beyond this, after it has been squatted upon, it will be simply because the results of labor have become connected with it, or the value of other land or other property the products of labor, for the

use of which labor competes, are reflected upon it. In 1620 the land upon which the city of Boston stands could have been bought for a string of sea-shells. In 1877 its value as property was possibly six hundred million dollars. But in both instances the valuation was determined by one and the same standard: in the first, by the amount of labor required to collect and string the shells; and in the second, by the amount of labor and capital — which is the result of labor — which has been embodied in the land or become connected with it. Take away the labor and its accumulated results, and the site of Boston will be worth no more in 1877 than it was in 1628, when William Blackstone first obtained it.

Analyze next the alleged property in bank-stock. The coin in the vaults of the bank, the vaults, the building, the books, the furniture, and other physical actualities — the results of labor — employed in transacting the business of banking are the real property of the bank. The bank-stock, so long as the bank exists, is merely a right to receive dividends. The creation of a bank obviously does not create any property. The notes discounted by the bank over its counter are inchoate titles to the debtor's property or to his equitable rights to property; and the notes issued by the bank are inchoate titles to the bank's property or to its equitable rights to property. The bank, apart from its physical actualities and machinery, is simply a ledger recording credits and debits. But credits and debits are only convenient forms of book-keeping, or the records of transfers of property and of rights, titles, and interests in property preëxisting. Credits and debits, moreover, stand to each other in the relation of an equation. There can be no credit without a debit, and no debit without a credit; strike out one side of the equation, and the other disappears of necessity. If there were no creditors there could be no debtors, and, *vice versa*, the moment debtors cease to be debtors, that same moment creditors cease to be creditors.

Copyrights and *patents* are simply legislative enactments to protect preëxisting property. A manuscript, a painting, or an invention is the joint product of physical and intellectual labor, which the copyright or patent right protects, the same as other forms of law protect other visible and tangible property from robbery and spoliation. The relation which these instrumentalities sustain to property is clearly indicated by asking the question whether there can be such a thing as a patent granted for what has never been reduced to a physical actuality; or a copyright given for the flight of fancy of a poet not embodied in the materiality of a manuscript or in the pages of a printed book? John Milton sold Paradise Lost to Samuel Simmons, bookseller, for *five* pounds ready money; but Gray's "mute, inglorious Miltons," who only imagined and never wrote, could never have obtained a copyright or any money offer whatever, no, not even reputation, for their imaginings, though for all that the world knows they might have been infinitely superior to the Milton who became glorious because he was not mute, in all that relates to mental attainment. It is also exceedingly curious to note how Shakespeare, whose range and accuracy of knowledge were so wonderful, clearly perceived and as clearly expressed the whole essence of modern political economy and jurisprudence in respect to this immediate problem when in the following lines from Midsummer's-Night's Dream he says: —

> "The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling,
> Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
> And as imagination bodies forth
> The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
> Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
> A local habitation and a name."

In other words, according to Shakespeare, as well as according to political economy and common sense, however brilliant may be the imagination of the poet or inventor, he has no property in his ideas or imaginings until he has reduced them through labor to an actuality. And then the value of the actuality produced for the purpose of exchange or sale will, provided there is a copyright or a patent to prevent use without compen-

sation, be just in proportion to the effectiveness or desirability of the labor exerted. The standard for measuring the value of the work of a Shakespeare, a James Watt, and a street sweeper is one and the same.

Again, an annuity, like a bank-stock, is a right to receive property, the result of previously accumulated labor, and its transfer by sale or bequest is simply a transfer of an equitable right; and a right of this character, in turn, is not property, but a title to preëxisting property. So, also, in respect to *franchises*, which although often spoken of and regarded as property are clearly nothing but rights. Thus, for example, a franchise of a railroad is simply a right to operate a road in a particular manner; and a legislature cannot and does not create a railroad by creating or granting a franchise. At the same time, the value of a physical actuality may undoubtedly be increased by a franchise which gives a right to use such actuality in a particular way. A monopoly, also, like a franchise, is valuable, but its value consists in the fact that it gives to certain persons privileges that are taken from others, and the making of a monopoly no more creates property than does the making of a franchise.

Some persons, whose opinions are worthy of respect, have raised a point in discussing this question, that there is a distinction to be recognized between property and capital; and that both in law and political economy the latter does not necessarily conform to the definition that has been here given to the former. But can there be such a thing as capital which does not represent a physical actuality in the sense of embodied labor? Capital is the interest of a person in embodied labor over and above his debts, or his interest in legal or equitable rights to embodied labor, and can have no value, and is merely imaginary, except it has the right, title, or power to command embodied labor, or to exercise dominion over property the result of labor. All that we labor and toil for is embodied labor. We will not give our labor for the "baseless fabric of a vision," or our accumulated labor for the dreamy creations of a Berkeley or the imaginary castles of poets, except so far as they make them manifest in material forms or writings.

By some, also, the forces of nature are regarded as property; but they are not so until dominated over and subjugated by man; and then only do they acquire value and become negotiable and subject to proprietorship. Gravity and electricity, as free forces, are incapable of sale and taxation; nor can they in any rational view be considered as property.

WHAT ARE TITLES TO PROPERTY?

But while political economy recognizes nothing as property except physical actualities, the law, for the sake of convenience, has so long treated titles as conveying the same ideas as property that the profession and the public have very generally come to regard the two as equivalent or identical. Consideration is, therefore, next asked to this point.

Property being embodied and accumulated labor, it becomes endowed in all places where the rights of labor are recognized with the attributes and incidents of titles or evidence of just ownership or possession — inchoate, legal or equitable — which inhere in the property, follow it, and form a component part of it wherever found. The fact that the ownership, interest, or title of a non-resident, as, for example, Mr. Kirtland's bond and mortgage title to his debtor's property in Illinois, can be extinguished in the real and personal property of the debtor by attachment or other process of law in the State where the debtor resides, and where his visible, tangible property has a situs, also leads up to and establishes as a principle of law *that titles or incumbrances are connected with the owner, but inhere in the property, where the property is actually situated, as incidents, form a part and are inseparable from it, and include the equitable title or right of the creditor in the debtor's unsold and unincumbered property, but are not themselves property.* Some economists befog themselves on this subject by first defining property as anything that can be bought and sold,

and then, since a title — as, for example, a deed — can be bought and sold, accept the inference that a title is necessarily property. But let us analyze this definition and assumption. We can, without doubt, sell and deliver a deed to a farm; but what is sold in such instances is the farm, including a right, — a right to dominion over it. But it may be rejoined that a right of dominion is property. Let us, therefore, carry the analysis a little further. If a farm in Illinois is property in the State where it is and where it is taxed, any right or title to the same farm, held in Connecticut, be it in the nature of a deed, a mortgage, a partnership interest, or any other form of title, cannot be the property; for the same thing certainly cannot be property in two separate States and jurisdictions, and in two distinct forms and manifestations, at the same time. On the other hand, if it be assumed that the title to the farm, whatever it may be, is the property, and as such can rightfully be taxed where it is, then it stands to reason that the subject of the title — the farm in Illinois — ought not to be also regarded as property and taxed in Illinois. In other words, if the title to the farm is property, then the farm is not really in Illinois at all, unless the owner of the title resides there, but, "wonderful to relate," goes out of that State in the pocket of the individual who walks off with the title to it. . We have all heard of such concentration of meat that all that is valuable in an ox for food can be put into a quart can; but such a concentration of property as is here supposed is something far more remarkable, and admits of a man having a drove of oxen in his hand, ten acres of woodland in the crown of his hat, a church with a long steeple in one coat pocket, and a four-story brick block, with possibly a mill privilege, in the other. It is also important to note that while a deed to realty, properly executed and recorded, is regarded as the highest form of title, we have the decision of our highest court (Fletcher *v.* Peck, 6 Cranch, 87) that a deed is but an "executed contract" on the part of the grantor not to resume his right in the thing granted; and therefore if Connecticut can tax extra-territorial contracts, she may tax her citizens on deeds of land in other States.

Call titles property if we like, experience, when we come to deal with them as matters of business, will nevertheless soon satisfy that the making of no form of title creates or produces any new property, but simply indicates the rights and interests of parties in preëxisting property. Enact such laws, also, in respect to taxing titles as we may, experience will also prove that taxes cannot be practically levied on imaginary things or legal fictions, because it is some physical actuality in the sense of embodied labor that must after all, and in the end, pay all taxes. If legislatures have the power of creating *fiat* property, — that is, imaginary or fictitious property, — it is beyond their power to make it pay taxes, for nothing less than omnipotence can make something out of nothing. These views, it should be understood, are, however, heresies to some of the best thinkers and writers on political economy and law in this country. One of them, in answer to the assertion that "rights and titles are not property, for if they were we might make property by making rights and titles," rejoins, "But we do make property that way every day! We cannot make it so indefinitely because we cannot sell the titles indefinitely. The whole question is a question of the limits of credit, that is all." But will Mr. Oldschool stop and think why we cannot sell titles and credits indefinitely? We can, till the millennium comes, when everybody is to have everything he wants without toil, sell property in the sense of embodied labor indefinitely. Why not titles and credits? The answer is simply that when we buy a title or credit we pay for and in a legal and economic effect buy the physical actuality or right of dominion over it which the credit or title represents, and nothing more. The moment one undertakes to sell titles or credits in excess of or separate from the embodied labor they are supposed to represent, we call the act

bankruptcy or swindling, and the actor, a Jeremy Diddler. Fancy Mr. Oldschool appearing in court to defend such a person for selling a title, separate from an actuality, on the ground that such a title was property because he was able to sell it, and that somebody, not keen, was persuaded to buy it. Would the plea *caveat emptor* avail in such a transaction? In other words, when the title does *not* inhere in the physical actuality, we give it a bad name, and the most imaginative do not call it property. A title which is really a title is never suspended or in abeyance. If a thing is embodied labor, some one, or a number of persons, has some form of title or dominion over it, and the title is inseparably allied to the thing; and therefore the sale of the title is the sale of the thing, because they are one and inseparable. Embodied labor, therefore, embodies all forms of title to the embodied labor. The thing (embodied labor) embodies the incidents (titles), for the reason that the whole contains the parts. The moment we accept the proposition, established most clearly by Adam Smith and other economists, that labor exercised on material elements can alone produce property, that moment it would seem to be apparent that giving a definition to a small piece of paper (credit or title) which has not cost five minutes of labor, will not invest it with the character of property which has cost years, perchance, of the most skillful labor to produce. If some other name be given to embodied labor than *property*, it will not diminish its power to satisfy human wants; and if, on the other hand, we will call credits and titles property, they cannot be eaten, or made of themselves in any form to satisfy wants, but they can represent things which will satisfy wants. Credits and titles of themselves, *per se*, have no value, and separated from the things they represent, they cannot honestly be sold at all. Who will buy them? We know the character of the men who will sell them. Their representatives permanently reside at Weathersfield, Charlestown, Sing Sing, and Auburn.

As further elucidating this subject, attention is next asked to the consideration of what constitutes a debt, and more especially of

THE RELATION OF DEBTS TO PROPERTY.

A debt is an evidence of a transfer of property or of services, and an equitable right to property itself or to other equitable rights to property; but the value of a debt as a right rests entirely on the circumstance that it is a power to appropriate the results of embodied labor or physical actualities. A debt payable in merely imaginary things would be an imaginary debt. As between debtor and creditor, debts are inchoate or equitable titles, superior and paramount to the debtor's titles; for they will finally absorb by legal process the entire estate and interest of the debtor in the subject of the title, to the extent of the money due. The debtor usually holds the legal title to the property with a power to sell, but he nevertheless always holds it as a trustee for his creditor; that is, subject to the equitable right or title of the creditor to the same property.

Debts, again, are the titles or the representatives of property or of money due. A warehouse receipt given for wheat is a title to the wheat, but it is not the wheat itself; nor is the debt the property it represents. There is no value in the debt except in the property which it represents or to which it is an equitable title. If the debt is non-negotiable, — as were Mr. Kirtland's bonds and mortgage, — it can be stolen, lost, or destroyed, leaving the property itself intact, and for the reason that the debt is a title or a right, and not property. The evidence of a debt when lost, stolen, or destroyed may, however, necessitate the production of secondary evidence to establish the rights of a creditor. Admiralty courts allow no salvage for saving bills of exchange or other identified evidences of indebtedness, or titles to property, from wrecks; and for the reason that none of these things are property and their destruction is not a loss; nor can a debt be treated as an import

following the owner when he comes from another country to make his permanent abode in this country; and if it were property under such circumstances, it would be free from state taxation as an import.

Debts in any estimates of property are also negative quantities, to be eliminated from nominal values in accurate appraisements of aggregate property. Every one can see, without studying political economy, that we cannot by creating debts create embodied labor, which alone is property; but it almost requires a surgical operation to get the idea into some men's brains that the act of paying a debt is not an annihilation or extinguishment of some preëxisting property. If all national, state, and individual indebtedness were to be extinguished by payment, does any one suppose that the people would be worth less than before, or that any property would be destroyed? Or does any one suppose that any increase of national or state indebtedness would increase the wealth of the country? If so, a national debt would not only be a national blessing, but an individual debt would be an individual blessing. Yet there are some persons so wedded to the theory that debts are property that they logically feel alarmed at the liquidation of debts as a great destruction of property. They feel that debt, national and private, is wealth, and payment poverty; and these ideas have been and are yet in harmony with our national currency system and our generally accepted systems of state taxation.

These reasonings on the nature and origin of property, and the relation it sustains to titles and debts, would, therefore, seem to invest the following conclusion of Judge Foster, which alone would have compelled him to dissent from his associates, with the force of a politico-economic and legal axiom, namely, "that property and a debt [considered as a representative of the property pledged for its payment] constitute together but one subject for the purpose of taxation. The tax being paid on the property without diminution on account of the debt, nothing remains to be taxed. The debt indeed, aside from the property behind it, and of which it is the representative, is simply worthless."

WHAT THE CONNECTICUT COURT DECIDED.

The first question involved in the Kirtland case which came before the Connecticut court for decision was therefore a joint politico-economic and legal question, and may be thus comprehensively stated: *Are titles, having regard to the principles of natural right and justice, and to the provisions and restrictions of the federal compact and constitution, capable of being severed from the property or physical actuality from whence they are derived, and made subject, separately and independently and under another sovereignty, to taxation?* The Connecticut court conceded that in the case of real and tangible property the title is *not* capable of being severed from the property and taxed separately in different jurisdictions. The Massachusetts law-makers and law-interpreters have not, however, got so far ahead in liberality as this; for in that State taxes, under penalty of imprisonment for default of payment, are still wrung from citizens for property in the nature of visible, tangible movables, as cattle and stocks of goods and the like, admitted to be in other States and jurisdictions. But the Connecticut court, in respect to titles in the nature of notes, bonds and mortgages, and debts, decided that there was some other principle involved, and refused to concede to such titles what they conceded in respect to titles to realty, and to visible, tangible personal property. But in conceding that titles cannot be separated from realty, they conceded the whole point at issue; for certainly no one can dispute that Mr. Kirtland's mortgage was anything other than an equitable or inchoate title to visible, tangible property in Illinois. Consider also the inconsistencies and absurdities of adopting any other conclusion. If Mr. Kirtland had sent his money to Chicago and had invested it by purchase in a cattle-yard, the title to the actuality, in the

form of a deed, would not have been considered property in Connecticut and would not have been there taxable. But if he had united with others, two, three, or more, and forming a corporation had bought the same property, then note how, according to the principle adopted by the Connecticut court, this same property would have increased and multiplied, and become ubiquitous, by merely varying its method of purchase and incident of title. Thus there would be, first, the physical actuality, in the form of the cattle-yard, as before, no more and no less, which Illinois would tax as real estate; then, there would be the legal title to the property held by the directors of the corporation; next, the equitable interest vested in the stockholders, one of whom, in the person of Mr. Kirtland, lives in Connecticut; and if, perchance, the actuality should be subsequently mortgaged, say for its full value, to Mr. Kirtland's brother in Connecticut, there would be still another and paramount title, at least to the extent of the debt, to the other two. The judgment of the Connecticut court was to the effect, practically, that in such a case there were two properties, the actuality in Illinois, the existence of which could not well be denied, and the mortgage title in Connecticut. The courts of Massachusetts (in which State the offset of debts is not allowed in enumerations for assessment), following precedent and practice, would have decided that there were three: the actuality, the equitable title of the share-holders, in the form of stock certificates, and the mortgage title. But if there are two properties and one actuality in Connecticut, and three properties and no increase in actuality in Massachusetts, and if popular judgment is correct that it is desirable to comprehend as many subjects for assessment in a tax system as possible, why not include the legal title, and make four properties? and if the cattle-yard happened to be leased, the lease-hold title, and make it five properties?

Now all this confusion and misunderstanding in law, all these conflicting decisions of courts, and much of the present injustice wrought in state taxation will disappear by abandoning, as contrary to all logical reasoning and the principles of common sense, the popular and to some extent legal idea that debts equitable titles, and rights to property are in the nature of entities or material things, and as such are capable of having and being assigned a definite situs. On this matter the reasoning of Judge Foster is so clear and cogent that it is difficult to see how even an attempt can be made to refute it. "A debt," he says, "has no situs," and obviously so, for a debt is simply an obligation resulting from a conclusion of law, and "is neither visible, tangible, nor ponderable." "Only a material thing can have a corpus, and only a corpus can have a situs, for it is the location of the corpus that constitutes a situs." It is a misnomer, therefore, to call a debt property. It is only "an equitable title in the property of the debtor, and it inheres as a title in the property it represents. It does not follow the person of the owner in his domicile, though he may transfer it there." The United States Supreme Court has not as yet passed *directly* upon this involved question, but so far as it has considered it indirectly, it has decided Judge Foster's common sense to be, as it ought to be, good and supreme law. Thus, in the case of Brown *v.* Kennedy (15 Wallace) this court rejected the theory that a credit has a situs and follows the owner, when it held that a bond and mortgage form of "credit" was subject to confiscation by the United States in the State where the mortgage debtor resided, and on whom notice was served, "though in point of fact the bond and mortgage were never in the judicial district of the United States where the proceedings in forfeiture took place, but were with the owner, within the rebel lines in the State of Virginia, during the entire war, and where the confiscation proceedings occurred, and where the federal courts, for the time being, had no power or jurisdiction over either persons or property." Can it now be claimed, in face of this decision, that a mortgage credit made and made payable in one

State has a situs, and follows the person of the owner into another State, the State of his domicile? Again, the same court, in the case of Miller *v.* United States (11 Wallace), held that stock or shares in the Michigan Southern Railroad could be confiscated in Michigan by notice upon the railroad company, although both the owner and the certificate of the stock were beyond the jurisdiction of the court. The court said: "A corporation holds its stock as a quasi-trustee for its stockholders. The service of an attachment, though it is but a notice, finds *the debt* or the stock in the hands of the garnishee from the time of the service, and thenceforth it is potentially *in gremio legis.*" These and other decisions enforcing garnishment of debtors can only be understood and reconciled with recognized principles of law by considering (as the United States Supreme Court in the cases quoted undoubtedly did consider) debts and all *choses in action* as equitable rights in the debtor's property, inherent in the property where located, and not as property having a situs with the owner in another jurisdiction.

It cannot, also, it would seem, fail to be recognized that the decision of the Connecticut court in this Kirtland case in effect affirms the rightfulness and of course the desirableness (for whatever is rightful is desirable) of contemporaneous multiple taxation of one and the same property. For if the physical actuality called the property is taxed as a whole, in the place where it is located, all the joint and separate titles and interests — equitable or legal, creditors' or debtors' interests, individual or partnership interests — will of necessity be taxed also; for it is impossible to tax the whole of any given thing without taxing all its parts.

CAN CONNECTICUT TAX THE INCIDENTS OF BUSINESS TRANSACTED IN ILLINOIS?

But apart from these curious and novel politico-economic and legal features, this Kirtland case involves constitutional questions of the highest interest and importance, as much so, perhaps, as any case ever brought to judicial arbitrament since the formation of the federal constitution. To this point, therefore, let us next give attention.

A State can, undoubtedly, — if the tax is not discriminating but uniform, — impose a multiplicity of taxes on one and the same property within its territory by taxing the property as an actuality, and at the same time the various titles or rights to it. Yet, constitutionally considered, the Kirtland case does not involve a question of amount or of multiplication of taxation, but a question whether Connecticut can tax at all property or business not within her dominion. It is a pure question of jurisdiction, whether property and the titles to it can be taxed separately and in different States at the same time, and whether business and its incidents can be taxed separately at the same time by two of our States of the federal union.

The legal fiction that personal property follows the person could not and never was intended to have any extra-territorial effect. It has been adopted by comity, and may be revoked by legislation at any time; and was adopted for the single purpose of facilitating the transfer of property. If real estate were made subject to the same rule or fiction of law, it would not withdraw it from the dominion of the State where it was located, and it would be still subject to taxation at the place of location. A share-holder's interest in the real estate and other property of a corporation is now made subject, in most of the States, to this fiction, but nevertheless the property — real and personal — can be and usually is taxed at the place where located. Most, if not all, of the States of the Union now tax — and with the approval of all courts — the real and personal property of non-residents, where found, and their business where transacted, within their dominion. Whatever rule may have existed at a former time, it is now settled law, by decisions of the United States Supreme Court, that personal property and business do *not* fol-

low the owner for the purpose of taxation, if the business transacted or the situs of the property is not in the State where the owner resides. But this, it will be observed, is simply affirming that the title to a property is not capable of being severed from the property itself.[1]

If we now examine the facts in this case, it will be found that Mr. Kirtland produced no new value and did no business in Connecticut; and, so far as relates to this litigation, neither introduced, owned, nor came into possession of any property within the State. When Connecticut, therefore, taxed him, she did so with reference either to business done in Illinois (where he loaned his money), or with reference to a title or a debt, the representative of property already taxed or liable to be taxed in Illinois at the time the debt was contracted, by stamp-tax or otherwise. And it is here a matter worthy of consideration, as one of the important collateral issues in this case, whether any debt can be taxed after it is made, either in the State where it is made or in the State where the person resides who owes the debt, without impairing the obligations of contracts. The question has never been settled, but at no distant day will undoubtedly come before the United States Supreme Court for a decision.[2]

It did not appear, furthermore, from the record that even the evidence of any debt due Mr. Kirtland — the bond and the mortgage deed — was ever held in Connecticut. Under such circumstances, it is curious to note, as Judge Foster points out, to what a singular and absurd hypothesis and procedure the Connecticut authorities, as if conscious that they had abandoned reason and were dealing with sentiment, had recourse in order to get a basis and a warrant for their action. They first assumed that there was an imaginary property, separate and distinct from the material property; and then gave to such imaginary property an imaginary situs, thus "going far into the domain of the sentimental and spiritual for the purpose of taxation." Bishop Berkeley, it will be remembered, held to the opinion that matter does not exist, and that we only imagine that it exists; but it is not at all probable that he ever hoped, when alive, that his views would be so practically indorsed, and at so early a day, in the State of his literary adoption. He would have made, moreover, a desirable tax assessor and tax collector under the present Connecticut tax laws; for being logical, even if he was sentimental, he would doubtless have been willing to take the taxes in the pure product of the imagination. His successors, however, are not only sentimental but illogical; for, not content with assuming that the imaginary is the real, they try to do what the good bishop never would have sanctioned, namely, take something out of nothing. But, seriously, such a procedure as was had in Kirtland's case had in it no element of taxation. It assessed and taxed him in respect to business or interests beyond the territory and jurisdiction of Connecticut, and which the laws of the State could in no way reach or protect; and in so doing it ignored the fundamental principle that protection to that portion of property not taken or absorbed

[1] In the case of Green *v.* Van Buskirk (7 Wallace) Mr. Justice Davis, in discussing this fiction of law, that the domicile of the owner draws to it his personal estate, quotes approvingly from Judge Story the opinion that "this fiction always yields when it is necessary for the purpose of justice that the actual situs of the thing should be examined."

[2] When the celebrated *foreign-held bond* case was before the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, the late state Chief-Justice Woodward expressed himself in reference to this interesting question as follows: "How far modern tax laws shall be permitted to impair and alter private contracts is a great question which must be decided ultimately by the Supreme Court of the United States. I have my own private views, which would probably be found to differ from a majority of this court."

Undoubtedly Illinois can tax to any extent contracts made within her limits at the time when made. Virginia imposes a registry tax on mortgages in proportion to the amount of the mortgage. All the States also possess the power to impose stamp duties on all evidences of debt; and Illinois imposes a tax on resident agents and attorneys loaning money for non-residents on a valuation of the sum loaned. Every State can regulate the loaning of money, or the transfer of other property or rights to property within her borders, at the time when the loaning or the transfer may be made; and whoever loans money or transfers property impliedly submits to the laws existing in the State, which enter into and form a part of every contract.

by the tax is the consideration or compensation for all legitimate taxation. In short, the procedure was nothing but an arbitrary exaction, without due process of law, and, as such, a plain violation of the Fourteenth Amendment to the constitution of the United States. Furthermore, if this fiction made operative for the purpose of taxation in Mr. Kirtland's case in Connecticut be constitutional and applicable to extra-territorial property and business *in any degree*, it is difficult to see why it may not be extended to real estate and to all conceivable business, titles, and transactions of the citizens of Connecticut in other States and countries, or how there can be any limit assigned to the arbitrary taxation of the extra-territorial property and business of the citizens of Connecticut, except in the want or exhaustion of the imaginative powers of the members of its legislature. But the assumption of such a power is the assumption of universal dominion; and what, under such assumption and procedure, becomes of the question of independent state sovereignty?

If each State has dominion over the property and business transacted within its territory for the purpose of taxation, that dominion must from its very nature be absolute and exclude the dominion of any other State over the same property and business. Again, the sovereignty of co-equal States involves a full recognition of the dominion and sovereignty of all sister States; and hence section one, Article IV., of the federal constitution requires that "full faith and credit shall be given to the public acts, records, and judicial proceedings of other States." Each State, then, in entering the federal union, entered into a contract of non-interference with the dominion and prerogatives of other States; and it will not be disputed that the power of taxation is an incident of sovereignty or dominion. The dominion, therefore, of one State for the purpose of taxation over persons, property, business, or the incidents of business, must exclude the dominion of other States over the same persons, property, business, and incidents of business, at the same time. Neither in constitutional law in this country, nor in mathematics, can the same property, persons, business, or incidents of business, occupy two places and two sovereignties at the same time. Hence, the taxation by Connecticut of credits, choses in action, bonds, notes, book-accounts, verbal and other contracts, the incidents of actual business transacted in Illinois, must be in legal effect extra-territorial taxation of such business, and so an infringement and violation of the sovereignty of Illinois; or else it must be assumed that business does not include its incidents, or the whole its parts.

To most minds that examine this case, and apparently also to the court, the taxation of Kirtland for the money loaned by him in Illinois would seem to have been in respect to property, namely, the debt due him and represented by bonds and mortgage. As the bonds and mortgage were, however, but the necessary incidents and evidence of money-lending performed by Kirtland, or through his agent in Illinois, the taxation in question was rather in respect to business than to property, even conceding, for the sake of argument, that the debt and the paper evidences of it were property. It is worth while, therefore, to consider a little more fully, before concluding this review, what is embraced in the assumption by Connecticut of the right to tax the business and contracts of its citizens transacted or made extra-territorially. Was the business performed by Kirtland in any sense business in Connecticut? And in answer, it may be first remarked that the making of contracts is of itself a business, in the strictest sense, nor can any business exist without the power to make contracts, written or verbal. Money cannot be loaned unless there is a business of lending money, and, for the time being, the vocation of a money-lender. The amount or duration of a business in a State can have no influence on the question of the jurisdiction of the State over the business or transaction. A State can tax all sales at auction, including the sale of goods in unbroken packages owned

by non-residents, and just brought into the State and sold by non-residents or resident agents (Woodruff *v.* Perham, 8 Wallace). In New York mere wandering peddlers are taxable on money invested in business in every town in which they peddle. If actually assessed in more than one town the same year, the remedy is to apply to the assessors (Hill *v.* Crosby, 26 Howard, 413). It would seem, therefore, that business — occasional, transient, or permanent — transacted in a State by a resident or a non-resident may by the force of state sovereignty be made subject to a uniform rule of taxation. "Every obligation," says Savigny, "arises out of visible facts; every obligation is fulfilled by visible facts. Both of these must happen at some place or another." Again, it is the joint effect of the law existing at the time in the State, and the visible facts which we call business, which makes a legal contract, and binds the parties to the performance of their agreement. The law and the visible facts in this case of Kirtland are acknowledged to have been Illinois laws and facts, or acts performed in Illinois. And if this be so, was not, then, the taxation of Mr. Kirtland in Connecticut extra-territorial taxation, or taxation of business done by Mr. Kirtland and those who elected to deal with him in Illinois?

CAN EASTERN STATES CONSTITUTIONALLY TAX THE BORROWING POWER OF CITIZENS OF WESTERN STATES?

United States stocks and bonds have been held by the United States Supreme Court to be exempt from state taxation by reason of an entire want of jurisdiction, on the part of the State, over the credit, contracts, business, or borrowing power of the federal government; and for the further reason that such stock and bonds are not property, in the sense of land or other visible, tangible things once owned and sold by the federal government, but mere incidents of the business or borrowing power of the government.[1] The United States Supreme Court, in the case of Weston *v.* City of Charleston (2 Peters, 449), said, "The tax on government stock is thought by the court to be a tax on the power to borrow money on the credit of the United States;" and the court further added: "The right to tax the contract to any extent when made must *operate on the power to borrow* before it is exercised, and have a sensible influence on the contract." This decision, therefore, settles, as a principle of law, that if a borrower or borrowing power is not within the jurisdiction of a State, the incidents or instrumentalities by which alone the business or borrowing power can be exercised are likewise not within the jurisdiction of a State, and cannot be subject to its taxation. Was now the borrowing power of the individuals who borrowed money of Mr. Kirtland in Illinois within the jurisdiction of Connecticut? It is a law of human nature, affirmed in the case just cited in the United States Supreme Court, that such a borrower must pay the tax, and that it is on him that the burden must fall, at the time when the contract is made, in the form of an additional rate of interest; which increase obviously operates as a restraint

[1] As curiously illustrative of the limited acquaintance of our best jurists with the law and principles of taxation, it may be here mentioned that the majority of the Connecticut Court of Errors, in giving their opinion in this case of Kirtland, said that had it not been for the act of Congress of March, 1863, the bonds of the United States could have been taxed under state or municipal authority; all of which is equivalent to saying that, in the absence of specific restraining law, States and municipalities could, if they would, destroy the federal government. The following politico-economic as well as legal axiom, enunciated by Chief-Justice Marshall in 1828, when there was no law of Congress prohibiting the taxation of United States bonds, however, effectually and forever settles this question. "The power to tax," he said, "involves the power to destroy;" and he might have added as a corollary, if it did not at once suggest itself, that the power to destroy the federal government was something that could not be delegated by Congress or exercised by States or municipalities.

It is also a notable circumstance that, soon after the breaking out of the war, in 1861, when the subject of the proposed issue of United States bonds came up for consideration before a meeting of a bar association of one of the Northern States, there was, when the point was first raised, but one dissenting opinion to the proposition that such bonds, if issued, would be taxable by state and municipal authorities.

upon his borrowing power in Illinois, for, as the court declared it, "*the right to tax the contract to any extent when made must operate on the power to borrow before it is exercised.*" It is evident, then, that the borrowers of Mr. Kirtland in Illinois will pay a higher rate of interest, or they will be unable to obtain the money, if Mr. Kirtland may be constitutionally subject to a tax in Connecticut, the place of his residence, on his transactions of loaning money in Illinois. There cannot be different rules determining the incidents of taxation on the borrowing power of government and the borrowing power of individuals in Illinois. If the tax is a burden on the borrowing power in one instance, it is equally so in the other. Does it not also follow that if the borrowing power of the United States, its credit, is exempt from state taxation, from want of jurisdiction, that the borrowing power, the credit of citizens of Illinois (as to transactions in Illinois) is likewise free from taxation in Connecticut, from the want of jurisdiction of Connecticut over transactions in Illinois? It cannot be seriously assumed that citizens of Illinois, or their business transactions in Illinois, are in any sense within the jurisdiction of Connecticut, any more than the borrowing power of the United States is within the jurisdiction of Connecticut. The United States Supreme Court, in the "State Freight" case (15 Wallace), further helps to a conclusion in this matter by saying, "It has repeatedly been held that the constitutionality or unconstitutionality of a state tax is to be determined, not by the form or agency through which it is to be collected, but by the subject upon which the burden falls." And the same court has determined, as before shown, that the burden in case of a contract of loan falls on the borrower. Apart from this, however, it needs no argument to prove that the lender will, under all ordinary circumstances, add the tax to the rate of interest; for he must and will have the average remuneration of other investments. Therefore, every Western borrower is directly interested in the condemnation and rejection of the Eastern judicial and arbitrary exactions imposed on extra-territorial contracts, over which the usurping States have no dominion or control, or power to protect. The reversal of the Connecticut decision by the United States Supreme Court will undoubtedly lower the rate of interest immediately in the Western States to the extent of *more than one per cent.*, and give a new life there to trade, business, and transactions now obstructed by a feudal and arbitrary edict.

Furthermore, if Connecticut has the power of taxing extra-territorial contracts for the loan of money, she has the power to fix any rate and to discriminate as to the States upon whose citizens the burden shall fall; or she may adopt a rate that shall be prohibitory on contracts made by her citizens with citizens of designated States, or citizens of all the States, as her caprice may dictate.

Before concluding this review, it will be interesting to call attention to another element of confusion and inconsistency certain to arise from the assumption that titles and rights are property, and can properly be regarded and treated as such in law and legislation. The Connecticut court held that titles owned in Connecticut to real estate situated in other jurisdictions were not property in Connecticut for the purpose of taxation, but that titles and rights, in the nature of evidence of indebtedness, — notes, bonds, mortgages, choses in action, — created and owed by citizens of other States but owned and in possession of citizens of Connecticut, were property in Connecticut legitimately subject to taxation. But the Connecticut court would have found itself sorely puzzled if it had attempted to lay down any clear line of demarkation and distinction between a title to realty and a title in the nature of a chose in action; for the reason that there is none, and because the distinction between real and personal property is founded on artificial rather than on natural laws, and the artificial laws are constantly liable to change. Thus, in Scotland, there is a class of bonds,

called "*heritable bonds*," secured on real estate, and almost identical in character with the bonds and mortgage which Mr. Kirtland held, which descend to the heir as real estate, and by Scotch law and legislation are so regarded. In France, shares in the national debt and stock in the Bank of France, which the Connecticut court would undoubtedly regard as personal property in its most typical form, and having a situs at the domicile of the owner, can by the laws of France be made real estate at the option of the holder, and as such be actually mortgaged and administered upon. Again, before emancipation, slaves in the United States — which by the federal constitution were recognized as persons — were in some of the States declared to be real estate. In 1871, also, the Supreme Court of Kentucky decided that railroad stock was real estate and subject to distribution according to the laws of real estate (7 Bush, 349); while today, in Wisconsin, the one species of property which is especially typical of mobility, and is of no value apart from its capability of motion, namely, the rolling stock of railroads, is by law made realty. Now, can forms of credit and of titles, made real estate by the law of their creation, be made personal property by some other country or State; and through such fiction of law can they be reached for distribution as personal property, having a situs in the country or State of their owner? or can they be taxed in a State other than where and when the credit or title has been created by operation of law?

From these considerations, reasonings, and precedents, the conclusion of Judge Foster, although he stood but one against four in his court, would seem to be incontrovertible; namely, that "the plaintiff," Kirtland, "was not liable to taxation" in Connecticut "for debts owing to him in Illinois;" and inferentially, that, although possibly warranted by the letter of the statute, the act was an attempt on the part of Connecticut to exercise extra-territorial dominion over persons, contracts, or business, and was, therefore, unconstitutional and void. It would also seem to be clear that if property in action (choses in action) can be made by fiction of law an *entity*, having a situs in one State separate from the property which it represents in another State, the grossest inconsistencies will be perpetrated, and that the most inharmonious, arbitrary, and capricious tax laws and other laws will be enforced by conflicting legislation of States, required by constitutional obligations to "give full faith and credit to the public acts of other States."

The function of the legislative branch of every government is to enact the law, and of the judiciary to interpret it; and in general the judge cannot be too careful in refraining from trenching upon the function of the legislator. But there are occasions when, if the law is to continue to be what Lord Coke said it was, "the perfection of reason," it is necessary for courts in making their decisions to inquire into the relation of things covered by the statute; and if, through the progress of ideas or events, the original relation has changed, then to make the interpretation of the law conform to such change, rather than by interpreting too closely to the letter, make the law, in place of being the perfection of reasoning, the perfection of absurdity, and so an obstacle to all free and progressive society. The Connecticut Court of Errors in this Kirtland case had an opportunity presented them to add one more to the memorable instances in which, through the law of judicial decision, government has been elevated, the science of jurisprudence enlarged, a system of wrong made a system of right, and society benefited morally and materially. But in place of rising to the occasion, they held before their faces the absurdities of precedents founded on want of knowledge, and walked backwards. The Supreme Court of California acted differently in 1873, when, with a similar question before them, — the taxation of mortgages, — they swept away the whole system of taxing debts in that State by deciding, in consonance with the spirit and larger knowledge of the age, that debts were not included in the clause of the consti-

tution of California which subjects all property to uniform taxation, inasmuch as a debt, "a cause in action, cannot pay the tax, because it has and can have no value independent of the tangible wealth out of which it may be satisfied;" and further, that it was not possible at the same time to attempt to tax a debt and the property it represented without imposing a double tax on the property, and so unequally burdening property that was incumbered as compared with property free from incumbrance.

The United States is a country fitted by nature to be a country of abundance. A given amount of labor under existing circumstances will here produce more, on the average, of the essentials for a comfortable livelihood than any similar area on the earth's surface. All the world ought, therefore, to come to the United States to buy, or what is the same thing to exchange; and all the world would come if they were not hindered. But all the world does not come, and the cry is everywhere that in the midst of abundance there is no demand for our abundance; and because there is no demand, production is suspended. The obstacles which interfere and prevent this demand are various in their nature and multiple in their number; and among them, important, if not foremost, in their restrictive influence, are laws like that to which the Connecticut Court of Errors has recently given renewed sanction in the Kirtland case; which make costly the work of production by making difficult the transaction of business and the movements of capital. Such laws do not exist in other countries, our compeers in wealth and civilization. Such a case as this Kirtland case could not have come up before any of the courts of England, France, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, or Lower Canada; for in none of these countries are debts regarded in the light of property, subject to taxation. And until, as a nation, we cease to overburden ourselves in the race for commercial and industrial supremacy, we cannot legitimately expect to win the first place or the great prizes, or hope that our labor and capital will be used to yield to us the greatest abundance.

David A. Wells.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Few readers of the Club papers, I imagine, are aware that Mr. H. James, Jr., has been enthusiastically translated into German, and that his Passionate Pilgrim may now be read in that language under the attractive title of Der Leidenschaftliche Erdenpilger. The Transatlantic Sketches and Roderick Hudson, though not so susceptible to polysyllabic treatment, have still been liberally endowed with German text, and the Fatherlandish critics bestow much praise upon the author. Julian Schmidt, whose name is a powerful prop to book advertisements, says, "He does not, indeed, introduce us to the more characteristic life, but shows one side of it which deserves attention, namely, the impulse of young America toward culture, and its longing for the Old World;" and he accords to him a remarkable artistic faculty. But the latest act of appreciation is a little peculiar. The publishing house of Auerbach has issued The American in translation, accompanied by a prospectus full of laudatory phrases, setting forth that Bret Harte and H. James, Jr., go hand in hand as the exponents of contemporary American life in fiction, that Mr. James takes

a place quite above the level of ordinary *Uebersetzungs literatur* (a word suggestive, to the uninitiated, of Massachusee), and that he has become the *Mode-Liebling* or "fashionable darling" of the Teuton public. All this is very well, but the prospectus neglects to explain that the fastidious translator, despite his high opinion of Mr. James, has written an entirely new ending to the story. He declares that The American is a magnificent exhibition of democracy, and this belief it may be that inspired him to expunge the ignominious catastrophe which closes the original work, and substitute a scene in which Mr. James comes on to the stage in his own person, saying, substantially, "Some time after these events, I met Newman in San Francisco, with a graceful, foreign-looking lady at his side. A golden-haired child was playing near them," etc. Newman is glad to see him: "Sit down, Mr. James. Have a cigar and a glass of wine," etc. He then turns to the lady, formerly Madame de Cintré, and asks her to step out into the garden with their daughter; whereupon he proceeds to narrate to Mr. James how he came to marry Madame de Cintré, after all. This narrative it would hardly be just for me to report. What I most wish to call attention to is the development of a new sort of literature here involved. The German editor, as I have noticed, alludes to a special order of "translation-literature," to which he reckons The American much superior. Does the superiority consist in the fact that it need n't be translated at all, and is fair prey for all sorts of tampering, without acknowledgment? Has the doctrine of Elongated Classics found a following in Germany? Or is this innovation a new move in the direction of international copyright?

— Certain of us are getting up, with great care and small expense, a decoration for the gifted statesman who devised the postal law concerning authors' MSS. It is considered that a decoration of some sort is also due to the Congress which passed the law, provided it can be shown that that Congress meant the law to be understood as the postmasters now understand it: to wit, as covering MSS. for *books* alone. There is nothing in the dictionary, or in the law, which decides that there is but one kind of *authors'* MSS., namely, that which is written for a book. Yet a luminous postmaster-general has at some time or other decided that the law *meant* books, and books alone, when it said "authors' MSS." Where do you suppose that postmaster-general was educated? Here is a law which pretends on its face to be a charity to poor scribblers; it tells them that authors' MSS. shall be carried through the mails for mere newspaper postage. Now, where is the value of this law, thus construed? No man has ever yet sent the manuscript of a book through the mail since expresses existed; no man ever will intrust so precious a thing as the manuscript of a book to the United States mail while expresses continue to exist. The mail would convey such a package for ten or twenty cents, and probably lose it on the way; the express will convey it for double the money, and take it through safely. Do you imagine that that "author" lives who is poor enough to be willing to accept ten cents' worth of this charity of the United States government, with its burden of insecurity, when for a few cents added he can have the trusty services of the express companies? No, indeed. The fact is as I have stated it before: no one ever sends a book manuscript by mail.

That law is a dead letter. One cannot send an article to a magazine under it; no, the crystal intellects of the postal service have decreed that nothing but books are written by authors. Mr. Longfellow is often and innocently referred to as the author of the Psalm of Life, but he could not send that poem through the mails on reduced postage, because the department knows that a little thing like that has no author, authorship being determined by bulk and not otherwise. He would have to pay letter postage on it, because post-office law — which is as noble in its way, and as clear as crowner's quest law — has

decided that every manuscript that is not a book is a letter. The department knows perfectly well that there are only two kinds of manuscripts, — books and letters. Poe is spoken of as the author of that long and curious tale called The Murders in the Rue Morgue. Author is a false title in this case, likewise. The department has so decided, for that tale lacks the essential qualities of authorship, — bulk and weight.

If you were going to print but a single copy of a book, the gifted department would let you mail the MS. for it at the reduced rate. But if you mentioned the fact that your magazine article would infallibly be bound along with other articles into hundreds of bulky volumes of the magazine at the end of the year, and that it was therefore author's MS., since it was going to be part of a book, what do you suppose the department would say? I solemnly believe that so intricate a question as this would unseat the reason of the most powerful-minded postal department we ever have had.

We authors write about twenty-five magazine articles each, a year. Postage, letter rates, averages forty cents on each article: ten dollars a year for each of us. There are eight hundred and forty-eight authors in the country who write for magazines. Most of our articles are not accepted, but are returned to us. We pay postage just the same, though, — both ways. Considering, for the sake of argument, that we use the mail and not the express, our postage on matter sent aggregates eight thousand four hundred and eighty dollars in a year; return postage on upwards of two thirds of our work hurled back upon our hands, say six thousand dollars. Aggregate for the year, fourteen thousand four hundred and eighty dollars. Aggregate for three years, say, in round numbers, forty-three thousand five hundred dollars. Among us, in this country, there are four hundred and forty-one who write books as well as magazine articles. But we do not write a book every year; we are not quite so prolific as that. We average a book each, every three years. That is an aggregate of four hundred and forty-one books in three years. Postage on each book (as authors' MS.), an average of twenty cents. Now observe: aggregate postage (letter rates) on three years' magazine manuscripts, forty-three thousand five hundred dollars; aggregate postage on three years' book manuscripts (authors' MS. rates), *eighty-eight dollars and twenty cents!*

And, after all, we do not trust more than about three dollars and fifteen cents' worth of those book manuscripts to the mails in the course of eleven years.

Now I suggest that the postal alms be taken away from books, and conferred upon magazine articles, or, better still, that the whole law be routed and scouted from the statutes, to the end that the United States government may be estopped from glorifying itself any longer over its charity to authors, — a charity, indeed, which is, like all its generosities toward literature, a sham.

— I once heard an old novel-reader say, impatiently, "Whenever I open a book and see 'Hoot, mon!' I always close it immediately." Something of the same feeling comes over one on reading That Lass o' Lowrie's; there is a weariness in continually changing "reet" into "right," "yo" into "you," and, at last, an impatience even as to the treasure-trove itself, "graidely." The localisms of rural England are hard reading for us Americans; we understand something of Scotch pronunciations, thanks to long familiarity with Walter Scott and Burns, but we labor heavily among the English dialects, and are inclined to be as impatient over them as we are over the slow Lancashire man himself when he comes to dig in our gardens or to carry our messages to a neighbor.

When, however, we have at length translated this story of Mrs. Burnett's into our own tongue, what do we find? Simply the old, long-mooted question, Can an educated man marry an inferior, lift to the position of wife a woman destitute of cultivation and without knowledge of the smaller refinements of life, — can he do this with any chance of hap-

piness? All the educated and refined *women* will instantly arise and answer, "No;" for a woman knows so well that, leaving mere education apart, no after-training can ever eradicate entirely the habits of the common working-girl, or supply the exquisite little personal refinements which cannot be bought, or taught, or even made tangible enough to be fixed in words, but which are yet the most powerful adjuncts of the lady.

But, on the other hand, educated *men* are sometimes found who arise and answer, "Yes;" and prove their belief by their marriages.

Dickens attacked this question in Our Mutual Friend, where Eugene marries Lizzie, the boat-girl; but he gave her every aid he could think of, — striking beauty, intense devotion, and the chance to save her lover's life. Reade took up the point in Christie Johnstone, giving Christie the same wonderful loveliness, devotion, and the saved life of the little painter; but Reade, great master of fiction, withdrew before the end the hardest part of the dose by placing Gatty nearer Christie after all, his mother turning out to have been only a cook. Mrs. Burnett's heroine has the same beauty, devotion, and life-saving opportunities of her predecessors; in fact, it needs all these to make the thing go down. And, in this case, has it gone down? Extraordinary loveliness, like Joan's, can do a great deal; still, in the long course of married life, can it make up for other deficiencies? Will not Derrick sometimes feel like fleeing away from his wife into the old atmosphere where ease and refinement are known already without the learning? And then, will he not call himself a brute, and return to her with a determined effort which she will see, and feel, like a knife in her loving heart? In the case of Eugene and Lizzie, in this of Joan and Derrick, and in the few instances we see in real life, the marriage at the last is a dramatic tableau which we accept because it is striking, and also because it touches in our hearts something which is deeper than conventionality. But, when the chimes have ceased ringing and all the people have gone home, when the personages in the tableau have stepped down to common life, how then? Can any one look forward five years, ten, and not feel sure that the husband has gone through — whether with good grace or ill — scenes of mortification and deep annoyance almost beyond numbering?

Women of refinement are always at heart intensely severe upon men who fall in love — seriously, I mean — with pretty chambermaids, lovely laundresses, or astonishing collier-girls. They ask themselves how it would be if they should set about discovering ideal qualities in handsome coachmen, cooks, and restaurant-waiters. May *they* not have "good hearts" and all sorts of capacities? Might *they* not be "grand creatures," too, if brought out and educated and given a chance? Certainly they might, being human. But here is the difference: in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand, a lady *could* not endure the personal manners of the son of the soil for one moment, no matter if he was as handsome as an Apollo, and had saved her life a hundred times.

Mrs. Burnett's book as a whole seems to me very well done; we do not come from it empty-handed, but bear away with us a clear image of Joan, grandly-shaped, majestic creature, with her deep, inarticulate love for the engineer. Derrick himself is not much more than a figure-head; but he is big and strong, self-possessed and good-looking, and that is sufficient. How few modern novels add distinct personages to the galleries of our memory! They add paintings of society and manners, of events, or odd corners of unfamiliar scenery; but personages — how few! Grandcourt is the latest in my collection. I tried hard to get in Gabriel Conroy, but he kept dissolving. I am almost inclined to think that this Joan is going to win a place, however; she keeps standing at the door in a haunting kind of way, and looking in. But ah! if she had only died down there in the mine, how much more impressive and convenient it would have been for herself and Derrick, and the reader, also!

— Mr. Stedman in his Victorian Poets has clearly presented and illustrated with much care the relation between the poet laureate of England and the idyllic Alexandrian school. But, so far as I know, neither he nor any one else has called attention to the influence exercised upon Tennyson by some of the older English poets.

Compare, for example, the Talking Oak (that cross, to speak profanely, between the pastoral and the *vers de société*) with Drayton's Quest of Cynthia, the finest poem of its kind, as I think, in the language. Not only is the metre the same, but there is a marked similarity in the topics, the style of treatment, the selection of epithets, and even in the music of the two pieces. Each turns upon the subject of a fair one, fancifully worshiped and somewhat extravagantly described. In each, the tree with the names carved upon it is pressed early into service. In each, inanimate objects are compelled to render their tribute of eulogy. But it is hardly necessary to pursue the parallel further.

Tennyson opens with a modernization: —

> "The city's bulk behind me lies
> Beneath its drift of smoke.
> But ah! with what delighted eyes
> I turn to yonder oak!"

Now, there is a certain quality of this versification that recalls very readily Drayton's first lines: —

> "What time the trees were clad in green,
> The fields dressed all in flowers,
> And that the sleek-haired nymphs were seen
> To seek them summer bowers,
>
> "Forth went I by the sliding rills
> To find where Cynthia sat,
> Whose name so often from the hills
> The echoes wondered at."

There is a peculiar attractiveness (with perhaps a spice of surprise in it) in these abrupt terminations in short syllables. Of course, it would disappear on much repetition, and such sounds as "at" certainly have no great melody in themselves; but the general effect when they follow rhymes of long syllables is often quite exquisite and piquant. We have the device over and over again in both poems; and Drayton especially presents a stanza or two of this sort, whose delicate sweetness has very seldom been rivaled. For instance: —

> "The winds were hushed; no leaf so small
> At all was seen to stir.
> *While, tuning to the water's fall,*
> *The small birds sang to her.*"

Tennyson's fastidious choice of epithets has often been remarked upon; but you will find the same in Drayton: —

> "And laugh to see the *lusty* deer
> Come bounding o'er the brake."
>
> "The gentle spring yet never bore
> That sweet nor tender flower
> That *damasked* not the checkered floor
> Of Cynthia's summer bower."
>
> "The drops that in the footprints stood
> Of that *delicious* girl
> The nymphs upon their dainty food
> Drank for dissolvèd pearl."

Also the "*sliding* rills" and "sleek-haired nymphs" already mentioned, and a number of other instances which might be given.

Tennyson's good taste, however, has kept him quite free from any of the grotesque conceits into which a superlative love for the fanciful and the mode of an earlier day combined to hurry his model. For instance, you would never find him declaring that the bank upon which his sweetheart had rested on leaving her bath became straightway so fragrant and precious that the "mold" was removed

> "For pomander and sold."

A young lady having such Midas-like properties would make a good partner for a druggist. Even more preposterous things are told of the effect of the water (after her person had left it) upon subsequent bathers of less exalted purity.

But if the earlier poem has the greater number of blemishes, it also excels in beauties. The Talking Oak does not anywhere reach the highest point of the Quest either as regards originality of illustration and adornment, or richness and delicacy of verbal music. There is more equality of merit about Tennyson's work, but as a whole it must nevertheless take a lower place.

— It is an old subject of complaint that our country is all spotted over and discolored by wretched local names. But the worst of it is that in altering them we seldom make any improvement.

Some of the names, given on a casual impulse, are very suggestive. I have been looking over the list of places set down in the Postal Guide, and have come to the conclusion that if Niagara had been a torrent of words, and we had sprinkled it with a garden-hose through all the States, we could not have got more bizarre results than are now to be found. North Hero, in Vermont, and Green Tree, in Pennsylvania, assume a classic and every-day air by the side of the Western inventions in town names; for example, Orodelfan and Ni Wot, in Colorado. California retains its Bret Harte-ish atmosphere in Slide and Big Pine. Iowa and Wyoming come still nearer the mark, each having a Last Chance. Even Illinois retains some novelties, as East Paw Paw, Teutopolis, and Samsville. One place shows traces of a wandering Latin grammar, the verb *Amo* having been fixed upon to designate the locality where the whitening bones of the volume were probably found by a train of emigrants. Nevada, of course, has its Bullion, Diamond, Treasure City, and Mineral City, about which there is a slight monotony. But there is something inspiring about these fabrics from Nebraska, namely: Wild Cat, Rescue, Gazelle, Centennial. And alliteration has seldom been more strikingly used than in the title of Verdigris Valley. Slaughter (Dakota) cannot be a place altogether pleasant to refer one's youthful memories to; but I find something really interesting in names like Big Bone Lick and Wagon Wheel Gap. Often the choice of early settlers in these matters is determined by circumstances that are too trivial and irremediably sordid; but for all that, they often have a genuineness that is wanting to our more ambitious Eastern nomenclature. We are forever pulling up the most fortunate of our names, and trying new ones, as if these were something like city pavements, — the only real use of which is to be made the source of lucrative experiments in tearing up and restoring. Killingworth, for example, in Connecticut, which appears in Longfellow's delightful poem, The Birds of Killingworth, has since been changed to Clinton; and a village known as Nine Partners, where Fitz-Greene Halleck's father lived, is now stupidly called Washington Hollow. Think of Washington being *hollow*, — all the pith taken out of him! Sawpits, in New York, which formerly meant something, though it did not sound pretty, has become Port Chester, which means nothing. I might cite a good many instances, but there are two which have especially annoyed me of late. In Newport there was a street which ended in broad, green fields, and had thus won the delicious appellation of the Green End Road. But because some rich people, without taste, built villas there, the fresh informality of the name had to be discarded for that of Lafayette Avenue. In the other case, a spot near Boston, on the road along which the British retreated from Concord, was called Percy's Ring, which certainly reminded one of the young Percy who was in that memorable retreat, whether it actually referred to him or not. In any case, there was a pleasant little romantic hint in the words, Percy's Ring. But a land company went to work putting up houses there, and having some idea that the name of a place is like the "To Let" bill in the window of a vacant house, they rechristened it Arlington Heights. The people who do this sort of thing seem to me to answer exactly to that adjective which country-folk have charged with so much contempt — "cityfied." Being an absurdly hybrid word, it is admirably suited to the crude and hybrid notions that lie at the bottom of our foolish names, sometimes so prosaic, and at other times so sentimental. I therefore offer for public use, through your Club, this word "cityfier," to point out the people who represent that kind of civilization which removes simplicity and wholesome naturalness, to make way for artificiality, "stuck-up-ativeness," and so on. You will find that it describes elements in our art, literature, society, and religion, also; and I believe it will be as useful as the German term of Philistine.

— What right have literary scaven-

gers to arrogate to themselves the exclusive name of "realists"? I deny that the dark and foul side of life is any more real than the bright and pleasing. A rose is just as real as a poison vine; a perfume-bottle is as real as a dunghill; a spring of clear water is as real as a cess-pool. It seems to be taken for granted that "reality" means nastiness, and the more of the hideous rottenness of the lowest deeps of life a writer can rake up, the more real and natural his descriptions must be. I deny this utterly. M. Zola and his far-off comrades only describe one half of life, just like the "romantic" writers they decry; the only difference is that the former give the worst and the latter the best half. Reality ought at least to demand an equal division of labor between the good and the bad, between misery and happiness, vice and virtue; it might be granted that no preference should be shown the latter; but when the former is given sole possession and the latter wholly excluded, the writer forfeits his claim to impartial description of real life as much as if he picked out the golden grains and left the others. Even allowing that the choice of subjects is not to weigh at all, this bears as much for my argument as its opposite; for a less revolting subject could be chosen, and its faithful depiction would be as well entitled to the name of "realism" as the other. This is not at all a question of art versus morality; it is a question as to whether art working in comparatively clean material is not as truly art as that which seeks out specially the foulest material. Granting that the chemist must analyze alike spices and ordure, why should the selection for study exclusively of the latter entitle him to call himself a more *thorough* chemist than one who devoted himself to the former?

— I sometimes wonder whether the present generation, especially the younger portion of it, sufficiently reads and appreciates the works of the man who has just gone from us, an irreparable loss to the world in general, but to ourselves in particular, — regretted I feel sure by hundreds, I would like to think, thousands. I mean John Lothrop Motley and his great histories. I wonder also whether those who are possibly frightened by the several large volumes know how much they lose, what a mine of treasures, what an immortal panorama of all that is noblest and highest and most divine in human nature, they pass coldly by. For myself, I can mention nothing that is more inspiring, elevating, and truly "heart-strengthening" than these books. To me The Rise of the Dutch Republic was the source of perhaps the deepest and purest enthusiasm of my life; and, though it is but too true that the years are in nothing so mercilessly cruel to us as in the dampening chill — it seems inevitable and inexorable as fate, and none "of woman born" can wholly escape it — which they cast upon the fervency and intensity of our more youthful sentiments, a warm after-glow of that first enthusiasm lingers with me still. Mr. Motley's recent death has vividly brought back to me the happy days when my own life seemed bound up in the fortunes of the great people whose story he has told with such consummate ability.

I cannot, of course, go into detail here, but, to mention only a single period, who that has "a living soul within him to be stirred" can read, for instance, his Siege of Leyden without trembling and tears and heart-throbs of sorrow and joy? To be sure, his subject here, and indeed throughout, is a very fine one, but perhaps he alone was thus capable of doing it full justice, bringing out its whole beauty and grandeur, and I cannot but rejoice that it was reserved for an American to depict the successful struggles of another great people for freedom. Mr. Motley has a most happy dramatic faculty of grouping scenes and minor personages round one great central figure, which, combined with his extraordinary powers of description, makes us fancy that, in spite of the two unsuccessful novels of his youth, he might sometime have taken high rank as a writer of fiction, had not a certain leaning in his nature towards absolute truth and scientific fact marked out his career in another direction. His style, always particularly racy

and strong, — indeed, there breathes from his pages an atmosphere as fresh and pure and grateful as that of "salt-sea air" or the odor of pine woods, — often rises into impassioned eloquence and pathos, and carries us easily and without fatigue even through the barren sands of diplomatic negotiations, which he is sometimes obliged to traverse. Occasionally, too, the severity of the narrative is lit up by a gleam of most delightful humor or quiet satire, which has all the charm of a smile on a grave, noble countenance; or it is colored by a striking bit of delicate and poetical description, — the picture of some landscape, city, or church. His account of Antwerp Cathedral, for instance, is as fine a piece of writing in prose — I am almost tempted to call it a poem — as I have read.

I find in him so rare a combination of high and great qualities, and those in such rare perfection, he came to his task so fully and peculiarly fitted, so richly and completely equipped for the great undertaking, that, take him for all in all, I am sure we shall indeed not soon "look upon his like again!" He was cut off before the labor of his life was completed, but let us be profoundly grateful for the precious legacy he has left us.

— It was at the theatre the other evening. The curtain had fallen on the second act. The play was stupid. The chevalier is not stupid, so he did n't talk about the play. He said, —

"I have been reading a criticism of Lowell, to-day. Is it true, as this critic says, that Lowell is didactic?"

"In the sense that Pope is didactic, and Young, and — Mr. Tupper? No!"

"Ah! Well?"

"His thought always underlies his music, and beats through it with no uncertain sound; his poems are, some of them, whole philosophies. What then? Plato was a poet, too. Pope's Essay, for instance, is thought 'done into' poetry. Lowell's, like all pure poetry, is truth translating itself through imagery, because it is too high or too subtle for literal language. The theme controls him as it does Händel."

"Should the theme control him? Does it measure the sky-lark's song?"

"Yes, or it would, save that he is immeasurably glad."

"He has never been before the footlights when a crew of tepid wretches were behind them. But after all, is there not too much Yankee self-assertion in Lowell's best, a positiveness equally in his doubts and beliefs that belongs to the professor and not to the poet?"

"There is Yankee self-assertion in The Biglow Papers, but Lowell found it in Hosea. He did not put it there. There are also such lines as those of A New England Spring: —

> 'Afore you think
> Young oak-leaves mist the hill-side woods with pink;
> The cat-bird in the lay-lock bush is loud,
> The orchards turn to heaps of rosy cloud;
> Red cedars blossom, too, tho' few folks know it,
> And look all dipt in sunshine like a poet.
> The lime-trees pile their solid stacks o' shade,
> An' drows'ly simmer with the bee's sweet trade.
> Nuff said. June's brides-man poet of the year,
> Gladness on wings, the bobolink, is here:
> Half-hid in tip-top apple blooms he swings,
> Or climbs against the breeze with quivering wings,
> Or, giving way to 't in a mock despair,
> Runs down a brook of laughter thro' the air.'

What more did you say? Your sentences are so long to carry."

"Quite unlike your own! I think I said he was too positive."

"Oh, certainly; that was precisely what you said. There spoke the over-new school. We are wise only when we know nothing, we are singers only when we are incoherent, we only are poets who are faithless. Because a man finds no undiscovered country while he is moored, he is to put to sea without rudder or compass. What has high art to do with ethics?"

"Don't sneer, my friend. Swinburne would not like it. The Lorelei never sneered."

"No; I beg his pardon. Portia and Katharine and Beatrice are capable of a fine scorn, but the world was young then, and Laus Veneris sleeping under some cocoa-tree, in the brain of an orang-outang, let us suppose."

"Yet Swinburne can sing."

"Sing! I think so. So matchlessly that I can shut my eyes and chant his

verse to myself until I hear the swelling of waves on some tropic shore, and the warm, heavy winds that blow over it. Oh, well for the lotus-eaters if they had one such aboard! Wonderful growths are there, too, but nothing is growing. You know Lowell's Commemoration Ode: —

'Blow, trumpets, all your exultations, blow!
For never shall their aureoled presence lack.
We find in our dull road their shining track;
In every nobler mood
They come transfigured back
Part of our life's unalterable good,
Secure from change in their high-hearted ways,
Beautiful evermore.'

Set that over against this: —

'All are as one now, roses and lovers,
Not known of the cliffs and the hills and the sea.
Not a breath of the time that has been hovers
In the air now soft with a summer to be;
Not a breath shall there sweeten the seasons hereafter
Of the flowers or the lovers that laugh now or weep,
While as they that are free now of weeping and laughter
We shall sleep.'"

"Very fair poetry, — that last."

"Very noble poetry, — that first."

"How, then, is it that we care most — for we do in all art — for that which is simply beautiful, and resent the moral element as an intrusion? Is Hogarth a great comfort to you?"

"You have answered yourself. Most of the truth-tellers are ambitious to give you the whole round truth instead of that small section which their stand-point shows them; but they must guess at the other side of the sphere, and hence the failure for them, and the sense of incompleteness for us. When Hogarth starts out with his 'dreadful examples of universal application,' we only smile. We know very well that the end of that man who has for the first time thrown his dice is very likely to be a seat in the senate. Not the truth, which is always beauty with Lowell and Whittier and the Brownings, but a lack in their inferiors of conscience in the telling it makes us impatient."

"Yet, my dear Miss Dorothea," —

And the curtain rose.

— Quiet people, a long way out of the markets, in libraries or cheerful little living-rooms with a few well-worn books on the shelf or the table, rejoiced much more the other day to hear that the long-lost poems of Charles and Mary Lamb had been found in an Australian farm-house, than over all of Dr. Schliemann's discoveries. Unburied Troy is but the dead bones of history, after all. But word from Charles Lamb! It is just as if news had come from some member of the family, absent and silent for many years, but not dead, — certainly not dead. It is a curious point of inquiry, by the way, why it seems to us all natural and fitting that certain men and authors should die, and that we should mourn for them, while we utterly refuse the fact of death for others. They are living people always, for us, in a living world. The quality of endurance in their work has nothing to do with this matter. Nor is it the most energetic, forcible souls which thus keep their vitality among men, in spite of nature. Nobody now thinks of Dickens as alive, with all his geniality and full-blooded ardor. It would be cruel, perhaps, to say precisely how inexorable the grave was for him, or how suddenly, when the pen fell from his fingers, the man ceased to be a man among us, and nothing was left but the pictures he had painted, — pictures in which, like Sir Joshua's, the carmines and lakes are already beginning to coarsen and blur. How absolutely, too, Shakespeare's personality died, so that some of us are not sure whether he ever lived at all! while we are all certain that Doctor Johnson is drinking his twentieth cup of tea somewhere, with little Mrs. Thrale at his elbow, and can see him as distinctly as if we had just passed the big, hunched old man, standing bare-headed in the market-place, the rain drenching him.

Thackeray is no ghost to us, nor Lamb, and I am quite sure my children's children will strike hands with them both, over a pipe or bowl of *bouillabaisse*. They will not seem to them old-fashioned or out of date, inestimable specimens of bric-à-brac, as the youngsters of to-day secretly regard Scott and his novels. They belong to no day or date; their jokes and their humor and their human-

ity will be as real and present to my grandson as the pipe he smokes or the meal he eats with a friend. There is Hawthorne, too, who hid in the outskirts of the real world while he was here. He cannot go a step farther from it now. Not all his critics, or disciples, or time can make the man himself dead to the reader in the next generation who lays down one of his books. The shadowy, gray-haired figure will appear just as when he walked the hill-path in Concord, with the covert smile in the eyes, half weird and half shrewd, and remain thereafter, actual in his life, a man that one knows as one does one's neighbor.

Of course, we all know that this peculiar sort of immortality, this effect which certain men produce on the world, is the result of the kind of work which they have done. One man looks into his own heart and writes; most likely the very man, too, who would be least willing to bare himself before the public, as in the case of Hawthorne. But he does it. He cannot do otherwise. Thenceforward he is a real man to all men. His poem or his novel is but the medium through which we look at him, or at humanity through him. He does not die for us when he goes into his coffin; he may be weak, partial, whimsical, but he is long-lived as humanity. Another worker paints men for us: he has insight, the dramatic eye, a reporter's talent. The glimpses he gives us of truth and human life may be deeper and broader than those of the man who colors his drawing with his own blood, but there is all the difference between their work that there is between the studies of trees in a landscape of Claude's and the single tree rustling above us, with the thrush in the branches and the beetles in the bark; or between the presentment of a tragedy by Salvini or Janauschek and our neighbor beside his dead, when we can go into the darkened house and touch his hand to comfort him.

The large majority of men and women crowding into authorship, nowadays, belong to the latter class. They may have skill, talent, even that actual force called genius, but it is a motor which has not yet compelled them to write. They do not wait for that. The first necessity which clever young people in this country usually feel is the necessity for bread and butter. So they look about for material, backgrounds, studies, and go to work. There is every degree of success attainable by their cult, — from Dickens's place to that of the reporter for an illustrated paper. By the time they have wrested the secret of life from their own particular sphinx, in their own particular chasm, they are quite too shrewd or self-conscious to utter it.

No more curious study, on the other hand, is to be found in literature than the course of many living authors who have reached middle age, in passing from the one kind of utterance to the other. Their first book or poem was wrung out of the slow, actual experience of years; they were startled, almost shocked, when the world stood still to listen. Then came the pleasant conviction that this utterance of theirs was a marketable commodity; and then the attempt to express other men's lives by it, and the surprise when the world began to treat them, not as oracles, as at first, but as its other hired singers or preachers.

As far as I can see, there are but two chances by which this world may command the best work of either kind from men who handle the pen: either let publishers pay nothing at all for their copy, or let authors all be placed on a pension list. In either case the element of bread and butter would be eliminated from the problem, and humanity and its teachers would meet on level ground.

RECENT LITERATURE.

When Edgar Poe ended his troubled career so drearily in a Baltimore hospital, at the age of forty, two antagonistic but equally decided opinions of him were left behind in the public mind, as if in order that the struggles and misunderstandings of his life might be prolonged in the popular discussion of him after death. It seems to us that the holders of both opinions have been wrong in maintaining that Poe must be painted either all in one color or all in another; must be set down as very bad, or else regarded as a remarkably praiseworthy being, with slight faults, who has been the victim of wholly unaccountable criticism. In a measure, Mr. Gill, in his new life of the poet,[1] has followed the same method. He says frankly, in his preface, that he means to be "'to his [Poe's] faults a little kind,' without shrinking from the duty of a biographer;" but he omits part of the duty of a biographer, we think, in giving no satisfactory explanation of Poe's doubtful repute. Dr. Griswold's calumnies he refutes in most particulars; and he even convicts that disingenuous editor of actually making alterations in Poe's paper on Thomas Dunn English before inserting it in the collected works, in order to sustain his (Griswold's) remarks about the offensiveness of the article, though we notice that nothing is said about the charge that Poe several times sold the same or nearly the same poem to more than one magazine. The misdemeanors of Dr. Griswold, every one will agree, were censurable enough; and yet it is not a finality to assert that they were the product of fiendish and inexplicable malice. We hardly see how any one can read his curious, self-contradictory memoir without discovering that — besides the evil *animus*, which is quite obvious — there was present a considerable proportion of stupidity, and also some ground for adverse judgment in the subject himself. Mr. George R. Graham, who published a criticism of Griswold's story soon after its appearance, gives the reason for this, in saying: "The opportunities afforded Mr. Griswold to estimate the character of Poe occurred, in the main, after his stability had been wrecked, his *whole nature in a degree changed*, and with all his prejudices aroused and active." Mr. Graham himself says that Poe, during his relation with him, "was always the same polished gentleman, the quiet, unobtrusive, thoughtful scholar, the devoted husband, frugal in his personal expenses, punctual and unwearied in his industry, and the soul of honor in all his transactions. This, of course, was in his better days, and by them we judge the man." A Mr. Clarke, proprietor of The Museum, a Philadelphia publication, who saw much of Poe in 1840, writes that he "was a pattern of domestic worth." Mr. Gill seems to be persuaded that the poet's health was not, as commonly supposed, undermined by frequent intoxication, but by the effects of grief for the death of his wife and the action of his morbid imagination; and he also contends, with good reason, as we think, that Poe was a man of chaste habits and at heart of scrupulous nicety of feeling. Yet it is within the memory of probably a good many persons that a gentleman closely connected with Poe in a periodical publication in New York, and not known to have any unworthy motive for the report, retained always afterward the opinion that he was one of the worst of men. To multiply instances of these conflicting impressions is only to run off into the worn-out gossip of the subject; and we may content ourselves with noticing how Mr. Gill has laid open the sources of discordant opinion without showing the relation between cause and effect.

It is worth while to review the facts of Poe's life as here given, for they have not been presented before so fully and so well. The poet's ancestry Mr. Gill traces back to a noble Italian family, De la Poe, some of whom, wandering into France and through England and Wales into Ireland, either changed their title to Le Poer or preserved the original form and anglicized it to Poe. The Chevalier le Poer, friend of the Marquis de Grammont, is mentioned as having been of the family of David Poe, the grandfather of the poet. This grandfather was a patriot and a general in our war of the

[1] *The Life of Edgar Allan Poe.* By William F. Gill. Illustrated. New York: C. T. Dillingham. Chicago: Claxton, Remsen, and Haffelfinger. Boston: William F. Gill & Co. 1877.

Revolution, but his son was degenerate, and it is probable that Edgar Poe owed many of his misfortunes to his father's proclivity for drink. Edgar Poe, it is maintained, did not drink brandy at Lexington and West Point, but Mr. Gill shows us that, soon after the engagement with the Southern Literary Messenger, when his prospects were greatly improved, he was overwhelmed with a despairing melancholy, like that which "in later years wrought upon him the direst effects," — doubtless a direct inheritance from his father, complicated with the nature which had come down to him from that high-spirited ancestry. It seems quite probable that this depression drove him sometimes to take stimulants. What else does the expression in Poe's letter to Mr. Kennedy mean? "I am suffering under a depression of spirits which will ruin me should it be long continued. Write me, then, and quickly; urge me to do what is right." Towards the last of his life, his engagement of marriage with Mrs. Whitman, which has been the source of a good deal of discussion, seems to have been conditional on his abstaining from liquor, — a condition which he could not fulfill. Something of this sort must, of course, have been at the bottom of that great change in his character which Mr. Graham mentions as one cause of Griswold's errors. Poe had a brother who wrote verses, but fell into bad habits and died early. The poetic temperament had existed far back in the family, one of the Poes being the author of that song of Gramachree which Burns thought so highly of; and with it was combined the strong animal nature, the turbulence, of the old Irish and Italian lords. Mr. Gill describes at length Poe's terrible condition of mania during his last visit to Mr. Sartain, in Philadelphia, shortly before his death; and, however small the quantity of wine may have been which produced these fits, they must not only have sapped the unhappy victim's vital forces, but also have made it as impossible for unsympathetic people to understand his condition as if he had taken a quart of rum at a sitting. In various degrees of insanity of this sort, he probably at times said things utterly unfounded, most damaging to himself, and of which he could have not the slightest remembrance when restored to his senses.

Mr. Gill says justly that, "sensitive to a degree altogether incomprehensible to practical minds," Poe "yet was so unfortunate as to live among the practical-minded only, and at a time when temperament as such was essentially omitted in society's estimate of a man." But it is rather loose to say that Poe's "temperament was totally at variance with the spirit of the age in which he lived," for it is at variance with that of any age.

There is hardly a question of moral responsibility in the case at all. Men like Poe are illustrations of how far certain irreconcilable traits may be developed and actually embodied in a human career, — the career, too, of a remarkable genius; but such men are predestined to misfortune and disappointment, as Alfred de Musset was. Poe is almost the only representative of this class whom our literature contains, and public opinion has been shocked by the sharp contrast between his career and that of our more symmetrical masters. But it is impossible to read, without a deep sense of pathos, the narrative of his hap-hazard bringing up, his rash yet in many ways happy marriage; of his drifting from magazine to magazine, and his wretched poverty; his continual hope of establishing a magazine of his own to be called The Stylus; and finally of his utter defeat, and the constant devotion of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Clemm, who was wont to soothe him to sleep in his unstrung and over-excited condition as one does a timid child. Then, too, Poe's personal appearance and manners, his fondness for domestic pets, and all that was attractive about him are agreeably brought out; and we are enabled to sympathize with him in the spirit of the author of this generous and excellent memoir. We must refer all who are interested in Poe's poetry to the volume itself for an analysis of the Raven and its composition which is as penetrating as it is new. Mr. Gill has certainly performed a service in the preparation of this biography, for which he deserves serious thanks.

— Mr. Morgan's Ancient Society[1] is a valuable contribution to the discussion of a subject which, since the establishment of the comparative method of study, — "the greatest intellectual achievement of our time," — has been of paramount interest among all students of universal history. Stated briefly, the purpose of the work is to show, by a comparison of the development of social and political institutions among

[1] *Ancient Society; or, Researches in the Lines of Human Progress from Savagery, through Barbarism, to Civilization.* By Lewis H. Morgan, LL.D New York: Henry Holt & Co.

different tribes, or clans, occupying different portions of the earth, that "the history of the human race is one in source, one in experience, and one in progress."

The author starts with the assumption that the discoveries of the last thirty years have established, by a body of evidence sufficient to convince unprejudiced minds, the antiquity of mankind upon the earth. The existence of the race goes back definitely to the glacial period in Europe; and one hundred or two hundred thousand years would not be an extravagant estimate of the lapse of time since the disappearance of the glaciers in the northern hemisphere. On the theory of the geometrical progression of our race, the period of savagery was necessarily longer in duration than the period of barbarism, as the latter was longer than the period of civilization. Recent investigations tend to the conclusion that mankind began their career "at the bottom of the scale, and worked their way up from savagery to civilization through the slow accumulations of experimental knowledge." It is this conclusion, or this proposition rather, which Mr. Morgan seeks to enforce, in contravention of the assumption which has for centuries been generally accepted, — the assumption of human degradation to explain the existence of barbarians and of savages who were found, physically and mentally, too far below the conceived standard of a supposed original man.

In order to furnish a basis for comparing the different branches of the human family at different stages of their growth, the following divisions and subdivisions are substituted for the "age of stone," "of bronze," and "of iron" introduced by the Danish archæologists, namely: I. Savagery, subdivided as follows: (i.) lower status of savagery, beginning with the infancy of the human race, and ending with the acquisition of a fish subsistence and a knowledge of fire; (ii.) middle status of savagery, ending with the invention of the bow and arrow; (iii.) upper status of savagery, ending with the invention of the art of pottery. II. Barbarism, subdivided as follows: (i.) lower status of barbarism, beginning with the invention of the art of pottery, and ending with the domestication of animals in the eastern hemisphere, and with cultivation by irrigation, and the use of adobe brick and stone architecture, in the western hemisphere; (ii.) middle status of barbarism, ending with the smelting of iron ore; (iii.) upper status of barbarism, ending with the invention of a phonetic alphabet and the use of writing in literary composition. III. Civilization, subdivided into ancient and modern. The arts, institutions, and mode of life in the same status are found to be essentially identical upon all portions of the globe. And the germs of the institutions and arts of life were developed while man was still a savage.

The growth of intelligence is first traced by Mr. Morgan through inventions and discoveries; secondly, in the idea of government; thirdly, in the idea of the family; and lastly, in the idea of property. The most elaborate and the most interesting portions of the work are those which treat of the growth of the family and the early institutions of government. In treating of the family, the main proposition which he endeavors to establish is that it began in the intermarriage of brothers and sisters in a group, — the consanguine family, — and grew through successive stages of development into the marriage of one man with one woman — the monogamian family.

The Aryans and Semites were the first to emerge from barbarism. But their existence, says Mr. Morgan, as distinct families was undoubtedly, in a comparative sense, a late event. On this point he takes issue with Sir Henry Maine and other eminent scholars who have adopted the theory that the infancy of society is exhibited in the patriarchal group. If we are restricted to the records which come down from the Aryans and Semites, then the patriarchal family is the oldest made known to us. But, as Herbert Spencer has recently said, after an apparently independent investigation of the same subject (On the Evolution of the Family, Popular Science Monthly, June, 1877), "if we are to take account of societies more archaic than these, the position of Sir Henry Maine cannot be sustained. . . . The earliest social groups were without domestic organization as they were without political organization. Instead of the patriarchal cluster, at once family and rudimentary state, there was at first an aggregate of males and females without settled arrangements, and having no relations save those established by force and changed when the stronger willed."

Throughout the latter part of the period of savagery and the entire period of barbarism, mankind in general were organized in *gentes*, phratries, and tribes. The relations to each other of these several organizations will be better understood when we say that

they represented, in the period before the establishment of political institutions, the divisions now known as towns or parishes, counties and States. A confederacy of tribes finds its parallel in the original confederacy of the States of this Union. The gens, the lowest unit of government, now exists in its archaic form among the American aborigines; and as its theoretical constitution and practical workings can be investigated more successfully here than in the historical gentes of the Greeks and Romans, Mr. Morgan devotes considerable space to an analysis of the Indian institutions, — a subject with which, by careful study and observation, he is well qualified to deal.

A gens in the archaic period consisted of a supposed female ancestor and her children, together with the children of her daughters and of her female descendants through females, in perpetuity; in other words, a body of consanguinei, having a common gentile name. For instance: "If a Seneca-Iroquois man marries a foreign woman, their children are aliens; but if a Seneca-Iroquois woman marries an alien or an Onondaga, their children are Iroquois of the Seneca tribe, and of the gens and phratry of their mother. The woman confers her nationality and her gens upon her children, whoever may be their father."

The gens in its ultimate form, as it appears among the Greeks and Romans of the historical period, consisted of a supposed male ancestor and his children, together with the children of his sons and of his male descendants through males, in perpetuity.

The gens cannot, therefore, be regarded as an extension of the family. It embraces a part only of the descendants of a supposed common ancestor, and excludes the others; it embraces a part only of the family, and excludes the remainder. Since descent in the female line is archaic, and more in accordance with the early condition of ancient society than descent in the male line, there is a presumption in favor of its ancient prevalence in the Grecian and Latin gentes. There is an absence of direct proof, but the presumption is strengthened by the fact that this form of descent remained in some tribes nearly related to the Greeks, and that there are traces of it in a number of Grecian tribes. A comparison of the Indian tribe with the gentes of the Greeks and Romans reveals their identity in structure and functions; and the same is true of the phratries and tribes. In like manner, the Irish *sept*, the Scottish *clan*, the Albanian *phrara*, and the Sanskrit *gauas* are the same as the Indian tribe. The governmental organization of the Indians began with the gens and ended with the confederacy. The Greek and Roman system began with the gens and ended with a coalescence of tribes into one people, constituting a nation, and not merely a confederacy. The Greek and Roman gentes when they first came under notice were named after persons; the Indian gentes were named after animals or things, never after persons.

The phratry, the second member of the organic series, and corresponding to the *curia* of the Roman system, was constituted by the union of several gentes. It existed in a large number of the North American tribes. Whether it existed among the tribes in the lower status of barbarism has not been definitely ascertained, but it is presumed to have been general in the principal tribes. It was without governmental functions in the strict sense of the phrase, these being confined to the gens, the tribe, and the confederacy. Among the Iroquois Indians the phratry has existed from time immemorial. In its objects and uses, partly social and partly religious, it falls below the corresponding organization among the Greeks and Romans.

The numerous tribes of Indians in this country were formed, presumptively, out of what was originally one people. The fact of separation is derived in part from tradition, in part from a comparison of dialects, and in part from the use of the same names for the gentes. Where one tribe had divided into several, and these subdivisions occupied independent but contiguous territory, the confederacy reunited them in a higher organization, on the basis of the common gentes they possessed and the affiliated dialects they spoke. No confederacy has been found that reached beyond the bounds of the dialects of a common language. It appears from a statement of the general features of the famous Iroquois confederacy that the necessity for a general military commander was met by the appointment of two principal war chiefs, with equal powers. It is a curious fact that the same device for preventing the exercise of an arbitrary authority by one individual, or the usurpation of power, was resorted to by the Spartans in the election of their two kings, and by the Romans in creating two consuls to take the place of the king whose office had been abolished.

The origin of the Iroquois confederacy is ascribed to the mythical or traditionary Hä-yo-went-hä (man who combs), Longfellow's Hiawatha, who promulgated his plan through a wise man of the Onondagas, Dagä-no-wé-dä (inexhaustible). Their names were inserted in the original list of sachems forming the great council of fifty, and no meaner names have ever been substituted in their place. "At all the councils for the investiture of sachems their names are still called with the others, as a tribute of respect to their memory." So Napoleon commemorated the heroism of one of his soldiers who fell in battle by ordering that his name be retained on the company's roll, and that the response to the call be, "Dead on the field of honor."

In the light of the information drawn from the archaic constitution of the gens as found among the North American Indians, Mr. Morgan is enabled to clear up some points which have hitherto been obscure in the constitution of the Greek and Roman gentes. When Grecian society first came under historical observation, about 776 B. C., it was in a transitional state from gentile society (that is, a society based on kinship) into political society (that is, a society based upon territory and upon property). All except three of the ten principal attributes of the Grecian gentes — namely, descent in the male line, marrying into the gens in the case of heiresses, and the possible transmission of the highest military office by hereditary right — are found with slight variations in the gentes of the Iroquois.

Mr. Morgan controverts — or attempts to controvert — the view of Mr. Grote, that "the primitive Grecian government is essentially monarchical, reposing on personal feeling and divine right." He holds that the gentile institutions of the Greeks must have been essentially democratic, and he furnishes evidence which appears to establish his position. But, after all, the difference between Mr. Morgan and other historians as to the character of the early institutions of the Greeks seems to us more apparent than real.

The term *basileus*, which others have used as the equivalent of king, Mr. Morgan defines as general military commander, and takes exception to king as conveying a false impression as to the character of the government. But it all turns, of course, upon the definition of kingly power. If we take Mr. Freeman's definition (Comparative Politics, Lect. IV.), which is, perhaps, the most comprehensive and intelligent definition yet given, the powers which Mr. Morgan ascribes to the basileus might well be called kingly. The fact that the gentile institutions of the Greeks at that period must, in the nature of things, have been democratic is not inconsistent with the exercise of kingly power as that power is correctly defined.

Under Cleisthenes, about the year 500 B. C., the Athenians established the second great plan of government, based upon territory and property, — a democracy which, as Mr. Freeman says, raised a greater number of human beings to a higher level than any government before or since, and which gave freer play than any government before or since to the personal gifts of the foremost of mankind.

The concluding portion of Mr. Morgan's work describes "the growth of the idea of property." There have been three great rules of inheritance: the first rule, which came in with the institution of the gens, distributed the effects of a deceased person among its members; the second rule gave the property to the agnatic kindred, to the exclusion of the remaining gentiles; and the third rule gave the property to the children of the deceased owner. The oldest tenure by which land was held was by the tribe in common; afterwards it was divided among the gentes, with shifting severalties to the householders. This was followed in time by allotments to individuals for special purposes or for particular services, which naturally led to permanent holdings in severalty. A great deal has been written upon this subject in recent years. Sir Henry Maine and others hold that all ownership is originally tribal; that family ownership comes afterwards, and individual ownership last. Herbert Spencer and his followers find evidences to show that from the beginning there has been individual ownership of all such things as could without difficulty be appropriated.

The limits of such a notice as this forbid an examination of the grounds of difference between these two sets of writers. We have endeavored in this outline of Mr. Morgan's work to furnish an adequate idea of its scope and purpose, and here we may as well conclude without further comment.

— The quaint little volume of Popular Sayings from Old Iberia [1] is only a slender

[1] *Popular Sayings from Old Iberia.* By FIELDAT and AITIAICHE. Second Edition. Quebec: Dawson & Co. 1877.

rill from the vast source of Spanish proverbs, certain of which are gathered and arranged here with "one increasing purpose" of illustrating the essential humanity underlying much of the popular wisdom of the most proverb-loving nation. "Every popular saying is a chapter from the history of a heart" is the first of these proverbial passages, the last of which is deeper and better than many theologies: "'I can forgive anything for love,' said a Spanish boatman, 'and so, I suppose, can the Almighty.'" "That which cannot be signed ought not to be written;" "Behold the injustice of the world! Because the great-grandfather once killed a cat in his village, the family has ever since been called 'cat-killer;'" "There is no such thing as a modest highwayman; neither does any honest fellow like to make himself too visible;" "Calumny hurts three persons: him who utters it, him who hears it, and him of whom it is spoken; but the last, happily, not always, or not for a long time;" "Many offenses are only blunders;" "When you give, give; do not lend;" "Because a man is of a splendid and generous disposition, those persons benefited by him must not feel the less bound to feel and prove and show their gratitude;" "Mind not evil gossips, and do not honor them with the name of 'society;'" "Beware of pride, my angel, lest you fall; for another angel fell by pride,"—these are a few of the sayings through which the same wise and generous spirit runs. This spirit characterizes the whole collection, in which, however, there are many subtle and pungent proverbs of the sort which Sancho Panza loved to roll under his tongue: "One 'Take it' is better than a thousand 'I will give you;'" "Not to go to war Santiago married, but . . . now he longs to be a soldier;" "Covetousness bursts the bag;" "An honest maid should stay quietly at home, as if one leg were broken;" "There are many who agree with the squire that a fat trouble is better than a lean one;" "Caress a cat and she will probably claw your face;" "In the headache of a lady or the lameness of a dog you must not always believe."

The range of the selection is, of course, wider than these adages indicate; it is a suggestion of the riches of Spanish proverbial lore in many other directions, but it is scarcely more than a suggestion, which it is a pity should not some day be followed up by an ampler store, with something like a critical and historical essay on the material. One learns from the Canadian "notices" appended to the book that one of the editors is a Spaniard (*Fieldat* is the armorial legend of an ancient Andalusian house), who has not only the national passion for proverbs, but is deeply versed in that curious kind of learning; and who, we wish, might take a hint from Giuseppe Giusti's charming essay on Tuscan Proverbs, and give us the fruit of further research in Castilian proverbs similarly exemplified and illustrated. A vastly more thorough work — even something exhaustive — might, for his readers at least, pleasantly and profitably engage the leisure which we fancy a foreigner of such tastes and erudition might find abundant in the old capital of New France.

— Mr. Greene's fitness to write a history of Rhode Island[1] is one of those facts which one recognizes with a sense of personal advantage too rarely felt in a world where at best the right man so often sets about the wrong work. His studies in the whole field of our colonial and revolutionary annals, resulting in his Historical View of the American Revolution, and the exhaustive researches in his Life of Major-General Nathanael Greene, must have rendered the preliminary work for this excellent sketch of Rhode Island history comparatively easy; and the book has the fortunate air of being lightly and rapidly thrown off, while it suggests nothing of haste or slight. There is no attempt to cast the light of romance about the prime facts of a story so precious to humanity in their simple grandeur, but the vital point is brought out with fresh force, and we revere anew the greatness and clearness of soul in Roger Williams which, in an age when the whole world was bloodily persecuting for opinion's sake, could conceive the idea of a perfect toleration in matters of religious belief, and could establish at once the principle that the power of the state must never extend to these. This is the undying honor of Rhode Island, that in her narrow bounds, on the borders of a desert continent, in spite of the hate and jealousy of her sister colonies, she could preserve inviolate a principle of which, as yet, mankind hardly dreamed; and of all the benefits which America has bestowed upon the world, it may be questioned whether this principle is not the greatest.

The first three chapters of Mr. Greene's book are devoted to the story of Roger Will-

[1] *A Short History of Rhode Island.* By GEORGE WASHINGTON GREENE, LL. D. Providence: J. A. and R. A. Reid. 1877

iams, his trials and his triumphs; then follow some half dozen chapters relating to the transactions of Rhode Island with the Indians, her first difficulties with Massachusetts and Connecticut, and the war of King Philip. The less picturesque but not less important facts of colonial history are quite as carefully presented; the significance of each is noted; and the gradual progress of the community in wealth, numbers, and refinement is studied. It is to the credit of Rhode Island that, at the same time when her first sea-port was becoming the great mart of the slave-trade, the sense of the wickedness of slavery should be so early felt and expressed as it was; and it is an anomaly of her history that the only people ever persecuted within her limits were some Huguenot exiles; these, however, suffered merely from popular prejudice, and as Frenchmen, not as Huguenots. The coming of Berkeley, with the impulse given by his presence to intellectual life, is one of those episodes dear to the scholar's fancy; and the dreamful financiers of the present day will find much to ponder in the little colony's experience with paper money. The part taken by Rhode Island in the Revolution, and the stirring incidents of her history leading up to that struggle, naturally occupy a large share of the author's attention; but he traces her advance in the arts of peace at the conclusion of the war with an interest which does not suffer the reader to lose sight of its importance. Indeed, it is a very notable characteristic of Mr. Greene's admirable work that he at no time suffers his dramatic events to obscure the interest of the quieter facts, but assigns to each its value in the story of the State.

Some notices of the Dorr rebellion, which indirectly resulted in substituting a constitution for the royal charter under which Rhode Island had led fifty years of republican life, and of her share in the war of secession, close the work; to which are appended some documents of peculiar use and interest, such as the charter, the Dorr constitution, and the present constitution of the State.

One of the pleasantest chapters of the book is that on The Mode of Life in our Forefathers' Days. This has a quite idyllic charm, and is only too brief. We wish there might have been more of it, and that Mr. Greene had found it within his purpose to tell us of the Newport of Malbone's and Stuart's days, and had chosen to paint the social aspects of the place during the Revolution.

— The worst thing about Mrs. Robinson's book is its title,[1] for that is obscure, and with all its length does not describe the contents of the volume. It is hard to do that well on any title-page, and this book contains such a miscellany of past politics that it is even more difficult than usual. It consists of two distinct parts: Mrs. Robinson's Memoir of her husband, which fills nearly two hundred pages; and the so-called Pen-Portraits, which make up nearly four hundred pages. The latter are selections from the newspaper articles and letters of Mr. Robinson during twenty-eight years, and less than half are portraits, unless the times had been sitting for a photograph all along. The able journalist does indeed sketch the portrait of his times, from year to year; and Mr. Robinson also undertook, in his later years, to delineate famous men. In this he succeeded well, for he was both observing and accurate, though not always impartial. Few men are, but some acquire a sufficient average impartiality by writing about the same topics for many years, and thus presenting the same subject from several points of view. This Mr. Robinson did, and the final impression left by all he wrote was by no means partial or bigoted. He began journalism in a little weekly newspaper office in Concord, as a whig editor; he soon became an abolitionist, and so continued through the antislavery contest and the great civil war; and he ended with being an "independent" or liberal republican during the years following 1871. He was always an ardent politician, but in his later years became a critic rather than a partisan, though he seldom hesitated to take sides strongly. His acquaintance with political leaders in New England was very extensive, and the judgment he formed and expressed in regard to any of them was always shrewd and generally correct. To men whom he did not know he was often unjust, as we are all prone to be towards strangers. In this volume strictures both just and unjust are made, but in the main they are fair, and never are they malicious. Some of them are no doubt trivial, but others are marked by the clearest insight into character. Thus, in the passage

[1] "*Warrington*" *Pen-Portraits*. A Collection of Personal and Political Reminiscences from 1848 to 1876. From the Writings of William S. Robinson. With Memoir and Extracts from Diary and Letters never before published. Boston: Edited and Published by Mrs. W. S. Robinson. 1877

from the diary of April 14, 1865, the day of Abraham Lincoln's murder, we find these striking sentences about that great man and the unlucky personage who succeeded to his place: "Lincoln had no adequate idea of what ought to be done; but I fear Johnson has still less. Lincoln was, at least, master of himself and master of the situation; Johnson may be the tool of everybody and anybody. With four years of prudent leadership under a man whose popularity was unbounded, and who could have been, if it were necessary, reëlected in 1868, the country might have been consolidated. Western jealousy of the East, as well as Southern hatred of the North, would have been softened, and things brought round again to their old relations." This was good sense in 1865; in 1872 we find the same quality in the letter to Sumner just after his speech against Grant. "I have no faith in the theory," he writes, "that if Grant is reëlected, things will be better. They are likely to be worse, — intolerable for such men as you who are in public life, dangerous for the whole country. Yet there is public virtue enough to prevent anarchy or despotism, either now or four years hence. How long the country could stand Grant is indeed a question, but of the final result I have no doubt."

Mrs. Robinson has written her Memoir in a lively and vigorous style, not always elegant, but seldom failing to be effective. She has enriched it with many extracts from printed and unprinted papers, and the reader who is interested in it at all will find it too short. Her husband's character, as there portrayed, is a natural and strong one, with little that was romantic, but modest and amiable in the midst of hot political warfare. He had the habits and tastes of a literary man, though he wrote almost exclusively for the newspapers, his single contribution to magazine literature being an article on General Butler, published in The Atlantic for December, 1871. He was one of a circle of friends, some of whom were very eminent persons, and who all set a high value on his friendship and his talents. These friends in 1859 invited Abraham Lincoln and Carl Schurz to a public dinner in Boston on the birthday of Jefferson. Mr. Schurz came to the dinner, and made there one of his first political speeches. Mr. Lincoln did not come, but sent a letter which is very characteristic of him. Mrs. Robinson prints it from the original preserved by her husband, and its closing words are well worth quoting here. After speaking of the principles of Jefferson as "the definitions and axioms of free society," Mr. Lincoln said: "This is a world of compensations, and he who would *be* no slave must consent to *have* no slave. Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves, and, under a just God, cannot long retain it. All honor to Jefferson, to the man who in the concrete pressure of a struggle for national independence by a single people had the coolness, forecast, and capacity to introduce into a merely revolutionary document an abstract truth, applicable to all men and all times, and so to embalm it there that today, and in all coming days, it shall be a rebuke and a stumbling-block to the very harbingers of reappearing tyranny and oppression!" This is the only passage we recall wherein Lincoln gives his estimate of Jefferson, and it is on the whole a just one.

— Although there is abundant material in the scientific literature of the day, very few attempts have been made at any popular account of our native insects in their varied relations to each other, to man, and to their enemies; most of those histories already written have had an agricultural bearing, and are scattered in journals and reports. Dr. Packard is not only a pleasant writer, but he is remarkably well fitted, as he has proved in his Guide to the Study of Insects, to collect the latest information and present it in a connected and attractive form. In his Half Hours with Insects [1] we have a dozen chapters, full of information and suggestive thoughts, upon the insects of the garden, field, etc., upon insects as mimics and architects and as food, upon their social life and mental powers, and upon their relations to man; while a chapter on The Population of an Apple-Tree gives a sad list of twenty or more insects which damage this choicest of fruit-trees. This chapter and indeed some of those first mentioned savor somewhat of an entomological report, and are not so well fitted for a popular work; but the chapters upon mimicry and architecture, and the social instincts and mental capacities of insects, are full of interest, holding one's attention to the last. The spirit of the new zoölogy breathes through the whole work and lends a certain charm to its treatment. It is unquestionably the best popular book on American insects which has yet been published.

[1] *Half Hours with Insects.* By A. S. Packard, Jr. Boston: Estes and Lauriat. 1877.

—Mr. Tenney's book, Coronation,[1] is somewhat difficult to describe. It is neither a boy's book nor a man's book; it is neither a story nor a treatise. It gives in a rambling, incoherent, fragmentary way an account of the author's walks and talks, in the forest and by the sea, with a friend who appears to have frittered away his life in trying to grasp the infinite. In its description of New England coast scenery along and in the vicinity of Cape Ann (or Cape Anne, as the author claims is the correct way of spelling it), and in some of the comments on men and things, there is much in the book that reminds one of Thoreau. So far there is something attractive in it. But there is a part of the work, and much the larger part, which reminds one of the Rev. De Witt Talmage's discourses, and which is not at all attractive or edifying; and there are little jokes and trivial conversations recorded which would hardly be creditable to a young school-boy making his first essay in composition. It would have been well if the writer had accepted a sensible bit of advice which he put into the mouth of his friend Cephas: "I advise you to keep out of print all you can. You may want to controvert your own opinions, modify your statements, and certainly to mend your style from four hundred to a thousand times before you die. Don't print, don't." If the mystical young man for whose special benefit the author pretends to have written this book derives any spiritual consolation from it, it must be that his brain has received a peculiar stimulus from the phosphorescent quality of the food furnished on Cape Ann.

We very much doubt whether, to use the words of Carlyle, any sick heart will find healing here, or whether any darkly struggling soul will find light.

—The Scripture Club of Valley Rest[2] shows a good deal of versatility on the part of the author. The leading members of an enterprising church form a scripture club to which orthodox and unorthodox are alike invited, and in which it is proposed to allow the largest liberty of expression. The Sermon on the Mount is first taken up, and the discussion which follows on the beatitudes is somewhat in the style of the conversations carried on by Arthur Helps' Friends in Council. Hard hits are given and returned, and incidentally the characters of the participants are very cleverly brought out. Wherever two or three members come in contact during the week there the Sunday fights are renewed. Thus Mr. Stott, a well-to-do builder, frees his mind: "Works include faith? I always like to get hold of a real idea about religion, but that notion is too far-fetched for anything. Why, according to you, a Unitarian or a heathen, if he does good, is a child of God and a partaker of the promises. Christ might as well not have lived and died, if that is all his work amounted to." The definition of righteousness developed antagonisms too serious for the continued association of all the members. The practical moralists, those who held to Matthew Arnold's views of righteousness as right living, withdrew from the Sunday noon discussions, and those who remained devoted their attention thenceforth to less exciting topics, such as the true location of the holy sepulchre, the geography of Palestine, and the place prepared for the future abode of those who were justified by faith. Whoever has taken part in vestry meetings and Bible societies connected with country churches will appreciate the characters described by Mr. Habberton.

[1] *Coronation.* A Story of Forest and Sea. By E. P. Tenney. Boston: Noyes, Snow, & Co. 1877.

[2] *The Scripture Club of Valley Rest; or, Sketches of Everybody's Neighbors.* By the author of The Barton Experiment, etc. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

French and German.[3]

Henry Gréville is the *nom de plume* of a lady who has very recently won a good position as a writer of fiction, by means of a number of novels which all deal with life in Russia. She has spent many years in that country, and now that popular attention is turned in that direction her books have an additional claim upon the reader. An *additional* claim, because their excellence and interest are such as also attract consideration. Of those mentioned to-day, Les Koumiassine[4] is an excellent example of this author's merits. The scene of the story is laid in Russia, in the household of the Koumiassine family, which consists of the count, a middle-aged, good-natured pleasure-seeker, who is not counted of much importance in the telling of the story; of the countess, who is one of the main characters; their son, a boy of nine or ten; a daughter, a

[3] All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter St., Boston, Mass.

[4] *Les Koumiassine.* Par Henry Gréville. Paris: Plon. 1877.

girl of about sixteen; and a niece, who is a year or two older. There are besides these a host of others, governesses, servants, dependents, lovers, etc., so that, first and last, a very full parade of Russian citizens passes before the reader. At the opening of the story the countess is represented as anxious to marry off her niece, Vassilissa, before the time shall come for introducing her own daughter into society, with the same object. Vassilissa's father had died, leaving his wife and infant daughter very poor, and the countess had adopted the young orphan and brought her up exactly as if she were her own daughter. The two girls had been the most intimate friends: Zénaide, or Zina, had neither shown nor felt any ill-feeling towards her cousin, and the current of their lives had been unbroken until the time came when the countess determined her niece should be married. The way in which the proud, self-satisfied, and on the whole well-meaning countess is described, with her strong will and impatience of opposition to which she is wholly unaccustomed, will seem to most readers the best thing in the book. Naturally enough she is more ambitious for her daughter than for her niece, whom she wishes to see married to some worthy but not brilliant man; and it is the history of her attempts to carry out these designs which fills this book. The particulars of the plot need not be given here; they are recorded too entertainingly in the novel itself; but every time that the countess interferes in the management of affairs, however much the reader may approve or disapprove of her actions, it is impossible not to admire the ingenious and perfectly natural way in which she justifies her deeds to herself, and puts all the blame for everything that goes wrong upon others. One gets a very definite notion of exactly what sort of a woman she is, with her enormous wealth and habit of command, and the curtain is drawn from before a large portion of Russian society, such as is represented in this woman and her companions and surroundings. Certainly, she is a very life-like character. It is with equal success that the two young girls are portrayed; indeed, it would be hard to find more charming heroines than these, with their staunchness to one another, their innocence and frolicsomeness.

In a word, this is just the novel that those people want who are always looking after a story in the French tongue which shall not deal directly or by implication with evil-doing. It is not to be put on the same shelf with Madame Craven's highly religious stories, but it may be safely commended to those who care for a really entertaining French novel treating of society, and, over and above, of society of an unfamiliar kind in which every one is interested.

— La Princesse Oghérof[1] is another Russian story by the same writer, which will be found readable enough as novels go. It is a less ambitious work than the one just mentioned, but it has its gentle pathos, and its drawing of good characters and bad characters made from very clearly distinguished models, and much of the regular machinery of the modern novel. Not that it reads at all like a perfunctory performance, but it lacks the quiet growth of interest which makes Les Koumiassine so agreeable. In both it is easy to perceive how well the author knows the people she undertakes to describe, not only in the trifling matters which mark their own civilization, but also in their more important qualities which they share with the rest of the human race. She by no means contents herself with the trivial record of social laws and misdemeanors; she sees and represents clearly the feelings and emotions that underlie them.

— It is hard to find any great value in Gustave Flaubert's Trois Contes,[2] which is the title of his last volume. He is well known as the leader of the school of French realists, but he has another side, a sort of love for picturesque details which he apparently collects from wide reading about the past. In Madame Bovary he drew a picture of the present as he saw it, and Salambo is a glowing sketch of Carthage as he fancied it from such researches as he made into its history. In the first of these tales, Un Cœur Simple, he makes a study of a servant-woman, but, after all, the reader cannot help asking himself whether it is not work misapplied. What Flaubert shows us is much more how observant a realist he himself is than the sort of a woman the old servant was. Insignificant details are crowded into every page, but simply for their own sake; when they are all in the tale ends, and the reader is left to admire or not to care for, as his nature may direct, a rather cold-blooded study of an ignorant, kindly old woman. If the

[1] *La Princesse Oghérof.* Par Henry Gréville. Paris: Plon. 1877.

[2] *Trois Contes.* Par Gustave Flaubert. Paris Charpentier. 1877.

woman, and not the collection of things to say of her, were the main object of the story, the reader would feel differently about it. In the next, La Légende de Saint Julien l'Hospitalier, we find Flaubert back in the congenial description of mediæval life, telling the adventures of the saint, who when young was full of a thirst for blood, and finally, by mistake, slew his father and mother, as had been foretold of him in his cradle. After this he became a saint, and the story of his death is told with great power. The whole legend is narrated, Flaubert adds, on some glass windows in his native town, and there is a resemblance between the literary method of this author and the vivid coloring and conventional drawing of glass windows. The last sketch, Herodias, shows this quality even more strongly. It is crammed with the most motley and confused details, and reads like the dream of an opium-eater after it has been put into shape for publication, with the missing links ingeniously supplied.

— A story that has reached its twelfth edition in two years certainly deserves mention, especially if, like Le Bleuet,[1] it is a charming, innocent little tale, of a kind not too common in French or indeed in any other language. The success of the book is easily explained. In addition to the merit of the story, there is on the first page of the paper cover a pretty colored drawing of a *bleuet*, a flower like a sweet-william, made by Carpeaux upon his death-bed; and, moreover, we find within a preface by George Sand. Appended to the story are seventy-seven pages containing notices of the press concerning the story. As for the tale itself it is very pretty, even if it hardly deserves this exceptional treatment. Franz Tilmann, a young Alsatian farmer, makes the acquaintance of the Duke de B—— and his family, who are spending the summer in the country. The family consists of the duke's daughter Renée, and his niece Augusta. Franz has a feeling of great friendship for Renée, he brings about her marriage with the man she loves, and he falls deeply in love with the other young girl, who is also attached to him. It would be unfair to go further in recounting the story, which is full of delicate sentiment and chastened, unostentatious observation. That foreign readers will admire it so warmly as do the French can hardly be averred, for we are accustomed to stories in which innocence and poetry combine, and there is a faint trace of exaggeration in their union here; but yet the story is very pretty and the book is well worth reading.

— One of the most important of recent German novels is Spielhagen's Sturmflut.[2] A few years ago this author was much admired in this country, and a translation was sure to follow quickly the publication of one of his books; but that day seems to have gone by, and one does not have to look far to find the reason. He is a writer of considerable power, but, in the past at least, he has never been contented with modestly doing the by no means easy work which he did best; he has thought it necessary to introduce a "blood and thunder" element, consisting of almost impossible incidents, mysterious, flashing-eyed characters, and such treatment of the plot as has made the New York Ledger a power in the land. But he seems to have partly outgrown such efflorescent exaggeration in this story. It is there, and in too great abundance, but there is so much more of other and sounder work that its presence is not very conspicuous. The novel is a very complex one, and, apparently, Spielhagen has been influenced in his manner of composition by George Eliot's later stories, Middlemarch and Daniel Deronda. In his attempt at bringing before the reader his notion of German society since the war with France, he puts upon the scene an enormous number of persons, and carries in his hand a very complicated series of intrigues, all of which are subordinate to the main plot of the story. The career of speculation into which the Germans entered during the sudden prosperity of victory, and which was so soon followed by failure and disappointment, appears to have made a deep impression on that people, who, it would seem, imagined they had taken every necessary precaution against disaster. But the world was not made over again for their accommodation, and they soon learned what has been the usual experience of mankind, that unholy prosperity is followed by reaction. Other German novels have been written about the same disaster, but this is decidedly the most serious and by far the ablest. While it has the clumsy form which George Eliot's genius has taught us to tolerate, — although posterity, always averse to learning lessons from its ancestors, may despise it, — the reader who can keep distinctly in mind the

[1] *Le Bleuet.* Par GUSTAVE HALLER. Préface de GEORGE SAND. Douzième Edition. Paris. 1877.

[2] *Sturmflut.* Von FRIEDERICH SPIELHAGEN. In 3 Bdn. Leipzig. 1877.

various dimly connecting interests will receive very accurate impressions of the faults of German society. That these differ in detail from those of other countries of course goes without saying. What is especially to be noticed in Spielhagen is his ardent republicanism and his dislike of a rigid, conventional aristocracy. The young heroine falls in love with a sea-captain, who, to be sure, went through the campaign in France as officer of the *landwehr*, but in spite of that he is a hissing and a reproach to the old nobility whom he continually meets. The characters are yet distinct persons while they serve as representatives of different classes; but it is easy to see how each one carries on his shoulders the faults and virtues of a large number of his fellow citizens as well as his own individuality. There is the old general, who stands for the best side of the army, with his loyalty and keen sense of honor; his son, the young, wild dare-devil; the wise president; the rich manufacturer, who detests socialism; the speculator who finally comes to grief; and the count, the worthless aristocrat. The young girls cannot be classified in this way. They lead lives independent of politics and wars and commercial interests. The considerable length of the book enables Spielhagen to expound with great freedom his notions of the present condition of Germany, and he makes use of his opportunity by means of long conversations between the different characters. It cannot be denied that he shows a great deal of power in this task. He has photographed society with its ambitions, cleverness, silliness, and all its virtues and faults, but just as no photograph was ever taken that made a group seem naturally formed, there are frequent traces of strings being pulled by the author that his characters may say for him what he has to say, rather than what would be most naturally on their lips. Many of the scenes are exceedingly good. The book opens well; here and there are very life-like bits; the catastrophe is described in a powerful way, and the whole story is wonderfully impressive. Unfortunately, just what was meant to be most imposing is most theatrical, and the dark-eyed Italians ought never to have been allowed in a novel treating of united Germany. The book would have been infinitely better if they had been exiled before it began, for since Thackeray's imitation of Disraeli's early novels, in Codlingsby, no such ridiculous, extravagant, and absurd words have been put into the mouths of any characters of fiction. Some of the older sinner's remarks would make the fortune of an American humorist. But Spielhagen seems really awe-stricken by the bogey he has wound up to lead every evil plot. The reader has but little patience with so transparent and conceited a villain, who has walked straight out of a melodrama into this novel, which is yet filled with the dry air of intelligent realism when the other characters are on the stage.

But aside from this weak point the book is one of the ablest German novels that has been published for many a long year. Spielhagen has written a book of great power, and has won a place among the best novelists of the time. It is a book which does not receive due justice in a brief notice like this. It may well be read and re-read carefully.

— Turguéneff's new novel[1] has appeared in the authorized German translation which is published in Mitau. This rendering may be generally commended; but it is sad to notice that here and there difficult passages have been omitted by the translator. On pages 297 and 417 are instances of this. In other respects no fault is to be found.

[1] *Neu-Land*. Ein Roman. Von IWAN TURGENJEW Autorisirte Ausgabe. Mitau. 1877.

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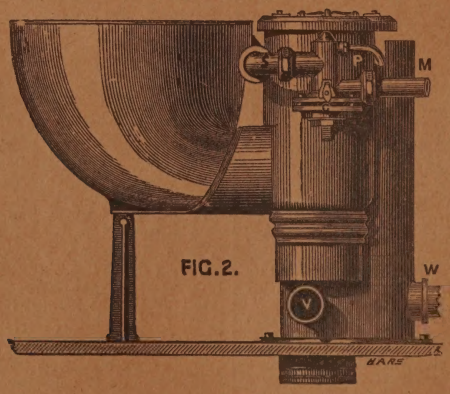

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VOLUME XL.—NUMBER 240

OCTOBER, 1877

CONTENTS

	Page
The Queen of Sheba. VIII., IX. *Thomas Bailey Aldrich*	385
The Procession of Flowers in Colorado. *H. H.*	401
In Memoriam. John Lothrop Motley. *W. W. Story*	408
A Night in St. Peter's. *T. Adolphus Trollope*	409
Crude and Curious Inventions at the Centennial Exhibition. VI. *Edward H. Knight*	420
Ten Years in Early English. *Arthur Gilman*	430
Some Rambling Notes of an Idle Excursion. I. *Mark Twain*	443
A Willow-Tree. *Edgar Fawcett*	447
A Counterfeit Presentment. Comedy. III. *W. D. Howells*	448
Old-Fashioned Ghost Stories. *H. B. K.*	461
Crickets. *John Weiss*	467
Echoes from an Old Parsonage. *Mrs. Edward Ashley Walker*	468
My Love. *Anna M. Brockway*	475
Song. "Dear Love, let this my song fly to you." Words by *G. P. Lathrop*. Music by *George L. Osgood*	476
The Contributors' Club	481

Persons in Tourguéneff's Terres Vièrges. — A Disappointed Reader of Tourguéneff. — Weak Points of Fechter's Hamlet. — Schools of Acting. — Dark Wisdom in an English Critic. — Cold Comfort for Manual Labor. — "A Conscientious, Plain-Spoken Man!" — Jews in Life and in Fiction. — Robert Landor's Dramas. — Welsh Rabbit and other Fallow Deer. — An Episcopal "Palace" in America. — Genius without Sense. — "Servants." — A Curious Little Book. — Goethe's Immorality.

Recent Literature	496

Parkman's Count Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV. — Froude's Short Studies on Great Subjects. — Lodge's Life and Letters of George Cabot. — Mrs. Wister's Worthy Women of Our First Century. — Towle's Modern Greece. — Towle's A Brief History of Montenegro. — Stephens's Ghristianity and Islam. — Keep's Autenrieth's A Homeric Dictionary. — Reade's A Woman-Hater. — Nimport. — Trollope's The American Senator. — Davies' Catullus, Tibullus, and Propertius. — Brodribb's Demosthenes. — *French and German:* Mélanges et Lettres de X. Doudan.

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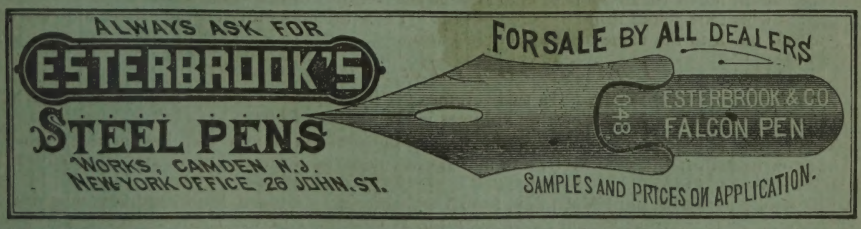

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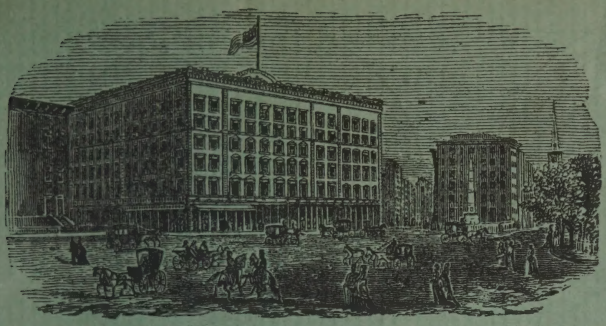

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THE QUEEN OF SHEBA.

VIII.

FROM GENEVA TO CHAMOUNY.

IF there is in all the world as lovely a day's ride as that from Geneva to Chamouny, it must be the ride from Chamouny to Geneva. Lynde would not have made even this concession the next morning, as a heavy-wheeled carriage, containing three travelers and drawn by four stout Savoy horses, rolled through the Grande Place, and, amid a salvo of whip-lash and a cloud of dust, took the road to Bonneville.

"I did not think I cared very much for Geneva," said Miss Denham, leaning from the carriage side to look back at the little Swiss capital set so prettily on the blue edge of Lake Leman; "I did not think I cared for it at all; yet I leave it with a kind of home-leaving regret."

"That is because you found complete repose there, I imagine," said Lynde. "Geneva is blessed among foreign cities in having no rich picture-galleries, or famous cathedrals, or moldy ruins covered all over with moss and history. In other places, you know, one is distracted by the things which it is one's imperative duty to see, and by the feeling that a life-time is too short properly to see them. Coming from the great Italian cities to Geneva is like falling asleep after some prolonged mental strain. I do not object to waking up and leaving it, however. I should not mind leaving Eden, in pleasant company, on such a morning as this."

"The company, and I dare say the morning, are not insensible to your handsome compliment, Mr. Lynde."

The morning was without flaw, and the company, or at least that part of it represented by Miss Ruth Denham, had more color in its cheeks than usual, and its dark eyes looked very dark and melting under their long fringes. Mrs. Denham was also of a high complexion, but, having a practical turn of mind, she was wondering whether the trunks, which rose like a monument from the footboard of the vehicle, were quite secure. It was a lumbering, comfortable concern, with red and black wheels, and a maroon body set upon complicated springs. The back seat, occupied by the Denhams, was protected by a leather hood, leaving the forward portion of the carriage open. The other seat was amicably shared between Lynde and a pile of waterproofs and woolen wraps, essentials in Switzerland, but which the ladies doubtless would have provided themselves if they had been in the tropics. On the high box in front sat the driver, speaking from time to time in

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low, confidential tones to the four powerful black horses, whose harnesses were lavishly hung with flaunting chamois-tails and made merry with innumerable silver bells.

For the last two weeks Lynde had been impatiently looking forward to this journey. The thought of having an entire day with Miss Denham, on such terms of intimacy as tacitly establish themselves between persons traveling together in the same carriage, had softened the prospect of the final parting at Chamouny; though now he did not intend they should separate there, unless she cruelly willed it. The nature of Miss Denham's regard for him Lynde had not fathomed. She had been frank and friendly with him, as she might have been with a cousin or a person much older than herself. As he told Flemming, he had never had her a minute alone. The aunt had always accompanied them on their brief walks and excursions about Geneva; whenever she had been unable to do so, the excursion or the walk had been abandoned. Lynde saw, among other gracious things in this day's ride, a promising opportunity for a *tête-à-tête* with Miss Denham. Here and there, along the winding ascents, would be tempting foot-paths, short pine-shaded cuts across the rocks, by which the carriage could be intercepted further on. These five or ten minutes' walks, always made enchanting by some unlooked-for grove, or grotto, or cascade, were nearly certain to lure Miss Ruth to her feet. Then he would have her to himself, for Mrs. Denham seldom walked when she could avoid it. To make assurance doubly sure Lynde could almost have wished her one of those distracting headaches from which hitherto he had suffered so keenly.

For the first few miles the road lay through a succession of villas and cultivated gardens; indeed, these gardens and villas extend all the way to Chêne, where a thin ribbon of a stream, the Foron, draws the boundary line between the canton of Geneva and Savoy. At this point the scenery begins, not too aggressively, to be picturesque; you catch some neat views of the Voirons, and of the range of the Jura lying on your right. Beyond is the village of Annemasse, and the Château of Etrambière, with its quartet of towers, rises from the foot of the Petit-Salève in the bluish-gray distance. You no longer see Mont Blanc, except at intervals. Here and there a knot of hamlets clings to some fir-dotted slope, or tries to hide itself away in the bosom of a ravine. All these Alpine villages bear the same resemblance to each other as so many button-molds of different sizes. Each has its quaint little church of stucco, surrounded by clusters of gray and dingy-white headstones and crosses, — like a shepherd standing in the midst of his flock; each has its bedrabbled main street, with a great stone trough into which a stream of ice-cold water is forever flowing, and where comely young women of substantial ankles, with their flaxen hair braided down their backs, are forever washing linen; each has its beggar, with a goitre or a wooden leg, lying in wait for you; and each, in turn, with its purple and green and red tiled roofs, is charming to approach and delightful to get away from.

After leaving Annemasse, the road runs up the valley of the Arve and crosses a bridge over the Menoge. Then comes the village of Nangy, and then Contamines, beyond which, on a bold height, stand the two wrinkled, crumbling towers of the ancient castle of Faucigny, whence the province takes its name. It was at Nangy that a pretty incident befell our travelers. On the outskirts of the village they met fifty or sixty school children marching three abreast, the girls on one side of the road and the boys on the other. The girls — each in a coarse blue or yellow frock, with a snowy neckerchief pinned over her bosom and a pig-tail of hair hanging down her shoulders — seemed for all the world like little old women; and not one of the little men appeared to be less than a hundred and five years old. They suggested a collection of Shems and Japhets, with their wives, taken from a lot of toy Noah's arks. As the carriage

rolled between the two files, all the funny little women bobbed a simultaneous courtesy, and all the little old-fashioned men lifted their hats with the most irresistible gravity conceivable.

"Fancy such a thing happening in the United States!" said Lynde. "If we were to meet such a crowd at home, half a dozen urchins would immediately fasten themselves to the hind axle, and some of the more playful spirits would probably favor us with a stone or two, or a snowball, according to the season."

"There comes the curé, now," said Miss Denham. "It is some Sunday-school fête."

As the curé, a florid, stout person, made an obeisance and passed on, fanning himself leisurely with his shovel-hat, his simple round face and white feathery hair put Lynde in mind of the hapless old gentleman whom he mistook for the country parson that morning so long ago. Instantly the whole scene rose before Lynde's vision. Perhaps the character of the landscape through which they were passing helped to make the recollection very vivid. There was not a cloud in the pale arch; yonder were the far-reaching peaks with patches of snow on them, and there stretched the same rugged, forlorn hills, covered with dwarf bushes and sentineled with phantom-like pines. An odd expression drifted across Lynde's countenance.

"What are you smiling at, Mr. Lynde, in that supremely selfish manner?" inquired Mrs. Denham, looking at him from under her tilted sun-umbrella.

"Was I smiling? It was at those droll little beggars. They bowed and courtesied in an unconcerned, wooden way, as if they were moved by some ingenious piece of Swiss clock-work. The stiff old curé, too, had an air of having been wound up and set a-going. I could almost hear the creak of his mainspring. I was smiling at that, perhaps, and thinking how strongly the scenery of some portions of our own country resembles this part of Switzerland."

"Do you think so? I had not remarked it."

"This is not the least like anything in the Adirondack region, for example," observed Miss Ruth.

"It may be a mere fancy of mine," returned Lynde. "However, we have similar geological formations in the mountainous sections of New England; the same uncompromising Gothic sort of pines; the same wintry bleakness that leaves its impress even on the midsummer. A body of water tumbling through a gorge in New Hampshire must be much like a body of water tumbling through a gorge anywhere else."

"Undoubtedly all mountain scenery has many features in common," Mrs. Denham said; "but if I were dropped down on the White Hills, softly from a balloon, let us say, I should know in a second I was not in Switzerland."

"I should like to put you to the test in one spot I am familiar with," said Lynde.

"I should not like to be put to the test just at present," rejoined Mrs. Denham. "I am very simple in my tastes, and I prefer the Alps."

"Where in New England will you see such a picture as that?" asked Miss Ruth, pointing to a village which lay in the heart of the valley, shut in on the right by the jagged limestone rocks of the Brezon and on the left by the grassy slopes of the Môle.

"Our rural towns lack color and architecture," said Lynde. "They are mostly collections of square or oblong boxes, painted white. I wish we had just one village composed exclusively of rosy tiled houses, with staircases wantonly running up on the outside, and hooded windows, and airy balconies hanging out here and there where you don't expect them. I would almost overlook the total lack of drainage which seems to go along with these carved eaves and gables, touched in with their blues and browns and yellows. This must be Bonneville we are coming to. We change horses here."

In a few minutes they swept through an avenue of noble trees, and stopped at the doorstep of an inn alive with passengers by the diligence just arrived from Sallanches, on its way to Geneva.

Lynde was beginning to feel a trifle out of spirits. The journey thus far had been very pleasant, but it had not wholly fulfilled his expectations. The Denhams had occupied themselves with the scenery; they had not been much inclined to talk; and Lynde had found no opportunity to make himself especially agreeable. They had spoken several times of Flemming, in a vein of eulogy. Lynde loved Flemming; but Flemming as a topic of conversation possessed no particular advantage over landscape. Miss Denham had never looked so lovely to Lynde as she did this day; he was glad to get her again in that closely-fitting drab traveling-dress, laced up to the shapely white throat. A sense of great comfort had stolen over him the two or three times when she had sunk back in the carriage cushions and let her eyes dwell upon him contemplatively for a moment. He was beginning to hate Mrs. Denham, and he thoroughly loathed Bonneville, where a polyglot crowd of tourists came flocking into the small waiting-room just as Miss Ruth was putting up her hair and unconsciously framing for Lynde a never-to-be-forgotten picture in the little cracked inn-mirror.

Passengers by diligence usually dine at Bonneville, a fact which Lynde had ascertained when he selected Cluses, nine miles beyond, as the resting place for his own party. They were soon on the road again, with the black horses turned into roan, traversing the level meadow lands between the Brezon and the Môle. With each mile, now, the landscape took on new beauty and wildness. The superb mountains — some with cloudy white turrets, some thrusting out huge snow-powdered prongs, and others tapering to steely dagger-points — hemmed them in on every side.

Here they came more frequently on those sorrowful roadside cairns, surmounted by a wooden cross with an obliterated inscription and a shriveled wreath, marking the spot where some peasant or mountaineer had been crushed by a land-slide or smothered in the merciless winter drift. As the carriage approached Cluses, the road crept along the lips of precipices and was literally overhung by the dizzy walls of the Brezon. Crossing the Arve, — you are always crossing the Arve or some mad torrent on your way from Geneva to Chamouny, — the travelers entered the town of Cluses and alighted at one of those small Swiss hotels which continually astonish by their tidiness and excellence.

In spite of the intermittent breeze wandering down from the regions above the snow-line, the latter part of the ride had been intensely hot. The cool, shadowy room, with its table ready laid for dinner near the latticed window, was a welcome change to the three dusty voyagers as they were ushered into it by the German landlord, whose round head thinly thatched with whitey-brown hair gave him the appearance of having been left out over night in a hoar frost. It was a refreshment in itself to look at him, so crisp and cool, with that blinding afternoon glare lying on the heated mountain slopes.

"I could be contented here a month," said Mrs. Denham, throwing off her bonnet, and seating herself in the embrasure of the window.

"The marquis allows us only three quarters of an hour," Lynde observed. "He says we cannot afford to lose much time if we want to reach Chamouny before sundown."

"Chamouny will wait for us."

"But the sunset won't."

Lynde had a better reason than that for wishing to press on. It was between there and Magland, or, rather, just beyond Magland, that he proposed to invite Miss Denham to walk. The wonderful cascade of Arpenaz, though it could be seen as well from the carriage, was to serve as pretext. Of course he would be obliged to include Mrs. Denham in his invitation, and he had sufficient faith in the inconsistency of woman not to rely too confidently on her declining. "As she never walks, she 'll come along fast enough," was Lynde's grim reflection.

He had by no means resolved on what

he should say to Miss Ruth, if he got her alone. In the ten minutes' walk, which would be almost equivalent to a first interview, he could not say much. He could tell her how grieved he was at the thought of the approaching separation, and tell her in such a manner as would leave her in no great doubt as to the state of his feelings. But whether he went so far as that was a problem which he intended to let chance solve for him.

Lynde was standing on the inn steps with his after-dinner cheroot, meditatively blowing circles of smoke into the air, when the carriage drove round from the stable and the Denhams appeared in the door-way. The young woman gave Lynde an ungloved hand as he assisted her to the seat. The slight pressure of her fingers and the touch of her rings were possessions which he retained until long after the carriage had passed that narrow defile near the stalactite cavern in the Balme, where a couple of tiresome fellows insist on letting off a small cannon for you, to awaken a very disobliging old Echo who refuses to repeat anything more than twice. What a magic there is in hands, — in some hands! Lynde could have held Mrs. Denham's hand a fortnight without getting anything so tangible as that fleeting touch of Miss Ruth's.

"Is the grotto worth seeing?" Mrs. Denham asked, with a speculative glance up the mountain side.

"It is an hour's hard climb, and scarcely pays," replied Lynde, appalled by this indication of Alpine enterprise. "I visited it the first time I came over the road. You get a good look at the peaks of Mont Douron on the other side of the valley, and that's all; the grotto itself is not remarkable. But I think it will be worth while to halt a moment when we come to the fall of Nant d'Arpenaz. That is really marvelous. It is said to be nearly as fine as the Staubbach."

As Miss Ruth leaned back in the cushions, lazily fastening the third button of her glove with a hair-pin, there was just the faintest glimmer of humor in the eyes that looked up into the young man's face. He was being read, and he knew it; his dark intentions in regard to that waterfall were probably as legible to her as if they had been printed in great-primer type on his forehead. On two or three occasions at Geneva she had wrested his unworded thought from him with the same effortless sorcery. Lynde evaded her look, and studied a spire-like peak on his left. "I shall have an air of detected villainy now, when I ask her," he mused. "That's the first shade of coquetry I ever saw in her. If she accepts my invitation without the aunt, she means either to flirt with me or give me the chance to speak to her seriously. Which is it to be, Miss Ruth? I wonder if she is afraid of Mrs. Denham. Sometimes it seems to me she would be a different girl if it were not for the presence of the aunt."

By and by, at a bend of the road after passing Magland, the waterfall became visible in the distance. The cascade of Nant d'Arpenaz is one of the highest falls in Savoy, and if it is not the most beautiful, one can still well afford, having seen that, not to see the others. It is not a large volume of water, except when swollen by rains, as it happened to be this day, but its plunge from the dizzy brown cliff is the gracefulest thing in the world. The curiously stratified face of the precipice is concave, and the water has a fall of several hundred feet to reach the slope, which, indeed, it seems never to reach; for before the stream has accomplished half the descent it is broken into fine spray, and flaunts loosely in the wind like a veil of the most delicate lace, or, when the sunlight drifts through it, a wondrously wrought Persian scarf. There it appears to hang, miraculously suspended in mid-air, while in fact it descends in imperceptible vapors to the slope, where it re-forms and becomes a furious little torrent that dashes across the road under a bridge and empties itself into the Arve.

The carriage-road skirts the base of the mountain and offers numberless fine

views of the cascade as you approach or leave it. It was directly in front of the fall, half a mile distant, though it did not look so far, that the driver, in obedience to previous instruction from Lynde, drew up the horses and halted. At that instant the sunshine slanted across the fall and dashed it with prismatic colors.

"It is almost too exquisite to look at," said Mrs. Denham. "It makes one doubt one's own eyes."

"I saw it once," Lynde said, "when I thought the effect even finer. I was induced by some pleasant English people to stop over night at Magland, and we walked up here in the moonrise. You can't imagine anything so lovely as that long strip of gossamer unfolding itself to the moonlight. There was an English artist with us, who made a sketch of the fall; but he said a prettier thing about it than his picture."

"What was that?" inquired Miss Ruth.

"He called it Penelope's web, because it is always being unraveled and reknitted."

"That artist mistook his profession."

"Folks often do," said Lynde. "I know painters who ought to be poets, and poets who ought to be brick-layers."

"Why brick-layers?"

"Because I fancy that brick-laying makes as slight drain on the imagination as almost any pursuit in life. Speaking of poets and waterfalls, do you remember Byron's daring simile in Manfred? He compares a certain waterfall at the foot of the Jungfrau to the tail of the pale horse ridden by Death in the Apocalypse. Mrs. Denham," said Lynde abruptly, "the marquis tells me there 's a delightful short cut, through the rocks here, which strikes into the road a mile further on."

"Let us take it then," answered Mrs. Denham, settling herself comfortably in the cushions.

"It is a foot-path," explained Lynde.

"Oh!"

"Our reputation as great American travelers will suffer, Mrs. Denham, if we fail to do a bit of Switzerland on foot. Rather than have that happen I would undertake the expedition alone. It would be mere martyrdom, though, without company." As Lynde turned the handle of the carriage door and planted his foot on the first step, he ventured a glance at Miss Ruth, who was sitting there with a face as impenetrable as that of the Memphian Sphinx.

"Certainly, if our reputation is at stake," exclaimed Mrs. Denham, rising with alacrity. Lynde could not help his clouded countenance. "No," she added, slowly sinking back into the seat, "I 've no ambition as an explorer. I really have not."

"And Miss Denham?" said Lynde, drawing a scarcely repressed breath of relief.

"Oh, Ruth can go if she likes," replied Mrs. Denham, "provided it is not too far."

"It is hardly an eighth of a mile across," said Lynde. "You will find us waiting for you at the opposite end of the cut, unless you drive rapidly. It is more than a mile by the road."

"Do you wish to go, Ruth?"

Miss Denham hesitated an instant, and then answered by rising impulsively and giving her hand to Lynde. Evidently, her first intention had been to refuse. In a moment more she was standing beside him, and the carriage was lazily crawling up the hill with Mrs. Denham looking back through her glass at the cascade.

A dozen rude steps, partly artificial and partly formed by the strata of the limestone bank, led from the roadside up to the opening of the foot-way. For thirty or forty yards the fern-fringed path was too narrow to admit of two persons walking abreast. Miss Denham, with her skirts gathered in one hand, went first, picking her way over the small loose stones rendered slippery by the moss, and Lynde followed on in silence, hardly able to realize the success of the ruse which had come so near being a failure. His companion was equally preoccupied. Once she stopped for Lynde to detach her dress from a grasping twig, and once to pluck one of those pallid waxen flowers which sometimes

dauntlessly find a footing even among the snow-drifts of the higher Alps. The air was full of the resinous breath of the pines, whose boughs, meeting and interlacing overhead, formed an arabesqued roof, through the openings of which the afternoon sunshine sifted, as if through stained glass. With the slender stems of the trees rising on each side in the semi-twilight, the grove was like the transept of a cathedral. It seemed a profanation to speak in such a place. Lynde could have wandered on forever in contented silence, with that tall, pliant figure in its severely-cut drapery moving before him. As he watched the pure outline defining itself against the subdued light, he was reminded of a colored bas-relief he had seen on a certain Egyptian vase in the Museum at Naples. Presently the path widened, a brook babbled somewhere ahead among the rocks, and the grove abruptly ended. As Lynde stepped to Miss Denham's side he heaved a deep, involuntary sigh.

"What a sigh, Mr. Lynde!" she cried, swiftly turning upon him with a surprised smile. "It was scarcely complimentary."

"It was not exactly a compliment; it was an unpremeditated monody on the death of this day, which has flown too soon."

"You are very ready with your monody; it yet lacks three or four hours of sunset, when one might probably begin to lament. I am enjoying it all too much to have a regret."

"Do you know, I thought you were not enjoying it — the journey, I mean? You have not spoken a hundred words since we left Geneva."

"That was a proof of my perfect enjoyment, as you would know if you knew me better. Fine scenery always affects me like music, and, with Jessica, 'I am never merry when I hear sweet music.' Besides, Mr. Lynde, I was forming a plan."

"A plan?"

"A dark conspiracy" —

"Is the spirit of Lucretia Borgia present?"

— "in which you are to be chief conspirator, Mr. Lynde."

"Miss Denham, the person is dead, either by steel or poison; it is all one to me, — I am equally familiar with both methods."

As the girl lifted up her eyes in a half-serious, half-amused way, and gave him a look in which gentleness and a certain shadow of hauteur were oddly blended, Lynde started in spite of himself. It was the very look of the poor little Queen of Sheba.

"With your bowl and dagger and monody," said Miss Denham, breaking into one of her rare laughs, "you are in full tragedy this afternoon. I am afraid my innocent plot will seem very tame to you in the face of such dreadful things."

"I promise beforehand to regard it as the one important matter in the world. What is it?"

"Nothing more than this: I want you to insist that aunt Gertrude and I ought to make the ascent of Montanvert and visit the Mer de Glace, — before uncle Denham arrives."

"Why, would he object?"

"I do not think anything would induce him to trust either of us on one of those narrow mule-paths."

"But everybody goes up Montanvert as a matter of course. The bridle-way is perfectly safe."

"Uncle Denham once witnessed a painful accident on the Wetterhorn, indeed, he himself barely escaped death; and any suggestion of mountain climbing that cannot be done on wheels always meets a negative from him. I suspect my aunt will not strongly favor the proposal, but when I make it I shall depend on you to sustain me."

"I shall surely do so, Miss Denham. I have had this same excursion in my mind all along."

"I was wondering how I should get the chance to ask the favor of you, when that special Providence, which your friend Mr. Flemming pretends not to believe in, managed it for me."

"It was n't I, then, but Providence, that invited you to walk?"

"It looks like it, Mr. Lynde."

"But at first you were disposed to reject the providential aid."

"I hesitated about leaving aunt Gertrude alone."

"If you had refused me, there would have been no end to my disappointment. This walk, though it is sixty or seventy miles too short, is the choicest thing in the whole journey."

"Come, Mr. Lynde, that is an improvement on your sigh."

"Does it occur to you that this is the first time we have chanced to be alone together, in all these weeks?"

"Yes," said Miss Ruth, simply, "it is the first time."

"I am a great admirer of Mrs. Denham" —

"I do not see how you can help being; she is charming, and she likes you."

"But sometimes I have wished that — that Mr. Denham was here."

"Why?" asked Miss Ruth, regarding him full in the face.

"Because then, may be, she would have been less devoted to you."

Miss Denham did not reply for a moment.

"My aunt is very fond of me," she said, gravely. "She never likes to have me absent an hour from her side."

"I can understand that," said Lynde, with an innocent air.

The girl glanced at him quickly, and went on: "She adopted me when I was only three years old; we have never been separated since. She lived in Paris all the time I was at school there, though she did not like Paris as a residence. She would make any sacrifice for me that a mother would make for a daughter. She has been mother and sister to me. I cannot overpay her devotion by any unselfishness of mine."

As she spoke, Lynde caught a hateful glimpse of the road through the stubby pine-trees beyond. It appeared to him only two minutes ago that he was assisting Miss Denham to mount the stone steps at the other extremity of the foot-path; and now he was to lose her again. She was with him alone for perhaps the last time.

"Miss Ruth!" said Lynde, with sudden earnestness in his voice. He had never before addressed her as Miss Ruth. She raised her eyes furtively to his face. "Miss Ruth" —

"Oh, there 's the carriage, Mr. Lynde!" exclaimed Miss Denham, releasing the arm she had accepted a few paces back, and hurrying down the path, which here narrowed again as at the entrance to the grove. "And there is aunt Gertrude," she added, half-turning to Lynde, with a rich bloom on her cheeks, "looking as distressed as if we had slipped over some precipice. But we have not, have we, Mr. Lynde?"

"No, we have n't slipped over any precipices," answered Lynde, with a curt laugh. "I wish we had," he muttered to himself. "She has dragged me through that grove and over those stones, and, without preventing me, has not permitted me to breathe the least word of love to her. I don't know how she did it. That girl 's the most consummate coquette I ever saw. I am a child in her hands. I believe I 'm beginning to be afraid of her."

Miss Ruth was already in the carriage, pinning the Alpine flower to the corsage of her aunt's dress, when Lynde reached the steps. Mrs. Denham's features expressed no very deep anxiety that he could discover. That was clearly a fiction of Miss Ruth's. Lynde resumed his place on the front seat, and the horses started forward. He was amused and vexed at the inconsequence of his interview with Miss Denham, and did not know whether to be wholly vexed or wholly amused. He had, at least, broken the ice, and it would be easier for him to speak when another opportunity offered. She had understood, and had not repulsed him; she had merely evaded him. Perhaps he had been guilty of a mismove in attempting to take her at a disadvantage. He was too discreet to dream of proposing any more walks. A short cut was plainly not the most direct way to reach Miss Denham.

She was in livelier spirits now than she had been in at any time during the day. "The exercise has done you

good, Ruth," remarked Mrs. Denham; "I am sorry I did not accept Mr. Lynde's invitation myself." Mr. Lynde was also politely sorry, and Miss Ruth contributed her regrets with an emphasis that struck Lynde as malicious and over done.

Shortly before arriving at St. Martin, Miss Ruth broached her Montanvert project, which, as she had prophesied, was coldly received by the aunt. Lynde hastened to assure Mrs. Denham that the ascent was neither dangerous nor difficult. Even guides were not necessary, though it was convenient to have them to lead the animals. On the way up there were excellent views of the Flégère and the Brévent. There was a capital inn at the summit, where they could lunch, and from the cliff behind the inn one could look directly down on the Mer de Glace. Then Lynde fell back upon his Murray and Baedeker. It was here that Professor Tyndall spent many weeks, at different times, investigating the theory of glacier motion; and the Englishman's hut, which Goethe mentions in his visit to the scene in 1779, was still standing. Miss Ruth begged with both eyes; the aunt wavered, and finally yielded. As a continuance of fine weather could not be depended on, it was agreed that they should undertake the ascent the following morning immediately after daybreak. Then the conversation drooped.

The magnificent scenery through which their route now wound began to absorb them. Here they crossed a bridge, spanning a purple chasm whose snake-like thread of water could be heard hissing among the sharp flints a hundred feet below; now they rattled through the street of a sleepy village that seemed to have no reason for being except its picturesqueness; now they were creeping up a tortuous steep gloomed by menacing crags; and now their way lingered for miles along a precipice, over the edge of which they could see the spear-like tips of the tall pines reaching up from the valley.

At the bridge between St. Martin and Sallanches the dazzling silver peaks of Mont Blanc, rising above the green pasturage of the Forclaz, abruptly revealed themselves to the travelers, who fancied for the moment that they were close upon the mountain. It was twelve miles away in a bee-line. From this point one never loses sight of those vast cones and tapering *aiguilles*. A bloom as delicate as that of the ungathered peach was gradually settling on all the fairy heights.

As the travelers drew nearer to the termination of their journey, they were less and less inclined to converse. At every turn of the sinuous road fresh splendors broke upon them. By slow degrees the glaciers became visible: first those of Gria and Taconay; then the Glacier des Bossons, thrusting a crook of steel-blue ice far into the valley; and then — faintly discernible in the distance, and seemingly a hand's breadth of snow framed by the sombre gorge — the Glacier des Bois, a frozen estuary of the Mer de Glace.

The twilight was now falling. For the last hour or more the three inmates of the carriage had scarcely spoken. They had unresistingly given themselves over to the glamour of the time and place. Along the ravines and in the lower gorges and chasms the gray dusk was gathering; high overhead the domes and pinnacles were each instant taking deeper tinges of rose and violet. It seemed as if a word loudly or carelessly uttered would break the spell of the *alpglühen*. It was all like a dream, and it was in his quality of spectral figure in a dream that the driver suddenly turned on the box, and, pointing over his shoulder with the handle of his whip said, —

"Chamouny!"

IX.

MONTANVERT.

The mist was still lingering in the valleys, though the remote peaks had been kindled more than an hour by the touch of sunrise. As Lynde paced up and down the trottoir in front of the Couronne Hotel, he drew out his watch from time

to time and glanced expectantly towards the hotel entrance. In the middle of the street stood a couple of guides, idly holding the bridles of three mules, two of which were furnished with side-saddles. It was nearly half an hour past the appointment, and the Denhams, who had retired at eight o'clock the night before in order to be fresh for an early start up the mountain, had made no sign. Lynde himself had set the lark an example that morning by breakfasting by candle-light. Here were thirty minutes lost. He quickened his pace up and down in front of the hotel, as if his own rapidity of movement would possibly exert some occult influence in hastening the loiterers; but another quarter of an hour dragged on without bringing them.

Lynde was impatiently consulting his watch for the twentieth time when Miss Denham's troubled face showed itself in the door-way.

"Is n't it too bad, Mr. Lynde? Aunt Gertrude can't go!"

"Can't go!" faltered Lynde.

"She has a headache from yesterday's ride. She got up, and dressed, but was obliged to lie down again."

"Then that 's the end of it, I suppose," said Lynde, despondently. He beckoned to one of the guides.

"I don't know," said Miss Denham, standing in an attitude of irresolution on the upper step, with her curved eyebrows drawn together like a couple of blackbirds touching bills. "I don't know what to do . . . she insists on our going. I shall never forgive myself for letting her see that I was disappointed. She added my concern for her illness to my regret about the excursion, and thought me more disappointed than I really was. Then she declared she would go in spite of her headache . . . unless I went."

The gloom which had overspread Lynde's countenance vanished.

"It is not one of her severest turns," continued Miss Ruth, ceasing to be a statue on a pedestal and slowly descending the hotel steps with her waterproof trailing from her left arm, "and she is quite capable of executing her threat. What shall we do, Mr. Lynde?"

"I think we had better try the mountain, — for her sake," answered Lynde. "We need not attempt the Mer de Glace, you know; that can be left for another day. The ascent takes only two hours, the descent half an hour less; we can easily be back in time for lunch."

"Then let us do that."

Lynde selected the more amiable looking of the two mules with side-saddles, dismissed one of the guides after a brief consultation, and helped Miss Denham to mount. In attending to these preliminaries Lynde had sufficient mastery over himself not to make any indecorous betrayal of his intense satisfaction at the turn affairs had taken. Fortune had given her into his hands for five hours! She should listen this time to what he had to say, though the mountain should fall.

At a signal from Lynde the remaining guide led the way at a brisk pace through the bustling town. In front of the various hotels were noisy groups of tourists about to set forth on pilgrimages, some bound for the neighboring glaciers and cascades, and others preparing for more distant and more hardy enterprises. It was a perfect Babel of voices, — French, Scotch, German, Italian, and English; with notes of every sort of patois, — above which the strident bass of the mules soared triumphantly at intervals. There are not many busier spots than Chamouny at early morning in the height of the season.

Our friends soon left the tumult and confusion behind them, and were skirting the pleasant meadows outside of the town. Passing by the way of the English church, they crossed to the opposite bank of the Arve, and in a few minutes gained the hamlet lying at the foot of Montanvert. Then the guide took the bridle of Miss Ruth's mule and the ascent began. The road stretches up the mountain in a succession of zigzags with sharp turns. Here and there the path is quarried out of the begrudging solid rock; in places the terrace is several yards wide and well wooded, but for the

most part it is a barren shelf with a shaggy wall rising abruptly on one hand and a steep slope descending on the other. Higher up, these slopes become quite respectable precipices. A dozen turns, which were accomplished in unbroken silence, brought the party to an altitude of several hundred feet above the level.

"I — I don't know that I wholly like it," said Miss Ruth, holding on to the pommel of her saddle and looking down into the valley, checkered with fields and criss-crossed with shining rivulets. "Why do the mules persist in walking on the very edge?"

"That is a trick they get from carrying panniers. You are supposed to be a pannier, and the careful animal does n't want to brush you off against the rocks. See this creature of mine; he has that hind hoof slipping over the precipice all the while. But he 'll not slip; he 's as sure-footed as a chamois, and has no more taste for tumbling off the cliff than you have. These mules are wonderfully intelligent. Observe how cautiously they will put foot on a loose stone, feeling all around it."

"I wish they were intelligent enough to be led in the middle of the path," said Miss Ruth, "but I suppose the guide knows."

"You may trust to him; he is a person of varied accomplishments, the chief of which is he does n't understand a word of English. So you can scold, or say anything you like, without the least reserve. I picked him out for that," added Lynde with a bland smile. "His comrade was a linguist."

"If I have anything disagreeable to say," replied Miss Ruth, with another bland smile, "I shall say it in French."

The guide, who spoke four languages, including English, never changed a muscle. Lynde, just before starting, had closely examined the two guides on their lingual acquirements — and retained the wrong man.

"I trust you will have no occasion, Miss Denham, to be anything but amiable, and that you will begin by granting me a favor. Will you?"

"Cela dépend."

"There you go into French! I have n't offended you?"

"Oh, no. What is the favor? — in English."

"That you will let me call you Miss Ruth, instead of Miss Denham."

"I have n't the slightest objection, Mr. Lynde."

"Thanks. And now I want you" —

"What, another favor?"

"Of course. Who ever heard of one favor?"

"To be sure! What is the second?"

"I want you should be a little sorry when all this comes to an end."

"You mean when we leave Chamouny?"

"Yes."

"I shall be sorry then," said Miss Ruth, frankly, "but I am not going to be sorry beforehand."

There was something very sweet to Lynde in her candor, but there was also something that restrained him for the moment from being as explicit as he had intended. He rode on awhile without speaking, watching the girl as the mule now and then turned the sharp angle of the path and began a new ascent. This movement always brought her face to face with him a moment, — she on the grade above, and he below. Miss Ruth had grown accustomed to the novel situation, and no longer held on by the pommel of the saddle. She sat with her hands folded in her lap, pliantly lending herself to the awkward motion of the animal. Over her usual traveling habit she had thrown the long waterproof which reached to her feet. As she sat there in a half listless attitude, she was the very picture of the Queen of Sheba seated upon Deacon Twombly's mare. Lynde could not help seeing it; but he was schooling himself by degrees to this fortuitous resemblance. It was painful, but it was inevitable, and he would get used to it in time. "Perhaps," he mused, "if I had never had that adventure with the poor insane girl, I might not have looked twice at Miss Denham when we met — and loved her. It was the poor little queen who shaped my destiny, and I ought n't to be ungrateful."

He determined to tell the story to Miss Ruth some time when a fitting occasion offered.

It was only when the likeness flashed upon Lynde suddenly, as it had done in the grove the previous day, that it now had the power to startle him. At the present moment it did not even seriously annoy him. In an idle, pensive way he noted the coincidence of the man leading the mule. The man was Morton and the mule was Mary! Lynde smiled to himself at the reflection that Mary would probably not accept the analogy with very good grace if she knew about it. This carried him to Rivermouth; then he thought of Cinderella's slipper, packed away in the old hair trunk in the closet, and how perfectly the slipper would fit one of those feet which a floating fold of the waterproof that instant revealed to him — and he was in Switzerland again.

"Miss Ruth," he said, looking up quickly and urging his mule as closely behind hers as was practicable, "what are your plans to be when your uncle comes?"

"When my uncle comes we shall have no plans, — aunt Gertrude and I. Uncle Denham always plans for everybody."

"I do not imagine he will plan for me," said Lynde, gloomily. "I wish he would, for I shall not know what to do with myself."

"I thought you were going to St. Petersburg."

"I have given that up."

"It 's to be Northern Germany, then?"

"No, I have dropped that idea, too. Will Mr. Denham remain here any time?"

"Probably not long."

"What is to become of me after you are gone!" exclaimed Lynde. "When I think of Mr. Denham sweeping down on Chamouny to carry you off, I am tempted to drive this mule straight over the brink of one of these precipices!"

The girl leaned forward, looking at the rocky wall of the Flégère through an opening in the pines, and made no reply.

"Miss Ruth," said Lynde, "I must speak!"

"Do not speak," she said, turning upon him with a half-imperious, half-appealing gesture, "I forbid you;" and then more gently: "we have four or five days, perhaps a week, to be together; we are true, frank friends. Let us be just that to the end."

"Those are mercifully cruel words," returned the young man, with a dull pain at his heart. "It is a sweet way of saying a bitter thing."

"It is a way of saying that your friendship is very dear to me, Mr. Lynde," she replied, sitting erect in the saddle, with the brightness and the blackness deepening in her eyes. "I wonder if I can make you understand how I prize it. My life has not been quite like that of other girls, partly because I have lived much abroad, and partly because I have been very delicate ever since my childhood; I had a serious lung trouble then, which has never left me. You would not think it, to look at me. Perhaps it is the anxiety I have given aunt Gertrude which has made her so tenacious of my affection that I have scarcely been permitted to form even those intimacies which girls form among themselves. I have never known any one — any gentleman — as intimately as I have known you. She has let me have you for my friend."

"But Miss Ruth" —

"Mr. Lynde," she said, interrupting him, "it was solely to your friendship that my aunt confided me to-day. I should be deceiving her if I allowed you to speak as — as you were speaking."

Lynde saw his mistake. He should have addressed himself in the first instance to the aunt. He had been lacking in proper regard for the *convenances*, forgetting that Ruth's education had been different from that of American girls. At home, if you love a girl you tell her so; over here, you go and tell her grandmother. Lynde dropped his head and remained silent, resolving to secure an interview with Mrs. Denham that night if possible. After a moment or two he raised his face. "Miss Ruth,"

said he, "if I had to choose, I would rather be your friend than any other woman's lover."

"That is settled, then," she returned, with heightened color. "We will not refer to this again;" and she brushed away a butterfly that was fluttering about her conceitedly in its new golden corslet.

Meanwhile the guide marched on stolidly with Ruth's reins thrown loosely over the crook of his elbow. In his summer courses up and down the mountain, the man, with his four languages, had probably assisted dumbly at much fugitive love-making and many a conjugal passage at arms. He took slight note of the conversation between the two young folks; he was clearly more interested in a strip of black cloud that had come within the half hour and hung itself over the Aiguille du Dru.

The foot-path and the bridle-road from Chamouny unite at the Çaillet, a spring of fresh water half-way up the mountain. There the riders dismounted and rested five or six minutes at a rude hut perched like a brown bird under the cliff.

"I 've the fancy to go on foot the rest of the distance," Lynde remarked, as he assisted Ruth into the saddle again.

"Then I 'll let you lead the mule, if you will," said Ruth. "I am not the least afraid."

"That is an excellent idea! Why did you not think of it sooner? I shall expect a *buonamano*, like a real guide, you know."

"I will give it you in advance," she said gayly, reaching forward and pretending to hold a coin between her thumb and finger.

Lynde caught her hand and retained it an instant, but did not dare to press it. He was in mortal fear of a thing which he could have crushed like a flower in his palm.

The young man drew the reins over his arm and moved forward, glancing behind him at intervals to assure himself that his charge was all right. As they approached the summit of the mountain the path took abrupter turns, and was crossed in numberless places by the channels of winter avalanches, which had mown down great pines as if they had been blades of grass. Here and there a dry water-course stretched like a wrinkle along the scarred face of the hill.

"Look at that, Miss Ruth!" cried Lynde, checking the mule and pointing to a slope far below them.

Nature, who loves to do a gentle thing even in her most savage moods, had taken one of those empty water-courses and filled it from end to end with forget-me-nots. As the wind ruffled the millions of petals, this bed of flowers, only a few inches wide but nearly a quarter of a mile in length, looked like a flashing stream of heavenly blue water rushing down the mountain side.

By and by the faint kling-kling of a cow-bell sounding far up the height told the travelers that they were nearing the plateau. Occasionally they descried a herdsman's châlet, pitched at an angle against the wind on the edge of an *arête*, or clinging like a wasp's nest to some jutting cornice of rock. After making four or five short turns, the party passed through a clump of scraggy, wind-swept pines, and suddenly found themselves at the top of Montanvert.

A few paces brought them to the Pavillon, a small inn kept by the guide Couttet. Here the mules were turned over to the hostler, and Miss Ruth and Lynde took a quarter of an hour's rest, examining the collection of crystals and moss-agates and horn-carvings which M. Couttet has for show in the apartment that serves him as salon, café, and museum. Then the two set out for the rocks overlooking the glacier.

The cliff rises precipitously two hundred and fifty feet above the frozen sea, whose windings can be followed for a distance of five miles, to the walls of the Grandes and Petites Jorasses. Surveyed from this height, the Mer de Glace presents the appearance of an immense plowed field covered by a fall of snow that has become dingy. The peculiar corrugation of the surface is scarcely discernible, and one sees nothing of the wonderful crevasses, those narrow and often fathomless partings of the ice,

to look into which is like looking into a split sapphire. The first view from the cliff is disappointing, but presently the marvel of it all assails and possesses one.

"I should like to go down on the ice," said Ruth, after regarding the scene for several minutes in silence.

"We must defer that to another day," said Lynde. "The descent of the moraine from this point is very arduous, and is seldom attempted by ladies. Besides, if we do anything we ought to cross the glacier and go home by the way of the Mauvais Pas. We will do that yet. Let us sit upon this bowlder and talk."

"What shall we talk about? I don't feel like talking."

"I 'll talk to you. I don't know of what. . . . I will tell you a story."

"A story, Mr. Lynde? I like stories as if I were only six years old. But I don't like those stories which begin with 'Once there was a little girl,' who always turns out to be the little girl that is listening."

"Mine is not of that kind," replied Lynde, with a smile, steadying Miss Ruth by the hand as she seated herself on the bowlder; "and yet it touches on you indirectly. It all happened long ago."

"It concerns me, and happened long ago? I am interested already. Begin!"

"It was in the summer of 1872. I was a clerk in a bank then, at Rivermouth, and the directors had given me a vacation. I hired a crazy old horse and started on a journey through New Hampshire. I did n't have any destination; I merely purposed to ride on and on until I got tired, and then ride home again. The weather was beautiful, and for the first three or four days I never enjoyed myself better in my life. The flowers were growing, the birds were singing, — the robins in the sunshine and the whip-poor-wills at dusk, — and the hours were not long enough for me. At night I slept in a tumble-down barn, or anywhere, like a born tramp. I had a mountain brook for a wash-basin and the west wind for a towel. Sometimes I invited myself to a meal at a farm-house when there was n't a tavern handy; and when there was n't any farm-house, and I was very hungry, I lay down under a tree and read in a book of poems."

"Oh, that was just delightful!" said Ruth, knitting the fingers of both hands over one knee and listening to him with a child-like abandon which Lynde found bewitching.

"On the fourth day — there are some people crossing on the ice," said Lynde, interrupting himself.

"Never mind the people on the ice!"

"On the fourth day I came to a wild locality among the Ragged Mountains, where there was not a human being nor a house to be seen. I had got up before breakfast was ready that morning, and I was quite anxious to see the smoke curling up from some kitchen chimney. Here, as I mounted a hill-side, the saddle-girth broke, and I jumped off to fix it. Somehow, I don't know precisely how, the horse gave a plunge, jerked the reins out of my hands, and started on a dead run for Rivermouth."

"That was n't very pleasant," suggested Ruth.

"Not a bit. I could n't catch the animal, and I had the sense not to try. I climbed to the brow of the hill and was not sorry to see a snug village lying in the valley."

"What village was that?"

"I don't know to this day — with any certainty. I did n't find out then, and afterwards I did n't care to learn. Well, I shouldered my traps and started for the place to procure another horse, not being used to going under the saddle myself. I had a hard time before I got through; but that I shall not tell you about. On my way to the village I met a young girl. This young girl is the interesting part of the business."

"She always is, you know."

"She was the most beautiful creature I had ever seen — up to that time. She was dressed all in white, and looked like an angel. I expected she would spread wing and vanish before I could admire her half enough; but she did not. The moment she saw me she walked straight

to the spot where I stood, and looked me squarely in the face."

"Was n't that rather rude — for an angel?"

"You would n't have thought so. She did it like a young goddess with the supreme prerogative to flash herself that way on mortals by the roadside."

"Oh, she was a young goddess as well as an angel."

"After she had looked me in the eye a second," continued Lynde, not heeding the interruption, "she said — what do you suppose she said?"

"How can I imagine?"

"You could not, in a thousand years. Instead of saying, 'Good morning, sir,' and dropping me a courtesy, she made herself very tall and said, with quite a grand air, 'I am the Queen of Sheba!' Just fancy it. Then she turned on her heel and ran up the road."

"Oh, that was very rude. Is this a true story, Mr. Lynde?"

"That is the sad part of it, Miss Ruth. This poor child had lost her reason, as I learned subsequently. She had wandered out of an asylum in the neighborhood. After a while some men came and took her back again, — on my horse, which they had captured in the road."

"The poor, poor girl! I am sorry for her to the heart. Your story began like a real romance; is that all of it? It is sad enough."

"That is all. Of course I never saw her afterwards."

"But you remembered her, and pitied her?"

"For a long time, Miss Ruth."

"I like you for that. But what has this to do with me? You said" —

"The story touched on you indirectly?"

"Yes."

"Well, so it does; I will tell you how. This poor girl was beautiful enough in your own fashion to be your sister, and when I first saw you" —

"Monsieur," said the guide, respectfully lifting a forefinger to his hat as he approached, "I think it looks like rain."

The man had spoken in English. Ruth went crimson to the temples, and Lynde's face assumed a comical expression of dismay.

"Looks like rain," he repeated mechanically. "I thought you told me you did not understand English."

"Monsieur is mistaken. It is Jean Macquart that does not spik English."

"Very well," said Lynde; "if it is going to rain we had better be moving. It would not be pleasant to get blockaded up here by a storm — or rather it would! Are the animals ready?"

"They are waiting at the foot of the path, monsieur."

Lynde lost no time getting Ruth into the saddle, and the party began their descent, the guide again in charge of the girl's mule. On the downward journey they unavoidably faced the precipices, and the road appeared to them much steeper than when they ascended.

"Is it wind or rain, do you think?" asked Lynde, looking at a wicked black cloud that with angrily-curled white edges was lowering itself over the valley.

"I think it is both, monsieur."

"How soon?"

"I cannot know. Within an hour, surely."

"Perhaps we were wrong to attempt going down," said Lynde.

"Monsieur might be kept at Couttet's one, two — three days. But, if monsieur wishes, I will go on and tell the friends of mademoiselle that you are detained."

"Oh, no!" cried Ruth, filled with horror at the suggestion. "We *must* return. I shall not mind the rain, if it comes."

As she spoke, a loose handful of large drops rustled through the pine-boughs overhead, and softly dashed themselves against the rocks.

"It has come," said Lynde.

"I have my waterproof," returned the girl. "I shall do very well. But you" —

The sentence was cut short by a flash of lightning, followed by a heavy peal of thunder that rolled through the valley and reverberated for one or two minutes among the hills. The guide grasped the reins close up to the bits, and urged

the mule forward at a brisk trot. The sky cleared, and for a moment it looked as if the storm had drifted elsewhere; but the party had not advanced twenty paces before there was a strange rustling sound in the air, and the rain came down. The guide whipped off a coarse woolen coat he wore, and threw it over the girl's shoulders, tying it by the sleeves under her chin.

"Oh, you must not do that!" she cried, "you will catch your death!"

"Mademoiselle," he replied, laughing, as he gave another knot to the sleeves, "for thirty-eight years, man and boy, I have been rained upon and snowed upon — and voilà!"

"You 're a fine fellow, my friend, if you do speak English," cried Lynde, "and I hope some honest girl has found it out before now."

"Monsieur," returned the man, signing himself with the cross, "she and the little one are in heaven."

The rain came down in torrents; it pattered like shot against the rocks; it beat the air of the valley into mist. Except the path immediately before them, and the rocky perpendicular wall now on their right and now on their left, the travelers could distinguish nothing through the blinding rain. Shortly the wind began to blow, whistling in the stiff pines as it whistles among the taut cordage of a ship in a gale. At intervals it tore along the salient zigzags and threatened to sweep the mules off their legs. The flashes of lightning now followed each other in rapid succession, and the thunder crashed incessantly through the gorges. It appeared as if the great cones and cromlechs were tumbling pell-mell from every direction into the valley.

Though the situation of the three persons on the mountain side was disagreeable to the last extent, they were exposed to only one especial danger, — that from a land-slide or a detached bowlder At every ten steps the guide glanced up the dripping steep, and listened. Even the mules were not without a prescience of this peril. The sharpest lightning did not make them wince, but at the faintest sound of a splinter of rock or a pebble rustling down the slope, their ears instantly went forward at an acute angle. The footing soon became difficult on account of the gullies formed by the rain. In spite of his anxiety concerning Ruth, Lynde could not help admiring the skill with which the sagacious animals felt their way. Each fore hoof as it touched the earth seemed endowed with the sense of fingers.

Lynde had dismounted after the rain set in and was walking beside the girl's mule. Once, as an unusually heavy clap of thunder burst over their heads, she had impulsively stretched out her hand to him; he had taken it, and still held it, covered by a fold of the waterproof, steadying her so. He was wet to the skin, but Ruth's double wraps had preserved her thus far from anything beyond the dampness.

"Are you cold?" he asked. Her hand was like ice.

"Not very," she replied, in a voice rendered nearly inaudible by a peal of thunder that shook the mountain. A ball of crimson fire hung for a second in the murky sky and then shot into the valley. The guide glanced at Lynde, as much as to say, "That struck."

They were rapidly leaving the wind above them; its decrease was noticeable as they neared the Caillet. The rain also had lost its first fury, and was falling steadily. Here and there bright green patches of the level plain showed themselves through the broken vapors. Ruth declined to halt at the Caillet; her aunt would be distracted about her, and it was better to take advantage of the slight lull in the storm, and push on. So they stopped at the hut only long enough for Lynde to procure a glass of cognac, a part of which he induced the girl to drink. Then they resumed their uncomfortable march.

When Lynde again looked at his companion he saw that her lips were purple, and her teeth set. She confessed this time to being very cold. The rain had at length penetrated the thick wrappings and thoroughly chilled her. Lynde was in despair, and began bitterly to reproach

himself for having undertaken the excursion without Mrs. Denham. Her presence could not have warded off the storm, but it would have rendered it possible for the party to postpone their descent until pleasant weather. Undoubtedly it had been his duty to leave Miss Ruth at the inn and return alone to Chamouny. He had not thought of that when the guide made his suggestion. There was now nothing to do but to hurry.

The last part of the descent was accomplished at a gait which offered the cautious mules no chance to pick their steps. Lynde's animal, left to its own devices, was following on behind, nibbling the freshened grass. But the road was not so rough, and the stretches protected by the trees were in good condition. In less than three quarters of an hour from the half-way hut, the party were at the foot of the mountain, where they found a close carriage which Mrs. Denham had thoughtfully sent to meet them. Benumbed with the cold and cramped by riding so long in one position, the girl was unable to stand when she was lifted from the saddle. Lynde carried her to the carriage and wrapped her in a heavy afghan that lay on the seat. They rode to the hotel without exchanging a word. Lynde was in too great trouble, and Ruth was too exhausted to speak. She leaned back with her eyes partially closed, and did not open them until the carriage stopped. Mrs. Denham stood at the hall door.

"Mr. Lynde! Mr. Lynde!" she said, taking the girl in her arms.

The tone of reproach in her voice cut him to the quick.

"He was in no way to blame, aunt," said Ruth, trying to bring a smile to her blanched face, "it was I who *would* go." She reached back her hand unperceived by Mrs. Denham and gave it to Lynde. He raised it gratefully to his lips, but as he relinquished it and turned away he experienced a sudden, inexplicable pang, — as if he had said farewell to her.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THE PROCESSION OF FLOWERS IN COLORADO.

I SUPPOSE the little black boys who hang on lamp-posts along the route of a grand city procession are not the best reporters of the parade. They do not know the names of the officials, and they would be likely to have very vague ideas as to the number of minutes it took the procession to pass any given point; but nobody in all the crowd will have a more vivid impression of the trappings of the show, of the colors and the shapes, and of the tunes the bands played. I am fitted for a chronicler of the procession of flowers in Colorado only as little black boys are for chroniclers of Fourth of July processions. Of the names of the dignitaries, and the times at which they reached particular places, I am sadly ignorant; but there is hardly a color or a shape I do not know by sight and by heart, and as for the music of delight which the bands play, its memory is so vivid with me that I think its rhythm would never cease to cheer me, if I were banished forever to Arctic snows.

The first Colorado flower I saw was the great blue wind-flower, or anemone. It was brought to me one morning, late in April, when snow was lying on the ground, and our strange spring-winter seemed to be coming on fiercely. The flower was only half open, and only half way out of a gray furry sheath some two inches long; it looked like a Maltese kitten's head, with sharp-pointed blue ears, — the daintiest, most wrapped-up little blossom. "A crocus out in chinchilla fur," I exclaimed.

"Not a crocus at all; an anemone," said they who knew.

It is very hard at first to believe that these anemones do not belong to the crocus family. They push up through the earth in clusters of conical, gray, hairy buds, and open cautiously, an inch or two from the ground, precisely as the crocuses do: but day by day, inches at a time, the stem pushes up, until you suddenly find, some day, in a spot where you left low clumps of what you will persist, for a time, in calling blue crocuses, great bunches of waving blue flowers on slender stems from six to twelve inches high, the blossoms grown larger and opened wider, till they look like small tulip cups, like the Italian anemones. A week or two later you find at the base of these clumps a beautiful fringing mat of leaves, resembling the buttercup leaf, but much more deeply and numerously slashed on the edges. These, too, grow, at last, away from the ground and wave in the air, and by the time they are well up many of the flowers have gone to seed, and on the top of each stem flutters a great ball of fine feathery seed plumes, of a green or claret color, almost as beautiful as the blossom itself. These anemones grow in great profusion on the foot-hills of the mountains to the west of Colorado Springs. They grow even along the roadsides, at Manitou. They have, apparently, caprices of fondness for certain localities, for you shall find one ridge blue with them, and another, near by, without a single flower.

About the same time as the anemone, or a little before, comes the low white daisy, harbinger of spring in Colorado, as is the epigæa in New England. This little blossom opens at first, like the anemone, close to the ground, and in thick-set mats, the stems so short, you can get the flower only by uprooting the whole mat. It has a central root like a turnip, from which all the mats radiate, sometimes a dozen from one root. Take five or six of these home, and fill a low dish with them, and the little brown blades of leaves will freshen and grow up like grass, and the daisies will peer up higher and higher, until the dish looks like a bit of a waving field of daisies.

Next after these comes the mountain hyacinth, popularly so called for no other reason than that its odor is like the odor of the hyacinth. It is in reality a lily. It is the most ethereal and delicate of all our wild flowers, and yet it springs up, like the commonest of weeds, in the commonest of places; even in the dusty edges of the streets, so close to the ruts that wheels crush it, it lifts its snowy chalice. On neglected opens, in pathways trodden every day, you may see these lilies by dozens, trampled down; and yet at first sight you would take them for rare and fragile exotics. The blossom is star-shaped, almost precisely like the white jessamine, and of such fine and transparent texture that it is almost impossible to press it; one, two, sometimes half a dozen flowers, rising only two or three inches high from the centre of a little bunch of slender green leaves, in shape like the blades of the old-fashioned garden pink, but of a bright green color. It is one of the purest-looking blossoms. To see it as we do, growing lavishly in highways, trodden under foot of man and beast, is a perpetual marvel which is never quite free from pain.

After these three forerunners comes a great outburst of flowering: yellow daisies of several varieties, yellow mustard, a fine feathery white flower, and vetches of all sizes, shapes, colors, more than you can count. And here I am not speaking of what happens in nooks and corners of the foot-hills, in fields, or byways, or places hard to come at. I am speaking of what happens in the streets of Colorado Springs, along all the edges of the sidewalks, in little spaces left at crossings, in unoccupied lots, in short, everywhere in the town where man and his houses have left room. It is not the usual commonplace of exaggeration, it is only the simplest and most graphic form of exact statement you can find, to say that by the middle of June the ground is a mosaic of color. The vetches are bewildering. There are sixteen varieties of vetch which grow in one small

piece of table-land between the Colorado Springs Hotel and the railroad station. They are white, with purple markings, all shades of purple, and all shades of red; some of them grow in spikes, standing erect; some in scrambling and running vines, with clusters of flowers: some with single blossoms, like the sweet-pea, and as varied in color. They all lie comparatively low, partly from the want of bushes and shrubs to climb on, partly because they are too wise to go very far away from their limited water supply in so dry a country; they must keep close to the ground or choke. That this is a bit of specific precaution on their part, and not a peculiarity of their varieties, is proved by the fact that all along the creeks, in the cotton-wood and willow copses, we find the same vetches growing up boldly, many feet into the air, just as they do in Italy, leaping from shrub to shrub, and catching hold on anything which comes to hand.

By the third week in June, we have added to these brilliant parterres of red, purple, white, and yellow in our streets the superb spikes of the blue pentstemon. This is a flower of which I despair to give any idea to one a stranger to it. The blossoms are shaped like the common foxglove blossom; they grow on the stems in single, double, or triple rows, as may be. I have seen stems so tight packed with blossoms that they could not stand erect, but bent over, like a bough too heavily loaded with fruit. Before the blue pentstemon opens, it is a delicate pink bud; when it first opens it is a clear bright blue, as blue as the sky; day by day its tints change, sometimes to a purplish-blue, sometimes back again towards its childhood's pink, so that out of a hundred spikes of blue pentstemon you shall see no two of precisely the same tint; when they are their deepest, most purple blue, they look like burnished steel; when they are at their palest pink, they are as delicate as a pink apple blossom. O New Englander, groping reverently among scattered sunny knolls and in moist wood depths for scanty handfuls of pale blossoms, what would you do at such a banquet as this, spread before you whenever you stepped outside your door, lying between you and the post-office, every day? For, let me repeat, these flowers of which I have spoken thus far are only the flowers which grow wild in our streets, and there are yet many that I have not mentioned: there is the dark blue spider-wort, which is everywhere; and there are several yellow flowers and one of pale pink and several of white, I recollect, whose names I do not know; neither do I know how to describe their shapes. I am as helpless as the little black boy on the Fourth of July; I can describe only the colors.

Leaving the streets of the town, and going southwest towards the foot-hills of Cheyenne Mountain, we come to a new and a daintier show. As soon as we strike the line of the little creek which we must follow up among the hills, we find copses of wild plum and wild roses in full bloom. The wild rose grows here in great thickets, as the black alder grows in New England swamps. The trees are above your head, and each bough is so full of roses it would seem an impossibility for it to hold one rose more. We bear wild roses home, by whole trees, and keep them in our rooms in great masses which will well-nigh fill a window. I have more than once tried to count the roses on such a sheaf in my window, and have given it up.

Along the banks of the brook are white daisies, and pink; vetches, and lupines, white, yellow, and purple. The yellow ones grow in superb spikes, one or two feet from the ground; and the white ones in great branching plants, six or seven from a single root. On the first slopes of the foot-hills begins the gilia. This is a flower hard to describe. Take a single flower of a verbena cluster; fancy the tubular part an inch or two long, and the flowers set at irregular intervals up and down the length of a slender stem; this is the best my ignorance can do to convey the idea of the shape of the gilia. And of the color all I can say is that the gilia is what the botanists call a sporting flower, and I believe there is no shade of red, from the bright-

est scarlet up through pale pinks, to white, which you may not see in one half acre where gilias grow. It is a dancing sort of flower, flutters on the stem, and the stem sways in the lightest wind; so that it always seems either coming towards you or running away.

There is a part of Cheyenne Mountain which I and one other have come to call "our garden." The possessive pronoun has no legal title behind it; it is an audacious assumption not backed by any squatter sovereignty, nor even by any contribution towards the cultivation of the soil; but ever since we found out the place, it has been mysteriously worked "on shares" for our benefit; and as long as we live we shall call it our garden. It lies five or six hundred feet above the town, four miles away, and has several plateaus of pine groves from which we look off into eastern distances back of the sunrise; it holds two or three grand ravines, each with a brook at bottom; it is walled to the west by the jagged and precipitous side of the mountain itself. The best part of our "procession of flowers" is always here.

Here on the plateaus, under the shade of the pines, are the anemone in stintless numbers, daisies, and kinnikinnick. In June the kinnikinnick vines are full of little pinkish-white bells, shaped like the winter-green bell, and as fragrant as the linnæa blossom. Here are three low-growing varieties of the wild rose, none more than two or three inches from the ground: one pure white, one white with irregular red markings, and one deep pink. The petals are about one third larger than those of the common wild rose.

Here are blue violets, and in moist spots the white violet with a purple and yellow centre. Here is the common red field lily of New England, looking inexplicably away from home among pentstemons and gilias, as a country belle might in court circles. Here is the purple clematis; a half-parasitic plant this seems to be, for you find it wound up and up to the very top of an oak or cherry bush, great lengths of its stem looking as dead as old drift-wood, but whorls of lovely fringing green leaves and purple cup-shaped blossoms bursting out at intervals, sometimes a foot apart. How sap reaches them through the cracked and split stems it is hard to see, but it does, for you can carry one home, trellis and all, set it in water, and the clematis will live as long as the oak bush will.

Here is the purple pentstemon, never but a single row of blossoms on its stem, and the scarlet pentstemon, most gorgeous of its family; this, too, has but a single row of flowers on its stem; they are small, of the brightest scarlet, and the shape is somewhat different from the other pentstemons, longer, slenderer, and more complicated; they look like fairy gondolas hung by their prows. I have seen the stems as high as my shoulder, and the scarlet gondolas swinging all the way down to within a foot of the ground.

Here are great masses of a delicate flowering shrub, a rubus, I think I have heard it called. Its flower is like a tiny single-petaled rose of a snow-white color; on first looking at the bush you would think it a wild white rose, till you observed the leaf, which is more like a currant leaf. Here also are bushes of the Missouri currant, with its golden-yellow blossoms, exhaustless in perfume, and a low shrub maple which has a tiny apple-green flower set in a scarlet sheath close at the base of each leaf, so small that half the world never discovers that the bush is in flower at all. Here are blue harebells, and Solomon's-seal both low and high; and here is the yellow cinquefoil. In the moist spots with the white violets grows the shooting-star, finer and daintier than the Italian cyclamen: its sharp-pointed petals of bright pink fold back like rosy ears; in its centre is a dark-brown circle round a sharp needle point of yellow. There are many more, but of all the rest I will speak only of one, the great yellow columbine. This grows in the ravines. The flower is like our garden columbine, but larger, and of an exquisite yellow, sometimes with white in the centre. It grows here in such luxuriant tufts and clumps that you will often find thirty and forty flower stems

springing up from one root. Of this plant I recollect the botanical name, which was told me only once, but I could no more forget it than, if I had once sat familiarly by a queen in her palace, I could forget the name of her kingdom. It is the golden columbine of New Mexico, the aquilegia chrysantha.

When we drive down from "our garden" there is seldom room for another flower in our carriage. The top thrown back is filled, the space in front of the driver is filled, and our laps and baskets are filled with the more delicate blossoms. We look as if we were on our way to the ceremonies of Decoration Day. So we are. All June days are Decoration Days in Colorado Springs, but it is the sacred joy of life that we decorate, not the sacred sadness of death. Going northwest from the town towards the *mesa* or table-land which lies in that direction between us and the foot-hills, we find still other blossoms, no less beautiful than those of which I have spoken: the wild morning-glory wreathes the willow bushes along the Fountain Creek which we must cross, and in the sandy spots between the bushes grow the wild heliotrope in masses, and the wild onion, whose delicate clustered umbels save for their odor would be priceless in bouquets. Yellow lupine, red gilias, wild roses, and white spiræas are here also; and waving by the roadsides, careless and common as burdocks in New England, grows the superb mentzelia. This is a regal plant; the leaves are of a bluish-green, long, jagged, shining, like the leaves of the great thistles which so adorn the Roman Campagna; the plant grows some two feet or two and a half feet high, and branches freely; each branch bears one or more blossoms; a white, many-pointed starry disk, in its centre a wide falling tuft of fine silky stamens. Here also we find a large white poppy whose leaves much resemble the leaves of the mentzelia; and in the open stretches beyond the creek, the ground is white and pink every afternoon with the blossoms of four-o'clocks. There must be several varieties of these, for some are large and some are small, and they have a wide range of color, white, pinkish-white, and clear pink. Higher up, on the top of the mesa, we come to great levels which are dotted with brilliant points of fiery scarlet everywhere; the first time one sees a scarlet "painter's brush" (castilleia) a few rods ahead of him in the grass is a moment he never forgets; it looks like a huge dropped jewel or a feather fallen from the plumage of some gorgeous bird. There are two colors of the castilleia here: one, of an orange shade of scarlet; and the other of the brightest cherry red. But, beautiful as is the castilleia, it is not the mesa's crowning glory: vivid as is its color, the pale creamy tints of the yucca blossoms eclipse it in splendor. This also is a thing a lover of flowers will never forget, — the first time he saw yuccas by the hundred in full flower out-of-doors. It grows in such abundance on this mesa that in winter the solid green of its leaves gives a tone of color to whole acres. Spanish bayonet is its common name here, and not an inappropriate one, for the long, blade-like leaves are stiff and pointed as rapiers. They grow in bristling bunches directly from the root; the outer ones spread wide, and sometimes lie on the ground; from the centre of this "chevaux de frise" rise the flower spikes, usually only one, sometimes two or three, from one to two and a half feet high, set thick with creamy white cups which look more like a magnolia flower than like anything else. I counted once seventy-two on a spike about two feet long. Profusely as the yucca grows on this mesa, we do not get so many of them as we would like, for the cows are fond of them and eat the blossoms as fast as they come out. What a picture it is, to be sure, — a vagrant cow rambling along mile after mile, munching the tops of spikes of yucca blossoms. There ought to be something transcendent in the quality of her milk after such a day as that.

Beside the castilleia and the yucca, there grow on this mesa many of the vetches, especially a large white variety, which I have a misgiving that I ought to call astragalus, and not vetch.

The mesa slopes away to the east and

to the west; it is really a sort of causeway or flattened ridge; on its sides are innumerable small nooks and hollows which, catching and holding a little more moisture than the surface above, are full of oak bushes, little green oases on the bare slopes; in these grow several flowering shrubs, spiræas, and others whose names I know not.

Crossing the mesa and entering the foot-hills again, we come to little brook-fed glens and parks where grow all the flowers I have mentioned; yes, and more, for, I bethink me, I have not yet spoken of the white clematis, — virgin's bower, as it is called in New England. This runs riot along every brook-course in the region, — this and the wild hop, the white feathery clusters of the one and the swinging green tassels of the other twisting and intertwisting, and knitting everything into a tangle; and the blue iris, also, in great spaces in moist meadows, and the dainty nodding bells of the wild flax a little farther up on the hills, and the yellow lady's slipper, and the coreopsis, and the mertensia, which has drooping spikes of small blue bells that are pink on the outside when they are folded up. And I believe that there are yet others which I do not recollect, besides some which I remember too vaguely to describe, having seen them perhaps only once from a car window, as I saw a gorgeous plant on the Arkansas meadows, one day. It was a great sheaf of waving feathery spikes of yellow. It is true that a railroad train waited for me while I had this plant taken up and brought on board; I nursed it carefully with water and shade all the way from Pueblo to Colorado Springs, but it was dead when I reached home, and nobody could tell me its name. Afterwards a botanist told me that it must have been stanleya pinnatifida, but I liked my name for it better, — golden prince's feather.

If it were possible ever to weary of the flora in the vicinity of Colorado Springs, and to long for some new flowers, one need but go a few hours farther south to Canyon City, and he will strike an almost tropical flora. Here grow twelve different varieties of cactus either in the town itself or on the slopes of the hills around it; some of these varieties are very rare; all bear brilliant blossoms, yellow, scarlet, and bright purple. Here grow all the flowers which we have at Colorado Springs, with many others added. A short extract from a paper written by an enthusiastic Canyon City botanist will give to botanists a better idea of the flora of Colorado than they could get from volumes of my rambling enthusiasm.

"There is no pleasanter botanical trip in the vicinity of Canyon City than a walk beyond the bath-rooms of the hot springs to the gate of the mountains, up the canyon of the Arkansas, and to the top of the Grand Canyon, a distance of about four miles. The grandeur of the far mountain summits covered with eternal snow, the perpendicular cliffs over one thousand feet high, the great river boiling and dashing along its rocky channel, are sources of excitement nowhere else combined; but to any one interested in flowers, their beauty, their abundance, and the rare species that meet you at every step make the trip wonderfully interesting. Here among the rocks are the most northern known stations of the ferns pellæa wrightiana and cheilanthes eatoni, and on the walls of the Grand Canyon, more than a thousand feet above the river, grows the very rare asplenium septentrionale, which the wild bighorn or mountain sheep seem to appreciate so much that it is difficult to find a specimen not bitten by them. The syringa (philadelphus microphyllus) is growing wherever it can find a foot-hold, and here and there is a bunch of the rare western Emory's oak, that, like several other plants, seems to have wandered in from the half-explored region of the great Colorado River of Arizona. The lateral canyons are full of fallugia paradoxa, with its white flowers and plumed fruit, and where little streams of water come dashing over the rocks and losing themselves in mist, the golden columbine of New Mexico, aquilegia chrysantha, grows to perfection. The scarlet pentstemon, blue pentstemon, the brilliant gilia aggregata, spiræas, castilleias, and hosts of

less showy but equally interesting plants occupy every available piece of soil. The beauty of the flora is as indescribable as the grandeur of the scenery.

"The abundance of the four-o'clock family is noticeable. All of the nyctaginaceæ of Colorado are found about Canyon City, and some of them as yet only in this part of the Territory. Most of them are very interesting, and their beauty forms a very prominent feature of our flora in June and July. Abronia fragrans whitens whole acres of land, and the large, conspicuous flowers of mirabilis multiflora are seen all over the town; opening their flowers late in the afternoon in company with the vespertine mentzelias, they are fresh and bright during the most pleasant part of the summer day. The Soda Spring Ledge, from which boils the cold mineral water, is a locality rich in rare plants. Here grow thamnosma texana, abutilon parvulum, allionia incarnata, tricuspis acuminata, mirabilis oxybaphoides, etc.

"The common flowers of Colorado are very abundant around Canyon City and in its vicinity. The monarda grows upon the mesas; exquisite pentstemons adorn the brooks; rosa blanda and the more beautiful rosa arkansana are found on the banks of the Arkansas; eriogonum and astragalus are numerous in species and numberless in specimens; the grass fields of Wet Mountain Valley are full of clovers and cypripedium, iris and lilies; the botanist wandering through the canyons of the Sangre di Cristo range tramples down whole fields of white and blue larkspur and delicate mertensia. The summits are covered with woolly-headed thistles, phlox, senecios, forget-me-nots, saxifraga, and the numberless beauties of the Alpine flora. And besides all this, perhaps no locality in the world affords better opportunities to the collector to fill his herbarium with beautiful and rare specimens easily and rapidly. The wealth of foliage found in moister climates does not obstruct the view and hide the more modest flowers, while the perpendicular range of nearly two thousand feet through which he may pass on his botanical rambles carries him from a climate as genial as that of Charleston to one as thoroughly boreal as that of the glaciers of Greenland."

Not the least of the delights of living in such a flower garden as Colorado in June and July is the delight of seeing the delight which little children take in the flowers. Whenever in winter I try to recall the face of our June, I think I recall the blossoms oftenest as they look in the hands of the school children. Morning, noon, and evening you see troops of children going to and fro, all carrying flowers; the babies on doorsteps are playing with them; and late in the afternoon, as you drive through the streets, you see many a little sand-heap in which are stuck wilted bunches of flowers, that have meant a play garden all day long to some baby who has gone to sleep now, only to wake up the next morning and pick more flowers to make another garden. And among all the sweet sayings which I have heard from the mouths of children, one of the very sweetest was that of a little girl not six years old, who has never known any summer less lavish than Colorado's. As soon as the flowers come she is impatient of every hour she is obliged to spend indoors. At earliest dawn she clamors to be taken up and dressed, exclaiming, "I must get up early, there is so much to do to-day; there are so many flowers to be picked." Coming in one day with her hands full of flowers which had grown near the house, she gave them one by one to her mother, gravely calling them by their names as she laid them in her mother's hand. Of the last one, a tiny blue flower, she did not know the name. Looking at it earnestly for a moment or two, she said hesitatingly, as she placed it with the rest, "And this one — this — is a kiss from the good God. He sends them so."

H. H.

IN MEMORIAM.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.

FAREWELL, dear friend! For us the grief and pain,
Who shall not see thy living face again;
For us the sad yet noble memories
Of lofty thoughts, of upward-looking eyes,
Of warm affections, of a spirit bright
With glancing fancies and a radiant light,
That, flashing, threw around all common things
Heroic haloes and imaginings:
Nothing of this can fade while life shall last,
But brighten, with death's shadow o'er it cast.

For us the pain: for thee the larger life,
The higher being, freed from earthly strife:
Death hath but opened unto thee the door
Thy spirit knocked so strongly at before;
And as a falcon from its cage set free,
Where it has pined and fluttered helplessly,
Longing to soar, and gazing at the sky
Where its strong wings their utmost flight may try,
So has thy soul, from out life's broken bars,
Sprung in a moment up beyond the stars,
Where all thy powers unfettered, unconfined,
Their native way in loftier regions find.

Ah, better thus, in one swift moment freed,
Than wounded, stricken, here to drag and bleed!
This was the fate we feared, but happy Death
Has swept thee from us as a sudden breath
Wrings the ripe fruit from off the shaken bough, —
And ours the sorrow, thine the glory now!

How memory goes back and lingering dwells
On the lost past, and its fond story tells!
When glad ambition fired thy radiant face,
And youth was thine, and hope, and manly grace,
And Life stood panting to begin its race:
Thine eyes their summer lightning flashing out,
Thy brow with dark locks clustering thick about,
Thy sudden laugh from lips so sensitive,
Thy proud, quick gestures, all thy face alive, —
These like a vision of the morning rise
And brightly pass before my dreaming eyes.

And then again I see thee, when the breath
Of the great world's applause first stirred the wreath

That Fame upon thy head ungrudging placed:
Modest and earnest, all thy spirit braced
To noble ends, and with a half excess
As of one running in great eagerness,
And leaning forward out beyond the poise
Of coward prudence, holding but as toys
The world's great favors, when it sought to stay
Thy impulsive spirit on its ardent way.

For thee no swerving to a private end;
Stern in thy faith, that naught could break or bend,
Loving thy country, pledged to Freedom's cause,
Disdaining wrong, abhorrent of the laws
Expedience prompted with the tyrant's plea,
Wielding thy sword for Justice fearlessly, —
So brave, so true, that nothing could deter,
Nor friend, nor foe, thy ready blow for her.

Ah, noble spirit, whither hast thou fled?
What doest thou amid the unnumbered dead?
Oh, say not 'mid the dead, for what hast thou
Among the dead to do? No! rather now,
If Faith and Hope are not a wild deceit,
The truly living thou hast gone to meet,
The noble spirits purged by death, whose eye
O'erpeers the brief bounds of mortality;
And they behold thee rising there afar,
Serenely clear above Time's cloudy bar,
And greet thee as we greet a rising star.

W. W. Story.

A NIGHT IN ST. PETER'S.

A CARNIVAL afternoon in St. Peter's, when I had the church all to myself, so far as not having to share it with any save the proper haunters and denizens thereof, inspired me with a bolder conception, that of having the mighty basilica absolutely and altogether my own for a while! This was not a difficult matter to accomplish. It was but to determine to "make a night of it," to borrow a phrase from the jolly-dog vocabulary, which its proper owners would be rather surprised to meet with in its present connection. It was only needed to decide, as I say, upon passing the night in the place, and the object was attained. To elude the observation of the vergers — or those, by whatsoever other name they may call themselves, who make a perfunctory perlustration of the building before closing the doors at night-fall — is the easiest thing in the world. It would be very far from an easy thing really to assure one's self that no living soul remained in the whole place, the facilities for concealment are so many, the space so vast, and so complete the impossibility of bringing the different

parts of it under the observation of the eye at the same time.

No; *that* was not the difficult part of the matter. The difficulty was to make up one's own mind to the feat. My notion is that a man ought not to venture on printing a capital "I" unless he has made up his mind to be candid; and — candidly — I was very much afraid of the adventure I proposed to myself. What was I afraid of? Ay, that was just the rub! What *was* I afraid of? I certainly was not afraid of being discovered by the verger, and by him ignominiously handed over to the "secular arm" for punishment, or perhaps being excommunicated and cursed "with bell, book, and candle" by the "spiritual arm" acting in its own behoof. I certainly was not afraid that any sort of evil or harm would, might, or could happen to my person or its belongings from the hand of any human being. It was quite certain that in no spot of all Rome could one pass the night in such absolute immunity from any such danger as within the walls of St. Peter's. Did I believe that the spiritual arm would take the matter so immediately into its own hand as to punish the heretic intruder by some terrible buffet, inflicted after the fashion of that described in Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel, or that perhaps a colossal Pope might stretch out, as the clock struck the witching hour of the night, a huge stone hand and arm, like those of the Commendatore in Don Giovanni, and thus wreak the vengeance of the church upon me? I cannot say that I had any decided belief that any such event was at all likely to happen; and yet these latter suppositions more nearly "harped my fear aright" than any others. In fact, I was afraid of the tricks my own imagination might play me. I knew that if it was once suffered to get the bit between its teeth, there was no saying what a night's dance it might not lead me. Yes, I confess I was afraid of those gigantic marble men who would share my vigil with me. The mosaic-work pictures, for some reason, gave me no alarm. There did not seem to be any greater probability of *their* moving or playing tricks by night than by day. But with that terrible population in bronze and marble the case appeared to be otherwise. Yes, honestly, I was afraid, and not a little afraid. Nevertheless, when the idea had once presented itself to my mind, the temptation to put it into execution was strong, and I determined to attempt the enterprise. It was far on in the spring, and I had nothing to fear from cold during the night's vigil I proposed to myself. Not, indeed, that there would be much to fear in that respect at any time of the year, for one of the remarkable specialties of the huge church is the singular equability of its temperature at all seasons. It is never much too cold or too hot in St. Peter's. It is too much a world by itself to take great heed of the alternations of the seasons that are going on on the outside of its enormously thick walls.

So the plan was conceived, and so it was executed, some five and thirty years ago, when Gregory XVI. was Pope, before the suicidal idea of a Vatican Council had been thought of, and before the snow had fallen on my beard; . . . also before that singular event, which happened a few years afterwards, the robbery of the jeweled head of St. Andrew from the church; which, when it did happen, caused me to reflect that had I been found lurking so unwarrantably in the church at undue hours, it was possible that I might have been supposed to be actuated by some more generally intelligible motive than a desire to pass an evening in the very select society to be found there.

I had taken care to have a pair of shoes on which rendered my footfall as noiseless as that of a cat; and sauntering down towards the western door, as the light was fading and the last straggling devotees seemed to be leaving the church, I placed myself in a dark corner of one of the colossal pilasters, and watched till the door should be shut, — not without some little palpitation of the heart, I confess. It seemed to me that I waited an interminable time, and I began to think that possibly the doors were left open all night. But at last an old sacristan, ac-

companied by a boy, wandered down the nave very slowly, and went first to the door at the end of the north side aisle, whereas I had posted myself near to that on the southern side of the west front. I heard a grating sound and a dull bang that wakened very little echo. The echoes in this vast building seem to live all too far off to be easily disturbed. And then the old man and his boy lounged across and performed the same operation on my side. A score or a couple of scores of people might have remained in the church as easily as a single individual, for aught that the old sacristan did to prevent them. The depth of shadow was so profound, the jutting corners and receding nooks were so many and so dark, the distances so great, as to have made it the easiest thing in the world to have dodged round the huge pier unperceived, if the sacristan had made any demonstration of coming in that direction. But he did nothing of the sort. As soon as he had closed the doors, he wandered back towards the eastern end of the church, and when he came near the great fald-stool, which stands in the centre of the nave, he turned towards the northern side. Then, cautiously advancing from one pier to another, I contrived to keep him in view till I saw him pass through the small door under the monument to Pius VII., in the northern transept, which leads to the sacristy. I thought that he did not close that door behind him; and possibly enough he or some other official may have been in the sacristy all night. But that apartment is at a considerable distance from the body of the church, being separated from it by a long corridor, — a distance quite sufficient to prevent any save a very great noise in the church from being heard there.

So here I was in the full enjoyment of having St. Peter's absolutely and entirely all to myself. All to myself! At any rate, I and a pretty considerable party of Popes, saints, and martyrs had it to ourselves amongst us. It was Leo XII. who had been looking down on me in my hiding-place, while I watched the old sacristan shutting the doors; Leo XII., an easy-going sort of Pope, and not far enough off from our own days to have much of romantic or mysterious interest attached to him. I was not afraid of *him!* Besides, he does not look awful, at all, but rather lumpy and sleepy as he sits up on his tomb there, much as he looked, I fancy, when sitting on a softer seat, before he "passed over to the majority." Christina, whilom queen of Sweden, lay in her carved marble sarcophagus, just over my head. And though her majesty might well be suspected of being fantastic enough to be up to any frisky doings during the small hours, there is not enough of the awful connected with her memory to render *her*, either, a very dread-inspiring neighbor. Besides, she and I and Leo XII. were all in a snug corner there by ourselves. I felt the solid marble behind me, as I stood, and was open to no surprises from the rear. It was the being out in the open space that was the awful thing, with your shoulders and blade-bones exposed to any mean advantage a ghost might be disposed to take of you behind your back. It seems to me that no part of one's organism is so sensitive to supernatural terrors as one's blade-bones. One feels a constant necessity of looking over one's shoulder to see that no awful presence is creeping upon one from behind.

In fact, I did not venture out into the vast empty spaces for a while, but remained, after I had watched the sacristan into his sacristy, near the great western door, gazing in a sort of dreamy reverie right up the nave to where the lamps around the shrine of St. Peter were burning brightly, — burning always, by night as well as by day. The twinkling and pulsing of the circular mass of light made it seem as if it were a living thing, the only thing that *moved* in all that world of stone. I waited there at the western door thus looking at the light in the far distance for a long time, I know not how long. I knew that I had many hours before me, and felt in no hurry to commence my wanderings over the great spaces that surely must be spirit-haunted if ever spot on earth were so.

There was a strange, weird sort of

light in the church, and more of it than I should have expected. It was a perfectly clear night and the moon was at the full; and an abundant white flood of her pale beams streamed through the plain glass panes of the ugly rectangular windows high up aloft, — ugly enough to be an unfailing eye-sore in the day-time, but well adapted for the admission of all the light the heavens could give. I have seen many a glorious Gothic church on the northern side of the Alps darker at midday than this Roman building under a Roman sky was by the moonlight. Yet the light came from so far above and from so many windows that the effect was not that of the usual strongly marked white stripes of moonlight distinctly contrasting with black masses of shadow, though there were plenty of such in the remoter corners of the church, but rather that of a generally diffused, strange, unlife-like luminousness, the pale, dim ghost of a dead day rather than live moonlight. At last I determined to start on my long journey towards the pulsing lamps that looked so far — oh, so very far — away from me.

I do not expect anybody to believe in the exceeding awfulness of that walk up the seemingly interminable nave, amid the terrible weight of the silence that environed me; but let any reader make trial of the same experience, and he will, I am very sure, understand what I mean by the *awfulness* of it. And the vastness of the deadly silent spaces seemed to become more and more oppressive the farther I got out into the middle of the empty nave. Pausing every now and then to turn shrinkingly round and peer into the obscure shadows under the great arches on all sides, I got at last to the faldstool in the middle of the church. By that time the mass of light around the shrine of St. Peter had resolved itself into its component parts of individual lamps, each flickering and pulsing and being sociable with its neighbor, and wholly refusing to take any cognizance of the flesh-and-blood intruder who was spying on their hour of privacy.

I hardly know what motive induced me to kneel, as I did, at the great central faldstool, exactly in the middle of it. It certainly was done with no idea of prayer in my mind. I think I was actuated by a dreamy sort of notion of acting my part in the play; of taking possession of the marble world of which I was, for the nonce, sole lord; of fancying how one of the real masters of the place, one of the Popes of the day when Popes were mighty, might have felt and acted. One! Ay, but which of the two hundred and sixty-two successors of St. Peter?

What a procession of figures, trooping with their triple crowns and trailing long garments of priestly magnificence across the wondrous stage of the ages, does the thought picture to the eye of the mind! Two hundred and sixty-three, from St. Peter, so ready to draw the sword, to the feeble old man still busy there in the Vatican with the long, never-accomplished, never-abandoned fight for the subjection of man — his mind, his body, his thought, his goods — to the power of the priesthood! In this, and in this alone, all the individuals of that far-stretching line have been alike consistent, persistent, unchanging. Their vaunted *semper et ubique* is at least so far true. Always in every age, universally in every clime, this object, the subjection of mankind, has been unceasingly pursued by this wondrous line of crowned priests: virtuously, and wickedly; with thoughts of the loftiest transcendental spiritualism, and with schemes of the lowest mundane cunning; by the means of asceticism and prayer, and by the unflinching ruthlessness of persecution; by noble appeals to all that is highest in human nature, and by corruptest connivance with and use of all that is basest in it; by skillful manipulation of the passions of the multitudes, and by crafty molding of the minds of kings; by awakening human hopes and ambitions, and by playing on human fears; by truth, and by falsehood; by humility, and by arrogance; by brazen-tongued assertion at one time, and by veiled reticences at another.

The power of the keys! Only think what it means! Think what the meaning of those keys in the hand of that grim

old bronze idol who sits there a few yards from the spot where I am kneeling, and does duty for St. Peter, is to the minds of the simpletons who daily crowd to place their foreheads beneath his outstretched foot!

I rose from the faldstool, as the thought passed through my mind, and approached the stiff, stolidly sitting figure on its high pedestal. Artistic merit it has none, unless that peculiar expression of immense and changeless perdurance which this figure possesses in common with the well-known sitting statues of Egyptian idols be attributed as a merit to the artist. Then, standing with my back to the pedestal, and looking along the nave garrisoned by its colossal figures of saints and martyrs in their niches on either side, I gave the rein to my imagination, and pictured to myself this wondrous line of pontiffs passing up from the great western doors towards the dusky shadows at the eastern end of the church in long, silent procession.

Of the first thirty in the line, occupying the first three centuries and nine years more, all save two are recorded by the church to have died a martyr's death. They are still had in remembrance as mere names, and very shadowy names. Strange names, too, most of them! Not the well-known papal names with which we are all so familiar. There is a Clement I., a Sixtus I. and II., an Alexander I., a Pius I., and an Urban I., but all the rest are strange, unfamiliar names; dim figures, of whom little can be known or guessed, save that in those semi-barbarous and mostly fierce features the arrogant pride of the churchman may be traced, — the churchman who, though he was ready to die a martyr to his belief in his creed, was equally ready to make any dissident from it a martyr to his unbelief!

A hundred and sixty-one little known though all tiara-wearing ghosts have passed before there approaches one well known through every succeeding age, *servus servorum Dei*, but holding his proud head superbly aloft, while the intensest arrogance flashes from his eye and his every step is planted on the stones as if it trod the necks of prostrate princes: Hildebrand, Pope Gregory VII. There is no mistaking him! One hundred and seventy-fourth in the line came Adrian IV. the English Pope, peasant born and convent bred, who denied to Frederick Barbarossa the kiss of peace and the imperial crown, because the emperor refused (though he had kissed his foot) to perform the menial office of stirrup-holder for him, — denied, nor would abate one jot of his pretension till the proud emperor had bent his pride to the prouder Pope! One hundred and eighty-first in the mitred line there came a majestic figure, Innocent III., the great reformer and high-handed controller of princes. His conception of the nature of a papacy and of the duties and privileges of the Pope was a grand and noble one. He was a man better fitted to rule men than any other existing at that time on earth. And to be ruled by him was good, but woe to the human being, or king or bishop, peer or peasant, who opposed him!

Then with the two hundredth in the line, after a long alternation of Gregorys, Urbans, Innocents, and Alexanders, came the first of a band of seven, all Frenchmen, the Popes of the time of "the Babylonian captivity," semi-barbarian barons who carried away the Holy See to Avignon. It was easy, methought, to note the breach in the line caused by the appearance of these stranger Popes! With all the diversity visible among the individuals of the other parts of the procession, there was common to almost all of them a certain grace of carriage and majesty of demeanor. But these French Popes had nothing of the sort. They seemed to be strangers to the place, and walked with a self-conscious, aggressive, theatrical strut, that strove to compensate for the total absence of personal dignity. With the two hundred and seventh, Urban VI., the line resumed its previous Italian character, and more Innocents and Gregorys followed. Most of them were buried here, or rather in the old church which occupied this storied ground before Nicholas V., at the beginning of the second half of the fifteenth

century, began the work of erecting the present fabric, which the menacing condition of the ancient basilica of Constantine, then in the eleventh century of its existence, rendered necessary. Most of them were buried in this their cathedral church; but in comparatively few cases were their mortal remains allowed to rest where they were at first placed. In most instances they were removed, after a longer or shorter interval, to other churches within the city. Nicholas was buried here, but the progress of the works he had himself commenced soon turned him out of his grave; and it seems rather hard that he is not one of the Popes who have been honored by a monument in St. Peter's.

Indeed, the blindest hap-hazard seems to have decided which individuals of the long line of pontiffs should be thus commemorated. The remains of several of them still rest in the crypt, or "grotte" of St. Peter's as they are usually called; and to some few of these there are monuments in those subterranean vaults. But putting these aside, the pontiffs who have monuments in St. Peter's are only twenty in number; and it cannot be said that they are in any point of view the greatest, or best, or most celebrated of the line. They are not even those whose pontificates were long ones.

Next to Nicholas V. walked the Spaniard, Calixtus III., who bore a name marked, perhaps, by more widely notorious infamy than that of any other on the roll of history: the *Borgia*, whose nepotism was responsible for eternally disgracing the papacy by the promotion of his nephew Roderick to the cardinalate, who afterwards became Pope, under the name of Alexander VI., by means of the purchased votes of a college of cardinals which must have been utterly and shamelessly corrupt. Between the Spanish uncle and nephew there come four Popes: Pius II., Paul II., Sixtus IV., and Innocent VIII. Of these the two last are the earliest of the series who have monuments in the existing church of St. Peter. Sixtus IV., one of the first of the pontiffs who carried the audacious and scandalous nepotism which has filled Rome with the palaces and names we now see there to a pitch of cynical church-pillage surpassing even that of his predecessor Calixtus, is the earliest Pope of the twenty whose monuments adorn the great basilica, and his tomb, in an artistic point, is perhaps the best in the whole church. It belongs to a period when the art of the architect and the sculptor had not yet prostituted themselves to mere flattery of the vulgar vanity and ostentation of the great, and it is the work of artists who belonged to a community not thus corrupted till a somewhat later age. This monument to Sixtus IV., which is also that of his nephew, Julius II., the warrior Pope, differs wholly in conception from every other in the church, and quite as markedly in style of art from every other except one, that of Innocent VIII., the next in succession of time, which is the work of the same great artist, the Florentine Antonio Pollajuolo. Both these monuments are of bronze; but that of Sixtus and his nephew is a low but very large altar tomb, standing isolated on the floor of the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament; while that of Innocent VIII. is, singularly enough, composed of two bronze figures of the Pope, very nearly identical, of which one is recumbent on an urn, while the other is seated, with a lance in his hand, in memory of the "Sacred Lance" — that is, the lance that pierced our Saviour's side on the cross — which was given to Innocent by Bajazet II. This repetition of the figure to be commemorated, one representation being that of the living man, and one that of the same man dead, is, as far as my recollection serves, unique. There is nothing very grand about the work, but it is at least free from the offensively bumptious glorification which marks so many of the series, and from the exceeding lumpishness which is the main characteristic of some of the more recent ones. The altar tomb of the Della Rovere uncle and nephew, Sixtus IV. and Julius II., is in truth a very fine work, simple and noble in conception, and very exquisite in skillful execution.

After Innocent VIII. there comes the

portentous Borgia, Alexander VI.! Methought that the neighboring Popes in the ghostly procession along the aisle shrank from the man who had so indelibly and irretrievably disgraced their church and the dogmas of it. Irretrievably! Because it is to be remembered that this miserable, crapulous old man, branded with crime and stained by vices, was as personally infallible as any one of his predecessors or successors. Pius IX. cannot have *caused* to be true that which he has declared to be true. If it is true now that the pontiff is infallible, it cannot have begun to be true when Pius IX. so declared it. It must have been equally true before; and the wretched Borgia must have been as infallible as any of the line! But the infallibility is predicated only of the Pope's declarations of moral and religious truth. Be it so! Alexander VI.'s declarations and definitions of moral truth! Only those who have explored the darker recesses of ecclesiastical history can form any notion of what this "vicegerent of God upon earth" really was. He had committed again and again, while on the papal throne, crimes of the most detestable kind, such as consign felons who are not God's vicegerents upon earth to death on the gallows; and he was steeped to the eyes in vices to which no decent page can more than distantly allude. He died at last by poison, from having had served to him, by a servant's mistake, wine which had been drugged by his directions for the purpose of poisoning several cardinals invited to share his hospitality, the motive of the crime being to obtain the opportunity of making more cardinals and pocketing the price to be paid for their promotion! This felon Pope was duly buried in St. Peter's, in the tomb of his uncle, Calixtus III., but both were subsequently turned out, and found a definitive resting place in the Aragonese church of our Lady of Montserrat.

Julius II. there is no mistaking, as he marches on with martial stride, evidently finding his long pontifical mantle much in his way. He wears even the triregno with an air of *crânerie*, which tells plainly enough that casque and mail would be more congenial wear for him than priestly trappings.

He is followed by a man as great a contrast to him as one Pope can well offer to another, both being as little fitted to be priests — let alone Popes — as any mortal could well be. Thanks to Raffael's limning, there is no mistaking him either, — the fat, sensual-faced, heavy-jowled, thick-lipped Leo X., the jovial *bon-vivant*, whose words, when his election was made known to him, were, "Then, since God has given us the papacy, let us enjoy it!" which after his own fashion he proceeded to do, the *dilettante*, cultured, pagan-minded Medici! It was a cardinal friend of his who wrote to a literary bishop (one of the group of scholars who made that age famous) begging him for the love of heaven not to dream of reading the Vulgate Bible; for that, as sure as fate, if he did, the detestable latinity would spoil his Ciceronian style! And the anecdote is thoroughly illustrative of the spirit and complexion of the times in Italy among the hierarchy of the church under Leo X.

The next is a contrast to his predecessor again. As the jovial Medici rolls onward, with a twinkle in his eye, he is followed by a humble, meek-eyed, ascetic-looking figure, who moves wearily beneath the great pontifical mantle, evidently finding it much too heavy for him. This is poor Adrian IV., the Flemish professor, to whom Rome and its pagan papacy was so strange, while he, with his one crown a day for daily expenses was so very strange and unsatisfactory to it! Poor Flemish Adrian, with his notions of priestly duty, in Leo X.'s Rome! Less than two years of it was enough for him, and a great deal too much for the purple princes of the church, who have never since his day tried the experiment of electing a non-Italian Pope.

Then we get back to a Medici again, — Clement VII.; and again we know the handsome, bad — thoroughly bad — face well, Raffael having immortalized it also. A different man, this, from the

other Medici, and probably a worse, though more of a decent Pope. Cruel, hypocritical, sly, faithless, and only in secret debauched, he has vices of a more ecclesiastical character than those of the first Medici Pope. He gathers up his long train cautiously as he walks in the line, allowing his footsteps to make no sound, glancing from under handsome brows to right and left, and tacking as he goes, to avoid the long trailing train of the orthodox ecclesiastical vestments of his predecessor in the procession.

Next to him comes one of the most remarkable — at least remarkable-*looking* — men in the whole line, Paul III., the Farnese, the handsome, majestic, venerable-looking old man, to all outward seeming the very ideal model of a Pope, decent in life, with a very good notion, too, of the duties of a sovereign. Nobody ever heard of the Farnesi before him; but the world will never cease hearing of them any more now, since that masterful old man used the whole power of the papacy for the placing of his family among the princes of the earth. Truly a superb old man, admirably got up for his part! But God's vicar upon earth! At all events he confined his views and thoughts very strictly to the limits of his vicariate!

He is the fourth of the twenty who have monuments in the church as it stands at the present day; and that which has been erected to him is, as becomes him, one of the most remarkable in the building, and occupies one of the most prominent sites in it, — on the right hand of the altar at the east end of the church, thus commanding the whole of the great nave. The monument is by Guglielmo della Porta, and consists of a very majestic colossal figure of the Pope, in bronze, sitting on an urn, with two not badly-conceived female figures in reclining attitudes beneath. One, under the character of Prudence, represents Giovanella Caetani, the mother of the pontiff; and the other, a figure of great beauty, under the name of Justice, immortalizes the celebrated loveliness of his daughter, Costanza Farnese. Justice was nude; and in those highly artistic-minded and very little ecclesiastically-minded days, nobody dreamed of objecting to this; but in later days, when the spirit of the times had become changed, it was found that this undraped figure was "not congruous with the sanctity of the place," and Bernini received and executed an order to drape — and artistically destroy — the statue by a superimposed drapery of bronze painted, as near as possible, stone-color.

Paul III. may be considered as marking a turning-point in the spirit of the times, and, consequently, of the church. If not the last Pope who made the foundation of a princely family the main object of his papacy, he was the last who aimed at using his power for the establishment of his kin in the position of sovereigns. The history of the church, especially since the commencement of the fifteenth century, may be divided off into periods, notably under the influence of different tendencies. But the differences have always been at bottom dependent on the one great difference between a church triumphant and a church militant, between a church in prosperity and a church in adversity, between a church feeling itself safe and a church in danger. To the old cynical proverb which places spaniels, wives, and walnut-trees in the same category, as objects always improved by castigation, a church may unquestionably be added: "the more you beat it, the better it will be!" After Paul III. the church began to be "beaten," and a marked improvement was the result. Sixtus, the ambitious and greedy monk; Alexander, the infamous, crime-stained Borgia; Julius, the mailed man of violence, masquerading in priestly vestments; Leo, the pagan-minded voluptuary; Clement, the shuffling, faithless, trimming politician; and Paul, the carver of principalities from out of the patrimony of the church, had sown the whirlwind, and their successors had to reap the storm. And accordingly they were better, or at least more popely Popes.

There walks, two hundred and thirty-first of the line, the tall, slender figure

of Paul IV., the Neapolitan Caraffa, every inch a priest, every inch a Pope, and every inch a bigot. Who can doubt it to look at the man, and the gait and carriage of him! Upright as a lance, and with his fast-extenuated body not upheld by bodily strength but sustained by intensity of will and boundless pride of place; with deep-set fiery eye, looking not so much upwards as anxiously, eagerly, pressingly forwards; with hollow cheeks, the evidence of his macerations, he walks with firm and haughty step, a man merciless to himself and to all others "for the glory of God," a Christian priest with the principles and passions and methods of a fanatic follower of the prophet striding over infidel hosts with the sword in one hand and the Koran in the other.

The stout large man with florid face and light-blue eye who follows him is Pius IV., a Medici, not of the Florentine stock, but belonging to a Milanese family, very distantly, if at all, connected with it. A decent Pope, who thought a good deal more of this world than of the next, and of his city of Rome than of the universal church, he looks around him, as he walks, with lively interest at the completion and beautification of the great church, accomplished since his day.

He is followed by a more remarkable man, — one indeed of the noticeable figures in the long, long line, — another of the Caraffa sort, such a Pope as the church produces in times of difficulty and danger, the stern Dominican monk and proud inquisitor, Ghislieri, Pope Pius V., the only pontiff of modern times whom the church has canonized. To find another saint among the successors of St. Peter, the seeker must go back to the thirteenth century. To the ruthless, indefatigable, searching persecution of this Dominican monk-Pope was due the total extinction of the last glimmer of the Reformation in Italy. The work was so thoroughly and completely done that of large and numerous editions of certain books, known to have been extensively circulated among all classes of the people, not one copy can now be found in existence. From all sorts of obscure hiding-places, from the corner of the merchant's private desk, from beneath the linen store in his wife's cupboard, they were all successfully hunted out and burned.

Ghislieri is in turn followed by a very grand-looking old figure of a man, carrying an hour-glass in his hand, Gregory XIII., the reformer of the calendar. The Romans loved him as much as they had hated his fierce predecessor. He was an open-handed, liberal man, and showed himself much to his subjects, riding frequently about the city and its neighborhood; being "of such extraordinary agility that he used to mount his horse without assistance." He made a league with Philip II. of Spain against Elizabeth of England, which there could be no objection to his doing, seeing it probably amused him, and certainly could not hurt her. He is the fifth Pope who has a monument in the present church.

This Gregory was succeeded by one of the really most remarkable men in the whole series, Sixtus V., the peasant's son. This was the Pope who astonished the cardinals who had elected him, under the impression that he was a tottering, bent old man, by throwing away his crutch, raising himself to his full height, and "intoning" a hymn in a strong bass voice as soon as he was elected. His reply to some one who ventured to speak to him of his greatly changed appearance from the days when he was a cardinal is well known: "Ay! Then I was looking for the keys of Paradise, and sought them with bent back and downward look. But now that I have found them I look heavenwards, and have no more need of anything on earth." And on that same day of his elevation, when it had been the habit of previous Popes to throw open the prisons, he refused to do so, saying that there were more than enough malefactors at large, and caused two brothers, caught in doing a little highway robbery as they returned from Rome, where they had been to see the ceremony of his installation, to be forthwith hung. In a very short time he made it safe to walk the streets

of Rome with a pocket full of gold at any hour, whereas the city and the environs had been before so overrun by bandits of every sort that robbery in the streets of the city was a daily occurrence. He made himself respected, if not loved, by the Romans and the sacred college, and must always be reckoned as one of the great Popes.

After him come three mere names of Popes: Urban VII., who reigned only thirteen days; Gregory XIV., who reigned a little over ten months (but who, nevertheless, has a monument in St. Peter's, being the sixth of the twenty Popes so honored); and Innocent IX., who reigned only two months.

Then came Aldobrandini, the Florentine, who, though he reigned over thirteen years, has left no great mark. The history of his pontificate is an indication that a gradual change was coming over Europe and over the church, the result of which was to confine the doings of the Popes to the proper care of their ecclesiastical office and the rule of their own little principality, to a much greater degree than had heretofore been the case.

Next to him came Leo XI., a third Medicean Pope, who, though he reigned over the church only twenty-seven days, yet has one of the most sumptuous monuments in St. Peter's, the result of Florentine wealth. He had been sent, when cardinal, to France by Clement VIII., to impart the solemn papal absolution to Henry IV., when that "vert galant" had discovered that Paris was well worth a mass. And a large bas-relief on the urn, on which the figure of the Pope is seated, represents this ceremony. Two statues of Fortitude and Abundance, the first by Ferrata and the second by Peroni, are one on either side of the urn. The bases of these are adorned with groups of roses, with the legend "Sic florui," in reference to the very transitory nature of his greatness.

Paul V., the Borghese Pope, follows, whose name is mainly remembered from the still extant results of the immense riches which he heaped on his family. Then, after the short and unimportant reign of Gregory XV., comes another of the great family-founding Popes: Barberini, or Urban VIII. The enormous and magnificent bronze erection over the great central altar of the church is one monument to this Pope; and he has another opposite to that of Paul III., at the east end of the building, this and that to Paul the Farnese occupying the two most commanding positions in the church. But the principal monument by which this Barberini Pope is remembered and will be remembered is the well-known pasquinade, "Quod non fecerunt Barbari, id fecere Barberini," — that which the barbarians abstained from doing, the Barberini did; that is, the monuments of ancient Rome which the hand of the barbarian invader had spared, the greed of the Barberini destroyed; pillaging bronze from the Parthenon, and marbles from the Coliseum, for the erection of their boastful edifices to their own vainglory. All over Rome may be seen the bees of the Barberini arms, marking the enormous greed with which, like some all devouring Marquis of Carabas, they put their paw upon everything they could clutch! The father of Urban VIII. was a well-to-do peasant in Tuscany, not far from the pleasant little town of Colle, between Siena and Florence. The name of his small possession — still held by his descendants — is La Tafania, not very flatteringly named from *tafana*, a horse-fly. But as three horse-flies were not an agreeable suggestion, they were changed into three bees. How the Popes of that age had learned, in the words of Leo X., to "enjoy the papacy" may be seen to the present day by whoso views the enormous pile of the Barberini palace, looking over Rome from its pleasant hill. Urban VIII. is the eighth of the twenty Popes whose monuments are now in St. Peter's.

The others are, Alexander VII., Chigi, ob. 1667; Clement X., Altieri, ob. 1676; Innocent XI., Odescalchi, ob. 1689; Alexander VIII., Ottoboni, ob. 1691; Innocent XII., Pignatelli, ob. 1700; Clement XI., Albani, ob. 1721; Benedict XIV., Lambertini, ob. 1758, the correspondent of Voltaire; Clement XIII., Rezzonico, ob. 1769, whose mon-

ument by Canova is the finest in the church; Pius VI., Braschi, ob. 1799, the victim of Napoleon, whose kneeling statue, also by Canova, is one of the best pieces of sculpture in St. Peter's; Pius VII., Chiaramonti, ob. 1823, whose monument by Thorwaldsen is not a favorable specimen of that great sculptor's genius; Leo XII., Della Genga, ob. 1829; and lastly Pius VIII., Saverio, ob. 1830.

It was curious to observe, as the latter part of this long procession followed the steps of its predecessors into the darkness beyond the altar at the east end of the church, how accurately the appearance of the seventeenth and eighteenth century Popes corresponded to the history of their times. They were no longer the martyr Popes of the first part of the vast line; no longer the mailed baron Popes who succeeded to them; no longer the monstrously profligate, criminal, or voluptuary Popes of the Renaissance; no longer the fanatic bigot Popes who followed when the time of struggle came to the church, but quiet, easy-going, old-gentleman Popes, whose main care was handsomely to feather their own nests and those of their kin. If you could look to the bottom of their hearts, you would probably find that they did really, truly, and practically believe that a Pope at Rome was a necessary, most important, and God-ordained portion of the cosmogony; that this was somehow clearly shown to be so from the venerable antiquity of the institution; and that they, each man of them, were performing a lofty and virtuous duty in dragging that long tail of a mantle decorously behind him, and making at due intervals certain signs and movements with their fingers. As for all the rest, for all the mass of "doctrines," you would find that they really and truly did believe that it was good and useful that they should be believed. Upon the whole, though the unity of the general aim of these two hundred and sixty men through nearly nineteen centuries is a wonderful phenomenon to contemplate, yet the differences, not between man and man but between different parts of the processional line, were perhaps yet more striking. Truly the church is *semper et ubique* the same as regards what it wants of mankind and of the world; but it is truly Protean as regards the means and methods by which it seeks to obtain this, in the characters of the instruments it employs, and in the words and professions it addresses *urbi et orbi*.

The line my "thick-coming fancies" had thus taken had not been of a nature to fool the imagination with vain affright. The historical phantasmagory which my mind, quite as much willingly active as passively acted on by the *genius loci*, had conjured up was of too concrete, real, and genuine a sort to ally itself with the "airy voices" and vague terrors which often make such situations terrible to persons, who are none the less utterly ashamed of their terrors. And when I pictured to myself the last of the procession, poor old good-natured, bottle-nosed Gregory, the worst scandal against whom consisted of somewhat spiteful hints of an overfondness for a glass of champagne, bringing up the rear with shambling gait, — a rather "lame and impotent conclusion" of such a mighty line, — and vanishing in his turn into the darkness, I sat myself down very tranquilly at the base of the bronze old idol, a Jupiter turned into a St. Peter, and fell to meditating on the probabilities of future extension of the line I had been mentally looking at.

No, it is not over yet. The vain, weak man whom the strange circumstances of his time were leading to play such fantastic tricks as would make the gravest of those predecessors of his assuredly laugh, this poor Pio Nono, would not be the last of the wonderful series. The church, in whatever strangely changed circumstances, would still be semper et ubique the same, in the essential of a never-wavering determination to dominate mankind by virtue of man's, and yet more of woman's, ignorance and superstitious fears, — his spiritual ignorance and its necessary resulting spiritual fear. And it may be feared that the world has yet some way to make before these materials of church domination will be found wanting to priestly hands.

Thus meditating tranquilly enough, I fell into a sound sleep, sitting at the foot of St. Peter's pedestal, till I was startled into sudden wakefulness and no little alarm by a loud bang in a distant part of the edifice. It was occasioned by the opening of the great door at the west end of the church. The sacristan had fortunately, in coming from the sacristy for the purpose, passed down the northern aisle of the church, without observing in the faint morning light the figure crouched at the foot of the pedestal on the other side of the huge nave, scarcely more than a speck amid the immensities around; and I had no difficulty in dodging behind the immense piers on my way to the western door, whence I escaped into the piazza none the worse for my night in St. Peter's.

T. Adolphus Trollope.

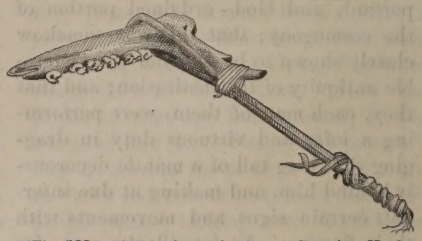
CRUDE AND CURIOUS INVENTIONS AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

VI.

(2.) *Reaping, Thrashing, Grinding.* — Having considered, in the previous article, implements for the cultivation of the soil, we now come to those for gathering the crop of grain, and for preparing it for domestic use. A subsequent article will treat of implements used in the care and treatment of special crops.

In Africa and Asia inventive ambition seems to have been dead, or asleep, for two or three thousand years past. Similar tools to those which reaped the wheat in the time of Joseph are still used in the valley of the Nile; the culture of rice, which is the great food staple of tropical and semi-tropical Asia, is pursued in the same way that it was at the earliest historic period; the mode of thrashing in Syria is like that practiced when Ornan the Jebusite had his thrashing-floor on the hill, and sold it to David for six hundred shekels of gold; the hand-mill used in Africa and Asia is like that with which Samson ground in the prison-house; the implement used for preparing food in Arabia is the same as that with which the tribes in the wilderness beat the manna in mortars, treating it as customary with grain to prepare it for baking in pans or in the ashes; the olive presses yet in vogue in Judea are unchanged since the time when Solomon agreed to give Hiram twenty thousand baths of oil in exchange for skilled labor upon his temple and palaces. The list might be readily extended.

The reaping tools we have to offer are but few. First, we may show an outlandish contrivance for cutting grass, though it looks much like what Samson might have wielded when he smote "heaps upon heaps" at Lehi. Figure 128 is a grass cutter, or reaping hook,



(Fig. 128.) Caddo Grass Cutter, or Reaping Hook. National Museum Exhibit.

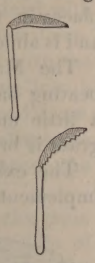
made by a Caddo Indian from the lower jaw of an antelope (*Antilocapra Americana*). It is lashed to a bent sapling, and would make a reasonably good club after the harvest.

A still more primitive and much more agreeable mode of harvesting is pursued in Araucania, where the grain is gathered by hand, a young man and woman carrying a basket between them, pluck-

ing the ripe ears, and rubbing out the grains on the backs of the young man's hands.

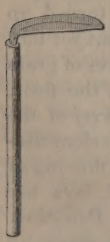
Taking Fiji on our way to Japan, we may state that the knife used in that country is a plate of tortoise-shell tied on to the end of a pole. The island yields no metal.

The rice sickles of Japan are shown in Figure 129, the blade of one being set at a smaller angle with the handle than the other; one has a smooth edge, the other is a true sickle. They appear rather awkward to us, and less resemble our own sickle than the Angola tool (Figure 132). The Japanese sickle is grasped with the blade below the hand, just as represented on the Egyptian monuments; so also was the Roman *falx denticulata*. A Hainault tool, used in Holland and Belgium at the present time, has a nearly rectangular presentation of the blade to the handle, as in the upper illustration of Figure 129. So the shape is both ancient and modern, was long ago used in Egypt, and is yet in Europe and Asia.



(Fig. 129.) Rice Cutters. Japanese Exhibit.

Figure 130 is a long-handled knife for cutting reeds which have their roots deep beneath the surface of the water. This enables the man to reach down and cut the stalks near the crown of the root. The Japanese exhibit showed the manner of weaving the reeds into matting.



(Fig. 130.) Rush Cutter. Japanese Exhibit.

Before leaving Japan we may mention — simply as a matter of curiosity, not for its crudeness — that the Japanese have a reaper, like what is known in this country as a "header," which sweeps along and gathers the heads of the grain, leaving the straw. A similar instrument, with a comb (*vallum*) in front of a cart (*vehiculum*), is described in Pliny's Natural History, and by Palladius in his De Re Rustica, in the first and fourth centuries Anno Domini, respectively.

The Chinese use a crooked knife in the reaping of rice, which they dibble, six grains in each hole, and cultivate in stools that are cut singly.

Figure 131 is the Javanese reaping knife (*ani-ani*), a small instrument of peculiar shape, held in a particular manner. With it each individual ear of rice is cropped off separately. It is a slow operation, but the natives persist in it for superstitious reasons. They told Sir Stamford Raffles that future crops would otherwise be blasted.

(Fig. 131.) Javanese Reaping Knife. Ani-Ani. Netherlands Colonies Exhibit.

The Singhalese reaping knife (*guygou-kopana-dakat*) is a curved serrated sickle, straighter in the blade than our own, but immeasurably superior to the Javanese implement.

The grass cutter or sickle of Angola is shown in Figure 132, which represents one of a set of tools found in a miner's camp when the Portuguese invaded the country; it is of steel, in a wooden handle, and was shown in the Portuguese colonies exhibit in the Agricultural Building.

(Fig. 132.) Sickle of Angola. Portuguese Colonies Exhibit.

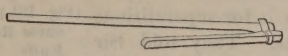
The Roman *stramentaria* or *falx messoria* was nearly the shape of the modern reaping hook.

There are several crude modes of thrashing grain, and most of them were exhibited at the Centennial. We have illustrations from Japan, Tunis, Java, and China. The modes are the *flail*, the *tramping of cattle*, the *sled*, and the *comb;* the beating with a rod, the rubbing with the hands, and the flogging of handfuls of the cut grain against a post are primitive enough and crude enough, but not sufficiently ingenious to merit or require illustrations.

The description in Isaiah xxviii. 27, 28, will apply just about as well to modern Syrian methods as to those of the

time when the prophet wrote. Though the knowledge of the translators in respect to Eastern bread grain and methods was a little at fault, we can discover in the description the flail, the drag (*tra-ha, tribulum*), the roller sled (*plostellum Punicum*), and the tramping by cattle.

Japan showed the flail: like the European and American instrument it consists of the hand-staff and the souple, connected by a piece of whang. The



(Fig. 133.) Japanese Flail.

English implement, however, has one feature that neither the American nor the Japanese possesses: the souple of the English flail is connected to a swivel piece, called a *hooding*, on the end of the staff, and the thong is of eel-skin. The Romans used a rod or flail (*pertica, fustis*). Figure 133 shows the Japanese flail, and Figure 134 the mode of using it. A man is shown carrying the grain in baskets suspended from the neck-yoke which is so common all over Southern Asia for carrying burdens; to speak correctly, he is just about to raise it to carry it in that manner.

The Wanyamuezi of Central Africa use for thrashing *doura* an implement

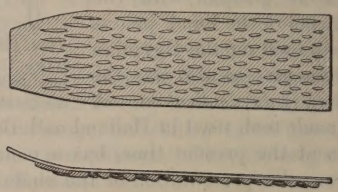
(Fig. 134.) Group of Thrashers. Japanese Exhibit.

made like the racket used in ball games in England and by the North American Indians.

The greater portion of the grain of the world is, however, tramped out by cattle. This is perhaps correct even of wheat; but the truth of the statement becomes very evident when we consider that rice is the food staple of nearly half the inhabitants of the world, and that it is more exclusively the food of its consumers than is wheat with those who use the latter. We have no room for a recapitulation of the names of the countries where the wheat and the rice are thrashed out by the tramping of cattle. The process is shown on the Egyptian monuments, is referred to in numerous places in the Hebrew law and history, and is almost universal throughout Asia.

The Malagasy thrash their rice by beating handfuls of the sheaves against a little mound of hard clay until the grain is broken from the straw.

The exhibit from Tunis showed an implement (Figure 135) which we might



(Fig. 135.) Thrashing Sled. Tunisian Exhibit.

consider a remnant of the ages but that it is so common in Mediterranean countries, and has never been superseded there. It does not seem to have been changed in twenty-five hundred years. It is made of wooden boards turned up in front, and with spalls of flint set into the under surface. The sheaves of grain are opened and spread upon the floor, and the implement — the *mowrej* of the Arabs, the *tribulum* of the ancient Romans — is dragged over the flooring of grain. Sharp pieces of lava are used instead of flint in Palestine. The effect is to grind the straw up into chaff, which is preserved for the forage of the animals; there is no hay in Syria. Isaiah refers to the implement in a graphic metaphor: —

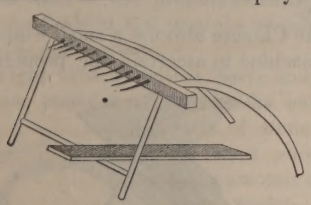
"I will make thee a new sharp thrashing instrument having teeth: thou shalt thrash the mountains, and beat them small, and make the hills as chaff."

The implement was purchased for our National Museum, and may be seen in Washington.

Great care is exercised in the selection of a place for thrashing, and also in preparing the floor: the first object is to find a windy place, so as to winnow the grain readily; the second is to make a hard floor, which will neither become dusty nor break under the feet of the cattle. This was attained by mixing clay with other materials, and then ramming them hard. Virgil recommends that the floors be spaded up and then mixed with chalk and cow-dung and beaten down. Pliny advises that lime slacked with the *amurca* of the olive be made up into a cement with the clay, and rammed down. Cow-dung and the *marc* of olives are still used in Southeastern France, the old Provence.

As the sheaves are thrashed, the grain and chaff are heaped in the middle of the floor to await a favorable day for winnowing.

Figure 136 is a ripple shown in the Japanese exhibit. It is employed in



(Fig. 136.) Rice Ripple. Japanese Exhibit.

Japan in thrashing rice and flax, and in the United States for stripping seed from broom-corn. Three thousand years ago the instrument was employed in Egypt in thrashing doura, a kind of millet, closely allied to the sorghum. This grain is the food of the poorer class throughout the Upper Nile Valley, and is said to yield two hundred and forty for one, — a rate of increase superior to rice. Travelers tell us that doura is worth in Egypt only about ninety cents the *ardeb*, which is scarcely six cents per bushel. As long ago as the time of Diodorus Siculus, who traveled in Egypt nineteen centuries since, the great increase of population in the Nile regions was attributed to the abundance and cheapness of food. He states that to bring up a child to maturity did not cost over twenty drachmas, — about three dollars. It must be recollected, however, that the relative values of money and food have materially changed since then.

Figure 137 is from the Netherlands colonies exhibit; it is either a hatchel or a ripple, — for splitting and cleaning coarse fibre, such as hemp or *cochorus*, from the latter of which jute is made; or for beating and dragging the seeds out of sheaf rice (*paddy*) or millet. In either case a handful of the sheaf or stalk is dashed down upon it and dragged through, the blades, which are set up in ranks in a frame, straightening and splitting the fibre, or removing the seeds, as the case may be.

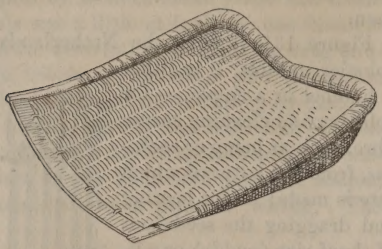
(Fig. 137.) Hatchel from Java. Netherlands Colonies Exhibit.

The winnowing of grain in the crude way is by throwing up in the air the grain and chaff, in order that the wind may drive the latter away, or by raising the wind by a fan of some kind. The *vannus* of the Romans is still used in Italy for winnowing grain: it is a shallow wicker basket having two handles, by which the grain is thrown into the air and caught again, the chaff being blown over the sides of the basket. The *pala lignea* was the wooden winnowing shovel for throwing up the grain; the *ventilabrum*, the three or four pronged winnowing fork.

In Egypt there are no barns, next to no rain, and the wind blows up the valley all the year round. Very even conditions! The ancient monuments indicate that the winnowing was done by throwing the chaff and grain into the air, higher than the head of the man. Trays and scoops, used then as now in Asia, were made of osiers, palm-leaves, rushes, and the like, which were much more abundant in Egypt than timber.

Figure 138 is a rice scoop, shown in the Chinese exhibit in the Annex to the Main Building. It is made of osiers and thread closely interplaited, and has a frame and front bar of wood. It is, in fact, an Oriental shovel; the Chinese have great limberness of back and legs,

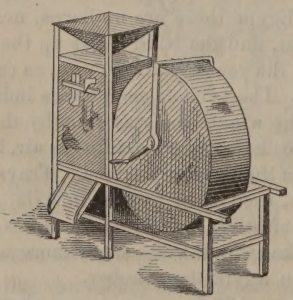
and stoop or squat with great facility; we insist upon shovels with handles. Other



(Fig. 138.) Rice Scoop. Chinese Exhibit.

scoop shovels are made of split bamboo, which is an elegant material. The Singhalese make their winnowing basket of strong matting, with a frame of tough twigs; their thrashing floor is of beaten clay.

We now come to three illustrations of implements not at all "crude" but highly "curious." Europe and America are distinctly indebted to China for the fanning mill or winnowing machine, as it is variously called. Its peculiarity consists in the combination of a hopper with sieves, and an artificial blast of air from a revolving fan to drive the chaff away from the grain as it falls from the hopper and the sieves consecutively. The winnowing machine was carried by the Dutch from Canton to Holland, taken thence to Leith, in Scotland, then to England and America. The machine in Figure 139 is a "rice cleaner," but

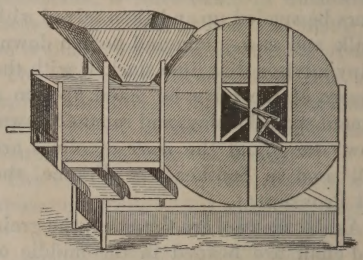


(Fig. 139.) Fanning Mill. Chinese Exhibit.

it has the essentials of all grain cleaners and is the original fanning mill.

Figure 140 is a somewhat modified form from Japan. The grain is sorted into two sizes, the full and the broken grains.

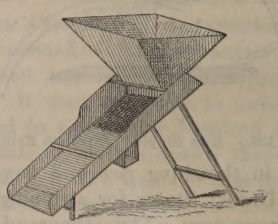
Figure 141 is a rice cleaner from Japan, to remove dirt, dust, and imperfect grains. It is the typical form of grain cleaner, the first of which we have any account, being an old form in China and Japan. Not that sieves are a new thing, but it is comparatively new to place a sieve in a standing frame, at such a slant as shall produce the proper



(Fig. 140.) Fanning Mill. Japanese Exhibit.

rate of motion of the descending grain, which is automatically fed from a hopper above.

The Chinese also use a small winnowing machine to ascertain the proportion



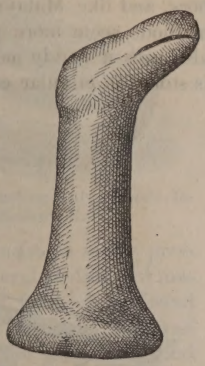
(Fig. 141.) Rice Screen. Japanese Exhibit.

of dust in tea; they call it a "wind-devil."

There are three simple modes of grinding grain for bread: the mortar, muller, and mill. The first has the pounding action of a pestle in a deep vessel; the second has the rolling and rubbing action of a stone in a trough; the third has the grinding action of one flat stone moving circularly over the surface of another. Instances of each of these were afforded at the Centennial, and we will consider them in the sequence stated, which is probably that of the order of invention.

The mortar is the simplest of the stat-

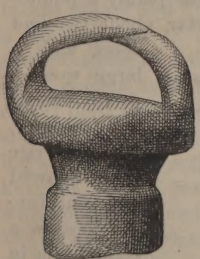
ed forms, and in its crudest condition may consist merely of a naturally hollowed stone and a round pebble which is used as a pestle or hammer to crack nuts, acorns, or grain. Figure 142 is an instrument of this kind: a stone pestle of the Alaska Indians, used indifferently for crushing food, pounding spruce roots for lashing and sewing fibre, and for driving wedges. It is also employed by these northern Indians to rub together the berries and oil which constitutes a large part of their winter store.



(Fig. 142.) Pestle of Alaska Indians. National Museum Exhibit.

Strabo records that the fish-eating population of the present Beloochistan, on the Arabian Sea, used the vertebræ of whales for mortars.

Figure 143 is another berry and fish-grease pounder of the Alaska natives. It is of stone, and its form shows a large amount of patient work. It is singular in having the peculiar handle which is characteristic of the Poi pestles of the Sandwich Islands.



(Fig. 143.) Berry and Fish Grease Pestle. National Museum Exhibit.

These purposes are representative of a cold and seacoast clime, but in the larger portions of the vast continent of Africa the whole of the grain food is thus bruised in mortars in order to make cakes. This is true of tribes on the three great water-sheds of the Nile, Zambesi, and Congo.

The Dyoor and Dinka tribes of the Upper Nile have sunken mortars of hard wood, in which the grain, after having been pounded by pestles, is rubbed to a fine meal by the hands. The mortar of the Bongos is shaped like a drinking goblet with a cut stem. In this they bruise their grain before it is ground into flour upon the flat stones with a muller. The height of their mortars is thirty inches, and two pestles are worked alternately by two women.

The enterprising Makololo of the Zambesi plant maize, and the women pound it in wooden mortars into fine meal.

Figure 144 shows the mortar and pestle of Angola in the Portuguese colonies exhibit. The mortar is made from a solid block of some light-colored wood, and will hold about six gallons. The pestle of logwood is very heavy and is four and a half feet long. It is for bruising the sago of that species of palm.

(Fig. 144.) Angola Mortar. Portuguese Colonies Exhibit.

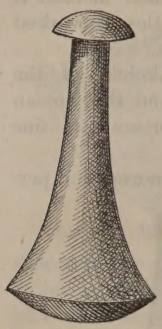
Recurring now to Asia, we find the same prevalence in the use of this instrument in both ancient and modern times. A group of women at their domestic employments is shown in a kitchen scene in the bas-reliefs of the Sanchi tope at Bhilsi, in Central India (date, A. D. 17). One woman is hulling grain in a large wooden mortar with a two-handled pestle; another is separating the flour from the husk in a flat, shovel-shaped basket like that shown in Figure 138; a third is standing at a four-legged table rolling out *chapatties*, or unleavened cakes; a fourth is grinding condiments on the *sil* with a *bant*, or round muller.

The Egyptian monuments show that the use of the mortar and pestle was habitual in the Nile land in ancient times, and the work was performed for hire in public places.

The mortar (*pila*) of the Romans and its heavy pestle (*pilum*) were used for braying when force was required; the smaller pestle (*pistillum*), with the *morta-*

rium, for lighter work; a rolling motion was given to the pestle in the latter case.

Figure 145 is a pestle from Hawaii, shown in the exhibit from that island. It is of stone, eight inches high.



(Fig. 145.) Hawaiian Pestle.

Rice requires a different treatment from that usual with wheat. In its raw state it is known as paddy, and has a thick hull; inside of this is a red skin around the white kernel. The problem is to remove the hull and the skin without breaking the kernel, for rice is used whole and not in the form of flour.

The process is so well described in the quaint language of a Scotch sailor of two centuries since that it is worth quoting:

"They [the Singhalese] unshale their Rice from its outward husk by beating it in a Mortar or on the ground; more often some sorts must be boiled in the husk, otherwise in beating it will break to powder. This they beat a second time to take off a Bran from it; and after that it becomes white.

"Their *Coracan* is a small seed like *Mustard-seed* [millet?]. This they grind to a meal or beat in a Mortar, and so make Cakes of it, baking it upon the Coals in a potsherd, or dress it otherwise.

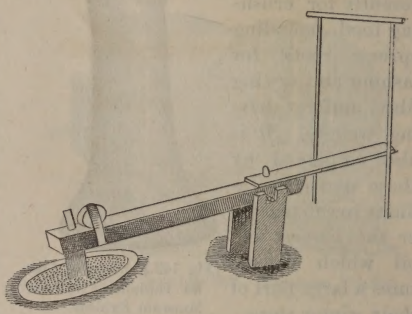
"They beat [the pith of the tallipot] in Mortars to Flower and bake Cakes of it which tast much like to white bread."

The paddy mortar of Japan, shown in Figure 146, is worked by the foot in the manner of a trip-hammer, the laborer having his hand upon the rail and working the lever with his foot. This form is also common in Bengal, at Ronggopur in Eastern India, and in many other parts of Hindostan.

The paddy mortars of Japan may be classed under four heads: driven by the foot, as in Figure 146; driven by water-mill; used with a pestle, as in Figure 144; and with a maul, as in Figure 147.

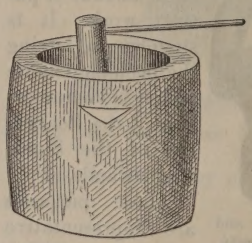
The Chinese also use a stone mortar and cone-shaped pestle for hulling rice. The pestle is moved by levers which are tripped by cogs on a cylinder moved by a water-wheel or by the feet.

Madagascar, like its African neighbors, and like Malaysia, with which its methods seem more particularly allied, also uses a paddy mortar. The paddy is stored in circular earthen towers, and



(Fig. 146.) Paddy Mortar. Japanese Exhibit.

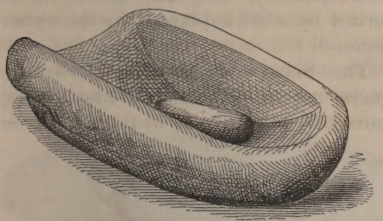
is prepared in quantities as required daily. This grinding of the grain for every meal is always performed by the women, and is the practice throughout Africa as well as in the adjacent island of Madagascar, where the paddy is pounded in a wooden mortar about two feet deep, with a large wooden pestle about five feet long. Then the rice is winnowed and put into the mortar a second time in order to take off the yellow skin and make "clean rice," — a process called *whitening* with us. We have machines for both hulling and whitening. There are a score or more of different varieties of cultivated rices.



(Fig. 147.) Paddy Mortar. Japanese Exhibit.

Another mode of grinding grain is common among semi-savages who cultivate it. It is by means of a *muller and slab*, the latter being known technically by its Indian name of *metaté*, a word derived from the Mexican *metatl*.

A fair specimen of this is shown in the grinding trough and muller of the Pueblo Indians of California (Figure 148).



(Fig. 148.) Metaté or Grinding Slab. Pueblo Indians. National Museum Exhibit.

It is made of fine sandstone in the present instance, but several of different materials and grades of fineness are found in each household of these Indians, and for the finer meals the grain is ground in each in succession.

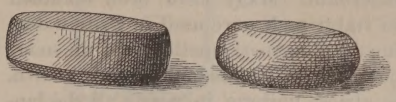
The Mexican metatl is a much more elaborate affair, being hewn with immense trouble from a block of granite, legs of from three to ten inches high being left in one piece with the slab.

The mill of the Zambesi tribes in South Africa is a block of granite (syenite), or even mica schist, fifteen or eighteen inches square and five or six thick, with a piece of quartz or other hard rock about the size of half a brick, and having a convex surface of somewhat less radius than the concavity of the larger stone, so as to have a combined rolling and rubbing action in grinding. A kneeling woman grasps the upper stone with both hands and works it backward and forward, continually supplying a little grain with one hand, the meal when ground falling on to a mat or skin beneath the lower stone.

Sorghum, maize, and wheat are cultivated by the Basutos of South Africa; their grinding slab is about twenty-four by twelve inches, and is somewhat inclined; the muller is oval-shaped. The Wanyamuezi of Central Africa hull and crack their grain in the mortar, and grind it fine with the metaté.

The use of the implement is ancient and wide-spread. Schliemann found grinding slabs in the excavations at Hissarlik; the metaté is the grinding mill of Araucania.

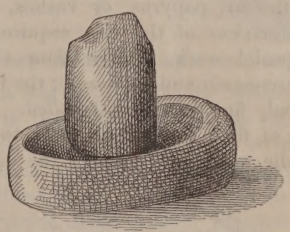
Besides the daily recurring domestic use for grinding grain for bread, smaller metatés or mullers are used for preparing condiments, paint, and what not. Figure 149 shows two specimens of a very common form of muller, found throughout the Ohio and Mississippi valleys, and used for careful grinding, as fine meal or paint. The mullers are of



(Fig. 147.) Mullers for grinding Paint and Fine Meal.

various kinds of hard stone, and as symmetrical as if turned.

Figure 150 is a stone muller and mortar of the Pi-Ute Indians for grinding paint.



(Fig. 150.) Paint Muller. Pi-Utes. National Museum Exhibit.

The Singhalese grind their pepper and turmeric with a muller upon a flat stone.

The industrious Pliny suggests that the course of invention in grinding mills was from the mortar to the mill, from the *mortarium* to the *mola*. The pestle was originally simply raised, and struck vertically upon the material in the mortar; then a change occurred and it was rolled around; this is the present form of the sugar-cane mills of India and the snuff mills of Europe. By grooving the pestle it acquired a grinding action and the mortar was shallowed; when the surfaces of the two stones were made of corresponding shape, the change was complete.

The mola of the Romans was the usual grinding mill, the upper stone revolving on the lower one; the grain was fed in at a hole in the middle of the runner

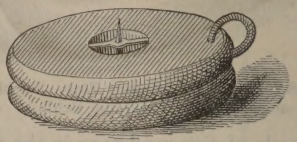
escaping at the circumference, — what is known as the *skirt*. The machine is very ancient: two have been recovered by Dr. Schliemann, thirty-three feet deep in the excavations at Hissarlik in Asia Minor. The flatter one is of lava, the other of granite; and though they may not be fellows they represent respectively the upper and lower stones of the hand-mill. Many have been obtained in Italy; such were used in Britain during the Roman occupation, and the name *quern*, by which the implement is known, is almost uniform in nearly all the languages of Europe. The quern was not abandoned in Scotland until the commencement of the present century.

The Roman *cribrium* was a sieve of perforated parchment or of plaited horse-hair, thread, papyrus, or rushes, having interstices of the size required for the special work. Their flour sieves were *excussoria* and *pollinaria;* the latter gave only fine flour called *pollen*. The sifting of flour was a daily work to prepare the meal for cooking; the manufacturing on an extended scale of bolted flour for sale was unknown. As a general thing, each family ground, sifted, and made up into bread its own supply. There were no professional bakers in Rome until after the war with King Perseus, about 580 A. U. C. The horse-hair sieve is attributed to the Gauls; linen, to the Spaniards; papyrus and rushes, to the Egyptians.

The hand-mill of Tunis (Figure 151), shown in the Main Building at the Centennial, is a fair specimen of the grain mill of the north of Africa, Syria, Asia Minor, and the Greek Archipelago. The stones are rough hammer-dressed; the upper is moved by a grass-rope handle, being centred on an iron pintle rising from the nether stone. The grain is fed in at the central opening of the upper stone and issues at the skirt; the motion is reciprocating. The Roman mola was continuously revolving.

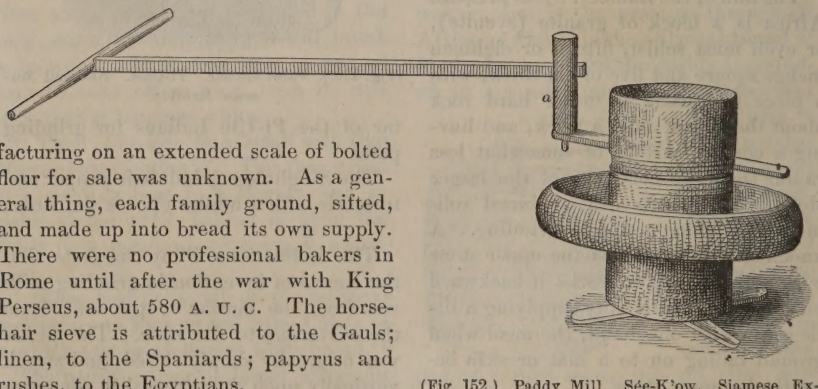
The quern is also used in India; and in Ceylon a mill (*galle*) resembling the quern is employed for grinding rice, *corrocan* (millet), and other grain. It is turned by a stick planted in the upper stone.

The Siamese paddy mill follows the quern instead of the mola method, being moved by two persons at the handle on



(Fig. 151.) Hand Mill. Tunisian Exhibit.

the end of the long bar, who alternately push and draw it; the post *a* turns on a pivot in the horizontal arm attached to the runner. The mill is a curious blending of ingenuity and clumsiness. The grinders, both upper and lower, are not stones but hard clay, *adobe* seemingly, with sharp wooden slats inserted obliquely on their faces, so that as one moves horizontally upon the other a shearing



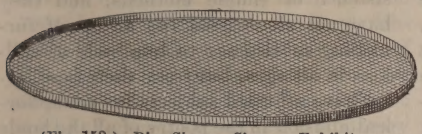
(Fig. 152.) Paddy Mill. Sée-K'ow. Siamese Exhibit.

action takes place between the two, which cuts the husk from the grain. The paddy is put into the hopper in the middle of the upper stone and works its way between the two, coming out hulled, along with the chaff, and falls into the trough of plaited cane strips, whence it issues and is caught in a basket. The clay grinders are both covered with basket work.

Another mill has also the two circular grinders in bamboo basket work, which

is wrought around the upper one so as to form a hopper. A peg is set in the top of the runner; a stick extending horizontally and radially from the peg is attached to a bar pendent from the roof of the shed, and the stone moved thereby.

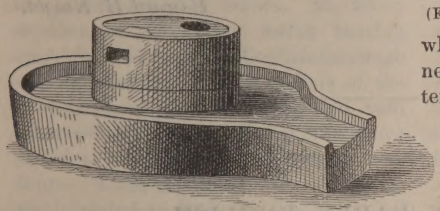
The rice is separated from the chaff by putting them together into a tray of



(Fig. 153.) Rice Sieve. Siamese Exhibit.

rattan splits and throwing them into the air, when the wind soon blows away the light, dusty hull.

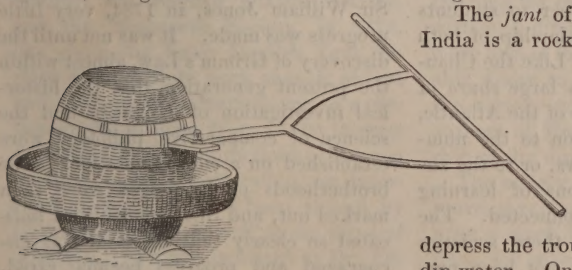
The Chinese mill (Figure 154) is used for grinding rice, wheat, or other grains, or for disintegrating copper ores. The



(Fig. 154.) Chinese Mill.

hole above is for the grain; that on the side for the lever by which the runner is moved.

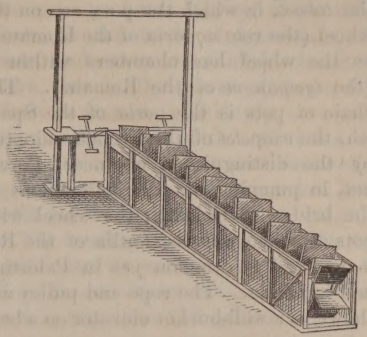
The Japanese paddy mill resembles that of Siam, and a similar mill is used in China, though not shown at the Cen-



(Fig. 155.) Paddy Huller. Japanese Exhibit.

tennial. As with the Siamese, just described, the motion is reciprocating: the grain fed in at the top escapes at the skirt into the basket trough. The face of the runner is furrowed in bands. The machine has a quaint look, and is very light, ingenious, and graceful, — an instance of the aptitude of the Orientals in the working of a different set of materials from those commonly used among ourselves.

Perhaps no better place will occur to notice the Chinese irrigating machine



(Fig 156.) Irrigating Machine. Chinese Exhibit.

which was exhibited in the Mineral Annex to the Main Building at the Centennial. The buckets are on an endless chain, and carry the water up an inclined chute. The chain is made of wooden links pinned together, and is worked by men who tread upon the arms on the crosses of the upper shaft, holding on with their hands to the upper bar.

The Chinese pump is also used in Bengal, the buckets on an endless chain moved in an ascending chute by the weight of men on a tread-wheel.

The *jant* of Dinajpoora in Eastern India is a rocking canoe, so to call it, poised on a frame, and worked by a man and counter-weight. The man standing on the trough will put his foot on one side of the centre of vibration, and depress the trough so that one end will dip water. On removing his foot, the weight on the other end of the trough will cause that end to descend and tip the trough so as to discharge the water into the irrigation canal. The machine is available only in about eighteen inches of elevation.

Irrigation in Egypt, now as of old, is

performed by the *chutweh*, or bucket swung by cords in the hands of two men; by the *shadûf*, or bucket swung from the end of a weighted poised pole, the *tolleno* of the Romans, operating by a beam (*antlia curva*) and a bucket (*situla*); by the *sakiyen*, the wheel and a chain of pots, also known as the Persian wheel; by the *taboot*, in which the pots are on the wheel (the *rota aquaria* of the Romans), or the wheel has chambers within it (the *tympanum* of the Romans). The chain of pots is the *noria* of the Spanish, the *chapelet* of the French, adopted by the distinguished engineer, Perronet, in pumping out the coffer-dams of the bridge of Orleans; the wheel with pots attached was the antlia of the Romans, and is common yet in Palestine and in China. The rope and pulley are shown as a well-bucket elevator on a bas-relief in the most ancient palace of Nimrod, and one from Egypt, in a museum at Leyden in Holland, is made of tamarisk wood on a roller of fir; the rope is of *leef*, the fibre of the date-palm. The well-bucket, rope, and windlass are also shown on Roman bas-reliefs.

These citations serve to show the persistence of simple methods, and they have not alone been the means of furnishing subsistence to hundreds of millions in all ages, but from their familiarity have afforded subjects for metaphorical allusion in the poetry of all the lands where they are used.

"Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern," — the means for the support of life being made to stand metaphorically for the life itself.

Edward H. Knight.

TEN YEARS IN EARLY ENGLISH.

The Early English Text Society is well known to all who have pursued investigations in the philology and literature of the English language. Founded in 1864, it has fully established its position as a trusty helper to students and an honor to the scholarship of both England and America. Like the Chaucer Society, it derives a large share of its support from our side of the Atlantic, a share out of proportion to the number of American scholars, or to the antiquity of the institutions of learning with which they are connected. The class of studies which these societies represent has, however, not been pursued even in England many years, and soon after it began to attract attention there it came into notice here, American students being found ready to take it up with avidity and to carry it forward with characteristic enthusiasm.

The idea of using philosophy in philological studies was, it is true, suggested by Bacon in the reign of James I., and put into practice by Leibnitz a little over a hundred years afterwards; but until the foundation of the Asiatic Society by Sir William Jones, in 1784, very little progress was made. It was not until the discovery of Grimm's Law, almost within the present generation, that the historical investigation of language and the science of comparative philology were established on a sure foundation. The brotherhoods of languages were then marked out, and their connections indicated so clearly that research was encouraged and progress became rapid. The earliest laurels were won by Germany, and to that country we still look, not only for the most thorough scholarship in comparative philology, but even for many careful investigations into the language and literature of England and America.

The Philological Society of London was not organized until 1842, and its operations, so far as they related to the English language, were hindered for nearly a quarter of a century by the want of good texts of the earliest specimens of our literature. This want led first to the spasmodic publication by the society of a few texts, and next, in 1864, to the formation of the Early English Text Society. The members of the new society purposed to issue for their own use correct texts of those works of great philological and literary value which were very difficult of access, and, in many instances, in danger of being permanently lost. They defined their field of labor so that it should include but three general classes of publications: I. Writings illustrating romances connected with King Arthur and the other mediæval heroes. II. Early dictionaries and other works bearing upon the history of the English language and its dialects. III. Versions of the Bible and religious treatises, and such other remarkable texts as might prove useful to philological and literary students. These divisions were evidently not intended to limit the operations of the society very materially; but the establishment of other working bodies, such as the Chaucer Society, the Ballad Society, the Spencer Society, and the Roxburghe Library, in 1868; the Hunterian Club, in 1871; the Palæographical Society, the English Dialect Society, and the Shakspere Society, in 1873, has given the Early English Text Society more definite work than it at first had. These organizations are, to a certain extent at least, fruits of the interest awakened by the transactions of the one we have under consideration, an interest that seems to have been shared by German scholars as well as by those of America. We are indebted to Dr. Edward Mätzner for a valuable work entitled Altenglische Sprachproben, the publication of which was begun in Berlin in 1867, and is not yet completed. This important work was preceded by an English grammar that has since been republished in English in London and Boston. While we cannot here refer with more detail to the influence that the Early English Text Society has exerted, it must not be forgotten that, to use the words of another, it "has stirred up the study of English historically; it makes possible a knowledge of the language; it makes accessible the most valuable documents of that history; and it shows how, in the teeth of ignorance, civil war, and obstacles of all kinds, literature, that is, the power of expression, went on growing, now slowly, now quickly, putting forth in this direction and that tiny tendrils that were destined to grow in time into great branches laden with the fruits of labor and genius."

The society comprises five hundred and forty-two members, and, during the first decade of its existence expended nearly fifty thousand dollars in printing texts that occupy over seventeen thousand pages. It has had the services of the best scholars as editors, and their works are the highest authorities in their special line of study. Among them are Frederic J. Furnivall, H. B. Wheatley, J. S. Stuart Glennie, the Rev. Richard Morris, LL. D., the Rev. G. G. Perry, the Rev. W. W. Skeat, Thomas Wright, W. Aldis Wright, Miss Lucy Toulmin Smith, William Michael Rossetti, and that voluminous writer, the Rev. J. H. Blunt, author of The Annotated Book of Common Prayer. It is invidious to make such a selection from the long list of editors who have labored with such diligence and efficiency for the mere love of the work, and with the laudable desire to make the publications of the society creditable alike to the first authors of England and to the scholarship of the nineteenth century.

The society issued, during its first ten years, seventy-four volumes, which comprise a much larger number of publications, for many of them contain a number of tracts or books that were originally separate. Of these, twenty-two may be classed as legends and moral and theological treatises; nineteen relate to history, political affairs, and social life; sixteen are romances; eight describe manners and customs; six refer to gram-

mar and criticism; and three are works on philosophy and science. This enumeration will show the student what an interesting range of subjects is opened to him by the society. He is in fact given opportunities for culture that were almost entirely lacking to the adult of to-day in his younger years. Then the teacher pointed to the genial poet of the Canterbury pilgrimage as the *ne plus ultra*, and gave his pupil no reason to suspect that a whole ocean of literature lay hidden beyond old Dan Geoffrey. We were not told then, as we are told now, that "our Chaucer was only a middle link in a long chain. Before his birth the literature of our country [England] had maintained, for a longer time than has passed since his birth, a prominent place in the intellectual history of Europe. To say nothing of the yet earlier Beowulf, English Cædmon poured the soul of a Christian poet into noble song six hundred and fifty years before Chaucer was born. Six centuries before Chaucer, Bede, foremost of Christian scholars, was the historian of England, and Chaucer wrote his Canterbury Tales not quite five centuries ago. . . . In prose and verse, for century after century before the time of Chaucer, there was a literature here of home-speaking earnestness; practical wit and humor that attacked substantial ills of life; sturdy resistance against tyrannies in church and state; and, as the root of all its strength, a faithful reverence for God." [1]

The publications of the Early English Text Society thus far are specimens of the literature of our language from the tenth to the seventeenth century, about one half of them dating earlier than the works of Chaucer, who himself lived midway between the extremes of the period they cover. The tenth century is represented by King Alfred's version of Gregory's Pastoral Care. The reprints of the eleventh and twelfth centuries are homilies, as are also those of the first half of the thirteenth century; but the last half of the thirteenth century gives us the stories of Havelok the Dane and of King Horn, which, though not wanting in exhibitions of the influence of religion on literature, show also the workings of the English mind and imagination in the line of romance. The lay of Havelok the Dane and the story of King Horn belong to what is called the Dano-Saxon cycle of romances, in which that of Guy of Warwick has also been included. They all show the influence of the Crusades, which give their chivalric flavor to each European literature and lend a charm to the stories of Scott. It is not our purpose to give in detail the character of the books that are presented by the society as specimens of the taste and style of the centuries treated, but to turn to a consideration of the various classes of books on the list.

Forgetting for the present the vague divisions of its work which the founders laid down at the outset for their general guidance, we purpose looking at the publications in a slightly different classification. They present a history of the language that is beyond price, and the numerous glossaries, prefaces, and notes furnish the student of language very efficient guidance. In addition to these helps, however, one class of the books is composed of such works as Thynne's Animadversions on Speght's Chaucer (1599); Hume's Orthographie and Congruitie of the Britan Tongue (1617), Mr. A. J. Ellis's exhaustive treatises on Early English Pronunciation, and Levins's Manipulus Vocabulorum of 1570. The last mentioned is an interesting rhyming dictionary of nine thousand words, and is not only the first of its class, but also one of the earliest efforts to popularize learning and create a supply of cheap books. Levins says there was another similar work in existence, but it was great and costly, fit only for "them y^{t} are richable to haue it," while his book is a "handful" of words, of "light price," for "them y^{t} are pooreable to haue no better." He argues in favor of cheap books (hear, O ye authors and publishers!) that if they be not furnished it would be "like as if no man should worke in the Mint but such as brought with them golden hammers," in which

[1] Morley's English Writers, vol. ii., pt. i., chap. i.

case we should have little work done, and poor men would be discouraged. Levins made an avowed and earnest effort to cheapen the tools of the literary worker, not for his own praise or profit, "but for the prospering and good proceeding of *our poore youth* in good learning and knowledge." He says his little book is "necessary not onely for Scholers that want varietie of words, but also for such as use to write in English Meetre." It is, therefore, a thesaurus. The author tells us that even in his day it was the manner of some writers, in publishing their works, "to excuse the rashnesse of the edition thereof, as being by their friends counsell," that they print what was only intended as "a priuat exercise to them selues." He avers that when he began his "long trauaile" he "thought and always did entend, with so much speed as he could, to publishe and set abroade the same."

Hume's Orthographie is an English grammar written in racy style by the sometime head-master of the high-school, Edinburgh. Writing of Sum Idiomes in our Orthographie, he longs for a reform in spelling, specifying, among others words, "peple," which he says some write "people," and then asks why they do not also pronounce it so. He objects to the "idle e" which many put at the end of every word, a practice that he follows himself, however. How much trouble would have been saved to Mr. A. J. Ellis and Professor Francis J. Child, not to mention others, if Chaucer had dropped his "idle e," or had at least given some explanation of his manner of using it. Hume owns that we have "the exemple of france to speak ane way and wryte an-other," but that it is a bad example, for "all exemples are not imitable." On the subject Of our Abusing Sum Consonantes, he writes, "Now I am cum to a knot that I have noe wedg to cleave," and pleads for phonographic spelling, or the giving of but one sound to a letter, and urges that reason and nature crave this reform. Again he says, "I wald have them name w, not duble u, nor v, single u, as now they doe; but the last vau or ve, and the first wau or we; and j, for difference of the voual i, written with a long tail, I wald wish to be called jod, or je." The treatise is very sensible and very short, many of the definitions being the same that we learned in our own school-days. The author concludes with a definition of the parenthesis, giving the following example: —

> "Bless, guyd, advance, preserve, prolong Lord (if thy pleasure be)
> Our King and Queen; and keep their seed thy name to magnifie."

He says his treatise is no shorter than necessary for the schools, which is a way of putting it that must have been approved by the pupils, at least, who were not likely to complain of brevity in text-books of grammar.

The only other volume, in the class which treats of language specifically, that needs mention here is Ellis's Early English Pronunciation. It is a work of most thorough research, and, though it has special reference to Shakespeare and Chaucer, it comprises an investigation of the correspondence of writing with speech in England, from the earliest times when English can be said to have been spoken to the present day, and a new system for the expression of all spoken sounds by means of ordinary printing types. There is also a rearrangement of Professor Child's Memoirs on the Language of Chaucer and Gower, published by the American Academy in 1862 and 1866. Mr. Ellis makes prominent mention of other American scholars, and gives an interesting examination of Pennsylvania German, which he considers exactly analogous to Chaucer's English. These inquiries into pronunciation are as useful and as scholarly as any of the publications of the society, and they enable those not conversant with early English to enunciate it correctly.

Turning now to the class of books treating religious themes, we find that it includes those of the greatest antiquity, King Alfred's version of Gregory's Pastoral Care being the only representative of the tenth century, and collections of homilies forming the staple literary pro-

ductions until we reach the second half of the thirteenth century. Before that time the churchmen had been almost the only professional authors, but under the Angevin kings a purely literary class grew up outside of the church. Geoffrey of Monmouth laid the foundation, in his History of the Britons, for the romances of the Round Table, and Walter Map wove the legends of Arthur and his knights, of Tristram and Gawain and Launcelot, with those of Galahad and the Sangreal and Merlin so successfully that Arthur's tomb became a reality, Merlin's prowess was proved by the stones on Salisbury Plain, and the entire cycle of romances was fixed forever in the literature of the nation.

King Alfred was undoubtedly wise to give his people a translation of the message brought, as he says, by Augustine, over the salt sea, from Gregorius, "best of Romans, wisest of men, most gloriously famous." The king's preface is worthy of reproduction, although we have no room for it here. He bewails the decline of the learning that formerly brought foreigners to England in search of wisdom and instruction, and hopes a time of tranquillity will come when young men of riches will devote themselves to study, "as long as they are not fit for any other occupation [!], until that they are well able to read English writing." Anticipating the approach of that golden age, and while few could read English because still fewer could read Latin, Alfred made this translation, and sent a copy to every bishop in the kingdom, not to be lent or taken from the minster, but to be read by the learned bishops to the people.

The homilies republished by the society are dissertations upon the Seven Deadly Sins, or on the Creed, or meditations appropriate for days of feasting or fasting. From the dryest and dullest of them it is possible to extract some sort of grim humor, while they all give an insight of the times and the habits of the people, and are extremely valuable in a philological or dialectical aspect.

Among the religious publications of the society is one edited by Dr. Richard Morris, containing Legends of the Holy Rood, dating from the eleventh to the fifteenth century. The feast of the Invention of the Holy Cross (May 3), which commemorates the finding of the true cross by the Empress Helena, furnishes the *motif* of the legends. When Adam died, as is related, Seth, directed by an angel, put three "kernels" of an apple under his tongue, from which grew three wands, of cedar, cypress, and pine, respectively, and they stood in Adam's mouth until the time of Moses. They represented the trinity. Moses found them one evening after he had crossed the Red Sea, preserved them until near his death, and then planted them under Mount Tabor. The wands, an ell in length, were undisturbed until the time of David. He found them again, set them out one evening, and, lo, the next morning they had become a single tree with three branches. The tree grew for thirty years, and then stopped. Under it David did penance for his sins and composed the Psalter. When Solomon had nearly completed the temple he found that he needed a large beam, and ordered the tree cut down that David had planted. The beam could not be used, for it miraculously extended or shortened itself whenever the carpenters thought they had it of the proper length. It was, therefore, made to serve as a bridge over Kedron. There the Queen of Sheba found it, and advised Solomon to hide it, for she prophesied a man should die on it who should destroy the law of Moses. However, it came to light just in time, and was actually used at the crucifixion. It was afterwards hidden by the Jews, to be found by the Empress Helena. These incredible stories are supplemented by accounts of a series of legends and miracles and a list of symbolisms connected with the Holy Rood which are familiar to readers of works on the prolific theme, — a theme which appealed at once to mediæval superstition and love of the wonderful.

Another of the publications relating to religious themes is Pierce the Ploughman's Crede, a production begotten of the popularity that was attained by the

well-known Vision concerning Piers the Plowman, though not composed until nearly forty years later. It takes a more commonplace view of Piers, or Pierce, than the earlier and much abler poem took, but is evidently suggested by it. Pope made an epitome of the argument of the poem as follows: "An ignorant, plain man, having learned his Paternoster and Avemary, wants to learn his creed. He asks several religious men of the several orders to teach it him. First, of a friar Minor, who bids him beware of the Carmelites, and assures him that they can teach him nothing, describing their faults, etc., but that the friars Minors shall save him, whether he learns his creed or not. He goes next to the friars Preachers, whose magnificent monastery he describes; there he meets a fat friar who declaims against the Augustines. He is shocked at his pride, and goes to the Augustines. They rail at the Minorites. He goes to the Carmes [Carmelites]; they abuse the Dominicans, but promise him salvation without the creed, for money. He leaves them with indignation, and finds an honest, poor Plowman in the field, and tells him how he was disappointed by the four orders. The Plowman answers with a long invective against them."

The Crede is edited by the Rev. Mr. Skeat, who is one of the most careful of the workers for the society. He says that the poem has always been a favorite, and it improves on acquaintance. He points out its celebrated and wholly admirable description of a Dominican convent. It was rich with painted, polished, and quaintly carved pillars; brilliant with broad and lofty windows; and secure with strong walls that had privy passages into orchards and gardens that surrounded it. Its minster was well built and boasted gilded arches, painted windows, and tombs adorned with curiously carved statues. Its pillared and painted cloisters were covered with lead and paved with tiles; its chapter-house was a great church with a seemly ceiling; its refectory was like a king's hall, and glazed like a church; while there were, beside houses with chimneys, other gay chapels, kitchens, dormitories, an infirmary, and all the conveniences known to luxurious livers of the period. In this establishment he found the Dominican, "a greet cherl & a grym, growen as a tonne," with cheeks like bags, with a fat double chin as great as a goose egg, and bearing a mountain of flesh that "wagged as a quyk mire"! This the man who would beg a bagful of wheat of a poor fellow with half his rent in arrears! It is easy to see what opportunities such a theme presents to the satirist, and how entertaining its lively descriptions must be; but the Crede is of much value also to the lexicographers, who have used it freely.

Among the most valuable romances preserved by the society in very early forms are the following: King Horn (1250); Havelok the Dane (1280); Gest Hystoriale of the Destruction of Troye (1360); Morte Arthure (1360); Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight (1360); William of Palerne (1360); Barbour's Bruce (1375); Joseph of Arimathie, or the Holy Grail (1390); Merlin (1440); Lancelot of the Laik (1500); and Partenay or Lusignen (1500). These dates are mainly conjectural, but there is little doubt that the series exhibit the romance literature enjoyed by our fathers for two centuries and a half before the death of Henry VIII., in the very words that they read. These romances present a most interesting phase of the English mind, — a mind that delighted in the exhibition of prowess, that admired a gentleness of its own sort, and that mixed superstition and religion, deeds of righteousness and shame and blood, in a style past the comprehension of our times.

We have reserved for final consideration those volumes which have the most direct bearing upon the modes of living in England during the period covered by the investigations of the Early English Text Society. In some respects they are the most interesting of the entire series, if any can be said to excel in a collection each one of which has

an unique importance and a particular charm. The topics treated in this class may be described as more human, as enabling us to obtain an intimate knowledge of old English households, as admitting us to the home, the festive group, and even to the shop of the artisan and the herd-yard of the yeoman. To a certain extent this is done by some of the books already mentioned, but none of them do it of set purpose and with the directness that we shall find in those we are about to consider.

Eight principal books may be enumerated: —

I. That ever fresh and always charming allegory in which Piers Plowman is the humble hero (1362).

II. Toulmin Smith's exhaustive account of the origin, ordinances, and history of more than one hundred early English guilds, — guilds originated nearly twelve hundred years ago, being mentioned in the laws of Ina of Northumbria.

III. The Book of the Knight of La Tour-Landry, compiled for the instruction of his daughters, which was translated into English in the reign of Henry VI., though written in French in 1372.

IV. Caxton's Book of Curtesye, printed by him at Westminster about 1477.

V. A volume comprising three important books, namely: The Fyrst Boke of the Introduction of Knowledge, made by Andrew Boorde, of Physycke Doctor; A Compendius Regyment, or A Dyetary of Helth, compiled by the same; and The Treatyse Answerynge the Boke of Berdes, being a defense of the beard against some arguments of Boorde in favor of shaving. The editor of this volume is Mr. Furnivall, one of the most enthusiastic and persistent of the many students of early English. While his work is invaluable, his style of writing modern English, although sometimes piquant, is too frequently flippant and undignified.

VI. A Supplycacyon for the Beggers, and three other supplications made to Henry VIII., whom the petitioners call the "Moste ernest Defender of Christes Gospell; Supreme Heade under God here in Erthe, next and immedyatly of his Churches of Englande and Irelande.

VII. A volume comprising Queene Elizabethes Achademy, by Sir Humphrey Gilbert; A Booke of Precedence; The Ordering of a Funerall; Lydgate's Order of Fools; and a variety of brief tracts on cognate subjects.

VIII. The last volume to be mentioned is called The Babees Book, and contains a vast collection of items descriptive of meals, manners, and customs of early times. Among the specific tracts are Aristotle's A, B, C; The Lytille Childrenes Lytil Boke; The Boke of Nurture of Hugh Rhodes, and that of John Russell; Wynkyn de Worde's Boke of Keruynge (Carving); and Latin and French poems on the same subjects.

The first-mentioned work in this class — The Vision of William concerning Piers the Plowman — was perhaps the most popular literary production of the second half of the fourteenth century (it was first published in 1362), and it has never lost its charm for those who have been acquainted with it. Until this society undertook to edit it, however, no accurate text was available by students. Taking the form of an allegory, and of a series of dreams, it displays the difficulties and the events of a pilgrimage through life, in a manner not very dissimilar to that afterwards adopted by Bunyan, but its author fails to give to the characters in his lively scenes the human interest that characterizes those of the Pilgrim's Progress. He indulges in satire, too, much more freely than Bunyan does, for the reason that his object is different. In the Vision it is the old story of priestly corruption and ill-doing which we are told over and over again by earlier and later writers. The author is anonymous, but we can hardly think of him as unknown as we smile at his garrulous genial humor and his audacious satire of the follies and sins of his times. Students have been unwilling to own that they do not know him, and indeed it would be much more convenient if we could safely call his work Langland's or Langley's Vision, instead

of being obliged to use the equivocal periphrase, The Vision of Piers Plowman. Three valuable texts are given us by the society, all edited by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, who has also done a similar service for the Clarendon Press, which presents the more important portion of the Vision in a small volume at a moderate price.

The History and Development of Gilds and the Origin of Trade-Unions is one of the most bulky volumes issued by the society, and it possesses a peculiar interest at a time like the present, when those ancient organizations seem to be rising to a new importance, and to be exerting a vast influence upon manufactures and commerce. The word gild meant "a ratable payment," and as compounded in "dane-geld" is familiar to students of history. The essence of the regulations of the earliest gilds is stated to be the brotherly banding together into close unions between man and man (sometimes even established on and fortified by oath) for the purpose of mutual help and support.

Tracing the history of gilds from the beginning to the time of the "Knights of St. Crispin in Massachusetts," the author points out the common characteristics they have all borne: he shows their utility, their dangers, and their influence upon society. We believe that only men enjoy membership in modern trades-unions, though "systeren" [1] are constantly mentioned in the gilds of olden time. In one case, at least, it is required that on the reception of a new brother or sister he or she shall in token of love, charity, and peace kiss every other member then present, a custom that has probably fallen into desuetude in the lapse of time.

The Supplicacyon for the Beggers, written at about the year 1529, set forth the fact that the lepers, the impotent, blind, lame, and sick of the realm, who could only live by charity, were dying of hunger, because a set of strong and able beggars had crept into the kingdom, who counterfeited "holy and idle beggars and vagabonds," and took the alms from them. These counterfeiters were "bishops, abbots, priors, deacons, archdeacons, suffragans, priests, monks, canons, friars, pardoners, and summoners." This is a long list, truly, and the supplicant adds that there were fifty-two thousand parish churches with innumerable begging friars, who made grievous and plentiful exactions, from which, he asserts, the ancient Briton was free. The Danes and the Saxons would never have been able to bring their armies so far and to conquer the land, if they had been cursed by such an idle class at home. Noble King Arthur would never have been able to resist Lucius the emperor, if he had been troubled by them. The Greeks would never have continued so long at the siege of Troy, if they "had had at home suche an idell sort of cormorauntes to finde." The ancient Romans would never have been able to put the whole world under their control, nor would the Turks have been able to get so much ground in Christendom, if such locusts had devoured their substance. Thus the author argues with gentle King Henry, growing more energetic and lively as he proceeds, until at last he urges that "these sturdy lobies" be made to get their living with their labor in the sweat of their faces; and that if they refuse to labor they be tied to the carts, to be whipped naked about every market town until they listen to reason. The people were in earnest, and no half-way measures would please them. It was only seven years later that Henry began the destruction of the monasteries, which gave England the picturesque ruins that are exhibited to tourists nowadays. It was also just before the divorce of Catherine, the death of More, and before those days of terror and distress when all but men of the stoutest hearts held their breaths in astonishment at the royal assumption and outlawry.

The second supplication pleads for a reform of the clergy in accordance with scriptural standards, which are freely

[1] This plural was accepted as a good and original joke when uttered by Artemas Ward, but as in many another similar case our forefathers used the word in all soberness.

quoted. It contains an interesting passage in regard to the "costliness of apparel and the diversity and change of fashions," a theme that is still a fresh one to the reformer. This touches men, but specially women, who must wear "sometime cap, sometime hood; now the French fashion, now the Spanish fashion; then the Italian fashion, and then the Milan fashion; so that there is no end of consuming of substance, and that vainly, and all to please the proud and foolish man and woman's fantasy." The petition ends with a very fervent prayer for the king.

The third supplication is very like the first, but the fourth is much more interesting. It is an argument against the inclosing of vast tracts for sheep pastures, which has led, the petitioners say, to the decay of England, a dearth of corn, and other notable "discommodityes." They support their argument by the following proverbs:—

"The more sheep, the dearer the wool. The more sheep, the dearer the mutton. The more sheep, the dearer the beef. The more sheep, the dearer the corn. The more sheep, the scantier the white meat. The more sheep, the fewer eggs for a penny."

The truth of these proverbial statements is established to the satisfaction of the petitioners, who then enter upon a calculation of the loss to the realm by sheep husbandry. Beginning with the fact that there were upwards of fifty thousand towns and villages in England, they asserted that one plow less was used in each for the reason stated; that every plow was able to maintain six persons; and that, consequently, three hundred thousand persons were deprived of their subsistence who had previously been "wont to have meat, drink, and raiment, uprising and down-lying, paying scot and lot to God and to the king." Now they could only go about to beg, steal, and be hanged. An investigation of the premises was asked. This was before the passage of the Act for the Punishment of Vagabonds, in 1547, which provided for the branding and enslaving of idle persons, but it was not before much more cruel punishments had been established in vain. Few subjects connected with English history are more important than those relating to the momentous changes of this remarkable period of transition.

The Knight of La Tour-Landry (a feudal castle in the old province of Anjou), whose book has been mentioned, had three daughters. His wife had been dead twenty years, and remembering, as he says, how his fellows used to behave towards women, and doubting not that there were "such fellows now, or worse," he determined to make a little book about good and evil women, to the intent that his daughters should take pattern of the good ones. He directed two priests and two clerks to extract from the Bible and from the chronicles of France, Greece, and England examples of good and bad women. These the knight arranged and recorded in prose rather than in verse, for he wished to study brevity and to be more plainly understood. The morality inculcated by the stories is often questionable, but there is an unequivocal utterance on the subordination of the woman to the man in matrimony. The case of Vashti, who refused to exhibit herself to the "barons" of Ahasuerus, is made much of to show that wives ought to do worship to their husbands and "show a semblance of love," though the knight would permit them when alone to "more largely say" their own will. The whole of this little book is entertaining, and it shows that the relations of knights and ladies remained in the fourteenth century in very much the state in which they are pictured in the Romances of the Round Table.

The remaining volumes to be considered in this class refer to a later period, — the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. They are remarkable for their repetition and redundancy. Caxton's Book of Curtesye (1477) contains the same directions that we find again and again in the Booke of Precedence and in the Babees Book. One suggestion of Caxton must not be forgotten. He urges the young to exercise themselves in read-

ing books adorned with eloquence, especially Gower's Confessio Amantis, and the work of the "founder of ornate eloquence that illumined all Britain, father Chaucer," whose words, he says, seem not words, but the things themselves. He also recommends Occleve and Lydgate, but mentions no others.

Andrew Boorde's two books, The Introduction of Knowledge, and Dyetary of Helth, are second to none in interest. The writer was a genius in his way. In the first-mentioned treatise he attempts to give directions how to speak all manner of languages, and to describe the habits and customs of men of all countries. A few quotations from Andrew Boorde will establish his place as the father of the writers of travelers' word-books.

French. — Of whens be you? *Unde eta vou?*

I am of England. *Ie sues de Angliater.*

I fare wel. *Ie porta bene.*

There is ryght good lodgyng. *Il i en ya ung tresbon logis.*

Geve me bred. *Done moy de pane.*

German. — God morow, my master! *Goed morgen, myh hern!*

Hostess, have you good meate? *Wertyn, hab ye god eften?*

Boorde's delineation of the various countries and their people is much better than his vocabularies. He begins his itinerary with England; one of the first traits which he mentions is the profanity of the people, — a trait that still gives them notoriety. "In all the world," he says, "there is no region nor country that doth use more swearing than is used in England; for a child that scarce can speak, a boy, a girl, a wench, nowadays will swear as great oaths as an old knave and an old drab." Still, he says the Italian proverb, "England, good land, bad people," is not true, for there is no land equal to England in manners and manhood. "Englishmen be bold and strong and mighty; the women be full of beauty, and they be decked gayly. They fare sumptuously, and God is served in their churches devoutly." It were vain, however, to attempt to follow our author in his praises of his native land. Let us see what he says of other countries.

He next travels into Wales, where the people are prone to steal, though boasting very ancient pedigrees. They love toasted cheese and metheglin, and are hardy, strong men, whose voices and harps are like the buzzing of a bumble-bee. Ireland he finds a country inhabited by one set of people like the English, but naturally testy, and by another, called the Wild Irish, who are slothful, ill-mannered, rude, untaught, and uncivilized. The Scotch are boastful, and not to be trusted. They drink bad ale, eat oaten cakes, and hate Englishmen. The Flemmings and the Dutch are great drinkers; they eat toad-stools and the hinder loins of frogs, and have fine church spires and meat shambles, at least in Antwerp. The High Germans are rude, badly dressed, and loud in their talk. Denmark and Saxony Boorde finds small and bare countries, which leads him to express his astonishment that they ever conquered England, and his confidence that they and all the world beside can never do it again. Thus this sagacious and gossipy author rattles away with his hurried delineation of the countries of Europe. We shall follow him only far enough to learn what he discovered in two or three other countries.

Greece was under the Turks then. In its capital, Constantinople, he found the fairest cathedral church in the world, with a "wonderful sight" of priests and a remarkable collection of relics. Venice was a noble city, full of beauty and riches, standing seven miles within the sea, having water running in its streets, on which the merchants were rowed in fair little barges. There was no poverty in Venice. The merchants wore long gowns with close sleeves; they polled their heads and let their beards grow. Lombardy was a "champion" country. The people "set much" on their beards, and were scornful of speech, giving answers to questions by "wrying the head at the one side, displaying the hands abroad, and shrugging up the shoulders! They ate snails and frogs,

and kept very vicious cur dogs. The French had "no great fantasy" to Englishmen, though their country was full of goodly towns, where a man could get good cheese for his money. The people delighted in gorgeous apparel, and gave the fashions to all nations. Spain was a very poor country, except on the seaboard, and the men wore Spanish cloaks to hide their old coats and other worn-out clothes. Finally, Boorde came back to his island home through France, which he declares belongs to England "by right many ways," or "why should Henry VI. have been crowned King of France at Paris? and has not royal King Henry VIII. conquered Boulogne?"

If we turn to Boorde's Dyetary we shall learn much more of the mode of living in England, as well as of the general information of the period in medical and sanitary matters. His Dyetary begins with a description of a home, and tells the reader how to make it healthful and convenient. The singular habit of the time of distorting Scripture, with good intent, is shown in the directions how to situate the house for the health of the body. He says the builder must take heed to the counsel of God to Abraham to find a country abounding with milk and honey. It is to be noted that where there is plenty of milk there is plenty of pasture, and where there is much honey there is no scarcity of wood; and that, therefore, to follow the divine directions, a man must situate his house where he is sure to have both water and wood! Boorde adds that the house ought to be built where there is plenty of "elbow room" and a fair prospect, to satisfy the eye and to content the mind. Explicit directions are then given on sanitary matters: so thorough are they, indeed, that an English health officer says they comprehend all that reformers have been teaching for the past twenty years, and that it is difficult to say that any advance has been made upon them!

After instructing the reader on these points, Boorde gives advice about the management of one's income, and about clothing, eating, drinking, and caring for the sick, closing with the details of arrangements of a sick-room and the care of the dying, to the end that the sick man "may finish his life catholickly, in the faith of Jesu Christ, and so depart out of this miserable world."

There remains of the books we have purposed to discuss only that one which Mr. Furnivall has named, from the first chapter of its varied contents, The Babees Book. The volume comprises also the Books of Nurture, of Hugh Rhodes and John Russell; Wynkyn de Worde's Boke of Keruynge (Carving); the Book of Demeanor; the Book of Courtesy; the School of Virtue; and a number of other small works on the general subject of manners and meals. Like the volume of Boorde that we have just laid down, The Babees Book is almost priceless on account of its pictures of the manners and customs of mediæval England, while it is of nearly equal value as a philological study.

The sub-title of The Babees Book proper is A Little Report of how Young People should Behave. Taking us back three quarters of a century before the accession of Elizabeth, it brings before us the author praying for divine direction as he translates from the Latin. He then appeals directly to his readers in terms that prove his book to be intended for children of high rank: —

> "But, O young Babees, whom blood royal
> With grace, feature and high hability
> Hath adorned, on you it is I call
> To know this book; for it were great pity,
> Since in you is set sovereign beauty,
> If virtue and nurture were not with all;
> To you, therefore, I speak in special."

Only eight pages are occupied by this portion of the volume. The children are exhorted to speak when they are spoken to, to be courteous, to answer briefly, to stand until told to sit, to thank one who praises them, and to be very careful about manners at meals.

In other places in the volume the good youth are directed to take their broth with spoons, and not directly from the dish without an intermediate agent; they are counseled not to cut their meat like field laborers, who have appetites so ravenous that they do not care for

the rules of good manners; they are encouraged not to carry food to the mouth with the knife, nor to hold it in the hand. This was two hundred years after Chaucer, whose nun proved her dainty breeding by the skill with which she fed herself with her fingers. There had been, no doubt, much progress in indoor civilization in the interim, more progress indeed, than has been made since, — in the theory, at least. As we find in Boorde that the principles of ventilation, drainage, and good living were well understood in his day, so we learn from The Babees Book rules of good table-manners that still hold sway, and would do good service if inculcated in hundreds of public houses and families of Europe and America, in the present year of grace.

Much of the advice is as elementary as that found in the Guides to Good Manners of 1877, but no more. In the Book of Courtesy, for example, we are warned never to speak "unhonestly" of womankind, nor even to harbor thoughts derogatory to them, for, it argues axiomatically, we are all of woman born, as our fathers were before us. At meals we are admonished not to quarrel nor to make grimaces; not to come with unwashed hands or with filthy nails; not to cram, nor to laugh with the mouth full, nor to "sup soup with great sounding," all of which practices, like evil communications, tend undoubtedly to corrupt good manners. But this is not all. We are told not to spit on the table nor to fondle the dog; not to use a knife, a straw, or a stick as a tooth-pick; not to drink with food in the mouth nor to blow the food, either to warm or to cool it; not to wipe the teeth or the eyes with the table-cloth, nor to lean on the elbow, nor to put the thumb into the drinking-cup, nor the food into the salt-cellar.

Some of the advice is whimsical or superstitious, as when we are urged by no means to put up at a house where there is a man or a woman with red hair, for such are to be dreaded! We are told to chew two or three drams of mastic before retiring, to guard the body from bad humors, and to have a hole in the top of the night-cap (which should be of scarlet stuff), to permit the vapor of the head to pass off at night.

Nothing is more marked in mediæval manners than the attention given to personal cleanliness and to regular devotions. The veriest Pharisee would have been satisfied with the frequent washings prescribed, and the devoutest saint could find little to object to in the prayers. Over and over again it is urged, "Say your morning prayers, and desire God to bless you, to preserve you from all dangers, and to direct you in all your actions. . . . Therefore see that you be mindful of him, and remember that to that intent were you born, to wit, to set forth his glory, and most holy name." "Pray fervently to God before you sleep, to inspire you with his grace, to defend you from all perils and subtleties of wicked fiends, and to prosper you in all your affairs; and then lay aside your cares and business, as well public as private, for that night; in so doing you shall sleep more quietly."

Two very interesting documents are entitled, How the Goodwife taught her Daughter, and How the Wise Man taught his Son, the former being so *naïve* and suggestive that it repays careful perusal. It opens with this advice:

> "Daughter, if thou wilt be a wife
> Go to church when thou may,
> Look thou spare for no rain,
> For thou farest the best that ilk day
> When thou hast God y-seyn [seen].
> He must needs well thrive
> That liveth well all his life,
> My leef child."

In church she is to give alms; she must not chatter nor gossip, but be courteous to all. Having given good counsel on the subject of devotion, the good-wife turns to matrimony, which was in those antiquated times, apparently, the chief end of woman, and directs her daughter to scorn the worship of no man whosoever he be, but to beware of man, however, in a general way: —

> "For a slander raised ill
> Is evil for to still,
> My leef child."

Once wedded "before God with a ring," she must love, honor, and obey

with the meekest old-fashioned submission, and become a mild, circumspect matron, never laughing loudly, nor walking fast, nor talking much, nor swearing much, nor haunting the tavern, nor drinking too much, even in private, nor being often drunken: —

> "For they that be oft drunk,
> Thrift is from them sunk,
> My leef child."

Next, the young wife is instructed in detail about household economy, the management of servants, and in regard to dealings with neighbors, with the poor, the rich, the sick, and the distressed. These portions are replete with practical wisdom. As regards her children, if they rebel and will not behave, she is not to "curse" them nor "blow" them, but to take a smart rod and beat them until they cry mercy and acknowledge their guilt. As soon as daughters are born she is to gather goods in view of their marriage, and to wed them as promptly as possible, for, says the goodwife, —

> "Maidens be fair and amiable,
> But of their love full unstable,
> My leef child."

In conclusion, the daughter is assured that she had better never have been born than to have been untaught of this lore, and the mother calls down upon her blessings numberless from all the patriarchs, from God himself, from Mary, and all angels, and all archangels; in brief, she adds "from all holy wights" whatsoever!

If time and space sufficed it would be entertaining to consider in detail all the divisions of The Babees Book. It must suffice, however, to say in conclusion that in it we learn what food our forefathers ate, and how they cooked it; how they laid their tables, cut their bread, and folded their napkins; how they dressed, washed, slept, and cared for their bodies in sickness and health; how they prayed in public and private; how they nurtured their children, and how they buried their dead. To Americans it is comforting to find that habits and customs which have been attributed to them as their originators were long, long ago bred in the English bone. There is a grim consolation in learning that oft-repeated rules against expectoration in public were needed in England four hundred years gone by. The exhortation contained in the following lines is frequently given: —

> "If spitting chance to move thee so
> Thou canst it not forbear,
> Remember do it modestly,
> Consider who is there."

Without pursuing our fruitful theme at greater length, it remains to be said that the valuable series of volumes, the contents of which it has been our object to sketch, is available for the use of American students on the shelves of many public and private libraries. In some cases the volumes may be found, as in the library of Mr. Mendlicott, of Longmeadow, Massachusetts, in the large-paper edition. The ordinary edition is in the library of Amherst College; the Mercantile Library, Baltimore; the Boston Athenæum; the Mercantile Library, Brooklyn; the Public Library, Cincinnati; the library of the Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois; Harvard College Library; the library of the college of New Jersey, Princeton; the library of the Peabody Institute, Baltimore; the Public Library, Philadelphia; the Mercantile Library, Philadelphia; the Library of Congress, Washington; at the University of Wisconsin; and at Yale College.

Arthur Gilman.

SOME RAMBLING NOTES OF AN IDLE EXCURSION.

I.

All the journeyings I had ever done had been purely in the way of business. The pleasant May weather suggested a novelty, namely, a trip for pure recreation, the bread-and-butter element left out. The Reverend said he would go, too: a good man, one of the best of men, although a clergyman. By eleven at night we were in New Haven and on board the New York boat. We bought our tickets, and then went wandering around, here and there, in the solid comfort of being free and idle, and of putting distance between ourselves and the mails and telegraphs.

After a while I went to my state-room and undressed, but the night was too enticing for bed. We were moving down the bay now, and it was pleasant to stand at the window and take the cool night-breeze and watch the gliding lights on shore. Presently, two elderly men sat down under that window and began a conversation. Their talk was properly no business of mine, yet I was feeling friendly toward the world and willing to be entertained. I soon gathered that they were brothers, that they were from a small Connecticut village, and that the matter in hand concerned the cemetery. Said one, —

"Now, John, we talked it all over amongst ourselves, and this is what we 've done. You see, everybody was a-movin' from the old buryin' ground, and our folks was most about left to theirselves, as you may say. They was crowded, too, as you know; lot wa' n't big enough in the first place; and last year, when Seth's wife died, we could n't hardly tuck her in. She sort o' overlaid Deacon Shorb's lot, and he soured on her, so to speak, and on the rest of us, too. So we talked it over, and I was for a lay-out in the new simitery on the hill. They wa' n't unwilling, if it was cheap. Well, the two best and biggest plots was No. 8 and No. 9, — both of a size; nice comfortable room for twenty-six, — twenty-six full-growns, that is; but you reckon in children and other shorts, and strike an everage, and I should say you might lay in thirty, or may be thirty-two or three, pretty genteel, — no crowdin' to signify."

"That 's a plenty, William. Which one did you buy?"

"Well, I 'm a-coming to that, John. You see, No. 8 was thirteen dollars, No. 9 fourteen" —

"I see. So 's 't you took No. 8."

"You wait. I took No. 9. And I'll tell you for why. In the first place, Deacon Shorb wanted it. Well, after the way he 'd gone on about Seth's wife overlappin' his prem'ses, I 'd 'a' beat him out of that No. 9 if I 'd 'a' had to stand two dollars extra, let alone one. That 's the way I felt about it. Says I, what 's a dollar, any way? Life 's on'y a pilgrimage, says I; we ain't here for good, and we can't take it with us, says I. So I just dumped it down, knowin' the Lord don't suffer a good deed to go for nothin', and cal'latin' to take it out o' somebody in the course o' trade. Then there was another reason, John. No. 9 's a long way the handiest lot in the simitery, and the likeliest for situation. It lays right on top of a knoll in the dead centre of the buryin' ground; and you can see Millport from there, and Tracy's, and Hopper Mount, and a raft o' farms, and so on. There ain't no better outlook from a buryin' plot in the State. Si Higgins says so, and I reckon he ought to know. Well, and that ain't all. Course Shorb had to take No. 8; wa' n't no help for 't. Now, No. 8 jines on to No. 9, but it 's on the slope of the hill, and every time it rains it 'll soak right down on to the Shorbs. Si Higgins says 't when the deacon's time comes, he better take out fire and marine insurance both on his remains."

Here there was the sound of a low,

placid, duplicate chuckle of appreciation and satisfaction.

"Now, John, here 's a little rough draft of the ground, that I 've made on a piece of paper. Up here in the left-hand corner we 've bunched the departed; took them from the old grave-yard and stowed them one along side o' t'other, on a first-come-first-served plan, no partialities, with gran'ther Jones for a starter, on'y because it happened so, and windin' up indiscriminate with Seth's twins. A little crowded towards the end of the lay-out, may be, but we reckoned 't wa' n't best to scatter the twins. Well, next comes the livin'. Here, where it 's marked A, we 're goin' to put Mariar and her family, when they 're called; B, that 's for brother Hosea and his'n; C, Calvin and tribe. What 's left is these two lots here, — just the gem of the whole patch for general style and outlook; they 're for me and my folks, and you and yourn. Which of them would you ruther be buried in? "

"I swan you 've took me mighty unexpected, William! It sort of started the shivers. Fact is, I was thinkin' so busy about makin' things comfortable for the others, I had n't thought about being buried myself."

"Life 's on'y a fleetin' show, John, as the sayin' is. We 've all got to go, sooner or later. To go with a clean record 's the main thing. Fact is, it 's the on'y thing worth strivin' for, John."

"Yes, that 's so, William, that 's so; there ain't no getting around it. Which of these lots would you recommend? "

"Well, it depends, John. Are you particular about outlook? "

"I don't say I am, William; I don't say I ain't. Reely, I don't know. But mainly, I reckon, I 'd set store by a south exposure."

"That 's easy fixed, John. They 're both south exposure. They take the sun and the Shorbs get the shade."

"How about sile, William? "

"D 's a sandy sile, E 's mostly loom."

"You may gimme E, then, William; a sandy sile caves in, more or less, and costs for repairs."

"All right; set your name down here, John, under E. Now, if you don't mind payin' me your share of the fourteen dollars, John, while we 're on the business, everything 's fixed."

After some higgling and sharp bargaining the money was paid, and John bade his brother good-night and took his leave. There was silence for some moments; then a soft chuckle welled up from the lonely William, and he muttered: "I declare for 't, if I have n't made a mistake! It 's D that 's mostly loom, not E. And John 's booked for a sandy sile after all."

There was another soft chuckle, and William departed to his rest, also.

The next day, in New York, was a hot one. Still we managed to get more or less entertainment out of it. Toward the middle of the afternoon we arrived on board the staunch steamship Bermuda, with bag and baggage, and hunted for a shady place. It was blazing summer weather, until we were half way down the harbor. Then I buttoned my coat closely; half an hour later I put on a spring overcoat and buttoned that. As we passed the light-ship I added an ulster and tied a handkerchief around the collar to hold it snug to my neck. So rapidly had the summer gone and winter come again!

By nightfall we were far out at sea, with no land in sight. No telegrams could come here, no letters, no news. This was an uplifting thought. It was still more uplifting to reflect that the millions of harassed people on shore behind us were suffering just as usual.

The next day brought us into the midst of the Atlantic solitudes, — out of smoke-colored soundings into fathomless deep blue; no ships visible anywhere over the wide ocean; no company but Mother Cary's chickens wheeling, darting, skimming the waves in the sun. There were some sea-faring men among the passengers, and conversation drifted into matters concerning ships and sailors. One said that "true as the needle to the pole" was a bad figure, since the needle seldom pointed to the pole. He said a ship's compass was not faithful to any particular point, but was the most

fickle and treacherous of the servants of man. It was forever changing. It changed every day in the year; consequently the amount of the daily variation had to be ciphered out and allowance made for it, else the mariner would go utterly astray. Another said there was a vast fortune waiting for the genius who should invent a compass that would not be affected by the local influences of an iron ship. He said there was only one creature more fickle than a wooden ship's compass, and that was the compass of an iron ship. Then came reference to the well-known fact that an experienced mariner can look at the compass of a new iron vessel, thousands of miles from her birthplace, and tell which way her head was pointing when she was in process of building.

Now an ancient whale-ship master fell to talking about the sort of crews they used to have in his early days. Said he, —

"Sometimes we 'd have a batch of college students. Queer lot. Ignorant? Why, they did n't know the cat-heads from the main brace. But if you took them for fools you 'd get bit, sure. They 'd learn more in a month than another man would in a year. We had one, once, in the Mary Ann, that came aboard with gold spectacles on. And besides, he was rigged out from main truck to keelson in the nobbiest clothes that ever saw a fo'castle. He had a chest full, too: cloaks, and broadcloth coats, and velvet vests; everything swell, you know; and did n't the salt water fix them out for him? I guess not! Well, going to sea, the mate told him to go aloft and help shake out the fore-to'gallants'l. Up he shins to the foretop, with his spectacles on, and in a minute down he comes again, looking insulted. Says the mate, 'What did you come down for?' Says the chap, 'P'raps you did n't notice that there ain't any ladders above there.' You see we had n't any shrouds above the foretop. The men bursted out in a laugh such as I guess you never heard the like of. Next night, which was dark and rainy, the mate ordered this chap to go aloft about something, and I 'm dummed if he did n't start up with an umbrella and a lantern! But no matter; he made a mighty good sailor before the voyage was done, and we had to hunt up something else to laugh at. Years afterwards, when I had forgot all about him, I comes into Boston, mate of a ship, and was loafing around town with the second mate, and it so happened that we stepped into the Revere House, thinking may be we would chance the salt-horse in that big dining-room for a flyer, as the boys say. Some fellows were talking just at our elbow, and one says, 'Yonder 's the new governor of Massachusetts, — at that table over there, with the ladies.' We took a good look, my mate and I, for we had n't either of us ever seen a governor before. I looked and looked at that face, and then all of a sudden it popped on me! But I did n't give any sign. Says I, 'Mate, I 've a notion to go over and shake hands with him.' Says he, 'I think I see you doing it, Tom.' Says I, 'Mate, I 'm a-going to do it.' Says he, 'Oh, yes, I guess so! May be you don't want to bet you will, Tom?' Says I, 'I don't mind going a V on it, mate.' Says he, 'Put it up.' 'Up she goes,' says I, planking the cash. This surprised him. But he covered it, and says, pretty sarcastic, 'Had n't you better take your grub with the governor and the ladies, Tom?' Says I, 'Upon second thoughts, I will.' Says he, 'Well, Tom, you *are* a dum fool.' Says I, 'May be I am, may be I ain't; but the main question is, Do you want to risk two and a half that I won't do it?' 'Make it a V,' says he. 'Done,' says I. I started, him a-giggling and slapping his hand on his thigh, he felt so good. I went over there and leaned my knuckles on the table a minute and looked the governor in the face, and says I, 'Mister Gardner, don't you know me?' He stared, and I stared, and he stared. Then all of a sudden he sings out, 'Tom Bowling, by the holy poker! Ladies, it 's old Tom Bowling, that you 've heard me talk about, — shipmate of mine in the Mary Ann.' He rose up and shook hands with me ever so hearty — I sort of glanced around and

took a realizing sense of my mate's saucer eyes, — and then says the governor, 'Plant yourself, Tom, plant yourself; you can't cat your anchor again till you 've had a feed with me and the ladies!' I planted myself alongside the governor, and canted my eye around towards my mate. Well, sir, his dead-lights were bugged out like tompions; and his mouth stood that wide open that you could have laid a ham in it without him noticing it."

There was great applause at the conclusion of the old captain's story; then, after a moment's silence, a grave, pale young man said, —

"Had you ever met the governor before?"

The old captain looked steadily at this inquirer a while, and then got up and walked aft without making any reply. One passenger after another stole a furtive glance at the inquirer, but failed to make him out, and so gave him up. It took some little work to get the talk-machinery to running smoothly again after this derangement; but at length a conversation sprang up about that important and jealously guarded instrument, a ship's time-keeper, its exceeding delicate accuracy, and the wreck and destruction that have sometimes resulted from its varying a few seemingly trifling moments from the true time; then, in due course, my comrade, the Reverend, got off on a yarn, with a fair wind and everything drawing. It was a true story, too, — about Captain Rounceville's shipwreck, — true in every detail. It was to this effect: —

Captain Rounceville's vessel was lost in mid-Atlantic, and likewise his wife and his two little children. Captain Rounceville and seven seamen escaped with life, but with little else. A small, rudely constructed raft was to be their home for eight days. They had neither provisions nor water. They had scarcely any clothing; no one had a coat but the captain. This coat was changing hands all the time, for the weather was very cold. Whenever a man became exhausted with the cold, they put the coat on him and laid him down between two shipmates until the garment and their bodies had warmed life into him again. Among the sailors was a Portuguese who knew no English. He seemed to have no thought of his own calamity, but was concerned only about the captain's bitter loss of wife and children. By day, he would look his dumb compassion in the captain's face; and by night, in the darkness and the driving spray and rain, he would seek out the captain and try to comfort him with caressing pats on the shoulder. One day, when hunger and thirst were making their sure inroads upon the men's strength and spirits, a floating barrel was seen at a distance. It seemed a great find, for doubtless it contained food of some sort. A brave fellow swam to it, and after long and exhausting effort got it to the raft. It was eagerly opened. It was a barrel of magnesia! On the fifth day an onion was spied. A sailor swam off and got it. Although perishing with hunger, he brought it in its integrity and put it into the captain's hand. The history of the sea teaches that among starving, shipwrecked men, selfishness is rare, and a wonder-compelling magnanimity the rule. The onion was equally divided into eight parts, and eaten with deep thanksgivings. On the eighth day a distant ship was sighted. Attempts were made to hoist an oar, with Captain Rounceville's coat on it for a signal. There were many failures, for the men were but skeletons now, and strengthless. At last success was achieved, but the signal brought no help. The ship faded out of sight and left despair behind her. By and by another ship appeared, and passed so near that the castaways, every eye eloquent with gratitude, made ready to welcome the boat that would be sent to save them. But this ship also drove on, and left these men staring their unutterable surprise and dismay into each other's ashen faces. Late in the day, still another ship came up out of the distance, but the men noted with a pang that her course was one which would not bring her nearer. Their remnant of life was nearly spent; their lips and tongues were

swollen, parched, cracked with eight days' thirst; their bodies starved; and here was their last chance gliding relentlessly from them; they would not be alive when the next sun rose. For a day or two past the men had lost their voices, but now Captain Rounceville whispered, "Let us pray." The Portuguese patted him on the shoulder in sign of deep approval. All knelt at the base of the oar that was waving the signal-coat aloft, and bowed their heads. The sea was tossing; the sun rested, a red, rayless disk, on the sea-line in the west. When the men presently raised their heads they would have roared a hallelujah if they had had a voice: the ship's sails lay wrinkled and flapping against her masts, she was going about! Here was rescue at last, and in the very last instant of time that was left for it. No, not rescue yet, — only the imminent prospect of it. The red disk sank under the sea and darkness blotted out the ship. By and by came a pleasant sound, — oars moving in a boat's rowlocks. Nearer it came, and nearer, — within thirty steps, but nothing visible. Then a deep voice: "Hol-*lo!*" The castaways could not answer; their swollen tongues refused voice. The boat skirted round and round the raft, started away — the agony of it! — returned, rested the oars, close at hand, listening, no doubt. The deep voice again: "Hol-*lo!* Where are ye, shipmates?" Captain Rounceville whispered to his men, saying: "Whisper your best, boys! now — all at once!" So they sent out an eightfold whisper in hoarse concert: "Here!" There was life in it if it succeeded; death if it failed. After that supreme moment Captain Rounceville was conscious of nothing until he came to himself on board the saving ship. Said the Reverend, concluding, —

"There was one little moment of time in which that raft could be visible from that ship, and only one. If that one little fleeting moment had passed unfruitful, those men's doom was sealed. As close as that does God shave events foreordained from the beginning of the world. When the sun reached the water's edge that day, the captain of that ship was sitting on deck reading his prayer-book. The book fell; he stooped to pick it up, and happened to glance at the sun. In that instant that far-off raft appeared for a second against the red disk, its needle-like oar and diminutive signal cut sharp and black against the bright surface, and in the next instant was thrust away into the dusk again. But that ship, that captain, and that pregnant instant had had their work appointed for them in the dawn of time and could not fail of the performance. The chronometer of God never errs!"

There was deep, thoughtful silence for some moments. Then the grave, pale young man said, —

"What is the chronometer of God?"

Mark Twain.

A WILLOW-TREE.

Pale sorrower, in whose listless grace one sees
  Not any shadow of joy while summer beams,
  Looking, as all your foliage earthward streams,
The inconsolable Niobe of trees,
For me, if some appropriate mood shall please
  To have led me where your leafy languor gleams,
  Then through my heart, a band of glimmering dreams,
Float these, or lovelier memories than these:

A white shape, framed in jealous passion's gloom,
Meek Desdemona doth her sad song raise;
Or mad Ophelia, just before her doom,
Hangs on your treacherous branch her wildwood sprays;
Or by the Arcadian brooks, whose banks you plume,
The dead Greek shepherds flute mellifluous lays!

Edgar Fawcett.

A COUNTERFEIT PRESENTMENT.

COMEDY.

IN THREE PARTS. PART THIRD.

I.

BARTLETT *and* CUMMINGS.

Bartlett: "Six weeks since you were here? I should n't have thought that." Bartlett's easel stands before the window, in the hotel parlor; he has laid a tint upon the canvas, and has retired a few paces for the effect, his palette and mahl-stick in hand, and his head carried at a critical angle. Cummings, who has been doing the duty of art-culture by the picture, regards it with renewed interest. Bartlett resumes his work: "Pretty good, Cummings?"

Cummings: "Capital! The blue of that distance" —

Bartlett, with a burlesque sigh: "Ah, I looked into my heart and painted, for *that!* Well, you find me still here, Cummings, and apparently more at home than ever. The landlord has devoted this parlor to the cause of art, — makes the transients use the lower parlor, now, — and we have this all to ourselves: Miss Wyatt sketches, you know. Her mother brings her sewing, and the general his bruises; he has n't quite scrambled up, yet, from that little knock-down of his; a man does n't, at his time of life, I believe; and we make this our family-room; and a very queer family we are! Fine old fellow, the general; he 's behaved himself since his accident like a disabled angel, and has n't sworn — well, anything worth speaking of. Yes, here I am. I suppose it 's all right, but for all I know it may be all wrong." Bartlett sighs in unguarded sincerity. "*I* don't know what I 'm here for. Nature began shutting up shop a fortnight ago at a pretty lively rate, and edging loafers to the door with every sign of impatience; and yet, here I am, hanging round still. I suppose this glimpse of Indian summer is some excuse just now; it 's a perfect blessing to the landlord, and he 's making hay — rowen crop — while the sun shines; I 've been with him so long, now, I take quite an interest in his prosperity, if eight dollars a week of it *do* come out of me! What is talked of in 'art-circles' down in Boston, brother Cummings?"

Cummings: "Your picture."

Bartlett, inattentively, while he comes up to his easel, and bestows an infinitesimal portion of paint upon a destitute spot in the canvas: "Don't be sarcastic, Cummings."

Cummings: "I 'm not, I assure you."

Bartlett, turning toward him incredulously: "Do you mean to say that The First Gray Hair is liked?"

Cummings: "I do. There has n't been any picture so much talked of this season."

Bartlett: "Then it 's the shameless slop of the name. I should think you 'd

blush for your part in that swindle. But clergymen have *no* conscience, where they 've a chance to do a fellow a kindness, I 've observed." He goes up to Cummings with his brush in his mouth, his palette on one hand, and his mahl-stick in the other, and contrives to lay hold of his shoulders with a few disengaged fingers. As Cummings shrinks a little from his embrace: "Oh, don't be afraid; I shan't get any paint on you. You need a whole coat of whitewash, though, you unscrupulous saint!" He returns to his easel. "So The Old Girl — that 's what I shall call the picture — is a success, is she? The admiring public ought to see the original elm-tree now: she has n't got a hair, gray or green, on her head; she 's perfectly bald. I say, Cummings, how would it do for me to paint a pendant, *The Last Gray Hair?* I might look up a leaf or two on the elm, somewhere, — stick it on to the point of a twig; they would n't know any better."

Cummings: "The leafless elm would make a good picture, whatever you called it." Bartlett throws back his shaggy head and laughs up at the ceiling. "The fact is, Bartlett, I 've got a little surprise for you."

Bartlett, looking at him askance: "Somebody wanting to chromo The Old Girl? No, no; it is n't quite so bad as that!"

Cummings, in a burst: "They *did* want to chromo it. But it 's sold. They 've got you two hundred dollars for it." Bartlett lays down his brush, palette, and mahl-stick, dusts his fingers, puts them in his pockets, and comes and stands before Cummings, on whom, seated, he bends a curious look.

Bartlett: "And do you mean to tell me, you hardened atheist, that you don't believe in the doctrine of future punishments? What are they going to do with *you* in the next world? And that picture dealer? And *me?* Two hund— It 's an outrage! It 's — The picture was n't worth fifty, by a stretch of the most charitable imagination! Two hundred d— Why, Cummings, I 'll paint no end of Old Girls, First and Last Gray Hairs — I 'll flood the market! Two — Good Lord!" Bartlett goes back to his easel and silently resumes his work. After a while: "Who 's been offered up?"

Cummings: "What?"

Bartlett: "Who 's the victim? My patron? The noble and discriminating and munificent purchaser of The Old Girl?"

Cummings: "Oh! Mrs. Bellingham. She 's going to send it out to her daughter in Omaha."

Bartlett: "Ah! Mrs. Blake wishes to found an art-museum with that curiosity out there? Sorry for the Omaha-has." Cummings makes a gesture of impatience. "Well, well; I won't, then, old fellow! I 'm truly obliged to you. I accept my good fortune with compunction, but with all the gratitude imaginable. I say, Cummings!"

Cummings: "Well?"

Bartlett: "What do you think of my taking to high art, — mountains twelve hundred feet above the sea, like this portrait of Ponkwasset?"

Cummings: "I 've always told you that you had only to give yourself scope, — attempt something worthy of your powers" —

Bartlett: "Ah, I thought so. Then you believe that a good big canvas and a good big subject would be the making of me? Well, I 've come round to that idea myself. I used to think that if there was any greatness in me, I could get it into a small picture, like Meissonier or Corot. But I can't. I must have room, like the Yellowstone and Yo-Semite fellows. Don't you think Miss Wyatt is looking wonderfully improved?"

Cummings: "Wonderfully! And how beautiful she is! She looked lovely that first day, in spite of her ghostliness; but now" —

Bartlett: "Yes; a *phantom* of delight is good enough in its way, but a *well woman* is the prettiest, after all. Miss Wyatt sketches, I think I told you."

Cummings: "Yes, you mentioned it."

Bartlett: "Of course. Otherwise, I could n't possibly have thought of her while I was at work on a great picture

like this. She sketches" — Bartlett puts his nose almost on the canvas in the process of bestowing a delicate touch — "she sketches about as badly as any woman I ever saw, and *that's* saying a good deal. But she looks uncommonly well while she 's at it. The fact is, Cummings," — Bartlett retires some feet from the canvas and squints at it, — "this very picture which you approve of so highly is — Miss Wyatt's. *I* could n't attempt anything of the size of Ponkwasset! But she allows me to paint at it a little when she 's away." Bartlett steals a look of joy at his friend's vexation, and then continues seriously: "I've been having a curious time, Cummings." The other remains silent. "Don't you want to ask me about it?"

Cummings: "I don't know that I do."

Bartlett: "Why, my dear old fellow, you 're hurt! It *was* a silly joke, and I honestly ask your pardon." He lays down his brush and palette, and leaves the easel. "Cummings, I don't know what to do. I 'm in a perfect deuce of a state. I 'm hit — awfully hard; and I don't know what to do about it. I wish I had gone at once — the first day. But I had to stay — I had to stay." He turns and walks away from Cummings, whose eyes follow him with pardon and sympathy.

Cummings: "Do you really mean it, Bartlett? I did n't dream of such a thing. I thought you were still brooding over that affair with Miss Harlan."

Bartlett: "Oh, child's play! A prehistoric illusion! A solar myth! The thing never was." He rejects the obsolete superstition with a wave of his left hand. "I 'm in love with this girl, and I feel like a sneak and a brute about it. At the very best it would be preposterous. Who am I, a poor devil of a painter, the particular pet of Poverty, to think of a young lady whose family and position could command her the best? But putting that aside, — putting that insuperable obstacle lightly aside, as a mere trifle, — the thing remains an atrocity. It 's enormously indelicate to think of loving a woman who would never have looked twice at me if I had n't resembled an infernal scoundrel who tried to break her heart; and I 've nothing else to commend me. I 've the perfect certainty that she does n't and can't care anything for me in myself; and it grinds me into the dust to realize on what terms she tolerates me. I could carry it off as a joke, at first; but when it became serious, I had to look it in the face; and that 's what it amounts to, and if you know of any more hopeless and humiliating tangle, *I* don't." Bartlett, who has approached his friend during this speech, walks away again; and there is an interval of silence.

Cummings, at last, musingly: "*You* in love with Miss Wyatt? I can't imagine it!"

Bartlett, fiercely: "You can't imagine it? What 's the reason you can't imagine it? Don't be offensive, Cummings!" He stops in his walk and lowers upon his friend. "Why should n't I be in love with Miss Wyatt?"

Cummings: "Oh, nothing. Only you were saying" —

Bartlett: "I was saying! Don't tell me what *I* was saying. Say something yourself."

Cummings: "Really, Bartlett, you can't expect me to stand this sort of thing. You 're preposterous."

Bartlett: "I know it! But don't blame me. I beg your pardon. Is it because of the circumstances that you can't imagine my being in love with her?"

Cummings: "Oh, no; I was n't thinking of the circumstances; but it seemed so out of character for you" —

Bartlett, impatiently: "Oh, love 's always out of character, just as it 's always out of reason. I admit freely that I 'm an ass. And then?"

Cummings: "Well, then, I don't believe you have any more reason to be in despair than you have to be in love. If she tolerates you, as you say, it *can't* be because you look like the man who jilted her."

Bartlett: "Ah! But if she still loves *him?*"

Cummings: "You don't know that. That strikes me as a craze of jealousy.

What makes you think she tolerates you for that reason or no-reason?"

Bartlett: "What makes me think it? From the very first she interpreted *me* by what she knew of *him*. She expected me to be this and not to be that; to have one habit and not another; and I could see that every time the fact was different, it was a miserable disappointment to her, a sort of shock. Every little difference between me and that other rascal gave her a start; and whenever I looked up I found her wistful eyes on me as if they were trying to puzzle me out; they used to follow me round the room like the eyes of a family portrait. You would n't have liked it yourself, Cummings. For the first three weeks I simply existed on false pretenses, — involuntary false pretenses, at that. I wanted to explode; I wanted to roar out, 'If you think I 'm at all like that abandoned scoundrel of yours in anything but looks, I 'm *not!*' But I was bound by everything that was sacred, by everything that was decent, to hold my tongue, and let my soul be rasped out of me in silence and apparent unconsciousness. That was *your* fault. If you had n't told me all about the thing I could have done something outrageous and stopped it. But I was tied hand and foot by what I knew. I had to let it go on."

Cummings: "I 'm very sorry, Bartlett; but" —

Bartlett: "Oh, I dare say you would n't have done it if you had n't had a wild ass of the desert to deal with. Well, the old people got used to some little individuality in me, by and by, and beyond a suppressed whoop or two from the mother when I came suddenly into the room, they did n't do anything to annoy me directly. But they were anxious every minute for the effect on *her;* and it worried me as much to have them watching her as to have *her* watching *me*. Of course I knew that she talked this confounded resemblance over with her mother every time I left them, and avoided talking it over with her father."

Cummings: "But you say the trouble 's over, now."

Bartlett: "Oh — *over!* No; it is n't over. When she 's with me a while she comes to see that I 'm not a mere *doppelgänger*. She respites me to that extent. But I have still some small rags of self-esteem dangling about me; and now suppose I should presume to set up for somebody on my own account; the first hint of my caring for her as I do, if she could conceive of anything so atrocious, would tear open all the old sorrows — Ah! I can't think of it. Besides, I tell you, it is n't all over. It 's only not so bad as it was. She 's subject to relapses, when it 's much worse than ever. Why" — Bartlett stands facing his friend, with a half-whimsical, half-desperate smile, as if about to illustrate his point, when Constance and her mother enter the parlor.

II.

CONSTANCE, MRS. WYATT, BARTLETT, *and* CUMMINGS.

Constance, with a quick, violent arrest: "Ah! Oh!"

Mrs. Wyatt: "Constance, Constance, darling! What 's the matter?"

Constance: "Oh, nothing, — nothing!" She laughs, nervously. "I thought there was nobody — here; and it — startled me. How do you do, Mr. Cummings?" She goes quickly up to that gentleman, and gives him her hand. "Don't you think it wonderful to find such a day as this, up here, at this time of year?" She struggles to control the panting breath in which she speaks.

Cummings: "Yes; I supposed I had come quite too late for anything of the sort. You must make haste with your Ponkwasset, Miss Wyatt, or you 'll have to paint him with his winter cap on."

Constance: "Ah, yes! My picture. Mr. Bartlett has been telling you." Her eyes have already wandered away from Cummings, and they now dwell, with a furtive light of reparation and imploring upon Bartlett's disheartened patience: "Good *morning.*" It is a delicately tentative salutation, in a low voice, still fluttered by her nervous agitation.

Bartlett, in a dull despair: "*Good* morning."

Constance: "How is the light on the mountain this morning?" She drifts deprecatingly up to the picture, near which Bartlett has stolidly kept his place.

Bartlett, in apathetic inattention: "Oh, very well, very well indeed, thank you."

Constance, after a hesitating glance at him: "Did you like what I had done on it yesterday?"

Bartlett, very much as before: "Oh, yes; why not?"

Constance, with meek subtlety: "I was afraid I had vexed you — by it." She bends an appealing glance upon him, to which Bartlett remains impervious, and she drops her eyes with a faint sigh. Then she lifts them again: "I was afraid I had — made the distance too blue."

Bartlett: "Oh, no; not at all."

Constance: "Do you think I had better try to finish it?"

Bartlett: "Oh, certainly. Why not? If it amuses you!"

Constance, perplexedly: "Of course." Then with a sad significance: "But I know I am trying your patience too far. You have been so kind, so good, I can't forgive myself for annoying you."

Bartlett: "It does n't annoy me. I 'm very glad to be useful to you."

Constance, demurely: "I did n't mean painting; I meant — screaming." She lifts her eyes to Bartlett's face, with a pathetic, inquiring attempt at lightness, the slightest imaginable experimental archness in her self-reproach, which dies out as Bartlett frowns and bites the corner of his mustache in unresponsive silence. "I ought to be well enough now to stop it; I 'm quite well enough to be ashamed of it." She breaks off a miserable little laugh.

Bartlett, with cold indifference: "There 's no reason why you should stop it — if it amuses you." She looks at him in surprise at this rudeness. "Do you wish to try your hand at Ponkwasset this morning?"

Constance, with a flash of resentment: "No; thanks." Then with a lapse into her morbid self-abasement: "I shall not touch it again. Mamma!"

Mrs. Wyatt: "Yes, Constance." Mrs. Wyatt and Cummings, both intent on Bartlett and Constance, have been heroically feigning a polite interest in each other, from which pretense they now eagerly release themselves.

Constance: "Oh — nothing. I can get it of Mary. I won't trouble you." She goes toward the door.

Mrs. Wyatt: "Mary is n't up from her breakfast, yet. If you want anything, let me go with you, dear." She turns to follow Constance. "Good morning, Mr. Cummings; we shall see you at dinner. Good morning," — with an inquiring glance at Bartlett. Constance slightly inclines towards the two gentlemen without looking at them, in going out with her mother; and Cummings moves away to the piano, and affects to examine the sheet-music scattered over it. Bartlett remains in his place near the easel.

III.

BARTLETT *and* CUMMINGS.

Bartlett, harshly, after a certain silence which his friend is apparently resolved not to break: "Sail in, Cummings!"

Cummings: "Oh, I 've got nothing to say."

Bartlett: "Yes, you have. You think I 'm a greater fool and a greater brute than you ever supposed in your most sanguine moments. Well, I am! What then?"

Cummings, turning about from the music at which he has been pretending to look, and facing Bartlett, with a slight shrug: "If you choose to characterize your own behavior in that way, I shall not dispute you, at any rate."

Bartlett: "Go on!"

Cummings: "Go on? You saw yourself, I suppose, how she hung upon every syllable you spoke, every look, every gesture?"

Bartlett: "Yes, I saw it."

Cummings: "You saw how completely crushed she was by your tone and manner. You 're not blind. Upon my

word, Bartlett, if I did n't know what a good, kind-hearted fellow you are, I should say you were the greatest ruffian alive."

Bartlett, with a groan: "Go on! That is something like."

Cummings: "I could n't hear what was going on — I 'll own I tried — but I could see; and to see the delicate *amende* she was trying to offer you, in such a way that it should not seem an amende, — a perfect study of a woman's gracious, unconscious art, — and then to see your sour refusal of it all, it made me sick."

Bartlett, with a desperate clutch at his face, like a man oppressed by some stifling vapor: "Yes, yes! I saw it all, too! And if it had been for *me*, I would have given anything for such happiness. Oh, gracious powers! How dear she is! I would rather have suffered any anguish than give her pain, and yet I gave her pain! I knew how it entered her heart: I felt it in my own. But what could I do? If I am to be myself, if I am not to steal the tenderness meant for another man, the *love* she shows to me because I 'm like somebody else, I *must* play the brute. But have a little mercy on me. At least, I 'm a *baited* brute. I don't know which way to turn, I don't know what to do. She 's so dear to me, — so dear in every tone of her voice, every look of her eyes, every aspiration or desire of her transparent soul, — that it seems to me my whole being is nothing but a thought of her. I loved her helplessness, her pallor, her sorrow; judge how I adore her return to something like life! Oh, you blame me! You simplify this infernal perplexity of mine and label it brutality, and scold me for it. Great Heaven! And yet you saw, you heard how she entered this room. In that instant the old illusion was back on her, and *I* was nothing. All that I had been striving and longing to be to her, and hoping and despairing to seem, was swept out of existence; I was reduced to a body without a soul, to a shadow, a counterfeit! You think I resented it? Poor girl, I *pitied* her so; and my own heart all the time like lead in my breast, — a dull lump of ache! I swear, I wonder I don't go mad. I suppose — why, I suppose I *am* insane. No man in his senses was ever bedeviled by such a maniacal hallucination. Look here, Cummings: tell me that this damnable coil is n't simply a matter of my own fancy. It 'll be some little relief to know that it 's *real*."

Cummings: "It 's real enough, my dear fellow. And it *is* a trial, — more than I could have believed such a fantastic thing could be."

Bartlett: "Trial? Ordeal by fire! Torment! I can't stand it any longer."

Cummings, musingly: "She *is* beautiful, is n't she, with that faint dawn of red in her cheeks, — not a color, but a colored light like the light that hangs round a rose-tree's boughs in the early spring! And what a magnificent movement, what a stately grace! The girl must have been a goddess!"

Bartlett: "And now she 's a saint for sweetness and patience! You think she 's had nothing to bear before from me? You know me better! Well, I 'm going away."

Cummings: "Perhaps it will be the best. You can go back with me to-morrow."

Bartlett: "To-morrow? Go back with you to-morrow? What are you talking about, man?" Cummings smiles. "I can't go to-morrow. I can't leave her hating me."

Cummings: "I knew you never meant to go. Well, what will you do?"

Bartlett: "Don't be so cold-blooded! What would *you* do?"

Cummings: "I would have it out, somehow."

Bartlett: "Oh, you talk! How?"

Cummings: "I am not in love with Miss Wyatt."

Bartlett: "Oh, don't try to play the cynic with me! It does n't become you. I know I 've used you badly at times, Cummings. I behaved abominably in leaving you to take the brunt of meeting General Wyatt that first day; I said so then, and I shall always say it. But I thought you had forgiven that."

Cummings, with a laugh: "You make

it hard to treat you seriously, Bartlett. What do you want me to do? Do you want me to go to Miss Wyatt, and explain your case to her?"

Bartlett, angrily: "No!"

Cummings: "Perhaps to Mrs. Wyatt?"

Bartlett, infuriate: "No!"

Cummings: "To the general?"

Bartlett, with sudden quiet: "You had better go away from here, Cummings — while you can."

Cummings: "I see you don't wish me to do anything, and you 're quite right. Nobody *can* do anything but yourself."

Bartlett: "And what would you advise me to do?"

Cummings: "I 've told you that I would have it out. You can't make matters worse. You can't go on in this way indefinitely. It 's just possible you might find yourself mistaken, — that Miss Wyatt cared for you in your own proper identity."

Bartlett: "For shame!"

Cummings: "Oh, if you like!"

Bartlett, after a pause: "Would you — would you see the general?"

Cummings: "If I wanted to marry the general. Come, Bartlett; don't be ridiculous. You know you don't want my advice, and I have n't any to give. I must go to my room a moment."

Bartlett: "Well, go! You 're of no advantage here. You 'd have it out, would you? Well, then, *I* would n't. I 'm a brute, I know, and a fool, but I 'm not such a brute and fool as that!" Cummings listens with smiling patience, and then goes without reply, while Bartlett drops into the chair near the easel, and sulkily glares at the picture. Through the window at his back shows the mellow Indian summer landscape. The trees have all dropped their leaves, save the oaks, which show their dark crimson banners among the deep green of the pines and hemlocks on the hills; the meadows, verdant as in June, slope away toward the fringe of birches and young maples along the borders of the pond; the low-blackberry trails like a running fire over the long grass limp from the first frosts, which have silenced all the insect voices. No sound of sylvan life is heard but the harsh challenge of a jay, answered from many trees of the nearest wood-lot. The far-off hill-tops are molten in the soft azure haze of the season; the nearer slopes and crests sleep under a grayer and thinner veil. It is to this scene that the painter turns from the easel, with the sullen unconsciousness in which he has dwelt upon the picture. Its beauty seems at last to penetrate his mood; he rises and looks upon it; then he goes out on the gallery, and, hidden by the fall of one of the curtains, stands leaning upon the rail and rapt in the common revery of the dreaming world. While he lingers there, Cummings appears at the door, and looks in; then with an air of some surprise, as if wondering not to see Bartlett, vanishes again, to give place to General Wyatt, who after a like research retires silently and apparently disconcerted. A few moments later Mrs. Wyatt comes to the threshold, and calling gently into the room, "Constance!" waits briefly and goes away. At last, the young girl herself appears, and falters in the doorway an instant, but finally comes forward and drifts softly and indirectly up to the picture, at which she glances with a little sigh. At the same moment Bartlett's voice, trolling a snatch of song, comes from the gallery without: —

ROMANCE.

I.

HERE apart our paths, then, lie:
This way you wend, that way I;
Speak one word before you go:
Do not, do not leave me so!

II.

What is it that I should say?
Tell me quick; I cannot stay;
Quick! I am not good at guessing:
Night is near, and time is pressing.

III.

Nay, then, go! But were I you,
I will tell you what I 'd do:
Rather than be baffled so,
I would never, never go!"

As the song ends, Bartlett reappears at the gallery door giving into the parlor, and encounters Constance turning at his tread from the picture on which she

has been pensively gazing while he sang. He puts up a hand on either side of the door.

IV.

BARTLETT *and* CONSTANCE.

Bartlett: "I did n't know you were here."

Constance: "Neither did I — know you were, till I heard you singing."

Bartlett, smiling ironically: "Oh, you did n't suppose I sang!"

Constance, confusedly: "I — I don't know" —

Bartlett: "Ah, you thought I did! I don't. I was indulging in a sort of modulated howling which I flatter myself is at least one peculiarity that 's entirely my own. I was baying the landscape merely for my private amusement, and I 'd not have done it, if I 'd known you were in hearing. However, if it 's helped to settle the fact one way or other, concerning any little idiosyncrasy of mine, I shan't regret it. I hope not to disappoint you in anything, by and by." He drops his hands from the door-posts and steps into the room, while Constance, in shrinking abeyance, stands trembling at his harshness.

Constance, in faltering reproach: "Mr. Bartlett!"

Bartlett: "Constance!"

Constance, struggling to assert herself, but breaking feebly in her attempt at hauteur: "Constance? What does this mean, Mr. Bartlett?"

Bartlett, with a sudden burst: "What does it mean? It means that I 'm sick of this nightmare masquerade! It means that I want to be something to you — all the world to you — in and for myself. It means that I can't play another man's part any longer and live. It means that I love you, love you, love you, Constance!" He starts involuntarily toward her with outstretched arms, from which she recoils with a convulsive cry.

Constance: "You love me? *Me?* Oh, no, no! How can you be so merciless as to talk to me of love?" She drops her glowing face into her hands.

Bartlett: "Because I 'm a man. Because love is more than mercy, — better, higher, wiser. Listen to me, Constance! — yes, I will call you so now, if never again: you are so dear to me that I must say it at last if it killed you. If loving you is cruel, I 'm pitiless! Give me some hope, tell me to breathe, my girl!"

Constance: "Oh go, while I can still forgive you."

Bartlett: "I won't go; I won't have your forgiveness; I will have all or nothing; I want your love!"

Constance, uncovering her face and turning its desolation upon him: "My love? I have no love to give. My heart is dead."

Bartlett: "No, no! That 's part of the ugly trance that we 've both been living in so long. Look! You 're better now than when you came here; you 're stronger, braver, more beautiful. My angel, you 're turned a woman again! Oh, you can love me if you will; and you will! Look at me, darling!" He takes her listless right hand in his left, and gently draws her toward him.

Constance, starting away: "You 're wrong, you 're all wrong! You don't understand; you don't know — Oh, listen to me!"

Bartlett, still holding her cold hand fast: "Yes, a thousand years. But you must tell me first that I may love you. That first!"

Constance: "No! That never! And since you speak to me of love, listen to what it 's my right you should hear."

Bartlett, releasing her: "I don't care to hear. Nothing can ever change me. But if you bid me, I will go!"

Constance: "You shall not go now till you know what despised and hated and forsaken thing you 've offered your love to."

Bartlett, beseechingly: "Constance, let me go while I can forgive myself. Nothing you can say will make me love you less; remember that; but I implore you to spare yourself. Don't speak, my love."

Constance: "Spare myself? Not speak? Not speak what has been on my tongue and heart and brain, a burn-

ing fire, so long? — Oh, I was a happy girl once! The days were not long enough for my happiness, — I woke at night to think of it. I was proud in my happiness and believed myself, poor fool, one to favor those I smiled on; and I had my vain and crazy dreams of being the happiness of some one who should come to ask for — what you ask now. Some one came. At first I didn't care for him, but he knew how to make me. He knew how to make my thoughts of him part of my happiness and pride and vanity till he was all in all, and I had no wish, no hope, no life but him; and then he — left me!" She buries her face in her hands again, and breaks into a low, piteous sobbing.

Bartlett, with a groan of helpless fury and compassion: "The fool, the sot, the slave! Constance, I knew all this, — I knew it from the first."

Constance, recoiling in wild reproach: "You *knew* it?"

Bartlett, desperately: "Yes, I knew it — in spite of myself, through my own stubborn fury I knew it, that first day, when I had obliged my friend to tell me what your father had told him, before I would hear reason. I would have given anything not to have known it then, when it was too late, for I had at least the grace to feel the wrong, the outrage of my knowing it. You can never pardon it, I see; but you must feel what a hateful burden I had to bear, when I found that I had somehow purloined the presence, the looks, the voice of another man — a man whom I would have joyfully changed myself to any monstrous shape *not* to resemble, though I knew that my likeness to him, bewildering you in a continual dream of him, was all that ever made you look at me or think of me. I lived in the hope — Heaven only knows why I should have had the hope! — that I might yet be myself to you; that you might wake from your dream of him and look on me in the daylight, and see that I was at least an honest man, and pity me and may be love me at last, as I loved you at first, from the moment I saw your dear, pale face, and heard your dear, sad voice." He follows up her slow retreat, and again possesses himself of her hand: "Don't cast me off! It was monstrous, out of all decency, to know your sorrow; but I never tried to know it; I tried *not* to know it." He keeps fast hold of her hand, while she remains with averted head. "I love you, Constance; I loved you; and when once you had bidden me stay, I was helpless to go away, or I would never be here now to offend you with the confession of that shameful knowledge. Do you think it was no trial to me? It gave me the conscience of an eavesdropper and a spy; but all I knew was sacred to me."

Constance, turning and looking steadfastly into his face: "And you could care for so poor a creature as I — so abject, so obtuse as never to know what had made her intolerable to the man that cast her off?"

Bartlett: "Man? He was *no* man! He" —

Constance, suddenly: "Oh, wait! I — I love him yet."

Bartlett, dropping her hand: "You" —

Constance: "Yes, yes! As much as I live, I love him! But when he left me, I seemed to die; and now it's as if I were some wretched ghost clinging for all existence to the thought of my lost happiness. If that slips from me, then I cease to be."

Bartlett: "Why, this is still your dream. But I won't despair. You'll wake yet, and care for me; I know you will."

Constance, tenderly: "Oh, poor soul, I'm not dreaming now. I know that you are not he. You are everything that is kind and good, and some day you will be very happy."

Bartlett, desolately: "I shall never be happy without your love." After a pause: "It will be a barren, bitter comfort, but let me have it if you can: if *I* had met you first, could you have loved *me?*"

Constance: "I might have loved you if — I had — lived." She turns from him again, and moves softly toward the door; his hollow voice arrests her.

Bartlett: "If you are dead, then I have lived too long. Your loss takes the

smile out of life for me." A moment later: "You are cruel, Constance."

Constance, abruptly facing him: "I cruel? To *you?*"

Bartlett: "Yes; you have put me to shame before myself. You might have spared me! A treacherous villain is false in time to save you from a life of betrayal, and you say your heart is dead. But that is n't enough. You tell me that you cannot care for me because you love that treacherous villain still. That 's my disgrace, that 's my humiliation, that 's my killing shame. I could have borne all else. You might have cast me off however you would, driven me away with any scorn, whipped me from you with the sharpest rebuke that such presumption as mine could merit; but to drag a decent man's self-respect through such mire as that poor rascal's memory for six long weeks, and then tell him that you prefer the mire" —

Constance: "Oh, hush! I can't let you reproach him! He was pitilessly false to me, but I will be true to him forever. How do I know — I *must* find some reason for that, or there is no reason in anything! — how do I know that he did not break his word to me at my father's bidding? My father never liked him."

Bartlett, shaking his head with a melancholy smile: "Ah, Constance, do you think *I* would break my word to you at your father's bidding?"

Constance, in abject despair: "Well, then I go back to what I always knew: I was too slight, too foolish, too tiresome for his life-long love. He saw it in time. I don't blame him. You would see it, too."

Bartlett: "What devil's vantage enabled that infernal scoundrel to blight your spirit with his treason? Constance, is this my last answer?"

Constance: "Yes, go! I am so sorry for you, — sorrier than I ever thought I could be for anything again."

Bartlett: "Then if you pity me, give me a little hope that sometime, somehow" —

Constance: "Oh, I have no hope, for you, for me, for any one. Good-by, good, kind friend! Try — you won't have to try hard — to forget me. Unless some miracle should happen to show me that it was all his fault and none of mine, we are parting now forever. It has been a strange dream, and nothing is so strange as that it should be ending so. Are you the ghost, or I, I wonder! It confuses me as it did at first; but if you are he, or only you — Ah, don't look at me so, or I must believe he has never left me, and implore you to stay!"

Bartlett, quietly: "Thanks. I would not stay a moment longer in his disguise, if you begged me on your knees. I shall always love you, Constance, but if the world is wide enough, please Heaven, I will never see you again. There are some things dearer to me than your presence. No, I won't take your hand; it can't heal the hurt your words have made, and nothing can help me, now I know from your own lips that but for my likeness to *him* I would never have been anything to you. Good-by!"

Constance: "Oh!" She sinks with a long cry into the arm-chair beside the table, and drops her head into her arms upon it. At the door towards which he turns Bartlett meets General Wyatt, and a moment later Mrs. Wyatt enters by the other. Bartlett recoils under the concentrated reproach and inquiry of their gaze.

V.

GENERAL WYATT, MRS. WYATT, CONSTANCE, *and* BARTLETT.

Mrs. Wyatt, hastening to bow herself over Constance's fallen head: "Oh, what is it, Constance?" As Constance makes no reply, she lifts her eyes again to Bartlett's face.

General Wyatt, peremptorily: "Well, sir!"

Bartlett, with bitter desperation: "Oh, you shall know!"

Constance, interposing: "I will tell! You shall be spared that at least." She has risen, and with her face still hidden in her handkerchief she seeks her father with an outstretched hand. He

tenderly gathers her to his arms, and she droops a moment upon his shoulder; then with an electrical revolt against her own weakness she lifts her head and dries her tears with a passionate energy. "He — Oh, speak *for* me!" Her head falls again on her father's shoulder.

Bartlett, with grave irony and self-scorn: "It's a simple matter, sir. I have been telling Miss Wyatt that I love her, and offering to share with her my obscurity and poverty. I" —

General Wyatt, impatiently: "Curse your poverty, sir! I'm poor myself. Well!"

Bartlett: "Oh, that's merely the beginning; I have had the indecency to do this, knowing that what alone rendered me sufferable to her it was a cruel shame for me to know, and an atrocity for me to presume upon. I" —

General Wyatt: "I authorized this knowledge on your part when I spoke to your friend, and before he went away he told me all he had said to you."

Bartlett, in the first stages of petrifaction: "Cummings?"

General Wyatt: "Yes."

Bartlett: "Told you that I knew whom I was like?"

General Wyatt: "Yes."

Bartlett, very gently: "Then I think that man will be lost for keeping his conscience *too* clean. Cummings has invented a new sin."

Mrs. Wyatt: "James, James! You told me that Mr. Bartlett did n't know."

General Wyatt, contritely: "I did, Margaret; I did n't know what else to do."

Mrs. Wyatt: "Oh, James!"

Constance: "Oh, papa!" She turns with bowed head from her father's arms, and takes refuge in her mother's embrace. General Wyatt, released, fetches a compass round about the parlor, with a face of intense dismay. He pauses in front of his wife.

General Wyatt: "Margaret, you must know the worst, now."

Mrs. Wyatt, in gentle reproach, while she softly caresses Constance's hair: "Oh, is there anything *worse*, James?"

General Wyatt, hopelessly: "Yes; I'm afraid I have been to blame."

Bartlett: "General Wyatt, let me retire. I" —

General Wyatt: "No, sir. This concerns you, too, now. Your destiny has entangled you with our sad fortunes, and now you must know them all."

Constance, from her mother's shoulder: "Yes, stay, — whatever it is. If you care for me, nothing can hurt you any more, now."

General Wyatt: "Margaret, — Constance! If I have been mistaken in what I have done, you must try somehow to forgive me; it was my tenderness for you both misled me, if I erred. Sir, let me address my defense to you. You can see the whole matter with clearer eyes than we." At an imploring gesture from Bartlett, he turns again to Mrs. Wyatt. "Perhaps you are right, sir. Margaret, when I had made up my mind that the wretch who had stolen our child's heart was utterly unfit and unworthy" —

Constance, starting away from her mother with a cry: "Ah, you *did* drive him from me, then! I knew, I knew it! And after all these days and weeks and months that seem years and centuries of agony, you tell me that it was *you* broke my heart! No, no, I never *will* forgive you, father! Where is he? Tell me that! Where is my husband — the husband you robbed me of? Did you kill him, when you chose to crush my life? Is he dead? If he's living I will find him wherever he is. No distance and no danger shall keep me from him. I'll find him and fall down before him, and implore *him* to forgive you, for I never can! Was this your tenderness for me — to drive him away, and leave me to the pitiless confusion and humiliation of believing myself deserted? Oh, great tenderness!"

General Wyatt, confronting her storm with perfect quiet: "No, I will give you better proof of my tenderness than that." He takes from his pocket-book a folded paper which he hands to his wife: "Margaret, do you know that writing?"

Mrs. Wyatt, glancing at the superscription: "Oh, too well! This is to you, James."

General Wyatt: "It 's for you, now. Read it."

Mrs. Wyatt, wonderingly unfolding the paper and then reading: "'*I confess myself guilty of forging Major Cummings's signature, and in consideration of his and your own forbearance I promise never to see Miss Wyatt again. I shall always be grateful for your mercy; and*' — James, James! It is n't possible!"

Constance, who has crept nearer and nearer while her mother has been reading, as if drawn by a resistless fascination: "No, it is n't possible! It 's false; it 's a fraud! I *will* see it!" She swiftly possesses herself of the paper and scans it with a fierce intentness. Then she flings it wildly away. "Yes, yes, it 's true! It 's his hand. It 's true; it 's the only true thing in this world of lies!" She totters away toward the sofa. Bartlett makes a movement to support her, but she repulses him and throws herself upon the cushions.

General Wyatt: "Sir, I am sorry to make you the victim of a scene. It has been your fate, and no part of my intention. Will you look at this paper? You don't know all that is in it yet." He touches it with his foot.

Bartlett, in dull dejection: "No, I won't look at it. If it were a radiant message from heaven, I don't see how it could help me now."

Mrs. Wyatt: "I 'm afraid you 've made a terrible mistake, James."

General Wyatt: "Margaret! Don't say that!"

Mrs. Wyatt: "Yes, it would have been better to show us this paper at once, — better than to keep us all these days in this terrible suffering."

General Wyatt: "I was afraid of greater suffering for you both. I chose sorrow for Constance rather than the ignominy of knowing that she had set her heart on so base a scoundrel. When he crawled in the dust there before me, and whined for pity, I revolted from telling you or her how vile he was; the thought of it seemed to dishonor you; and I had hoped something, everything, from my girl's self-respect, her obedience, her faith in me. I never dreamed that it must come to this."

Mrs. Wyatt, sadly shaking her head: "I know how well you meant; but oh, it was a fatal mistake!"

Constance, abandoning her refuge among the cushions, and coming forward to her father: "No, mamma, it was no mistake! I see now how wise and kind and merciful you have been, papa. You can never love me again, I've behaved so badly, but if you 'll let me, I will try to live my gratitude for your mercy at a time when the whole truth would have killed me. Oh, papa! What shall I say, what shall I do, to show how sorry and ashamed I am? Let me go down on my knees to thank you." Her father catches her to his heart, and fondly kisses her again and again. "I don't deserve it, papa! You ought to hate me, and drive me from you, and never let me see your dear face again." She starts away from him as if to execute upon herself this terrible doom, when her eye falls upon the letter where she had thrown it on the floor. "To think how long I have been the fool, the slave, of that felon!" She stoops upon the paper with a hawk-like fierceness; she tears it into shreds, and strews the fragments about the room. "Oh, if I could only tear out of my heart all thoughts of him, all memory, all likeness!" In her wild scorn she has whirled unheedingly away toward Bartlett, whom, suddenly confronting, she apparently addresses in this aspiration; he opens wide his folded arms.

Bartlett: "And what would you do, then, with this extraordinary resemblance?" The closing circle of his arms involves her and clasps her to his heart, from which beneficent shelter she presently exiles herself a pace or two and stands with either hand pressed against his breast, while her eyes dwell with rapture on his face.

Constance: "Oh, *you 're* not like him, and you *never* were!"

Bartlett, with light irony: "Ah!"

Constance: "If I had not been blind, blind, blind, I never could have seen the slightest similarity. Like *him?* Never!"

Bartlett: "Ah! Then perhaps the resemblance which we have noticed from time to time, and which has been the cause of some annoyance and embarrassment all round, was simply a disguise which I had assumed for the time being to accomplish a purpose of my own?"

Constance: "Oh, don't jest it away! It 's your soul that I see now, your true and brave and generous heart; and if you pardoned me for mistaking you a single moment for one who had neither soul nor heart, I could never look you in the face again!"

Bartlett: "You seem to be taking a good provisional glare at me beforehand, then, Miss Wyatt; I 've never been so nearly looked out of countenance in my life. But you need n't be afraid; I shall not pardon your crime." Constance abruptly drops her head upon his breast, and again instantly repels herself.

Constance: "No, you must not if you could. But you can't — you can't care for me after hearing what I could say to my father" —

Bartlett: "That was in a moment of great excitement."

Constance: "After hearing me rave about a man so unworthy of — any one — you cared for. No, your self-respect — everything — demands that you should cast me off."

Bartlett: "It does. But I am inexorable, — you must have observed the trait before. In this case I will not yield even to my own colossal self-respect." Earnestly: "Ah, Constance, do you think I could love you the less because your heart was too true to swerve even from a traitor till he was proved as false to honor as to you?" Lightly again: "Come, I like your fidelity to worthless people; I 'm rather a deep and darkling villain myself."

Constance, devoutly: "You? Oh, you are as nobly frank and open as — as — as papa!"

Bartlett: "No, Constance, you are wrong, for once. Hear my dreadful secret: I 'm not what I seem, — the light and joyous creature I look, — I 'm an emotional wreck. Three short years ago I was frightfully jilted" — they all turn upon him in surprise — "by a young person who, I 'm sorry to say, has n't yet consoled me by turning out a scamp."

Constance, drifting to his side with a radiant smile: "Oh, I 'm *so* glad."

Bartlett, with affected dryness: "Are you? I did n't know it was such a laughing matter. I was always disposed to take those things seriously."

Constance: "Yes, yes! But don't you see? It places us on more of an equality." She looks at him with a smile of rapture and logic exquisitely compact.

Bartlett: "Does it? But you 're not half as happy as I am."

Constance: "Oh, yes, I am! Twice."

Bartlett: "Then that makes us just even, for so am I." They stand ridiculously blest, holding each other's hand a moment, and then Constance, still clinging to one of his hands, goes and rests her other arm upon her mother's shoulder.

Constance: "Mamma, how wretched I have made you, all these months!"

Mrs. Wyatt: "If your trouble 's over now, my child," — she tenderly kisses her cheek, — "there 's no trouble for your mother in the world."

Constance: "But I 'm not happy, mamma. I can't be happy, thinking how wickedly unhappy I 've been. No, no! I had better go back to the old wretched state again; it 's all I 'm fit for. I 'm *so* ashamed of myself. Send him away!" She renews her hold upon his hand.

Bartlett: "Nothing of the kind. I was requested to remain here six weeks ago, by a young lady. Besides, this is a public house. Come, I have n't finished the catalogue of my disagreeable qualities yet: I 'm jealous. I want you to put that arm on *my* shoulder." He gently effects the desired transfer, and then, chancing to look up, he discovers the Rev. Arthur Cummings on the threshold in the act of modestly retreating. He detains him with a great melodramatic start. "Hah! A clergyman! This is indeed ominous!"

W. D. Howells.

OLD-FASHIONED GHOST STORIES.

In that far-off time which I have long been accustomed to designate as my "young days," I heard very little about ghosts. At that period they were decidedly unfashionable, were rarely mentioned in polite circles, and the slightest credence in them was considered a debasing superstition fit only for the vulgar. Now, however, that the subject of spiritual appearances is constantly brought forward in mixed society and argued *pro* and *con* with more or less warmth, it is easy to perceive that a strong current of belief underlies all the skepticism manifested by strong-minded unbelievers. The *banshee* of Ireland, the *fetch* of Scotland, the *doppelgänger* of Germany are but the expressions of deep-rooted national belief; and though, undoubtedly, spurious ghosts, unreal visitations, and mock warnings have imposed from time to time on the credulity of the public, yet a vast number of well-authenticated facts, in many cases from personal experience or from the lips of people of unimpeachable veracity, may enable us to say with the poet, —

> "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
> Than are dreamt of in your philosophy!"

Dr. Bushnell, in his grand work, Nature and the Supernatural, lays it down as an axiom that there is *nothing* beyond the reach of Almighty direction, and that those deviations from the received laws of nature which we are too apt presumptuously to pronounce impossibilities are simply matters which our finite comprehension cannot fathom.

It is interesting to notice how generally unimpressionable children and very young people are with regard to supernatural appearances, and though in this very paper I mention a few anecdotes of a contrary tendency, yet I have every reason to think they are exceptions to a general rule, and not evidences against it.

I have myself known children of susceptible and nervous temperament, who could be worked up into paroxysms of terror by nursery tales of thieves and robbers, listen quite unconcernedly to the most thrilling stories of ghostly appearances. Who has not read with some amusement of the children at Epworth Rectory, whose marvelous coolness under the visitations of the family ghost is recorded by Abel Stevens in his Life of Wesley? These children, when interrupted in their play by the noisy rappings of the ghost, would simply say to each other, "Oh, it is only the ghost!" and continue their game.

It is mostly in maturer years that our restless yearnings to discover the mysteries of the unseen world, or at least to account for the few glimpses we may have had of it, become most intense, especially when the angel of death has torn from our arms some cherished member of our little circle. We may go hand in hand with our loved ones to the very brink of the dark river, but there we must leave them; and oh, how we struggle and agonize, and passionately pray — alas, how fruitlessly! — for but one glimpse beyond the veil, for but one brief message of comfort or of warning from the shadowy land into which our cherished ones have vanished!

It is strange, too, that while the veil which parts the visible from the invisible world is thick and impervious to the more delicate, fragile, and susceptible children of clay, it seems at times perfectly diaphanous to some of the hard-working, practical children of toil whose spiritual sensibilities might be supposed to be of the dullest and most obtuse kind. The events which I record in this paper have taken place either in my own family or in the families of intimate friends, or are from the narration of persons of strict veracity. I begin with one told me very lately by a pious and useful minister of the Church of England. I give this anecdote of his boyish days as much as possible in his own words.

"I was brought up by my grandfather and grandmother, who resided in the old family mansion on the banks of the Derwent, in Derbyshire. This venerable place, which had belonged to our family from the time of the Norman Conquest, had a wide reputation for being haunted, and indeed the strange noises which were heard and the strange tricks which were played, for which nothing rational could account, made the belief of general acceptance. From generation to generation no death occurred in our family without some supernatural warning being given, and in what I am about to tell you I was the person visited for this purpose.

"When I was about seventeen years of age, it was rather suddenly agreed that I should go with 'granny,' as I called her, to pay a visit of a few days to my parents, who lived in the suburbs of Manchester. During the past summer my youngest sister, Lizzie, with whom I had been very little acquainted before, had paid us a visit at the time of hay-making, and I remember thinking that she was the most beautiful child I had ever seen. Always in white, with lovely auburn hair floating in long curls over her shoulders, and playfully darting in and out among the hay-makers, she appeared to me something angelic, and when her visit was ended I quite grieved over her departure. I was therefore much pleased when granny asked me to accompany her to Manchester, as I should see my dear little sister again. A year before, we had lost an aunt to whom we were deeply attached, and her bereaved husband was at the present time inhabiting one wing of our old family mansion. It was the 19th of December, 185–, that after carefully packing my box for the journey and laying quite at the bottom of the box, as it stood in a corner of my room, some articles of black crape which I had worn at my aunt's funeral, I went to pay a farewell visit to my uncle in his part of the house. After I had sat with him some time the hall clock struck four, and just at that moment I felt a deadly chill and shivering all over me, exactly as if I had been suddenly plunged into cold water. I became deadly pale, and my uncle in an alarmed tone asked what was the matter with me. I said I did not know, but that I had never felt such a strange sensation before. My uncle imagined I must have taken cold and recommended my going early to bed, as I was to travel the following day.

"Having quite recovered from my unpleasant feelings, I spent the evening as usual and retired to bed at the accustomed time. Now, my bed-room was at the end of a long, narrow corridor, and exactly opposite the door by which I entered was the door of a room said to be haunted, which was always kept closed, and which no servant in the house could be persuaded to enter; indeed, they very unanimously avoided going into the corridor itself after dark, though it opened into many bedrooms besides my own. I had two or three times, while a boy, been in the haunted room with my grandfather; I saw nothing remarkable about it but a good deal of moldy, old-fashioned furniture, and an immense, funereal-looking bed at one end, with hangings which had once been splendid but were now dropping to pieces from age and neglect. The bed in my room stood exactly facing the door by which I entered and the door of the haunted room across the passage. Another door on the same side of the room was blocked up by my box, which stood against it. I cannot distinctly remember whether or not in entering for the night I closed my bedroom door, but think it almost certain that I did so, for it was December and the weather very cold. I went to bed full of my to-morrow's journey, and not giving a single thought to either ghosts or haunted rooms went fast to sleep. How long I slept I cannot guess, but I found myself sitting up in bed intently watching the door of my room, which was wide open, and the door of the haunted room, which was also open, and which I could see distinctly across the corridor as the moonlight fell upon it. From this room came a figure which I watched across the passage and which on approaching my bed I at once recognized as the aunt I had lost the year be-

fore, dressed in the same clothes I had last seen her in. She had a most fond and tender expression on her face, but it changed into an angry frown when, stretching over the side of the bed, I tried to embrace her, exclaiming, 'Oh, dear aunt, is that you?' I felt that I clasped the empty air, the figure vanishing in an instant from my sight. I thought I had been dreaming, and lay down again, to wake up a short time afterwards and see again the figure of my aunt, but now differently dressed, advancing from the haunted room into mine, this time not coming to the bed but going to the box I had packed and placed in the corner ready for the next day. This she appeared to rummage over, displacing the contents and then tossing the things back again. I watched her with the greatest astonishment, and saw her go slowly out of my door into the door of the haunted room. I don't know whether I slept again or not, but a third time I was sitting up in bed, a third time my aunt came in, this time close up to the bed, in long, flowing white clothes, — a dress in which I had never seen her. I almost gasped out, 'Dear aunt, why do you come?' to which she replied very clearly and distinctly, but with something of effort, 'I come to make an important communication, but it is all comprised in these words: Poor Lizzie! But don't grieve: Lizzie is quite happy!' As she finished these words I started from the bed with outstretched arms, but she had vanished, and I fell heavily to the floor where she had stood. I suppose that after getting back to bed I slept till morning, but as soon as I saw my grandmother I told her all the circumstances and made her look at my box, which was in the greatest disorder, and all the articles of mourning which I had placed at the bottom of the box I found at the top. My grandmother looked grave but said nothing. I still persisted in thinking it but a curious dream, and we started on our journey that very morning. I was quite in my usual spirits when we arrived at the last railway station. From here we had still a long walk to where my parents lived, and, as we were not expected, I pleased myself by thinking how surprised they would all be. We arrived, and just as I laid my hand on the latch of the garden gate to open it for granny, I felt exactly the same deathly chill and shivering which had come over me while sitting with my uncle the evening before. When I had recovered and we were going up the long gravel walk, I said to my grandmother, 'How strange the house looks, granny! All the windows are draped with white, and I never remember my mother's room having white curtains before.' Granny made no answer, and as we knocked at the door my mother opened it, led us into the hall, and received us most affectionately, but spoke in a hushed, subdued tone which frightened me. Her first words were, 'How glad I am you are come! we looked for you some hours ago.' 'How can that be,' we replied, 'when we meant to surprise you, and did not write that we were coming?' 'But did you not,' said she, 'get my two letters? — the one in which I wrote of dear Lizzie's dangerous illness from scarlet fever a week ago, and one to tell you of her death at four o'clock yesterday, which last ought to have reached you before you started this morning?' This was a dreadful blow to us, for, as we told my mother, we had received neither letter. When we were a little recovered from the shock, my mother told us that, the day before, Lizzie knew she was dying and said she felt quite happy; she took leave of all the family then at home, and referring to me said, 'I should have liked to say good-by to dear Tom, — poor Tom! Give my love to Tom!' As she said these last words she fell back and passed away; just at that moment the clock struck four. She died, then, exactly at the time when I felt the deathly chill while sitting with my uncle.

"After my grandfather's death I was placed till I was five and twenty in business with a master who proved to be a professed atheist. Finding me to be an intelligent lad and more than usually well grounded in the Scriptures, he made it his daily business, by specious argument

and covert ridicule, to undermine my Christian belief, and often flattered himself that he was on the point of succeeding. He certainly would have done so but for my remembrance of my aunt's appearance in my bedroom at the time of Lizzie's death. Whenever I had time for reflection and thought of that, I felt assured that there was not only a state of being after death, but a directing power by whose agency even a disembodied spirit could return to the scene of its earthly pilgrimage."

Our Protestant minister in France told us of a curious occurrence in his father's family before he was born, which related to his eldest brother, then a baby in arms. His father, Captain S——, having come into the inheritance of a large estate, was having some alterations and additions made to the house, and pending the completion of these engaged a house in the immediate neighborhood. When his family arrived, a spacious, airy room on the second floor was given up to the nurse and the baby, then only seven months old. The very day of their taking possession, the nurse found that her little charge, usually so quiet and good-tempered, began, when the evening drew on, to scream most violently, and more particularly when, in walking up and down to quiet him, she passed before a large, empty closet at one side of the room; indeed, it seemed to her most unaccountable that the baby appeared, by an irresistible fascination, always to turn his head towards the closet and to scream so that she feared he would go into convulsions. This continued for some days, only towards evening, and always at the same time. The nurse told her mistress, and Mrs. S—— thought it advisable to remove the nursery to a room on the floor with herself, when it was found that the child's excitement entirely ceased, and it became as placid as usual. After Captain S—— removed to his own house, the one he had hired was pulled down by the landlord, and under the floor of the empty closet was found the skeleton of a person who had evidently been murdered and hidden away there long years before. There were no rumors in the place implicating any of the recent owners of the house in question, but a very old woman remembered to have heard in her youth of the mysterious disappearance of a young girl from the family of a visitor to the place, who was never heard of again. It is to be supposed that the unconscious baby was in some mysterious manner made aware of the ghostly secret hidden under the cupboard floor.

A young English lady nearly connected with our family married, while visiting in Germany, a gentleman of rank and fortune, with whose mother, who lived at a distance of about forty miles away, she became a great favorite. At the birth of her first baby she was much distressed that her kind mother-in-law, the Frau von B——, was not present, nor did her husband venture to tell her that illness — not, however, supposed to be dangerous — was the cause. All went well in the sick-room, and five days afterwards Madame B——, her baby boy by her side, was sleeping soundly, with her curtains drawn, just as darkness had settled down at the close of a winter's day. Contrary to her usual custom the nurse, seeing the lady so fast asleep, had left the room to get something necessary for the night. Madame B—— awoke on feeling the pressure of an icy-cold hand on her arm, and, looking up hastily, saw by the light of the lamp her mother-in-law hanging over her and the baby with a very sad expression on her face, which was ashy pale. Raising herself in the bed, the young mother exclaimed, "O dearest mother! when did you come? I am so glad!" The mother-in-law sighed deeply, and replied, "I am only come, dear Alice, to say farewell forever; you will never see me more on earth!" She instantly vanished out of sight, and the nurse, returning, found her lady in a state of great excitement and alarm, calling for her mother-in-law and saying that she must be in the house, having just left her bedside. The poor lady was ill for many days, and it was long

before she was told that her husband's mother had died at her own castle, forty miles away, at the very moment when she stood beside her.

A sister of this young Madame B—— was staying at Brighton, with the family of a young friend in a deplorable state of health, but who was gradually getting better under the care of a doctor, clever and zealous, who visited her daily and took the greatest interest in her case. He was a tall, slender man, with long, thin fingers most remarkably white, and a countenance which seemed to bear the impress of all the woes and troubles of his numerous patients, so deep was the sympathy he felt for those who suffered. One day there was much sorrow in the family: the kind physician, on whose visits they so much depended, died suddenly; none of them dared tell the invalid, and for a few days nothing was said, but the family noticed that poor Minnie S——looked very pensive and grave. At length her mother thought it best to tell her, when she quietly replied, "I have known it from the first; he came and told me himself, and comes to see me every night!" A few nights after this, for some reason or another, the invalid went to sleep in a different room, and the young friend staying on a visit took her place in the vacated bed. Towards midnight the family, who kept late hours, retired for the night, and Georgy D—— took possession of her friend's bed, quite ignorant of the doctor's nightly visits. In about an hour loud shrieks were heard from the room, and the young girl was found on the side of the bed, pale, trembling, and almost convulsed with terror. She said that having undressed and gone to bed, first shutting and locking the bedroom door, she went fast to sleep, leaving her curtains undrawn and the lamp on the dressing-table alight. She was awakened by a rustling noise beside her bed, and starting up saw the doctor, dressed just as he was in life, standing there. He then sat down on the side of the bed and laid his long, pale hand on her arm, but the moment he saw that the occupant of the bed was changed he got up, and vanished from her sight before reaching the door. Strange to say, that very instant he went to the room where Minnie S—— was sleeping, and held his customary conversation with her, quite unseen and unheard by Annie D——, a younger sister of the one to whom he had just been so plainly visible. After a time his visits ceased.

At the close of the Burmese war, Lieutenant K——, a young officer who had been severely wounded in one of the actions and subsequently attacked by fever, was sent home on sick certificate some months before the return of his regiment, whose term of service in India had nearly expired. He left many friends behind him, but none from whom he more deeply regretted to part than Mr. P——, the British collector at Madura, with whom he had been for years on terms of most familiar intimacy. The very first night of his landing in England, after an absence which dated from boyhood, he lay long awake in his bed at the hotel where he had taken up his quarters. He felt very restless, and thought over all he had gone through in India, and the friends he had left, to see, probably, no more. Among these he thought of his friend P——. It was past midnight, and he was still meditating, when he heard some one in the room, though he had locked the door before undressing. He looked to the side from which the sound came, and distinctly saw his friend P——, not far from the bed, gazing at him very mournfully. Astonished beyond measure, he prepared to step out of bed, exclaiming, "Why, P——! Whatever brings you here?" His friend waved his hand as if to keep him off, shook his head sadly, and gliding towards the door suddenly disappeared. K—— remained awake nearly the whole night, quite unable to account for what had happened. In due course of time the mails from India brought word that P—— had died of cholera, at Madura, after a few hours' illness, on the very night in which he appeared to Lieutenant K——.

Miss Mary E—— resided with her father, and kept house for him in his beautiful Kentish villa. The grounds were very extensive, but Mr. E——'s favorite spot was a group of large trees within sight of the drawing-room windows. Here he had a garden seat and a small table placed, and was in the habit of smoking his afternoon cigar and also reading here every day. Miss E—— was an accomplished horsewoman, and usually accompanied her father in his daily rides. One day she refused to go, having a bad headache, but followed Mr. E—— to the foot of the stairs and begged him to return in time for tea, as he had promised to escort her to a dancing party in their neighborhood. To this he agreed, and Miss E—— from the window watched him mount his horse and ride off. She lay down for a time, but at last, feeling restless, got up, and taking a book sat down to read. At the usual time the maid came to say that tea was ready. "But," said Miss E——, "papa has not come home, Mary, and I would rather wait." "Oh, yes, miss," said the servant; "my master has been home for about half an hour, and is smoking in the garden." Miss E—— looked from the window and saw her father in his accustomed place under the trees. She was going down-stairs to join him and bring him in to tea, when she paused, hearing a confused murmur of voices in the hall below. A deadly fear, for which she could not account, seized her, but recovering she went down, to find a group of men from the village, many of whose faces she knew by sight, bringing in on a shutter the dead body of her father. His horse had shied, it was supposed, at a heap of stones at the side of the road, and his head coming in contact with the stones death must have been instantaneous. At the time that Mr. E—— was distinctly seen by the servant and his daughter, he was lying a bleeding corpse.

Some time after my dear mother's death, I was sitting with my father, Colonel D——, in his dressing-room, and we were mutually deploring our dreadful misfortune, and going over, as we were too prone to do, many of the circumstances attending her last illness. I remarked to him, among other things, that her illness was in the beginning so slight that I should not have felt the least fear as to the result had I not been extremely discouraged by the sadness and preoccupation of mind manifested by himself at that time. My father, after some hesitation, related to me the occurrence which had occasioned his unwonted depression of spirits, which I can truly say I listened to in dumb astonishment, so unlikely a person did he appear to have experienced anything of the sort.

He was sitting one evening after dinner with my mother, conversing on various subjects. The wine and dessert having been placed on the table, they drew their chairs up to each corner of a blazing fire, the evenings being chilly, though it was only the early autumn. After a time my mother appeared to be dozing in her chair, and my father drew out his pocket-book to make a note of some visit he had to pay the next day. He found, however, that the pencil-case he always carried in his pocket and much valued as the gift of an old friend was not there, and, concluding that he had left it on his dressing-table before dinner, quietly left the room to fetch it. The staircase went up from the hall, and at the first landing branched off into two smaller staircases, the one to the left leading to my mother's apartments, a bedroom and dressing-room fronting the lawn, with a wide landing-place and window between the two rooms; the one to the right, through an arched door-way into a long corridor, with bedrooms on each side and a back staircase at the end. My father's dressing-room was in the middle of the corridor. Having found his pencil-case, he was coming out of the arched door-way before mentioned, when he saw my mother before him on the small flight of stairs leading to her own rooms. She turned into her dressing-room, and my father, much surprised to see her, followed to give her his arm in coming down again, as she was rather

infirm. What was his astonishment on entering the room to find no one there. He could hardly believe the evidence of his senses, and when, on returning to the dining-room, he found my mother in her chair by the fire exactly as he had left her, he knew not what to think. When she roused up before tea, he asked whether she had left the room since dinner, to which she answered, "Not for a moment." When my father was on his death-bed, he was for some time delirious, but on the last morning, a few hours before death, he was perfectly lucid, and said to me, "I shall soon leave you, my child; your dear mother has come to fetch me!" Then, seeing, doubtless, my look of awed astonishment, he added, "Yes, my dear wife has lain by my side all night." I had never left his bedside, but had neither seen nor heard anything unusual, except that during the night he seemed, at intervals, to be talking fondly to some one near him.

H. B. K.

CRICKETS.

In twilights of the waning year,
When days abridge their summer noise,
The cricket hushes us to hear
His brooding o'er the season's joys.

His note is Nature's retrospect,
That solaces her mind in change;
A hundred days of flowers are wrecked
And stranded on its tender range.

Broad dawns that stirred the lids of earth,
First breaths of the unsullied days,
Long hours whose only toil was mirth,
Whose sails we set for western bays,

And shook our sunset colors out
As signals to the evening star
That in the offing beat about
To show us reefs of dusk afar;

The summer nests that throbbed to keep
A blitheness in the silent trees
All night, to pipe us from our sleep, —
The cricket broods and thinks of these.

From empty nests the carols drop
To soft regret among the grass;
And stems no longer flame atop
To light short afternoons that pass.

My summer lays a pondering ear
Along the ground, and listens well,

As all the footsteps of the year
Upon the edge of distance swell;

They fade, they shrink to this thin tone,
On every trembling nerve it plays:
Of roses plucked, of meadows mown
It tells, of all my perfect days:

Of moments tuned by new delight,
Of thoughts that soared upon their wing
And balanced sung my secret plight, —
That whole surprise of blossoming;

Those bumpers of a dauntless vein,
Poured often as my June came near
To pledge to Nature's new refrain:
That kiss — warm solstice of my year!

John Weiss.

ECHOES FROM AN OLD PARSONAGE.

"The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more."

THE two events of my life which I recall as supreme in felicity and triumph were associated, remotely, it may seem, but absolutely, with music. The first was when, at the age of five, I was bidden to spend the day at the house of our organist, a man of culture and a clever amateur, as has since been revealed to me, but then as fascinating a mystery — what with his Scotch burr, his somewhat florid style of fingering and pedal-playing, and certain slight eccentricities of manner — as ever imaginative child created out of scanty material, and secretly adored. Only he and his ever-surprising movements, though watched afar and furtively from the minister's pew at the other end of the church, could have reconciled me to two services every Sunday, during which my beloved father was pilloried in that awful pulpit, "so near and yet so far," and obliged to go through what I regarded as not only his most uninteresting but positively ignominious rôle of preacher.

But to see the wonderful magician of the organ at home; to be able to cross-question him (with no officious censor at hand to limit inquiry) as to why he did thus and so with his fingers and his feet and particularly with his head, and whether he really found the score written out for him, and him alone, up among the cobwebs of the ceiling when he tossed back that head so impressively in his voluntaries and interludes; and, wonder of wonders! to see those very fingers which wrought such marvels of harmony on a Sunday graciously devoted to mincing my particular beefsteak at the dinner-table, — these were exalted privileges never to be forgotten though I should live a century. The climax was reached when this wonderful host — ingrate that I am, his is the only image memory retains of all that numerous and kindly household — conjured me home by a process more novel and glorious than any fairy godmother's cheap devices of pumpkins and mice.

The stage-coach, which at that time brought the mails and an exhilarating

breath of the wonderful world without into the quiet village at even-tide, was arrested in the very height of its home spurt: its foaming horses (to my distempered fancy these could not have been fewer than six) were drawn to their haunches, and I was solemnly handed into the otherwise empty coach, commended to the distinguished care of that awful potentate enthroned upon the box, and whirled off through a mile and a half of dust and glory to the parsonage gate, where I reluctantly alighted, my little soul bursting with pride and arrogance, — in short, a changeling, whom I am told it required several days of judicious snubbing to reduce to the parsonage standard.

Triumph the second was a degree less selfish, but coming three or four years later found more material for inflation, and was even more thrilling and memorable. The occasion was the return from school of my big brother — big comparatively, but a little white-headed sage — with the first prize for English composition. His theme was The Power of Song, and the very flourish with which the caption ended was burned into my admiring soul. This thesis opened, of course, with "An ancient writer has said, 'Let me make the ballads of a nation,'" etc., and went on for a sheet or two of "high argument," in attempting to rise to the level of which, the maturest genius must "outgrabe in despair" (with the Beaver in The Hunting of the Snark). Although this unimpeachable testimony to the reign of song in the parsonage from which this oracle emanated is not at hand, yet the recollection of how utterly exhaustive it was, so to speak, confirms my belief that the

> "Sphere-descended maid,
> Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid,"

was the glory of the home even as the organist, her high priest, was of the church.

As the songs to be hereafter cited are not distinctively priestly, let me state for the benefit of whom it may or may not concern that sacred melodies were not forgotten in the parsonage. The blessed old custom of singing at morning and evening prayers obtained, and the privilege of selecting a hymn for this service was often so hotly contested by the parsonlings that it required all the fabled power of music to calm our tempestuous little souls. In this emulative race my very passion for music wrought me woe. I was "a mute, inglorious" Parepa, and my earliest and favorite day-dream was of falling a happy victim to some terrible disease which should present me, at parting, with divine compensation, a voice of mighty volume and infinite melodiousness; possessed of which and clad in an imposing gown (which I distinctly remember was to be made of what is popularly known as "bed-ticking," Heaven only knows why!), I was to stand by my demi-god, the organist, and soar with him among the cobwebs or the stars. It happened that when the necessity of simple choice of matin or vesper song came, my particular fancies came also in such distracting throngs and persuasiveness that I and they stammered and tripped over each other in shocking discord; in the midst of which, unless tender parents came speedily to the rescue, the big brother already referred to was sure to lift up his voice in an exasperatingly superior and collected manner, and say, "Let us sing 'My God, permit me not to be,'" which hymn I can never hear at this day without a sensation of discomfiture and chagrin.

Our saintly little sister's *répertoire* was as limited, for when appealed to she invariably said, in "a voice that was softer than silence," "Please sing 'His papa's throne,'" that being her version of the third line of the second stanza of Watts's "Lord, in the morning." This was also a prime favorite of my own, and probably because the coercion of secular airs to devout uses was not then so common as now, there was a delicious flavor of unusualness, if not of positive naughtiness, which lent special zest to those occasions when we sang these words to the tune of an innocent little song about a Modest Violet.

Almost every reader will recall similar fancies to those which invested this same

hymn with peculiar charms and clung to me for years. Whenever, after early waking, I lay making narrow eyelids, in childish fashion, through which were visible those luminous circles which, although born of earthly dust, are part and parcel of the "trailing clouds of glory" with which we all come from God, I devoutly believed these heavenly motes to be simple illustrations of my little sister's pet stanza, —

"Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints;
Presenting at his [papa's] throne
Their songs and their complaints;"

and as they went trooping up, brilliant and innumerable, on either side my bed, the brightest motes were the "songs," and the duller tints the "complaints."

Each returning dawn revealed the glorious procession still climbing, climbing, climbing; and more than once came an instant of awful ecstasy, in which the child's daring and ever-strained vision was rewarded by a blinding flash of the vanishing hem of the high priest's garment, after whom the motes were perpetually pressing.

The Taylor sisters were, of necessity, often invoked in the parsonage's service of song; but though profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, their Original Poems for Infant Minds were quite too didactic (with the exception of the Modest Violet, already cited, and two or three other poems) to be prime favorites with imaginative children, — full of traps and pitfalls for eager little souls whom they sought to entice into paths of wisdom by a show of rhyme and story at the beginning.

The child of to-day, for whom George MacDonald sees visions and dreams dreams, and who revels in the delicious inconsequence of the Jabberwocky and The Hunting of the Snark, cannot conceive of poverty so abject as made their parents' parents hail with rapture a nursery siren whose very advent-song was this grewsome homily: —

"The moon rises bright in the east,
The stars with pure brilliancy shine;
The songs of the woodland have ceased,
And still is the low of the kine.
The men from their work on the hill
Trudge homeward with pitchfork and flail;
The buzz of the hamlet is still,
And the bat flaps his wings in the gale.

"And see! from those darkly green trees
Of cypress and holly and yew
That wave their black arms in the breeze
The old village church is in view.
The owl from her ivied retreat
Screams hoarse to the winds of the night;
And the clock with its solemn repeat
Has tolled the departure of light.

"My child, let us wander alone,
When half the wide world is in bed,
And read o'er the moldering stone
That tells of the moldering dead.
And let us remember it well,
That we must as certainly die;
For us, too, may toll the sad bell,
And in the cold earth we must lie.

"You are not so healthy and gay,"

(Probably not, under the circumstances. Mark Tapley himself would succumb if dragged out on such a ghoulish "lark.")

"So young, so active, and bright
That death cannot snatch you away,
Or some dreadful accident smite.
Here lie both the young and the old,
Confined in the coffin so small,
And the earth closes over them cold,
And the grave-worm devours them all.

"In vain were the beauty and bloom
That once o'er their bodies were spread:
Now still in the desolate tomb
Each rests his inanimate head.
Their hands once so active for play,
Their lips which so merrily sung,
Now senseless and motionless lay,
And stiff is the chattering tongue.

"Then seek not, my child, as the best
Those things which so early must fade;
Let piety dwell in thy breast
And all of thine actions pervade.
And then when beneath the green sod
This active young body shall lie,
Thy soul shall ascend to its God
To live with the blest in the sky."

In justice to the dear old parsonage let me solemnly affirm that its walls never echoed that song of the gentle Ann, although as I glance through the cherished old volume strains from nearly all the other "poems," however unlyrical they may seem, come quavering back to me. Whether singing was more general than now, or whether it was an idiosyncrasy of that parsonage, I know not, but as it was, nothing in the least degree metrical entered it without speedily finding its mate in a tune, "born" or "made"

for it. The Bible, Shakespeare, Wordsworth, "Watts and Select," and the excellent Taylors' rhymed sermons were each and all at least intoned in our hearing.

My own experience makes me question the infallibility of the authors of the latter poems. The preface (upon which the toothsome Church-Yard, already quoted, instantly follows, after declaring that the volume is "inscribed very affectionately to that very interesting little race, the race of children") reads: "It was thought desirable to abridge every poetic freedom and figure, and even every long-syllabled word, which might give, perhaps, a false idea to our little readers, or at least make a chasm in the chain of conception. Images, which to us are so familiar that we forget their imagery, are terrible stumbling-blocks to children, who have none but literal ideas; and though it may be allowable to introduce a simple kind, which a little maternal attention will easily explain, and which may tend to excite a taste for natural and poetic beauty, everything superfluous it has been a primary endeavor to avoid." Am I mistaken in believing that a little "maternal" observation on the part of these good sisters would have shown them that a child who has "none but literal ideas" is an anomaly, and that one who would exclude "poetic freedoms and figures" and "everything superfluous" would put our nurseries on starvation diet?

Oddly enough it happens that one of the most absurd misapprehensions of my own childhood arose from perhaps the very simplest of these laboriously pruned, "simple-kind" canticles, — a favorite *morçeau*, though bearing the unappetizing title of Dirty Jack.

> "There was one little Jack,
> Not very long back,"

it began, and it is only within a few years that my bewildered brain has come to understand that that specification of time, "not very long back," was not a cold-blooded reflection on the brevity of this fascinating little piggy-wiggy's spinal column. He is bold, indeed, who dare affirm that anything he can possibly devise is too simple to elude or too polyfigurative to come within the grasp of one of these mysterious little estrays fresh from God, "that interesting little race, the race of children."

A child, whose favorite lullaby at the age of two years was Ruskin's Mont Blanc Revisited, intoned after the old parsonage fashion, has recently confessed to an unaccountable misunderstanding, several years in duration, of one of the sweetest and simplest of nursery hymns, "I think when I read that sweet story of old." That line, "Let the little ones come unto me," she declares always conjured before her vision the image of a large man seated in a chair by the wayside, dressing-comb in hand, with which he was always regulating the locks of an endless procession of babies.

One of twin sisters, whose entertaining memoirs began early in the century, used to delight in relating a similar instance, in which her mate contrived to "wrest" to her own "undoing" a stanza of Pope's Universal Prayer, which both had learned by rote. In the pillow-fights with which each happy day began, little H—— noticed that, although they were equally matched in valor and dexterity, the most formidable missile at hand, namely, the *bolster*, was never under any provocation of opportunity or direst need used by her sister. After accepting this advantage as long as her magnanimity would allow, she at last called M——'s attention to her oversight of this superior ordnance. M—— only shook her head with portentous significance. When H—— insisted upon explanation, it came in a curdling whisper, heard with bated breath: "Oh, but I don't dare touch THAT! Don't you remember what that verse says? —

> "Let not this weak, unknowing hand
> Presume thy BOLSTER [bolts to] throw,
> And *deal damnation round the land*
> On each I judge thy foe."

Such misconceptions, which it is safe to say none of the interesting little race escape, suggest the cheerful thought that we can never certainly divine what impressions these little souls, as ingenious as ingenuous, may be taking from our innocentest commonplaces.

But it is time that we come to those songs which are specially memorable to us, and which I have presumed to hope might be not without interest to others. Their peculiar tinge is traceable to the fact that the fountain-head of our parsonage song lay in what was and is still known distinctively as "the English neighborhood" of an old Connecticut town, where no other nationality, if one excepts a stray African now and then (invariably of royal blood), was represented at that time. Warlike and pastoral, Jacobite and anti-Jacobite, Scotch, Irish, and what not, all had an unmistakable flavor of the living spring in the beloved land across the sea. Another marked characteristic of these old songs was their long-windedness. Most of them had eight or ten stanzas, and not a few had the fascinating quality of provoking improvisation, and so were capable of indefinite extension, according to the mood of the performer. Old King Colio was of this latter class: —

"Old King Colio he called for his bowlio,
He called for his women three;
And every woman she could scold well,
A very fine woman was she.
Gibble, gabble, gabble, do the women sing.
There never was a girl in all Scotland
So fair as my Margerinn!

"Old King Colio he called for his bowlio,
He called for his harpers three;
And every harper he could play well,
A very fine harper was he.
Pring prong, pring prong, says the harper,
Gibble, gabble, gabble, do the women sing.
There never was a girl in all Scotland
So fair as my Margerinn!"

So, modestly enough, did his majesty begin; but his tertian ague grew by what it fed on, until the whole range of instrumentalists and artisans was compassed, and the inventive singer sank breathless under the overwhelming chorus which he had accumulated to himself, but which, what with its perpetual surprises and dramatic action, never palled upon his audience. After the ever-growing fury of the torrent of vociferous musicians and tradesfolk, crested always with "gibble, gabble, gabble, do the women sing," what could be more restful and delicious and incongruous than the refrain, —

"The fairest girl in all Scotland
Is my Margerinn"!

An equally favorite song was of quite another character. Indeed, Old Bolter's Mare might well be emblazoned on Mr. Bergh's banners. The pathos of this ballad was at one time more than my heart could endure, and I invariably fled, howling, as often as "the mare she took it unkindly, but out the door she went," always returning, however, in time to hear the will read.

An aged relative has kindly written out from memory several more stanzas of this song than I can myself recall, but there are others still missing (notably, sundry items of the will), which possibly some reader may be able to supply. There are also evident mistakes in this version, and doubtless not a few interesting examples of the lapses to which oral tradition is liable in the wear and tear of two hundred years.

OLD BOLTER'S MARE.

Old Bolter, of Westminster, if ever you did him know,
He had as good a mare, sir, as ever you saw go;
He had as good a mare, sir, as ever man did stride,
And many a hundred mile, sir, did old Bolter ride.

Sometimes he rode to Dover, sometimes he rode to Deal;
Sometimes he rode to London, sometimes to ——
And in her youth and prime she was so nimble quick
That all the day she traveled without spur or whip.

But when old age came on her, the mare grew weak and poor:
Old Bolter and the mare fell out, he turned her out of door,
Saying, "If you will not labor, I pray you go your way,
And come no more unto my door until your dying day."

The mare she took it unkindly, but out the door she went,
Thus to fulfill her master's will, for fear she should be sent.
The hills they were high, and the valleys they were bare;
The summer it was hot and dry, and killed old Bolter's mare!

Old Bolter had a grandson; his grandson's name was Will;
He bade him search each valley, each valley and each hill,
To find the old mare out and to bring her back again,
For he did long to see her and keep her from the rain.

So Will he rose up early, and all the day he sought,
Until the night was coming on; he then himself bethought:
"I will go home and rest myself and come again to-morrow,
For if I cannot find the mare, grandsire will die of sorrow."

But when he was a-coming home, he cast his eye aside,
'T was down by old Dame Wigglesmith's, and there the mare he spied.
He asked her how she did, she stared him in the face,
And not a word unto him spake; she was in sorry case.

Some lifted by the tail, sir, some by the mane and neck,
But all the labor was in vain, it was of no effect;
Old Bolter said he 'd kill her, and then the old mare spake,
"I cannot bear it longer, my heart is like to break.

"My kind and gentle master, I 'll make my will," said she,
"Unto my heirs' executors, whoever they may be:
I will bequeath my saddle, my bridle, and my bit
Unto the plodding cobbler, who has but little wit.

. . . . . .

'I will bequeath my tail, which is so fine and long,
Unto the arbitrator, the maker of the song;
I will bequeath my mane, and it I freely give,
Unto the arbitrator's wife for making of a sieve."

Now, if any man disputes me, and says this is not true,
Why, he may go to Blackknolls where poison puddings grow;
To Francis Bacon he may go, if he be living still,
Where he may have for fourpence a copy of her will.

N. B. Information is wanted in regard to the legatees, particularly of the "arbitrator, the maker of the song;" also to the locality of fatal puddings.

In cheerful reaction from the above dirge was a recitative and chorus, of which, alas, only the opening remains.

"The very first minute old Father Quipes heard there was a wedding upon the carpet, he ran to the chimney corner and thrust up his hand and pulled out his bagpipes, and squeezed them under his arm and struck up a little bit of a

"Tiddery aye, tiddery aye, tiddery aye re ory ro!
And there was Mat
And sturdy Pat
And merry Morgan Murphy O,
And Merloch Megs,
And Sherloch Shegs,
McLaughin and Dick Durphy O;
And then to see old Father Quipes,
And the bride's dad, O'Bailie O,
While the chanter with his merry pipes
Struck up the lilt so gayly O!
Tiddery aye," etc.

There was also an Irish love song which was unspeakably fascinating to us, not so much for its vehement courtship and gentle bulls, — though these were highly appreciated, — as for its heart-breaking refrain. This song, too, we have never seen written, and doubtless the monosyllabic chorus herein given is quite astray from the original, but the incomparable tenderness of the wail into which Phelim characteristically sinks after the momentary exultation of each stanza will haunt our memories forever.

PHELIM TO HIS LOVE.

WHEREVER I 'm going, and all the day long,
At home or abroad, or alone in the throng,
I find that my passion 's so lively and strong
That your name, though yet silent, still runs in my song.
Sing bar le mo ne ro, bar le me no ro,
O ho ho, ro ho ho, bar le mo ne ro-o,
Your sweet little finger for me!

Since the first time I saw you I take no repose,
I sleep all the day to forget half my woes;
So strong is the passion that in my breast glows,
By Saint Patrick I fear it will burn through my clothes!
Sing bar le mo ne ro, etc.,
Your lily-white hand for me!

On my conscience, I fear I shall lie in my grave
Unless you comply and poor Phelim will save.
Then grant the petition your lover doth crave,
For you never was silent till you made me your slave!
Sing bar le mo ne ro, etc.,
Your pretty black eye for me!

On that happy day when I make you my bride,
With a swinging long sword will I strut and I 'll stride;
With a horse and six coaches so gayly we 'll ride,
While together we walk to the church side by side!
Sing bar le mo ne ro, etc.,
Your fine English lady for me!

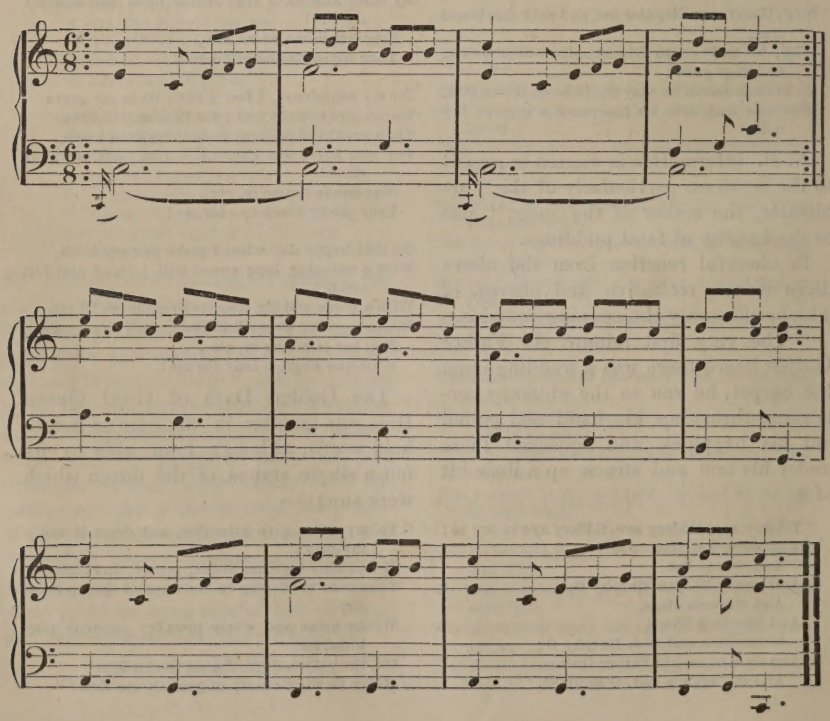
The Golden Days of Good Queen Bess was familiar in our ears as household words, although I am able to cite but a single stanza of the dozen which were sung: —

"To my muse give attention, and deem it not a mystery
If I jumble together music, poetry, and history,
The times to display in the days of Queen Bess, sir,
Whose name and whose memory posterity may bless, sir!
Oh, the golden days of good Queen Bess!
Merry be the memory of good Queen Bess!"

Beyond this opening challenge, I recall only one example of the break-neck rhymes with which the ode abounded namely, —

— "ruffs around their neck fast,
Gobbled down a pound of beefsteak for a breakfast."

In short, the Vicar of Bray himself (another of our special songs) was not more omnivorous than we in our tastes. But I dare not trespass further on your patience than to give in full one more song, which perhaps is dearest of all because it has been from generation to generation the favorite cradle song of our clan. Why, it was only yesterday that I heard it delivered, with rollicking enjoyment and immense effect, by a precocious little four-years-old, *verbatim et literatim*, as her two great-grandmothers sang it over the never empty cradles in the "old English neighborhood" before the nineteenth century was born, these song-loving sisters having received it in due succession from the homesick Roxbury exile who was the father of us all. Our beloved octogenarian himself had never seen it written, and avers that his mother, who died during his first year at Yale, sang it without text or note; and yet, when a month ago we fortunately happened upon both music and words in Chappell's Popular Music of the Olden Time, it was interesting to note how slight was the variation of our traditional version, which latter I shall here give. Chappell remarks (vol. i., p. 322): "Hunting the Hare is also in the list of songs and ballads printed by William Thackeray at the Angel in Duck Lane, in the early part of the reign of Charles II., and it is in all probability the song to this tune commencing 'Songs of shepherds and rustical roundelays,' because the tune was then popular, and the words are to be found near that time in Westminster Drollery, part second (1672), as well as afterwards in Wit and Drollery (1682)."

HUNTING THE HARE.

Songs of shepherds and rustical roundelays,
Formed by fancy and whistled on reeds,
Sung to solace young nymphs upon holidays,
Are too unworthy of wonderful deeds.
So sottish Silenus was sent by Dame Venus
To Phœbus the genius a song to prepare,
In phrase nicely coined and words quite refined,
How the states divine went hunting the hare.

Stars quite tired of pastimes Olympical,
Stars and planets that beautiful shone,
Could no longer endure that men only
Should revel in pleasure that they but looked on.
So round about horned Lucina they swarmed,
And quickly informed how minded they were,
Each god and goddess to take human bodies
As lords and as ladies to follow the hare.

Chaste Diana applauded the motion,
While pale Proserpine sat down in her place
To light the welkin and govern the ocean,
While Dian conducted her nephews in chase.
Taught by her example their father to trample,
The Earth old and ample, they quick leave the air,
Neptune the water, and wine bibber pater,
And Mars the slaughter, to follow the hare.

Young god Cupid was mounted on Pegasus,
Lent by the Muses by kisses and prayers;
Stern Alcides upon cloudy Caucasus
Mounted a centaur which proudly him bears;
The postilion of the sky, light-heeled Sir Mercury,
Made the swift coursers fly fleet as the air;
While tuneful Apollo the kennel did follow,
To whoop and to hallo boys after the hare.

Drowned Narcissus from his metamorphosis,
Roused by Echo, new manhood did take;
While snoring Somnus upstarted from Cimmeris,
Although for a thousand years he did not wake;
There was lame, club-footed Mulciber booted,
And Pan, too, promoted on Corydon's mare,
Cœlus flouted, while with mirth Momus shouted,
And wise Pallas pouted, yet followed the hare.

Grave Hymen ushered in Lady Astræa,
The humor took hold of Latona the cold;
Ceres the brown, too, and bright Cytherea,
Thalia the wanton, Bellona the bold;
While shame-faced Aurora, with witty Pandora,
And Maia with Flora did company bear,
And Juno was stated too high to be mated,
Although, sir, she hated not hunting the hare.

Three brown bowls to the Olympical rector,
The Troy-born boy now presents on his knee,
While Jove to Phœbus carouses in nectar,
And Phœbus to Hermes, and Hermes to me.
Wherewith infused, I piped and mused,
In language unused their sports to declare,
While the vast house of Jove in their bright sphere did move,
A health to all those who love hunting the hare.

The music is given with the thought that possibly lads and lasses of to-day may enjoy practicing the vocal gymnastics requisite in order to make our text and score trip on harmoniously together. Chappell says, "The tune is now in common use for comic songs or such as require great rapidity of utterance; but it has also been employed as a slow air. For instance, in Gay's ballad, Opera of Achilles, 1733, it is printed in 3-4 time, and called 'a minuet.'"

Mrs. Edward Ashley Walker.

MY LOVE.

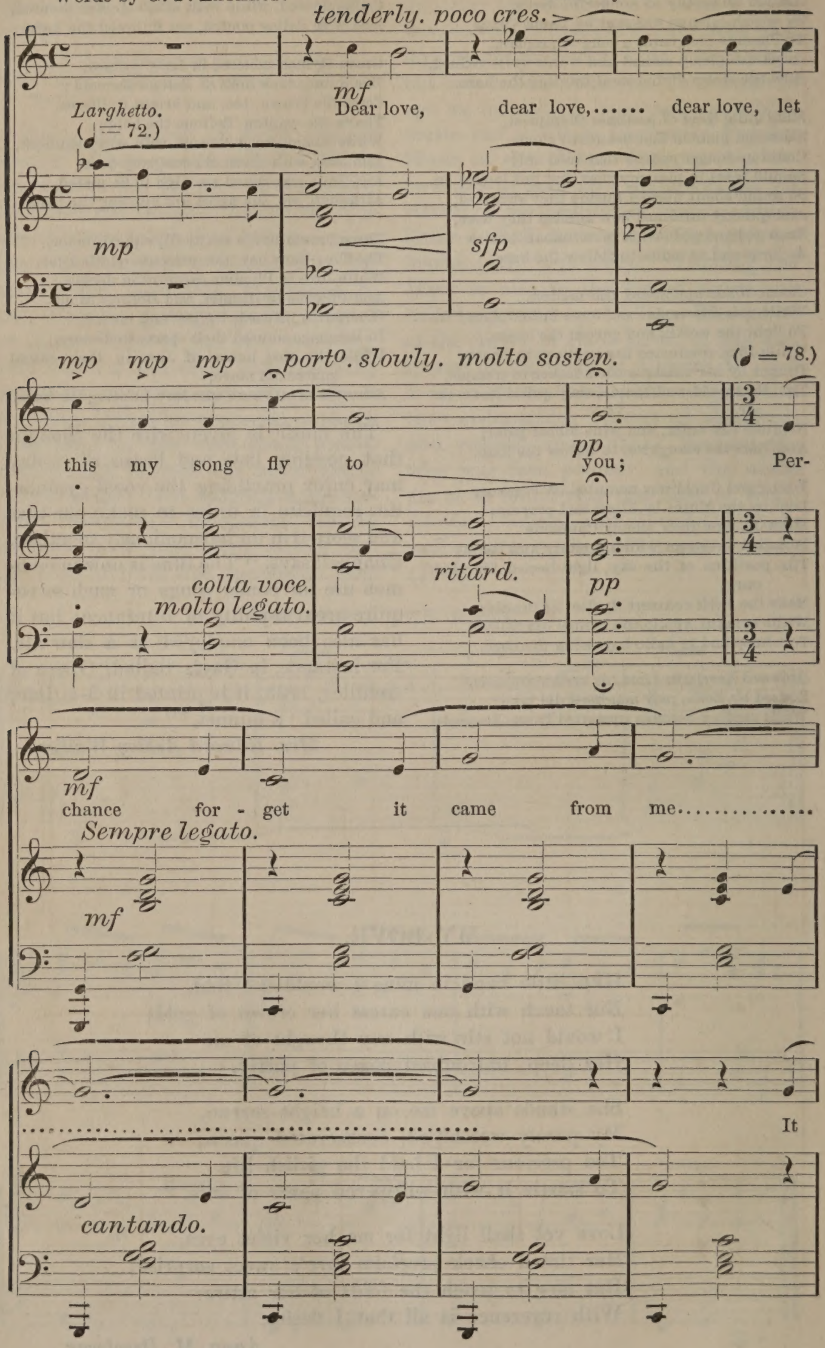
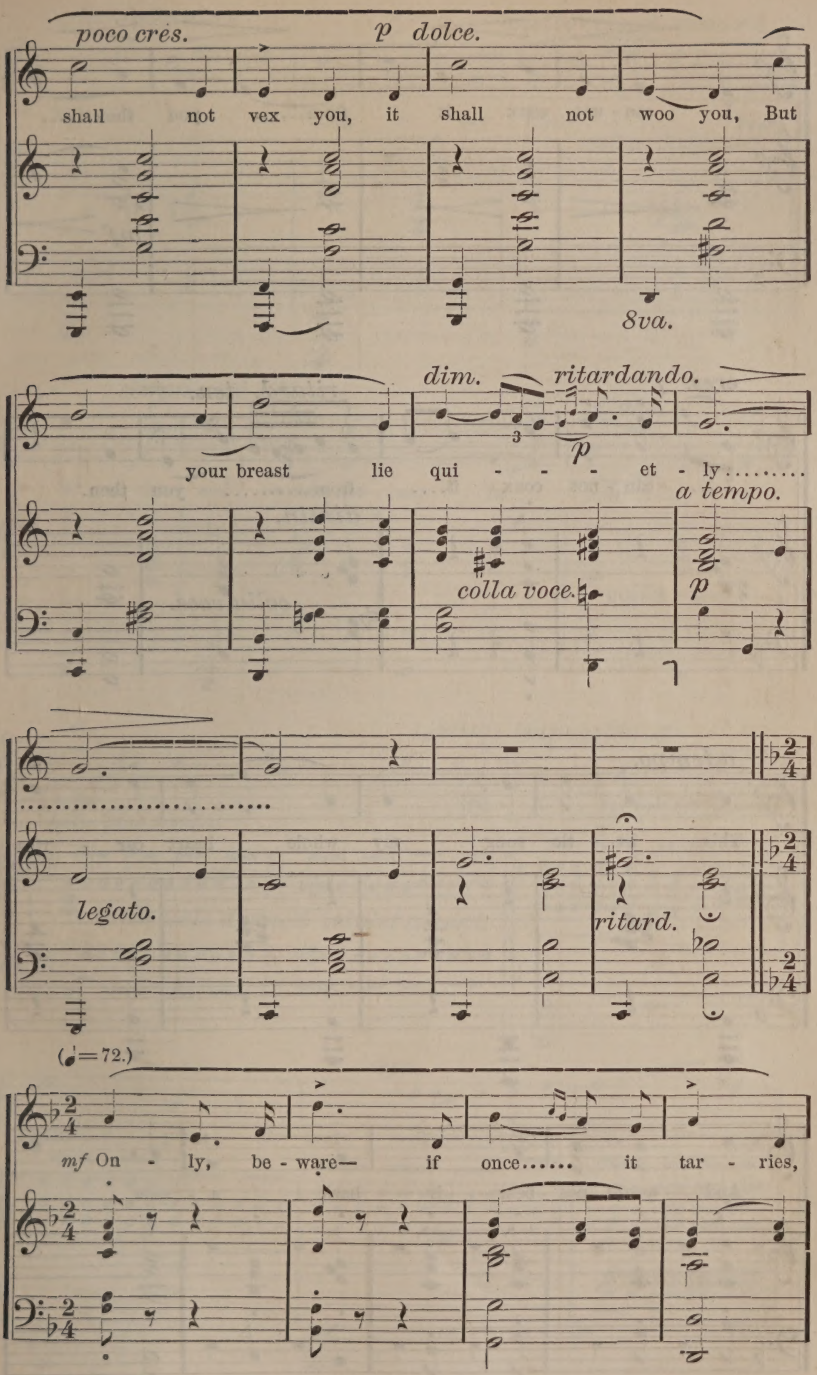
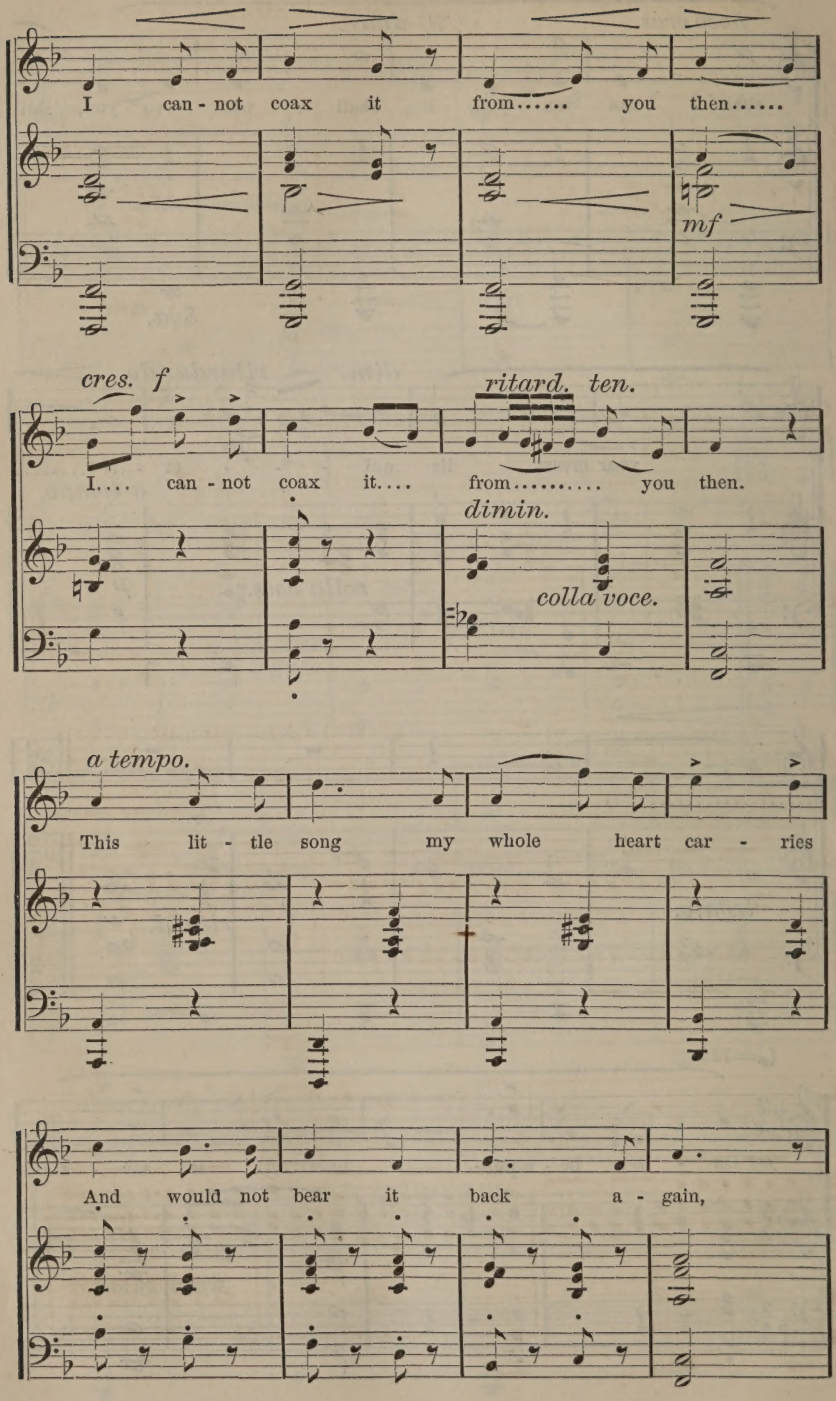
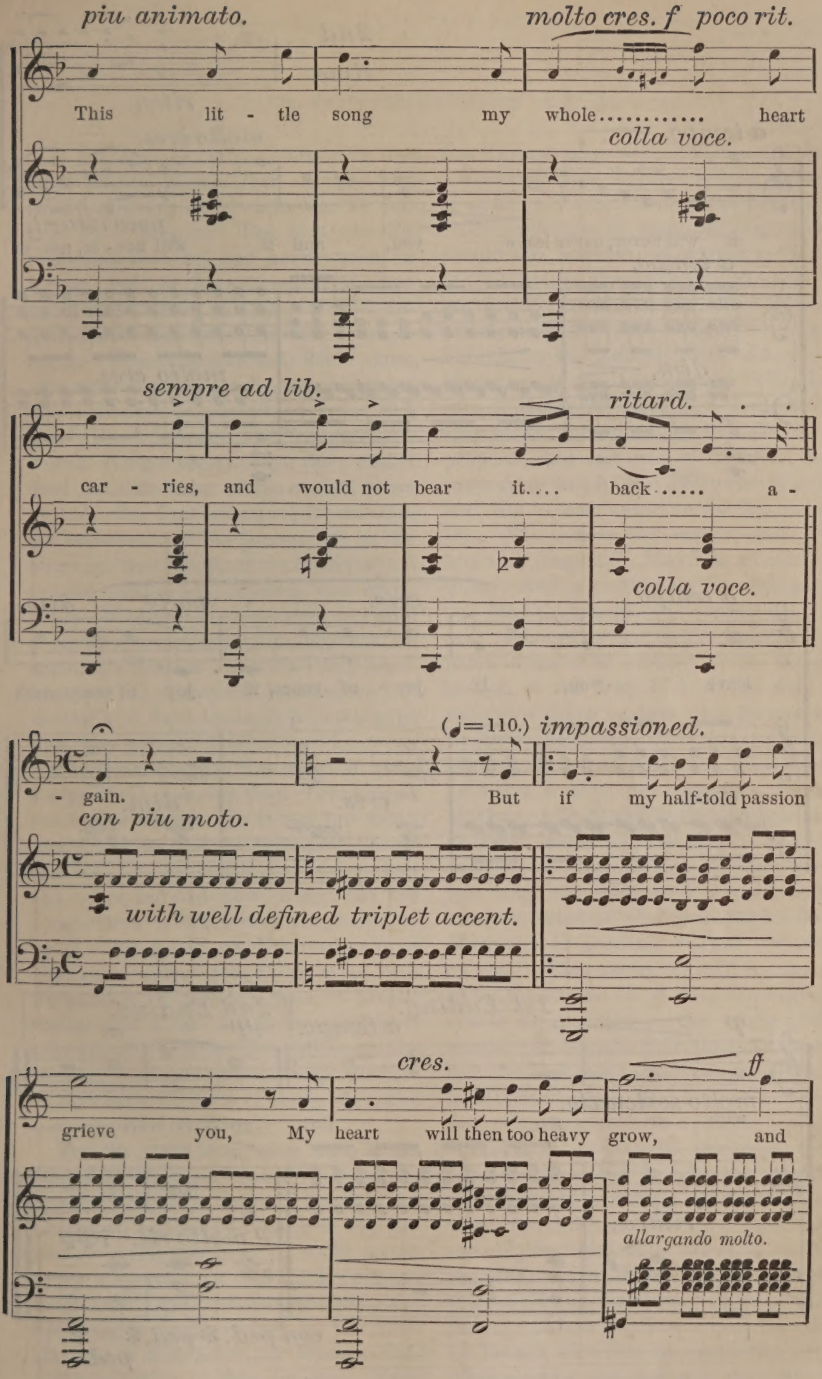
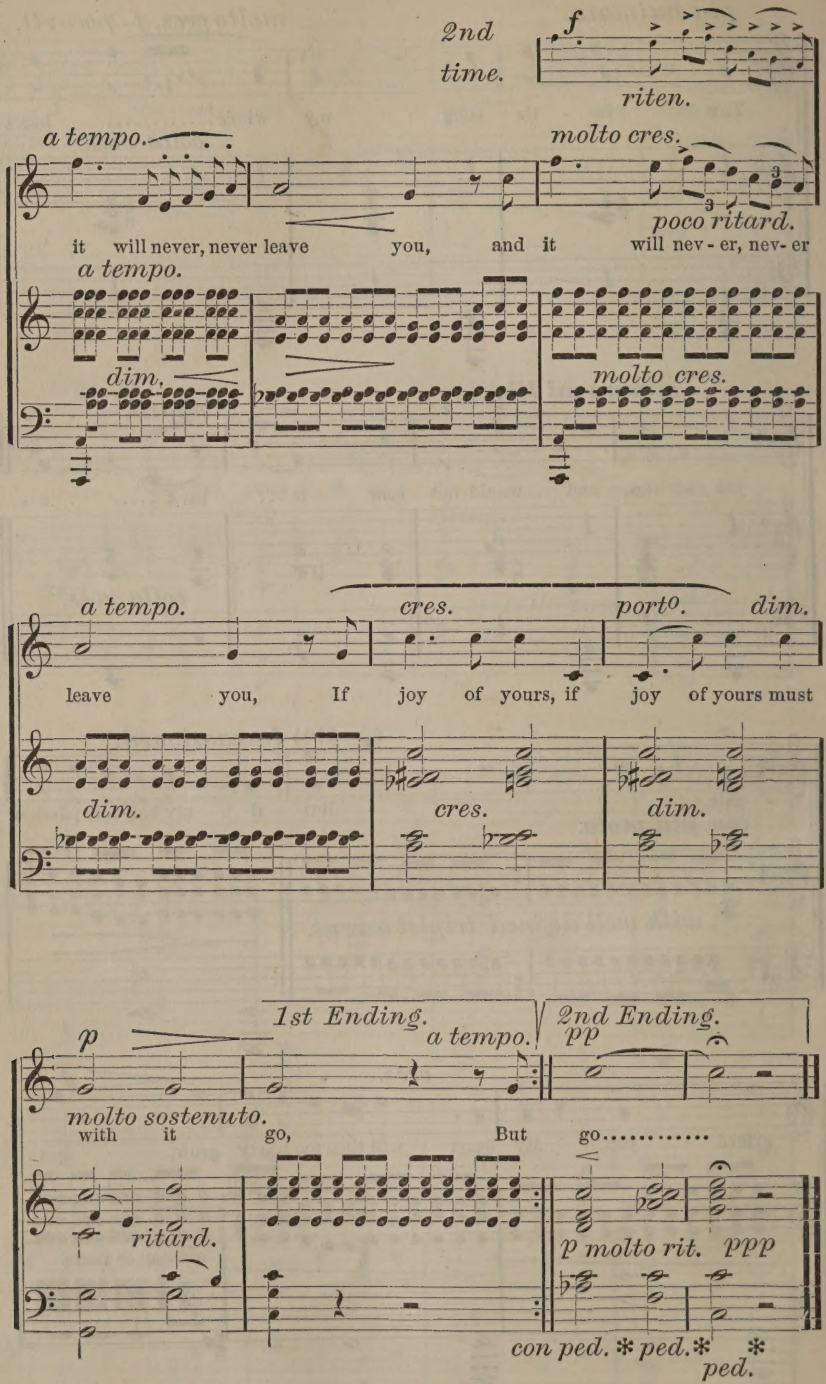
Her little hand in mine I would not fold,
Nor touch with one caress her crown of gold;
I would not stir with any thought of me
Her deep, untroubled peace of purity.

She stands above me on a height serene,
My purely worshiped, consecrated queen;
Too precious far I hold the girlish life
To startle it with whispered name of wife.

Love yet shall light for me her violet eyes,
Her tinted cheek proclaim love's sweet surprise;
But now to touch the folds of her attire
With reverence is all that I desire.

Anna M. Brockway.

SONG.

Words by G. P. Lathrop. Music by Geo. L. Osgood.

poco cres.
p dolce.
shall not vex you, it shall not woo you, But
8va.
dim.
ritardando.
3
p
your breast lie qui - - - - et - ly.....
a tempo.
colla voce.
p
legato.
ritard.
(♩=72.)
mf On - ly, be - ware— if once..... it tar - ries,

I can - not coax it from..... you then.....
mf
cres. f
ritard. ten.
I.... can - not coax it.... from..... you then.
dimin.
colla voce.
a tempo.
This lit - tle song my whole heart car - ries
And would not bear it back a - gain,

piu animato.
molto cres. f poco rit.
This lit - tle song my whole..... heart
colla voce.
sempre ad lib.
ritard.
car - ries, and would not bear it.... back..... a -
colla voce.
(♩=110.) impassioned.
- gain. But if my half-told passion
con piu moto.
with well defined triplet accent.
cres.
ff
grieve you, My heart will then too heavy grow, and
allargando molto.

2nd time.
f
riten.
a tempo.
molto cres.
poco ritard.
it will never, never leave you, and it will nev - er, nev- er
a tempo.
dim.
molto cres.
a tempo.
cres.
port°.
dim.
leave you, If joy of yours, if joy of yours must
dim.
cres.
dim.
1st Ending.
a tempo.
2nd Ending.
pp
p
molto sostenuto.
with it go, But go.....
ritard.
p molto rit. ppp
con ped. * ped. * * ped.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A FRIEND of mine, journeying toward Russia, stopped for dinner, just before crossing the frontier, at an inn kept by a German. The host casually remarked that he had never been in Russia, and on the expression of some astonishment said, "I have always observed that those travelers who were going into Russia looked sad, while those who were coming out looked happy, so that I decided to stay where I was well off." The best quality of Tourguéneff's Terres Vièrges seems to me this: that it does not, like most of his stories, leave us sad; the final situation is cheerful, not hopeless; and the persons left on the scene are those in whom we have learned to take satisfaction, Solomin and Marianne. We think of them, also, as living a cheerful and useful life; whereas we commonly dismiss his heroes and heroines to a life of mere endurance, and, if we think of them again, it is in the hope that they will not survive very long.

The book has also the merit of more symmetrical grouping than Tourguéneff has before shown. It is not too much to say of him that he individualizes his characters more sharply and clearly than any other novelist now living; but the composition is often very fragmentary, so that he seems, as Emerson said of Goethe, to throw something at us with the remark, "Here is a piece of human nature that I had not before sketched; take this." But in Terres Vièrges the whole grouping is elaborate and careful; every character relieves every other, and not one could be spared.

Yet the most interesting trait in the book is, after all, this: that we have here types which are not merely Russian, but universal, and might belong to any period of social upheaval. I could match every character in the book, without much effort, by some corresponding figure brought to the surface by the Anti-slavery, or Fourierite, or Woman Suffrage agitation in this country. Very few European novels, I should say, make a reader in New England feel so entirely at home among the *dramatis personæ*.

This selection of corresponding types should not, however, be carried so far as to attribute to Tourguéneff's characters any specific opinions which they do not clearly express. This mistake is made, I think, by the Atlantic critic of foreign literature in the July number, when he says of Marianne's career: "It is assuredly a stain upon the book that she even proposes that last step of socialism for supporting which Mrs. Victoria Woodhull has become notorious in this country. This repels the reader, and fills him with disgust." May I be permitted to say, after a pretty careful reading of the French translation — which is the one reviewed — that this "stain" appears to me to be created by the imagination of the critic? I cannot find a solitary word to confirm what he has so emphatically stated. The passage in the book least remote from any such interpretation is that on page 245, where Marianne tells Neshdanoff that whenever he truly loves her she will be his (*je serai à toi*). But inasmuch as they have just laughingly compared themselves to newly-married people (*nouveaux mariés*), Marianne responding, "That depends on you" (*Cela dépend de toi*), it is hard to see the excuse for putting any dishonorable construction on the young girl's words. It is plain that the lover himself does not, for in narrating the affair to his friend (page 264) he dwells on his own reluctance to form a permanent tie: "Comment pourrais-je unir pour toujours sa destinée à la mienne?" And their friends evidently take the same view, for Solomin afterwards mentions the neighborhood of a priest as one of the conveniences of their lodgings, should they decide on marriage. If it be said that the phrase *être à toi* is oftenest used by French novelists in connection with illicit amours, the answer is that this is

equally true of every other expression of affection, inasmuch as it is usually of illicit love that French novelists write. But they also use the word for the most pure and honorable affection, and even to express the ideal attachment of two lovers who are parting not to meet again, as may be seen in George Sand's Elle et Lui. The simple fact is that the French phrase is in itself as innocent as the English "I am thine," and no man has the right to found any uncharitable construction on those words alone.

It is not worth while to emulate those gentlemen of the last century who fought duels about the reputation of Richardson's Clarissa Harlowe. But Tourguéneff's Marianne is a character too fine and too carefully delineated to be assigned, without at least some semblance of evidence, to the alliance of Mrs. Woodhull.

—I am a lover of novels. I have just finished Virgin Soil, the first of Tourguéneff's stories I have read. From some of our critics and their reviews I had obtained the idea that this Russian story-teller possessed extraordinary powers; all *I* can say is that I was never more disappointed over a book in my life. Is it possible that any one can really like it? As to plot: does any one know what it is all about from beginning to end? The actors go to and fro saying to each other in deep tones, "Act!" they are mysteriously "called;" they gaze "significantly." They make nothing of sitting up all night to talk, talk, talk, and are honestly represented as being, the next morning, "so tired they can hardly stand," or as having "bad headaches." An unknown personage, who writes letters, some in pencil, some in soot and water, and some in blood (why blood?), orders them about constantly from one town to another, but, with all the reader's efforts, he cannot discover what they are to do in these towns, except to distribute pamphlets. Everybody in the book distributes pamphlets.

Poor Neshdanoff, inveigled into this land of fog by his own imaginative temperament, wanders about, more and more overcome by perplexity with every page. Towards the last he grows desperate, tells lies right and left, and even appears sardonically amused over his own approaching dismemberment, he being lashed as it were to two horses, who must before long inevitably take different roads. But, if one feels pity for Neshdanoff alone, what must one feel for the unfortunate fellow after he falls into the hands of the cold-hearted, bold girl who is the heroine of the tale? I do not know that I ever met in fiction a more unpleasant young person than this Marianne. The uncle and aunt Sipiagin give the orphan a home, and a great deal is made of the aunt as a persecutor; but, with all the author's preference for Marianne, it is difficult to see how any aunt could like such a niece. She is insolent and sullen, she cuts her hair off short, and has "views;" without the slightest necessity, she tells the story of poor Markeloff's unsuccessful suit to a stranger; she informs him also that her aunt is "a living lie," and details to him that lady's faults in words which read like petty, spiteful jealousy. Having thus detached him from the Sipiagin, she begins a flirtation with him on her own account, of the most extraordinary nature: she visits him in his room at night, she takes charge of him, she leads him about, she declares her affection, she flings herself upon his neck. Next, she proposes that they fly together "from this aristocratic house where all is falsehood and deceit," and herself arranges the plans with Solomin, Neshdanoff plainly lagging behind throughout the whole, not so much from unwillingness, exactly, as from his own chronic bewilderment, poor fellow! However, Marianne succeeds in running away with him, and takes him to Solomin's factory, where they are to reside for a time. Here they proceed to aid "the cause" and "simplify" themselves: Marianne, by wearing a peasant's dress, which becomes her, and washing tea dishes occasionally; and Neshdanoff, by wearing a peasant's dress, which does *not* become him (unfortunate here, too!), and by the eternal pamphlets, some of which say merely, "Make the sign of the cross and grasp the axe!"—

instructions concerning which Neshdanoff asks himself, "Must we really take an axe? But against whom? With whom? Why?" Solomin, who has a sprinkling of common sense in spite of his "sallow" face, "short nose," and "little green eyes," is naturally anxious that these stray guests of his should be legally united, and hints more than once at "the priest." But the calm Marianne is above law; she scorns it. Without the excuse of love or the glow of self-sacrifice, she will, nevertheless, if required, become Neshdanoff's mistress from principle only! No wonder he recoils from the cold-blooded anomaly. In the end he shoots himself, and no one is surprised. The imbecility of the conspiracy and his own position are too much for him. Marianne then marries Solomin. The author remarks that the priest who married them "never repented what he had done;" but the question is — did Solomin?

Mashurina appears and disappears, aimlessly; the only thing clear about her is that she has red hands. Madame Sipiagin is well drawn; but, in real life, a Neshdanoff would have succumbed to her. As for the local Russian coloring, it consists principally of the "samovar," and the wildly bewildering number of names possessed by each character. The double conversation on page 167, where Neshdanoff "lies, and knows he lies," is good. And, when all is told and over, the image of Markeloff's silent old servant, in the long calico caftan, waiting on the steps, with "eternal sadness on his face," seems to me after all the most impressive figure in the book, and the most Russian.

— In exalting the Latin method of acting above the English, and illustrating respectively by Fechter as Hamlet, and Mrs. Lander as Hester Prynne, your contributor for July makes many good points. To my apprehension, however, he is wrong in presenting Fechter as a typical example, and wanders farther into error when he considers him the "true Dane of Shakespeare."

I am acquainted with the French stage and with the Italian. I know Salvini's contained energy and impressive economy of gesture, Rossi's intellectual analysis, Ristori's thorough good sense and aptitude, and Rachel's columnar poise, her undulating motion, her serpent fascination and stroke, and the victory her thrilling voice achieved over the singsong verse of Racine. Only last season I saw an actress of the stock company at the Gymnase in Paris so simulate weeping, by means of a play of feature, and without using hand or handkerchief, that a low murmur of applause ran through the observant and delighted house. I am one with your contributor in admiration of the Latin method.

But surely the essential part of acting lies in the conception, the vision, and just comprehension of *what to do* rather than in the subtilest play of the faculty of *how to do it;* and to me Fechter's assumption seemed deficient in this quality of vision. If it be retorted that no two critics are agreed as to the meaning of Hamlet, and that Fechter's conception may be as good as any, while his expression of it is superior to all others, I rejoin that he did not seem to have any conception at all of the unity of the character, but used the successive situations and the marvelous language as means towards disconnected effects, whose brilliancy was enhanced by his mellow and modulated voice, his sinuous gesture, and the complete training he had acquired on the French stage.

Accordingly, I found his Hamlet good in parts, — not as a whole. He showed the Celtic sensibility of a comedian of tenderness and refinement, not imaginative, not spiritual. That he should fail to render the gust of English idioms was not surprising. He slurred with obtuse, indifferent tones the phrase, "Thou comest in such a questionable shape;" indeed, he did not seem to be moved as one in presence of a spirit that had passed and repassed through awful changes, nor at other times was he haunted by that vision.

On the other hand, he was exquisite in the lighter colloquial passages, his action, his hand play, slight motions of the head and face, natural tones, all

winning and rewarding attention. Yet even here, in talk with his school-fellows, he said, with perverse and superficial emphasis, "You cannot play upon *me*," and then walked suddenly away. I recalled the manner of the elder Booth in this scene, the princely courtesy of his request, "I do beseech *you*," and the spirit of anger cooled instantly by a lofty disdain of his "Though you can *fret* me, you cannot *play* upon me." So when Fechter said, "I could accuse me of such things that it were better my mother had *not* borne me," beginning with that jet and cadence of tone which marks all English-speaking Frenchmen, and ending like the snap of a Chinese cracker, and dry as that, — away from the flat, false emphasis on "not," emptying the phrase of all true meaning, I reverted again to the elder Booth, who filled it with melancholy feeling, and implied the hopes, the pains, the love, the mystery, of motherhood.

The "To be or not to be" was excellent as *a* soliloquy, for it was said as if no one were listening; but failed curiously as *this* soliloquy, for it did not vibrate with the tremendous problem of eternal life. Indeed, he left out

> "The undiscovered country from whose bourn
> No traveler returns,"

and went on with the fluent unconcern of a French comedian. Sometimes, as I followed him with persisting hope, he seemed to get into the atmosphere of Hamlet, but it soon drifted from him, or rather he slipped out of it with Gallic nimbleness, and seemingly unawares.

The scene with his mother, the killing of Polonius, and his manner on the reappearance of the ghost were good, and by far the best part of his performance. It may be said that his view of the character, if he had one, was too domestic, and without those amazing manifold electric currents of thought, on finest lines to farthest reaches, which are in the constitution of Hamlet.

The grave-yard scene puzzled me. Here was a chance for tenderness, and the actor did not improve it. Was the gap between the noisome skull and the live jester who "set the table on a roar" too great for his imagination to span? Yet without just this movement of the imagination, no actor can perform Hamlet. Fechter seemed more impressed with the fact that this particular skull was Yorick's than flooded with tender memories of his jovial playmate, whereas in Hamlet, "that capability and godlike reason, looking before," re-created jester and festival and the charm of them; then, "looking after," whelmed fool, emperor, and the lady of his love in one melancholy generalization on the common lot, until the prince, still holding the skull which had at first made his gorge rise, hands it back to the gravedigger, as the elder Booth did, after pressing it to his lips in token of prevailing affection. Fechter concludes with a good bit of stage business. He drives at the king, who eludes him and runs out around a corridor. Hamlet heads him off and stabs him.

Pondering on this play, where intense and varied human interests are lifted and swayed towards the life to come by the presence and the voice of the most majestic and appalling figure ever conceived in the mind of man; remembering English players who have essayed the principal character, — especially one, the elder Booth, distinguished above them all by grasp and delicacy of genius, an actor of Saxon strength, of Northern imagination, of Latin method, — I must be pardoned for dismissing with slight notice the desultory grace, the short flight, the brief plummet, "the ineffectual fire" of Charles Fechter.

— I find myself quite in sympathy with that contributor who, in your July number, favors the acting of Mr. Fechter and his school in preference to that of Mrs. Lander and hers. It has long seemed strange to me that, with the knowledge and appreciation of French art, especially acting, current among Americans, so much of the stiltedness and staginess of the old English school should yet remain, and even find encouragement as a criterion for beginners. It is, however, a promising sign to note that our most popular young actors win their laurels, it would seem, in about the ratio that

they veer from such time-honored stiffness. And this calls to mind how, during one of Clara Morris's last performances of Miss Multon in the Boston Theatre, and while in the last scene she was entreating to have her children brought to her, the breathless attention of the audience was for an instant diverted into laughter as the piercing shriek of some impressionable female in the house was followed by the hoarsely excited exclamation, "Bring her her children! Why don't you bring them on?" I thought then that this little incident settled Miss Morris's place as an actress far more effectively than did many a column of criticism with which she had been honored during her stay; for in this day of wonderfully and consciously critical audiences, to call forth a cry of self-forgetfulness at all is no small achievement. Perhaps, too, the spectators from whom we expect the least can sometimes measure a performer surprisingly or *amusingly* well. It was a trifle odd that not more than a week after, in the same house, I should have been treated to a bit of audible criticism of the latter sort. While the famous Danicheffs were having their say upon the stage, a girl with a shop-worn face, a seat or two distant from me, turned to her stout, decidedly Hibernian companion and stage-whispered, "Oh, is n't this play perfect? Is n't it just splendid?" His eyes twinkled, and his lips puckered into a smile with a "Hu-m-m, yes, may be 'tis. But d' ye think, now, the ould dame [the countess, Miss Morant] would really have always carried the day if she kept roullin' the lightning from her eyes at *that* rate, and let the mastiff in her growl that plain in the faces of them she wanted to get the upper hand of? As for the young wan [Anna, Miss Jewett], d' ye mind the voice of her, too? how pourful it is for wan in her grief and tinder years, and what a sound there 's in it like the ould lady's, barrin' the difference in all they have to spake!"

—I wish to own, in this public confessional, that the simple, provincial trust with which I accept English criticism has been unusually tasked by the dark wisdom of The London Academy in summing up its judgment of Mr. James's American: "The book is an odd one; for though we cannot say it is a good book, there is no doubt whatever that it is worth a score of the books which we are wont, truly enough in a sense, to call good." Now, if I had received this oracle from almost any native publication, I know very well how I should have found instant relief. But I am sensible that I cannot take a short cut out of the misery into which I am plunged by a London Academician. I must look again, and I must consider: there is evidently a class, scores in fact, of books which the highest English critics are wont, truly enough in a sense, to call good. So far everything is clear. These books may be called, truly enough in a sense, good, but —I feel myself going, again! — a score of them are not worth one book which cannot be called good. This is terrible. To 't, again! If a book which cannot be called good is worth a score of books which can truly be called good — No, no! That way madness lies. Let us go back, and look more carefully to our steps. First, there are critics; that is clear. Second, there are books; this also is plain. Now, then, let us be very adroit. There are English critics in the habit of truly calling books good which are not a twentieth part so good as books that cannot be called good; therefore, the American author should study to write not good books, but odd books which cannot be called good, and that are worth scores of books which truly are good, — in a sense. This seems all very well, till one comes to the last clause, — in a sense. At this I darkle again. "In a sense" is hard to understand. If that secret, black, and midnight clause were but laid open, all might yet be well with me; but with that closed, that shut fast with all its sweetness and light in it, like an inexorable clam! I can perceive how, on the principle that a bad book is worth scores of truly good books, the English critics have decided that Messrs. Whitman and Miller are the great American poets; or I could perceive this, if it were not for "in a sense." That reduces

me to despair, from which my only hope is in recalling the famous puzzle, "I met a boy, and the boy said" something preposterously impossible. After you have threshed yourself to frenzy against this problem, your tormentor comes to your rescue with the sublimely simple solution, "*The boy lied.*" May there not be a like escape from this hideous labyrinth of The London Academy? Possibly there *are* no bad books, however odd, which are better than good books, and the pretense of the contrary is bosh, rubbish, rot. In short, may I not believe that the boy lied?

—The Rev. Sylvester Judd, of Augusta, Maine, published, in 1845, a romance called Margaret. He complained some time later that it had been neglected. It was to the accident of coming upon a volume of outline drawings which Darley made for it that my own acquaintance with it was due. The merit of Margaret, whatever it may be, was not, however, to me the circumstance of note. It was the discovery in the eulogistic preface that there was another work, by the same author, devoted to an exposition of the dignity of manual labor. This is a subject to which I find myself attracted. I am rather on the lookout for something which disposes of it in a satisfactory manner. The scale of social dignity is made up on the basis of the greater or less freedom from the obligation to labor. The cream of our consideration is perhaps reserved for those who never by any chance have anything to do with it. We pay sufficient regard to the results of labor, but its actual drudgery is at a large discount. We gaze with respect upon the great monument after it is erected, and even upon the engineer who expended his headwork upon it, but I have yet to see effusion manifested over the brawny arms that hauled all his brick and mortar and twisted his cables. It was for this reason that I sought out with interest the story which is styled upon its titlepage, Richard Edney and the Governor's Family. A Rus-Urban Tale, Simple and Popular, yet Cultured and Noble, of Morals, Sentiment, and Life. Possibly overlooked in this out-of-the-way and little-bruited tale might be found a view going to the very root of the matter, and even capable of application; so that when it was known the public might at once begin to pay labor pure and simple the respect to which it is entitled. The disappointing announcement may be made at once, that the Rev. Sylvester Judd is merely one more of the persons who dignify labor by showing you how to scramble out of it early. In chapter twenty-four his hero is proprietor of the saw-mill, and in chapter forty-seven he marries the governor's daughter. But his mates at the mill, capable of nothing else, go on drudging for him as for the former boss. They catch nothing of the illumination of the lucky Richard's dignity, but on the contrary are treated as very commonplace persons. According to this good minister's plan, you are to be of a New England family of the highest character and integrity. You are to have a high-school education, including even "a slight attempt on the Latin tongue." You are to be profoundly influenced in youth by the family, the school, and the church. You are to go voluntarily into a saw-mill instead of going to college, on account of a love you have for manual labor. You are to be a natural orator and musician, and so handsome that young ladies fall in love with you at sight, but of such a virtue that you simply reprove them coldly for their unbecoming coquetries. You are to be so muscular, and at the same time of such an exemplary nature, that when the bully of the shop attacks you you will not be under the necessity of knocking him down, but can hold his arms to his sides in your vice-like grasp until he is overwhelmed with confusion. A facility in saving people's lives two or three times apiece all around will be requisite, and also polished manners to enable you to dance with the governor's daughter and converse with her upon equal terms, when, during a temporary closing of the saw-mill, not to be out of employment, you drive a hack for her family. Ah, me—the cold comfort there is in this picture of life for the grimy fellow whose

wages are under a dollar a day, and whose dream is rather to keep out of the poor-house than to marry into the New England aristocracy!

The author's acquaintance with the wickedness of the world — and one's heart involuntarily warms a little to the honest old gentleman for it — is as amateurish as his treatment of its hardships. Without professing to speak with authority in these matters, I should say that his bar-room conversations were as pure an invention as The Culprit Fay or the Midsummer-Night's Dream. His heavy villain would be set down by the regular "swell-mob" as a milksop in need of a thorough going over before deemed worthy of admission to fellowship. A specimen of the talk of this ideal miscreant sufficiently shows the unpractical character of the Rev. Mr. Judd's turn of mind. Clever is a night hand on gang-saw No. 1. He has been absent a while under pretense of sickness, and upon his return, and first introduction to the story, says to Richard: "Enlargement, aggrandizement, glory, fame, are natural to the human breast; they are natural to my breast. Power, might, are honorable; and these I study to exercise. To make you believe I am sick when I am sick is nothing, — a child could do that; but if I can make you believe I am sick when I am not sick, if I can make the captain believe it, and the whole mill believe it, I do something; I exercise power; I AM ENLARGED!"

Thus, the opportunity to exhibit the dignity of labor, not being filled by Mr. Judd, is still open. Who will take advantage of it? If I were going to attempt something of the kind myself, I think I should try to make the most, somehow, of the argument that labor is an object in itself, since it is impossible absolutely to secure the fruits of it, and since, when the pressure of necessity is withdrawn, it is entered into with almost equal earnestness from choice. Rare, indeed, is the savings-bank, the insurance company, the coal stock, which may not force the capitalist to renew the toilsome labor of accumulation which he had considered finished. The fashionable woman may have occasion, in the cares of her household and social obligations, to envy her laundress. Polo is as hard as cattle herding. De Lancey Kane drives a coach as well as Richard Edney. It would be difficult to hire people at any price to row college boat races. I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of a grocer or hardware dealer than a dweller in the tents of the amateur rifle association. When you have made your fortune by labor, what else do you find to do but labor still? Such being the case, I would go on to adjure the man who is doing a useful thing to be satisfied with himself and confident of his dignity, no matter what he finally comes to. I would — but this is feebly attempting to preëmpt the ground which I wish left open for the shrewd and kindly analyzer who is to tell us about the dignity of that kind of labor which has not retired upon its income and married the governor's daughter, but is cutting saw-logs, breaking stone, clenching boiler rivets, brandishing the mop and the scrubbing brush, and singing The Song of the Shirt.

— Will this serve as a Roland for Mr. Collyer's Oliver, who supposed that Mr. Emerson and "that kind of people ought to be encouraged"?

Some years ago I was so fortunate as to happen in Middlebury, Vermont, at commencement season. The instinctive hunger of the feminine soul for perpetual student, warm, cold, or minced, had been long blunted by advancing years and residence in an old university town; so it was not the momentous début of a dozen or so admirable young orators which awoke self-gratulation over my opportune arrival, although it must be confessed that the mere sight of so many young men who were neither bored nor agonizingly anxious to seem bored by life, present and to come, was inexpressibly novel and refreshing. The source of rejoicing was far beyond and above even this.

In an old university the round of memorable orators and poets is perhaps soon run, and the imported commencement lions have either become, in these last

times, unthrilling specimens of their kind, or are jealously caged for platform exhibition as a decoy to the alumni dinner, where they are gingerly served as a *bonne-bouche*. At least the motto of our particular college has come to be — but hear a parable instead. A divinity student having nearly completed his course brought, as the powers ordain shall be done, a sermon to his favorite instructor. Modestly but feelingly he delivered it from text to "application" and "a few reflections," after which the critic: "Yes, very good, — very good, indeed; well planned, and on the whole admirably expressed. But, my dear young friend, I regret to say I notice a tendency to — to — *enthusiasm*, which should and MUST be repressed."

Coming from such a climate, and listlessly glancing at the commencement programme of brave little Middlebury, how my heart leaped to see "Oration before the Whatsoever Society, by Ralph Waldo Emerson"! And what an "oration" it was — calm and grand and unperturbed as of old! And as was the oration so was the orator, losing now and then his place, in the familiar old fashion, and with sweet solemnity looking for it again among his wandering script as deliberately as if he sat alone in his Concord study, and we following the search as undisturbed as he, finding it only a shade less exquisitely fascinating than the missing thought itself when at last he had gently brought us to its hiding-place.

I know of nothing on earth more restful, and I would like to say divine, than to sit in Mr. Emerson's presence for an hour, while he thus loses and finds himself in peaceful succession. "But this is not my tale," as Mr. Joaquin Miller often justly remarks. When Mr. Emerson's celestial hide-and-seek was over, and the entranced audience were reluctantly going down the aisles, a venerable old trustee of the college, whose beautiful white head was its crown of glory for many years, whispered to me with a smile and half a sigh: "Times have changed! It is just twenty years ago since we had him here last to address this same literary society. When he had finished, the president, as was the custom, called upon a clergyman to conclude the service with prayer. Rev. Mr. ——, of W——, in this State, stepped into the pulpit which Mr. Emerson had just vacated, and uttered a very remarkable prayer of which I can remember only one sentence exactly: 'We beseech thee, O Lord, to deliver us from ever hearing any more such transcendental nonsense as we have just listened to from this sacred desk!'" "And what did Mr. Emerson say?" "Nothing — oh, yes; after the benediction he asked his next neighbor the name of the officiating clergyman, and, when falteringly answered, with gentle simplicity remarked: 'He seems a very conscientious, plain-spoken man,' and went on his peaceful way."

— No doubt it is comforting to Jewish hearts to see how the social thrust lately aimed at them has been resented by the free press. But does all this, I wonder, blind any thinking Jew to the wide difference between social justice and social preference, or tend to make him feel that he is the more welcome in the home circles of Christian families, supposing he cared to enter them?

It is hardly imaginable that Judge Hilton intended to hurt himself, financially or socially, when he moved to exclude the obnoxious race from his hotel. He may have made a special study of the aversion, alienation, the indefinable something which the average Christian claims to feel in his intercourse with the Jew, although it often means no more than that he cannot penetrate the mystery of his subtle, self-poised personality. For if there is any one point upon which the commonplace Christian, especially he of British extraction, is uncommonly strong, it is in a contempt for whatever he may not happen to understand, as his governmental record the world over amply proves.

Judge Hilton, then, may have made a study of his own pet aversion without having also made due allowance for the difference, in this age of the world, between personal or theoretic dislike and

wholesale injustice; if so, he overshot his mark; and must, *per force*, take the consequences. Possibly, too, the judge, if of a contemplative turn, may have taken notes of the effect of Daniel Deronda upon the reading public, and felt additionally secure as to the result of his action. Certainly, if the author of that wonderful book had no other object than to feel how the world's pulse beat in regard to a famous race, it was well worth her while to have written it. Leaving the professional critics out, it is doubtful if any knot or *coterie* discussing it since its publication, let them find what other faults they may, have not ended by expressing disgust or dissatisfaction with its idealization of the Jews. Strange that practically wise people are not as ready to see that had not that race been capable, in all ages, of evolving just such "dreamy abstractions" as Mordecai and Deronda, it could not well have stood, through time and persecution, the solitary peculiar power it has stood in the world's history!

How often, while listening to the buzzing of certain Christian insects, have I pictured some grand old Jewish face turning its scathing irony upon them, while it questioned their claim to aught which they profess to hold sacred except through his race; and then demonstrating how utterly their non-debtor was that race except for the persecution which had fertilized so much special genius.

But although some of our ungrateful race are, at last, getting so enlightened in liberality as to recognize their superiors even among Jews, I would, none the less, caution commonplace Jews against too far presuming upon the fact. Above all would I advise any youth of Jewish blood, whose nose does not betray him, and who has set his heart upon winning a Christian maiden, to let his secret rest secure until he has first won a more than passing interest.

— Looking over my collection of autographs, which I began many years ago in very humble imitation of the splendid and well-arranged collection of Mr. Ticknor, I came upon a note from Walter Savage Landor. It is without date, and reads as follows: —

Dear Kenyon, — I have to thank you for a little book which Fisher brought me. The weather is so fine that I have not yet red it. My brother Robert has publisht three Dramas. The versification is better in all respects than any other dramatist's, and the poetry than any other's, except Shakespeares, by many many degrees. I would lay a wager nevertheless that Robinson thinks Goethe, and even Wordsworth, a better poet. The Ferryman (I stake my reputation, such as it is, upon it) far surpasses every poem in the present or last century. Robert and I have had no correspondence for a quarter of a century, and the last was an angry one, but let me do him justice.

Towards the end of April I go to Paris to meet my son Walter. If you know of any reasonably cheap lodgings on the other side the Seine, but not very distant from the Gallerys, pray tell me. Your's very sincerely, W. Landor.

Are any of the cultivated readers of The Atlantic familiar with these dramas of Robert Landor? Have they one reader per annum amongst us?

The book was published (may I be pardoned for retaining the orthography of our dictionaries, in spite of the prejudices, protests, and example of Mr. Landor) by Saunders and Otley, London, in 1841.

The three dramas are The Earl of Brecon, Faith's Fraud, and The Ferryman, each in five acts. The first "has for its moral patient forbearance under shame and ruin. The second, sacred obligations discharged at the expense of other sacrifices as well as life. The third, endurance and forgiveness." The book is printed in the interests of religion and morality.

After such a eulogium on a poetical work by a critic so well qualified to enjoy and so very hard to please as Walter Savage Landor, who as a "brother offended" advances an especial claim to be heard upon the subject, it is diffi-

cult to accept one's own judgment on these dramas. So far as I know they have never been reviewed in any prominent periodical. Horne and De Quincey, who have written largely on the works of Walter Savage Landor, and incidentally upon his life, make no allusion whatever to his brother.

It would be curious to see these dramas compared by some less eccentric critic, not certainly with Shakespeare's, but with those of Henry Taylor. I can see in them little to justify the opinion pronounced on them by Landor in his note to Mr. Kenyon, and much to excuse the public for its indifference and their oblivion.

De Quincey, in his notes upon the writings of the more successful brother, says: "Might not a man build a reputation on the basis of *not* being read? To be read is undoubtedly something; to be read by an odd million or so is a sort of feather in a man's cap, but it is also a distinction that he has been read absolutely by nobody at all." . . . But he adds that Mr. Walter Savage Landor is not entitled to such sublimity of distinction, "for it can be proved against him that he has been read by at least a score of people, all wide-awake."

May not the distinction have been reserved, with justice or injustice, for the other brother?

— I am very sorry to see The Nation in one of the July numbers countenance the notion that "Welsh *rabbit*" is a corruption of *rare-bit*. I very much doubt if this supposed derivation is more than about thirty years old, while the dish is very much older. The name is one of a great number of hits at countries and towns that are supposed to have a very limited choice in food, and to substitute their few articles for the many of other lands. Wales was imagined to have nothing to eat but cheese (see Sir Hugh Evans) and mutton; a Welsh rabbit is "toasted cheese," and in parts of England mutton cooked in a special way is *Welsh venison*. There are a dozen such instances among ourselves. The herring appears in two favorite localities as "Taunton turkey" and "Digby [N. S.] chicken." "Albany beef" is simply *sturgeon;* and a "Marblehead turkey" is a *codfish*. To one who has noticed these analogies, and knows, moreover, how for centuries cool Saxons have loved to poke fun at their fiery Cambrian neighbors, there is something singularly flat in the "rare-bit" idea.

It is needless to say, however, that the spelling early commended itself to restaurant keepers, whose bills of fare have always had a peculiar softness which the writers probably think is refined. Many of them invariably say *cold* oysters when they mean *raw*, the latter word being thought coarse! Charlotte *de* Russe is the name most in vogue with them, and is adopted by Dr. Holland in a novel; you might as well say United States of American. The very peculiar name *Méringue*, which is the French form of the Italian *Marengo*, and was given in honor of the battle, has assumed the spelling *Morangue* at the hands of fashionable confectioners.

Mr. Hale, in his late amusing story of G. T. T., has put into print an experience of us all at hotels where there is no printed bill of fare — the practice of female waiters running together the entire list of viands in one word. At Lake George, for instance, may be heard, "Soupsalmonroastmuttonboiledmutton," etc., right on without a stop. It is not perhaps generally recognized that the first instance of such a breathless bill of fare is in the Ecclesiazusæ of Aristophanes. There, a female chorister, summoning the whole city to a gorgeous banquet, announces the entire provision in a single word of one hundred and seventy-eight letters: "Oysterscodskatesharkbrainsgibletssaucepiquante," etc.; only the genius of the Greek language introduces connecting syllables, which modern hotels dispense with.

— I see that the papers are already beginning to talk about the Bishop's Palace, to be built in connection with the cathedral at Garden City, endowed by Mrs. A. T. Stewart, and to brag that it is to be finer and grander than any such building in Europe. Very likely those most interested are annoyed at the

foolish extravagance of language used by thoughtless journalists, and themselves carefully use correct expressions, like Episcopal Residence with apartments for the clergy. Still the hasty reader gets the impression that a building is to be erected of dignified proportions, in keeping with the elaborate cathedral, and as part of the cathedral appointment; doubtless there will be a Close and other poetical appendages, and novelists who cannot afford the trip across the Atlantic will be able, by an inexpensive journey to Hempstead, to furnish themselves with the interesting apparatus which looks so attractive in the distance of English novels.

Ecclesiastical foppery is easily laughed at, and many, no doubt, will set down all this talk about the cathedral and palace as a feeble grasping at the inheritance of the English Church. But there is an aspect of it which is not ridiculous. The cathedral idea in America comes by degrees in the growth of the Episcopal church, and is not to be, it cannot be, the mere transfer of an Anglican fashion. It stands in a different relation to the church, and, as an expression of greater energy and more complete fidelity to the purposes of church organization, is to be watched with profound interest. The cathedral as the bishop's church will be a religious power just so far as the bishop is a power. His power springs from his service, not from his pomp and circumstance; the church becomes the centre of such service, but what has he to do with a palace? I had almost said, What has he to do with a house at all? A palace, or any house which by its splendor and state separates him from common men and gives him the appearance of rank, is in direct antagonism to the fundamental, Christian idea of a bishop. Some members of the Episcopal church are anxious to get rid of the name Protestant, since they argue that the name gives rise to historical misconception. It would be well if instead of getting rid of the name they would seek to fill the name with a meaning, and make the church a protest, not merely against some past doctrinal and practical error, but against the insidious enemies of true religion which have no organized form, but a very present influence. If the church wishes to protest against an age of luxury and self-indulgence, it will not do so by providing its bishops with kings' houses and soft raiment. When it does, it will find that men will go into the wilderness again to hear what the man will say who dresses in skins and eats locusts and wild honey. There is no form of state or ceremony which men will not persuade themselves is becoming to religious authority, and a comparison of pope with apostle will be ingeniously made out to the sophist's satisfaction, but no sophistry can get rid of the Master's words: "Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister, and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant." I for one should like to see a bishop's palace in America built by a bishop who could himself build one as cleverly as one of his spiritual ancestors could make tents.

—I do not know whether it is a universally received truth, but I know it has long been one to me, that genius is worth little or nothing, nay, may become even a harmful and pernicious gift, unless it be accompanied by that far more substantial yet most necessary and indispensable quality, common sense. And yet this latter is by no means so abundant as one might suppose; indeed, some one has well said that it would be more appropriate to style it *un*common sense. Without the healthy instincts — for these, in most cases, will suffice even without a great deal of experience of the actual world — that warn us of the ridiculous, absurd, and impossible without a wholesome sense of "the eternal fitness of things" and a considerable portion of that good, sound, "homespun" faculty that in ordinary life goes to the successful discharge of the simplest and most common duties of our every-day existence, the profoundest sentiment, the finest fancy, and most brilliant imagination shall avail us nothing. The sentiment will degenerate into mere sentimentality, the most ideal aspirations and

highest flights of fancy into empty vagaries and idle dreams; the creations of our brains under these circumstances cannot be anything but flimsy phantasms, with not a drop of real life-blood in their poor, transparent veins, and no more power of life and endurance than the flowers in the fairy tale, which, having for one night assumed the shapes of men and women in order to give a great ball, lay hopelessly wilted away to so much dry grass the next morning. I dare say I might illustrate my view with many examples, drawn for the most part, I am sorry to allow, from the ranks of female writers, but no more striking one occurs to me than that of Elizabeth Sara Sheppard, better known as the author of Charles Auchester, the one among her books which has the most claim to something like recognition. For to her that precious jewel in disguise, common sense, seems to have been almost completely denied. Young as she died, and, having been an invalid almost all of her brief life, little chance as she had of becoming acquainted with real men and women, had she possessed those healthy instincts which I have mentioned, she could not have represented such abnormal, unnatural, impossible beings as she did, — if beings they may be called who are in fact only bundles of high-strung, sensitive nerves and various abstract qualities. Her books are charged with a certain super-idealism that removes the characters, with their deep sorrows and sublime joys, as far beyond the reach of ordinary human sympathies as though they were inhabitants of the moon; surfeited with a sweet atmosphere of over-refinement that, like the stifling odors of a close, overheated hot-house, it is impossible for healthy lungs to breathe long, and that make us wish for a breath of fresh air, one touch of real life, no matter how crude and common and realistic it may be. In a word, it is almost impossible to read them, unless we are endowed with a good deal larger capacity for "swallowing nonsense" than usually falls to the lot of mortals in our practical days. And yet, in spite of all, we perceive in these "very young" efforts of a most intense and enthusiastic nature much real power and true inspiration, an exquisite sense of beauty in every shape, and a deep and delicate comprehension of the subtle mysteries of music, while the quaint style has a very piquant flavor of its own; so much unquestionable genius, indeed, of a high order that, had the author lived, I cannot doubt that she might have accomplished really great work, but for the "one thing wanting." As it is, all her high gifts are but as so much "sweetness wasted." Because of the one small grain of salt omitted in her composition, the slight admixture of common earth to counterbalance and weigh down the ecstatic flights of her overstrung mind, her name is almost forgotten and her books are consigned to an oblivion that is surely not wholly merited, or are read only by the few interested in such phenomena of nature, and fond of musing over "what might have been."

— I have followed the controversy raging or lately raging in one of the Boston daily papers as to whether cooks and house-maids are ill or well treated, and under or over paid, and I have been struck by the fact that the friends and foes alike of this class of laborers are united in stigmatizing them by an epithet which I hope most Americans take very unwillingly upon their lips, and seldom without a sense of its cruelty. I mean the word *servants*. Every man or woman who works for hire serves, or ought to serve, his or her employer. But all revolt from the name of servant, because it insults a proper pride and self-respect by ascribing to them a debased and hopeless social condition. A maid of all work is no more a servant than any other hireling; why should she be called a servant, and a day-laborer not? A shop-woman or a salesman is a hireling; why should not these be classed as servants, if cooks and nurse-maids and coachmen are so? The non-brutal nations, the French and the Italians, call their household laborers *domestics*, a word which describes them without wounding their just susceptibilities. We, following the brutal English and German fashion, are

doing our best or worst to call ours servants. The good word *help*, kindly and modest, and native with us, no longer applies to our changed conditions; but it would be better to use it still than to use the word taught us by the snobbish English tourists who have laughed us out of our own phrase. From time to time there is a great clamor about the unwillingness of American girls to do housework for better wages than they can earn in mills and shops. I do not blame them. They are right to shrink from classing themselves as servants in a land where every other laborer rejects the title with rightful resentment. Sir, or madam, if you were by some disaster reduced to poverty, and your daughter were forced to take a house-maid's place, would you speak of her as a servant?

—I have seen no notice in our periodicals of a little book which is at least entitled to be a sort of literary curiosity, until the authoress shall have given us something claiming attention on larger grounds. I refer to a thin volume having a cover oddly decorated in gilding, with a branch of grape, a lyre, a bird, a pen, and a vase holding a ruined plant. It contains some poems by Miss A. C. Thompson, the sister of Elizabeth Thompson, whose battle painting, The Roll-Call, so suddenly made her famous a few years ago. These poems, published in 1875, certainly cannot command an audience, but there is a suggested quality in them which may hereafter be embodied in riper work. They are more emotional than reflective, and show traces of a gracious intimacy with several of the poetic forms; yet only now and then can you say that they bourgeon into poetry. They contain poetic feeling as a breeze carries with it whiffs of perfume from the field flowers; and their music is not so much like present melody as it is like remembered snatches of delightful sound. But occasionally there is a definite stroke of individuality which it is pleasant to come upon, as in a sonnet called Spring on the Alban Hills: —

"With wild Spring meanings hill and plain together
Grow pale or just flush with a dust of flowers.
Rome in the ages, dimmed with all her towers,
Floats in the midst, a little cloud at tether."

The piece called A Letter from a Girl to her own Old Age is better in the novelty of its suggestion than anything else. And this Song of the Night at Daybreak is good as well as new: —

"All my stars forsake me,
And the dawn-winds shake me.
Where shall I betake me?

"Whither shall I run
Till the set of sun,
Till the day be done?

"To the mountain-mine,
To the boughs o' the pine,
To the blind man's eyne.

"To a brow that is
Bowed upon the knees,
Sick with memories."

But it is in the longest and concluding effort, A Study in blank verse, that I find a hint of dramatic ability which is far beyond anything else among these eighty odd pages. This is the story, given in three monologues, of a woman who had sinned and repented. Her child, a boy, has been taken from her by a friend, for his own good; after five years she is summoned by the friend and told that the son has discovered her shame and wishes to go away from the land forever: the option of an interview is left with her. She decides to see him once, unseen herself; and then she returns to her old voiceless and sunken obscurity of repentant solitude. The personality of the woman is wonderfully given; it is impossible for me to convey the pathos of the whole thing; but the writer's concluding description of how the weary, patient creature fared back to her loneliness has a beauty that is separable from the rest. She saw

"Her lonely upward way climb to the verge
And ending of the day-time; and she knew
The downward way in presence of the night.
She heard the fitful sheep-bells in the glen
Move like a child's thoughts. There she felt the earth
Lonely in space. And all things suddenly
Shook with her tears. She went with shadowless feet
Moving along the shadow of the world."

I warn everybody that this is the best passage in the book, and that there is not a little foolish pre-Raphaelism in it,

as, for example, where this same poor woman

> "smiled, as she could,
> A difficult smile that hurt half of her mouth."

The poetess may have meant to mitigate the suffering by confining it to only *half* of the mouth; but her doing so arouses tiresome speculations as to just which half it was that was hurt, and how the other section was located or employed at the time.

— Since the Contributors' Club offers a welcome to plain-speaking, I beg to enter a strenuous protest against some recent attempts to make Goethe out, contrary to all received impressions, a "good man," and as a fair specimen of them I will quote from Mr. Bayard Taylor in the January Atlantic: "No author has ever been so persistently misjudged in regard to his relations with women as Goethe. The world forgets that during the greater part of his life he was the object of the intensest literary jealousy and hostility, and that the most of the stories now current had their origin therein. The scandal occasioned in Weimar by his marriage to Christiane Vulpius — another part of his life which has never yet been correctly related — is an additional source of misconception. The impression thus produced combined with a false apprehension of Goethe's true character as a man has kept alive to this day the most unfounded slanders. Schiller's life contains exactly the same number of love-passages, but they ceased to be remembered against him after he had married a refined and noble-natured patrician lady. Goethe offended the sentiment of the circle in which he moved less by his non-marriage than by his final marriage with the plebeian Christiane. . . . Old prejudices and slanders have a tremendous local vitality."

There is great speciousness about this plea of Mr. Taylor's, but it is in reality extremely flimsy. In the first place if "the world forgets that Goethe was the object of the intensest literary jealousy," Mr. Taylor forgets that he was equally the object of the wildest literary worship, — a man so admired and adored that, if his character *could* have been rescued, hundreds of devotees and defenders would have been only too glad to do it. In the second place, as regards the "false apprehension of Goethe's true character as a man," I will repeat, as exactly applicable to him, what Mrs. Kemble said of Lord Byron in the same Atlantic: "I do not care to read his life, because, in spite of all Moore's assertions, I maintain that with Byron's own works in one's hand his character cannot possibly be a riddle to anybody;" and again, "I cannot at all agree with Mr. Moore that upon the showing of his own works Byron was a 'good man.' If he was, no one has done him such injustice as himself." From this, I think Mrs. Kemble might agree with a pet theory of mine, to the effect that a man cannot falsify himself in his writing. With a pen in one's hand, *what one is* comes out in black and white, whether one is aware of it or no; and with Goethe's books in evidence, his principles in regard to women are only too palpable.

As for the sentiment of the court circle at Weimar upon his marriage with Christiane Vulpius having anything to do with the sentiment of the world about it, I do not believe it. Honorable marriage has been the foundation of every self-respecting race known to history; and the universal, instinctive feeling about Goethe's position toward and his relations with women, during all the responsible part of his life, is that these were the deepest injury to the individuals themselves, an affront to the whole sex, and an insult to that married state which the Jews for three thousand years, and Christians for eighteen centuries, have believed to have been *directly* instituted by the Creator, as the best possible condition for the welfare and happiness of human beings. Goethe's offense was not in raising a girl of inferior position to his own level as his wife, but in first disgracing her for years, and marrying her at last from motives among which reparation to her and to the married state seem to have been the least; in short, only on the cynical French principle scarcely breathed in this country before

our generation, that "Womanhood has *no* unwritten rights that manhood is bound to respect," can "Goethe as a man" find any defense whatever. From all time the great poets had joined with religion in upholding constancy as the one essential virtue of love. The heart of humanity had echoed the sentiment, and, though realizing them but imperfectly, it had maintained in song and story the ideals of purity, fidelity, and self-sacrifice as above all others. It was reserved for Goethe to preach both by his life and writings the vanity of these ideals. The impulse of the passing moment is the law of most of his heroes, as it was with himself, and constancy was a conception of which he was so incapable that there is no evidence of shame on the part of his characters when they fall away from it. Such a speech as —

> "Better thou and I were lying hidden from the heart's disgrace,
> Rolled in one another's arms and silent in a last embrace"

would have been jargon to Goethe, and this *unconsciousness* of the absolute demand of noble love is one of the most singular *lacunæ* that so vast and gifted a nature ever exhibited, — paralleled only by Lord Bacon's passionless dishonesty and treachery in friendship. The legitimate product of Goethe's example and teaching is beheld by contemporary Germany in that intoxicating but abandoned genius, art-iconoclast, and moral monster, Richard Wagner.

"Delicacy is the poet's El Dorado," said Edgar Poe, and Goethe had *no* delicacy. Indeed, the Germans as a nation are destitute of it. From every page of Goethe's great romance beams the mild effulgence of a genius, splendid, yet the most soft, the most winning, the least aggressive and self-assertive that perhaps the world has ever seen. One does not know at which to be most amazed — at the marvelous intuition and observation, the universality of sympathy, the almost inspiration of the reflections, the matchless style, and the golden poetic haze which inwraps the whole; or at the gentle indifference to all the ancient standards of decency, duty, honor, and truth, at the simple ignoring of the immemorial laws of love and wedlock, at the fatal principle that good and evil are alike admissible as educational influences.

With all his cosmical nature, Goethe never developed a real hero, and this permits no other explanation than the melancholy one that, though in the highest sense a man of genius, he did not possess the genius of manhood. Nay, he did not even conceive of it, for the essence of manhood is not to be "passion's slave," but to realize manhood's responsibilities and inflexibly fulfill them. There are such men, and they are the knife-edges of tempered steel on which vibrates the fitful pendulum of human destiny, brought back by them from all its aberrations to conscience and to God. Bad as the real world is, if it were like Goethe's world in Wilhelm Meister, it would be a weltering mass upon which the fires of Sodom could not descend too quickly.

RECENT LITERATURE.

Those familiar with the preceding volumes of Mr. Parkman's series of historical narratives, which he calls France and England in North America, will have renewed pleasure in reading his latest contribution to this history; and fortunately for the reader who first approaches his work in this volume, Count Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV.,[1] it is sufficiently detachable in the group of events treated to be enjoyed by itself. The conspicuous interest of the present installment of the general narrative is characteristic of the whole: it sets in their true relation to each other facts which regarded from one side merely are inevitably seen out of proportion. It has been Mr. Parkman's design, which he has accomplished with a brilliancy as great as its difficulty, to present these facts so that we shall behold them from both points of view, and so that they shall assume their real value in the history of the grand struggle between the free and the absolutist ideals of government on this continent. The bloody raids, the massacres, the captivities, the martyrdoms, are relegated in his story to their place as links in a continuous chain of events; and for American and English readers this effect is all the more thoroughly and satisfactorily produced because the basis is the history of Canada by a writer of their own race and principles. The facts are stated in the interest of this history, and a strong and novel light is thus thrown upon them. The massacre of Schenectady is only a cruel and senseless butchery in itself, without purpose and without result; but as an incident of the French design to recover their lost ascendency over the Indians, and to strike a blow at the growing commercial and political influence of the English, it has significance and historic value. So of the forays from Canada, with their terrible barbarities, upon the border settlements of New England, which are here recounted for the hundredth time, but recounted with fresh impressiveness by a writer who never solicits the picturesque, and who never fails to be graphic. This new volume of Mr. Parkman's is indeed a signal illustration of his fitness for the task he has assumed. With a poetic sense upon which nothing fine or noble is lost, with humor which seizes every amusing aspect of character, he unites judicial fair-mindedness and instinctive right-mindedness in rare degree. The whole tangled intrigue of political and religious ambition in the rivalry of the French and English unfolds itself in his hands. It is not upon any one phase of history that he dwells, to the distortion of the rest; he makes all its features striking and interesting. He is, to be sure, as fortunate in his subject as his subject is in him, and he has that evident delight in it without which no good work is done.

The material of the present volume is not, on the whole, so entertaining as that of The Old Régime in Canada, which preceded it, and which painted with such vividness the life of the capital of Canada under Louis XIV.; yet the same wonderful contrasts are here,—the same curious juxtaposition of the luxury and intrigue of Versailles and the fierce and wild turbulence of the forest; the same warring ambitions of prelates and governors; the same quaint, patient, humble bravery and self-devotion of the people. The period covered by this history is the stormy time from 1672 to 1701, when the league of the Iroquois, aided and comforted, now openly and now secretly, by the English, threatened the very existence of New France. This period closed in the complete triumph of the French policy and the French arms under the vigorous direction of Count Frontenac, a soldier of immense courage and spirit, and a ruler possessing the highest qualities for coping with a savage enemy, and wielding to the best effect the strength of a militant, if not military, colony like Canada. He was twice sent to this work, being recalled from his first mission because of his quarrels with the intendant and the clergy, but it was found that neither of the governors who succeeded him had the skill or the address to meet the dangers that menaced the colony; the English merchants were driving the French from the fur trade, and the Iroquois were banding against them and drawing from them even their Huron allies; it was necessary that the turbulent, willful, powerful old count

[1] *Count Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV.* By Francis Parkman. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1877.

should come back. The measures which he used on his return were of just that mixture of force and flattery which the French knew so much better than the English how to employ with the savages. Frontenac first weakened their attachment to their white friends by striking his swift and terrible blows at the settlements in New York and New England; then came the defeat of Sir William Phips's expedition against Quebec, and the repulse of the Mohawk forays into Canada, the war in Acadia, and finally Frontenac's triumphant attack on the Onondagas. His own death followed soon upon his success, but, as the historian tells us, his chief objects were gained: —

"The power of the Iroquois was so far broken that they were never again very formidable to the French. Canada had confirmed her Indian alliances, and rebutted the English claim to sovereignty over the five tribes, with all the consequences that hung upon it. By the treaty of Ryswick the great questions at issue in America were left to the arbitrament of future wars; and meanwhile, as time went on, the policy of Frontenac developed and ripened. Detroit was occupied by the French, and passes of the West were guarded by forts. Another New France grew up at the mouth of the Mississippi, and lines of military communication joined the Gulf of Mexico with the Gulf of St. Lawrence; while the colonies of England lay passive between the Alleghanies and the sea, till roused by a trumpet that sounded with wavering notes on many a bloody field to peal at last in triumph from the Heights of Abraham."

The greater part of the interesting chapters relating to the disastrous expedition of Sir William Phips has already been published in The Atlantic, and our readers know with what skill that redoubtable knight was characterized, and with what force all the events of his luckless enterprise were painted. It is Mr. Parkman's fortune to deal with military operations on a scale extremely small as compared with the importance and significance of the results, and it is one of the most notable traits of his work that he never exaggerates these feats of arms, nor suffers his reader to underrate the political consequences. Doubtless the next of the series (Montcalm and the Fall of New France) will exceed the present volume in brilliancy; but qualities of sober clearness will commend this to every reader who wishes to understand an epoch of singular interest. It is not wholly wanting in material of the sort that gave its charm to The Old Régime in Canada, any more than it is destitute of stirring facts of war; there is one chapter describing the life at the Château St. Louis which, perhaps, is more curiously suggestive than any one of the volume just named. In a lull of battle and intrigue, the accomplished young nobles who surrounded Frontenac would fain have relieved the *ennui* of their inaction with something of the gayety of Versailles, and to the horror of the Jesuits they played several comedies, in which some ladies of Quebec took part.

"The success was prodigious, and so was the storm that followed. Half a century before, the Jesuits had grieved over the first ball in Canada. Private theatricals were still more baneful. 'The clergy,' continues La Motte, 'beat their alarm drums, armed cap-a-pie, and snatched their bows and arrows. The Sieur Glandelet was first to begin, and preached two sermons, in which he tried to prove that nobody could go to a play without mortal sin. The bishop issued a mandate, and had it read from the pulpits, in which he speaks of certain impious, impure, and noxious comedies, insinuating that those which had been acted were such. The credulous and infatuated people, seduced by the sermons and the mandate, began already to regard the count as a corrupter of morals and a destroyer of religion. The numerous party of the pretended devotées mustered in the streets and public places, and presently made their way into the houses to confirm the weak-minded in their illusion, and tried to make the stronger share it; but, as they failed in this almost completely, they resolved at last to conquer or die, and proceeded to use a strange device, which was to publish a mandate in the church, whereby the Sieur de Mareuil, a half-pay lieutenant, was interdicted the use of the sacraments.'

"This story needs explanation. Not only had the amateur actors at the château played two pieces inoffensive in themselves, but a report had been spread that they meant next to perform the famous Tartuffe of Molière, a satire which, while purporting to be leveled against falsehood, lust, greed, and ambition covered with the mask of religion, was rightly thought by a portion of the clergy to be leveled against themselves. The friends of Frontenac say that the report was a hoax. Be this as it may, the bishop believed it. 'This worthy prelate,' continues the irreverent La Motte, 'was

afraid of Tartuffe, and had got it into his head that the count meant to have it played. Monsieur de Saint-Vallier sweated blood and water to stop a torrent which existed only in his imagination.' It was now that he launched his two mandates, both on the same day: one denouncing comedies in general, and Tartuffe in particular; and the other smiting Mareuil, who, he says, 'uses language capable of making Heaven blush,' and whom he elsewhere stigmatizes as 'worse than a Protestant.' It was Mareuil who, as reported, was to play the part of Tartuffe; and on him, therefore, the brunt of episcopal indignation fell. He was not a wholly exemplary person. 'I mean,' says La Motte, 'to show you the truth in all its nakedness. The fact is, that, about two years ago, when the Sieur de Mareuil first came to Canada and was carousing with his friends he sang some indecent song or other. The count was told of it, and gave him a severe reprimand. This is the charge against him. After a two years' silence the pastoral zeal has wakened because a play is to be acted which the clergy mean to stop at any cost.'

"The bishop found another way of stopping it. He met Frontenac, with the intendant, near the Jesuit chapel, accosted him on the subject which filled his thoughts, and offered him a hundred pistoles if he would prevent the playing of Tartuffe. Frontenac laughed, and closed the bargain. Saint-Vallier wrote his note on the spot, and the governor took it apparently well pleased to have made the bishop disburse. 'I thought,' writes the intendant, 'that Monsieur de Frontenac would have given him back the paper.' He did no such thing, but drew the money on the next day, and gave it to the hospitals.

"Mareuil, deprived of the sacraments and held up to reprobation, went to see the bishop, who refused to receive him, and it is said that he was taken by the shoulders and put out-of-doors. He now resolved to bring his case before the council; but the bishop was informed of his purpose, and anticipated it.

"The battle was now fairly joined. Frontenac stood alone for the accused. The intendant tacitly favored his opponents. Auteuil, the attorney-general, and Villeray, the first councillor, owed the governor an old grudge; and they and their colleagues sided with the bishop, with the outside support of all the clergy, except the Récollets, who, as usual, ranged themselves with their patron. At first, Frontenac showed great moderation, but grew vehement, and then violent, as the dispute proceeded; as did also the attorney-general, who seems to have done his best to exasperate him. Frontenac affirmed that, in depriving Mareuil and others of the sacraments, with no proof of guilt and no previous warning, and on allegations, which, even if true, could not justify the act, the bishop exceeded his powers, and trenched on those of the king. The point was delicate. The attorney-general avoided the issue, tried to raise others, and revived the old quarrel about Frontenac's place in the council, which had been settled fourteen years before. Other questions were brought up and angrily debated. The governor demanded that the debates, along with the papers which introduced them, should be entered on the record, that the king might be informed of everything; but the demand was refused. The discords of the council chamber spread into the town. Quebec was divided against itself. Mareuil insulted the bishop; and some of his scapegrace sympathizers broke the prelate's windows at night, and smashed his chamber door. Mareuil was at last ordered to prison, and the whole affair was referred to the king."

Something of Frontenac's character appears in this story, but for a complete study of the man the reader must go to the work itself. He was distinctly and simply a man of his time; he had no ideas at war with that of entire obedience to the king; he was never insubordinate but in what he believed the king's interest, and he only quarreled with the priests because he imagined an affront to the royal authority in their opposition to his will. He was "bloody, bold, and resolute" at need, but he was not cruel; and with a bad temper he seems to have had a good heart, as hearts went in that day. The first chapter of the history, a sketch delicious in color and design, relates to his early career, his marriage, and his life at court, before his first mission to Canada, which we are certain no one will read without wishing to read all that Mr. Parkman has written.

— In the third series of his Short Studies[1] Mr. Froude deals with topics as diverse outwardly as Annals of an English Abbey, Divus Cæsar, and Leaves from a South African Journal, but the currents of thought

[1] *Short Studies on Great Subjects.* By James Anthony Froude. Third Series. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1877.

which run through the volume are after all not many nor various. Two subjects are uppermost in his mind, reasonable religion and practical government; and whether he treats of changes in English history, theology in Euripides, colonial government in South Africa, or transitions in ancient Roman life and belief, he shows that his mind is always returning upon actual problems in the destiny of England. It is not surprising that the author of Nemesis of Faith and of a History of England should thus betray his habitual interests, and the reader, whether sympathetic or not, will understand that he is never to sail out of sight of solid land. The papers have nearly all of them appeared as contributions to English or American periodicals, and partake of the fugitive character of similar studies. They have hardly the cogency, certainly not the brilliancy, of Mr. Froude's more ambitious writings, but they are readable and they aid in the formation of opinion. The paper of most general interest is that on the Revival of Romanism, in which, by a series of short essays, he undertakes to give the philosophy of a movement which he rightly regards not so much a piece of ecclesiastical evolution as an exponent of modern civilization. Therefore, he is led to touch upon certain fundamental relations of religion to politics which are frequently missed by writers who will see in the movement nothing more than a fashion of society. The change in the Anglican church has been going on for forty years now, and it is right to ask what changes in political and practical life have been contemporary with it. He sees in the release of Rome from its petty secular authority an immense increase of the spiritual organism, and though he does not apply the conclusion, it is not unfair to infer that the vehement endeavor of the extreme sacerdotal party in England to set up for itself, independent of Parliament, springs from a sense that the authority which makes so important a part of its creed has been exercised to its utmost limit and can be extended only by the freedom of the church from its subjection to the state. We have been accustomed to please ourselves in America with the success of the voluntary system in religious affairs, and are beginning to understand that Rome has been availing herself of the same liberty with this momentary advantage, that she can oppose a compact organization against a number of loose organizations which will be slow to combine against a common enemy. The disestablishment of the English church would surely disintegrate the extreme sacerdotal party, since the cohesion which the church now enjoys through the establishment would be gone, and to a faction there would be no such potent centrality granted as belongs to the church of Rome. Those members who had rid themselves of Parliament in order to possess an ecclesiastical autonomy would discover that the charm of authority could be had only by yielding to the other visible depositary, the Pope of Rome, while the practice of unsupported power would disclose to the wiser and cooler ones that the authority they thought so necessary was but a shadow, the real substance being the power which belongs to every true church of converting the world to righteousness.

Mr. Froude finds in Germany the bulwark of Protestantism. "German religion may be summed up in the word which is at once the foundation and the superstructure of all religion, Duty! No people anywhere or at any time have understood better the meaning of duty; and to say that is to say all. Duty means justice, fidelity, manliness, loyalty, patriotism; truth in the heart and truth in the tongue. The faith which Luther himself would have described as the faith that saved is faith that, beyond all things and always, truth is the most precious of possessions, and truthfulness the most precious of qualities; that where truth calls, whatever the consequence, a brave man is bound to follow." In the fluctuation of German theological speculation he sees the activity of a mind heroically bent on discovering truth, and regardless of mere formulas; and in the war with France and the treatment of the Jesuits an instinctive defense of Protestantism and religious freedom. But after all we suspect that such generalizations are a little hasty, and that the arrogant mastery of the German states by Prussia is not necessarily the precursor of an unselfish nationality. The thoroughness, meanwhile, of Prussian discipline, political, economical, educational, and domestic, may well carry away an Englishman like Mr. Froude, who has sat at the feet of Carlyle, and has learned to despise half measures.

The questions of politics which occupy him in this volume turn mainly upon party government and colonial administration. His analysis of English party government is keen, and the result which he reaches of its extreme artificiality will probably be more easily accepted in America than in England, since the grosser side is here more palpable.

"Able statesmen," he says, "can usually see further than the multitude. They are exceptionally intelligent. They have fuller information; they are especially trained for their work. And yet we expect them to be like the officers of an army, forbidden to have opinions in detail on the condition of the war in which they are engaged. They are employed by half the nation to beat the other half, and are to know no other obligation." He does not offer many suggestions for the cure of government evils in England. He sees a democracy growing, — faster also in America, — which is to pulverize modern society, and the obstruction to it he finds only in the presence of a conservative party and conservative institutions. He uses this word, not as a party sign, but as a radical force. "In a healthy community the normal spirit will be the spirit of conservatism, the spirit of order, the spirit of submission to established rule and custom;" and he makes the significant and searching remark, "The English aristocracy might recover their ascendency to-morrow were they to become Spartan in their private habits." "The peerage will fall, and the system of landed inheritance will fall; property itself will fall, and all else which has given England coherence and stability, if the inheritors of great names and the owners of enormous wealth suppose that these high privileges have been awarded them that they may have palaces in town and country, and lounge out their existence among pleasures which from their abundance have lost their power to please." Mr. Fronde's political principles are sound, for they rest on the impregnable basis of the moral organism of the nation, and he sees no other law of liberty for nations as for men than that service which is perfect freedom. While this volume is mainly for readers directly interested in English life and politics, the American student will find many suggestions pertinent to our own problems, and all the more instructive that they spring from conditions which vary somewhat from our own. There are few helps to self-examination more valuable than the serious study of other people, like and unlike ourselves.

— In Mr. Lodge's Life and Letters of George Cabot[1] we have a fresh study in that portion of our history which seems likely, for some time to come, to offer the strongest attraction to students. New readings of the Revolutionary drama can scarcely be looked for except in the form of romance; there is not yet perspective enough for the best treatment of the war for the Union, and the moral and political struggle from which it resulted; personal reminiscences of that period will precede historic analyses, but the inquiry into the historic structure of the government, and into the growth of parties, is now singularly pertinent and acceptable. Our interest is quickened and not obscured by the personality of the actors in the scenes; the human feeling is strengthened by the glimpses we catch of them through what we have heard from the men just before us, while we are able to free ourselves from the prejudices which the last generation necessarily had, just as our more recent heroes and villains will be more picturesque to our grandchildren than they possibly can be to ourselves. Not only may we look for new groupings of common material, as in Morse's Life of Alexander Hamilton, but it is fair to count upon disclosures through family papers and the *collectanea* of historical societies. The book before us is an excellent illustration of both of these kinds of contribution. Mr. Lodge has published some exceedingly interesting letters, and he has used his material in a way to throw new light upon old facts, and even, in one case at least, to clear obscurities previously existing.

Mr. Cabot has been known to students as one of the leaders of the federalist party in Massachusetts, consulted especially on questions of commerce, respected by Hamilton, Pickering, Wolcott, appointed first secretary of the navy, and finally selected as the president of the Hartford convention. His personal character, however, had largely to be inferred from the esteem in which he was held by his contemporaries, for he took almost no public part in affairs after his retirement from the United States senate, where he served from 1791 to 1796. His great-grandson has now rescued him from the shadowy place which he seemed wholly willing to make for himself, and has added a strong character to the group of historic Americans who make our past worth studying. The indolence with which Mr. Cabot somewhat cynically adorned himself, and the half-noble, half-dismal despair with which he regarded the rise of democratic principles, account in the main for the obscurity in which he has rested; but the letters which Mr. Lodge has laboriously gathered from many sources not only justify the esteem in which Mr. Cabot was held by

[1] *Life and Letters of George Cabot.* By Henry Cabot Lodge. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1877.

more conspicuous men, but are luminous expositions of the interior politics of the day, and lead one to look back with almost passionate regret upon a school of politics which was continental in its scope, and strangely weak through its excess of individual strength.

We do not get a very full view of Mr. Cabot himself; the material at command does not permit of this, and inasmuch as he was rather counselor than actor, there is not room for much regret on that side. The glimpses which we do get are just enough to put color and warmth into the reading of his letters. Some of these have been published before, though not always unabridged; the larger part appear for the first time, drawn mainly from the Pickering papers in possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society. It seems singular that this collection should apparently have been resorted to so slightly in the preparation of Colonel Pickering's Life, and our surprise is increased when we discover that Mr. Lodge has shown Pickering's character and aims in a light scarcely hinted at in the formal life of the violent federalist. The views which he held regarding the dissolution of the Union, while shown to issue, with a little too high-handed logic, in a more perfect subsequent union, are plainly disclosed in his letters, and the federal party as a whole is vindicated from the angry charge of being a disunion party by a process which shuts up all such schemes in Pickering's busy brain. There is a touch of humor, not at all perceptible to the immediate persons concerned, in the activity with which this extremist sets his ideas afloat, and the quiet with which Mr. Cabot pockets them for posterity.

The time included in the letters is from 1788 to 1815, and the interest, of course, centres mainly about the shaping of the government by the federalists, the rise of the Jeffersonian dynasty, and the final disappearance of the federalist party in the smoke of the Hartford convention. Mr. Lodge's method is to supply in each chapter a historical commentary, introducing the letters belonging to that period, and in giving the letters to use freely those also of Mr. Cabot's correspondents. In one instance only has he departed materially from this plan: there are not many letters illustrating the action of the Hartford convention, and he has accordingly devoted two chapters of his own to a summary of the events and policies which occasioned the convention. But it will readily be understood how many interesting events come under discussion both in the letters and in the comment. The full meaning of the Essex Junto is set forth and illustrated by an interesting document now first drawn from the Pickering papers; the controversy respecting the ratification of the Jay treaty is reviewed. We note, by the bye, that Mr. Lodge has not read his dictionary very thoroughly: in a note on page 84 he refers, conjecturally, the introductory paper of the series, signed Curtius, to King, but the author was Noah Webster. The fact is stated in the biographical sketch of Webster prefixed to his large dictionary, and the paper is included in the series of twelve headed, Vindication of the Treaty of Amity, Commerce, and Navigation with Great Britain, republished in Webster's A Collection of Papers on Political, Literary, and Moral Subjects. Numbers six and seven of the series were written by Judge Kent, but the same signature of Curtius was used. The first of the twelve was commonly attributed to Hamilton at the time, much to Mr. Webster's gratification.

Resuming our summary of points in the book, we note a very clear account of the first embassy to France, upon which Mr. Cabot's name had been placed by everybody but Mr. Adams; the discussions in Mr. Adams's cabinet accompanying the action and the force of Hamilton's policy are shown, and the fatality attending the federal party is foreshadowed, although the reader's attention is not especially directed toward it. The affair of the major-generals is illustrated by a long letter from Pickering to Cabot, not before printed, we think, and Cabot is shown attempting to influence the president, an attempt which, skillful and fair as it was, no doubt served to deepen the lines in those fantastic pictures of his associates which Mr. Adams was rapidly substituting for the actual portraits. A more important event is the appointment of Murray as minister plenipotentiary to France. Mr. Adams's conduct in this affair will probably continue to be a vexed question in our history. That it led, more than any one thing, to the breaking up of the federal party is conceded. Mr. Lodge takes the ground that the policy pursued by the president was wholly right, but the manner of doing it disastrously wrong. We are not ready to concede as much. Mr. Lodge does not profess to be writing history, yet he has omitted to notice one important point which

affects the question. The appointment of the major-generals was followed by immense activity on the part of Hamilton, and there can be no question that the courageous attitude assumed by the United States, and the vigorous preparation going on, induced Talleyrand to intrigue for the renewal of diplomacy. War might have followed, but it is equally open to belief that diplomatic relations would have been resumed without the extraordinary measures taken by the president; and, remembering the attitude of the president toward Hamilton, we are using known facts only when we conjecture that jealousy of Hamilton was an ingredient of what Mr. Lodge regards as Mr. Adams's courage and lofty patriotism. Nor is it unfair to believe that the pernicious influence of France in American politics, during the subsequent years of Jefferson's administration, might have been prevented by more resistance and less negotiation at this juncture. To our thinking, Mr. Adams's act does not do credit to his statesmanship, but only to his political sagacity. He broke up the federal party, he strengthened the Gallic influence, merely to gain a little earlier what could have been had by the country in a better form. That the country sided with him is saying nothing more than that there was no reason on the part of the opposition to withstand the movement, and no possible organization against it in the surprised federal party; besides, a policy of peace proposed by the president himself would inevitably attract to itself, at once, not only the opposition, but all the timid and doubtful of his own party. Certainly, if the results are a test of the wisdom of the policy, the bare fact of a resumption of negotiations and a commercial agreement ought not to outweigh the increased strength of the French interest and the destruction of the only party that had shown itself capable of forming and carrying out a national policy. It is not necessary to share Mr. Cabot's gloomy view of the proceeding, but the pages of this book alone bear evidence of the miserable results which followed the ascendency of the French party, — an ascendency which was never acquired until Mr. Adams opened the way.

We have not space to take up in detail other topics suggested by the volume. The treatment of the subject of the Hartford convention gives one an agreeable impression of Mr. Lodge's skill in historical composition. There is a candor and an independence which mark an honorable writer. Indeed, he displays a clearness of insight in treating the characters and motives of public men which is a gift, surely, as well as an acquisition. A familiarity with the facts of history could not alone supply him with the power to characterize Adams, Jefferson, and Pickering as clearly as he has done. He frankly avows that his sympathy is with the federalists, but he does not allow this sympathy to twist his handling of historic facts. We have been especially pleased with his freedom from the common error of reading history as if the actors were familiar with later events, and had enjoyed the same power of reverting to their own times which their posterity have. His discrimination, thus, of disunion sentiments in 1804 from similar sentiments in 1860 enables the reader at once to adjust the focus of his historical glasses.

It is impossible, finally, to read the book without frequent reference to existing problems in politics. Mr. Lodge does not often call attention to the appositeness of passages in the correspondence, but few readers will fail to be arrested by the pregnant words in Mr. Cabot's letters, especially upon the subject of the civil service and the relation of the senate to political appointments. We had noted some passages for extract, but can only refer the reader in general to such letters as those on pages 240 and 320. Mr. Cabot's judgment was a generous and wise one, and his very separation from official life renders his comments on public affairs peculiarly valuable to us, as they evidently were to his contemporaries. The despondent tone which he took is a better medium for us in an examination of federalism than optimism would have been, and the book will help readers to a clearer knowledge of American history.

— The true scope of Mrs. Wister's book[1] could scarcely be conjectured from the name she has bestowed upon it, for there were many thousand worthy women in "our first century," — that very indefinite period, — and yet we find but six women here delineated. Upon examination it appears that the editors planned a work which should give sketches of one woman from each of the original thirteen States, who had lived at or after 1776. Hence the title, which was intended to usher in a book that would have taken place among the publications of the centennial year, had it

[1] *Worthy Women of Our First Century.* Edited by Mrs. O. J. Wister and Miss Agnes Irwin. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1877.

not been delayed in its preparation by many difficulties. These are set forth in the preface, which also holds out a hope that the remaining seven States of the original thirteen may be represented by "worthy women" in a second volume. We hope so, for the undertaking was a good one, and, so far as it has been performed, the result is good, though not exactly what was expected, either by the editors or by those who had heard of their purpose. The six States represented in this volume are Virginia, by Mrs. Randolph, the daughter of Jefferson, whose biographer is Miss S. N. Randolph; New York, by Mrs. Philip Schuyler, of whom Miss S. F. Cooper has written; Massachusetts, by Mrs. Samuel Ripley, of whom Miss Elizabeth Hoar writes; New Hampshire, by sketches of several women, from the hand of Mrs. A. W. Fiske; South Carolina, by Mrs. Rebecca Motte, whose biographer is anonymous; while Deborah Logan, the wife of Dr. George Logan, represents Pennsylvania, and has Mrs. Wister for her biographer. These women were very diverse in their characters and experiences, and even in the times when they lived, for Mrs. Schuyler was but a few years younger than Washington, while Mrs. Ripley and Miss Ariana Smith, one of the New Hampshire women sketched, were born in the last years of Washington's life, and belong to the period of Webster and Calhoun rather than to that of the great Virginians. Mrs. Logan lived in both periods, having been born in 1761 and dying in 1839, and having known both Washington and Jefferson as young persons know their illustrious elders.

Each of the women portrayed in this book had a charm of her own which entitled her to a biography, although it is not always easy to set this forth so that the reader feels it as clearly as do the writers. Mrs. Randolph was Jefferson's eldest daughter, and the story of her life is blended with his,—a story that will always be interesting. Mrs. Ripley and Mrs. Logan, however, are the characters which of themselves offer the most to a biographer, and to either of them a whole volume might have been given. Mrs. Logan saw and described in her journal many of the persons and events that gave importance to our Revolution and the period immediately following; and she wrote well. Mrs. Ripley took no share and very little interest in public affairs, but lived for her family, her friends, and her books. She was the most learned and at the same time the most domestic woman of New England in her day; she cultivated learning and science all her life-time of seventy years with the eagerness of a girl and the discrimination of a scholar. Her letters, from the age of sixteen till the close of her life, make the substance of her biography, and Miss Hoar has done little more than to edit these letters, and a few of the reminiscences of her friends. They show how early and with what a wide-reaching mind Mrs. Ripley gained for herself the store of learning which, sixty or seventy years ago, was as foreign to her sex as the military service was. Mrs. Barbauld, and Miss Carter, and Miss Hannah More among Englishwomen had preceded her in some of her acquisitions, and Miss Martineau soon followed, but none of these studious ladies advanced so fast, or so far, or with so few aids from others, as did this patient and romantic devotee of learning in Boston. Her brothers went to college while she stayed at home and, surrounded by household cares, kept pace with their instructors and went far beyond them in their prescribed studies. There is a freshness and simplicity, as well as a profound and searching criticism of literature and philosophy, in her letters, which makes them unique among the somewhat scanty literary correspondence of Americans. As enthusiastic, and often as solitary as Eugénie de Guérin, she traversed fields of thought and regions of sentiment which were unknown to the French recluse. Mrs. Ripley at the age of sixteen had read Virgil and the Odyssey of Homer, and was eager to read the Iliad; soon after she was as familiar with Homer and Theocritus, with Horace and Juvenal, as school-girls of the present day are with Tennyson and Longfellow. In 1814, when she was twenty-one and Mr. R. W. Emerson (whose uncle she afterwards married) was a boy of eleven, she wrote him requesting a "versification of the fifth Bucolic" of Virgil, which he sent her in smooth rhymes, and then she goes on: "Why can't you write me a letter in Latin? But Greek is your favorite language; *epistola in lingua Græca* would be still better. All the honor will be on my part, to correspond with a young gentleman in Greek." About the same date she writes to Miss Mary Emerson a letter that gives some hint of her incessant occupations, which yet did not interrupt her studies, nor prevent her from corresponding in Greek and Latin. "You will have me write," she says.

"What? the interesting detail of mending, sweeping, teaching? What amusement can you reasonably require at the hand of a being secluded in a back chamber, with a basket of stockings on one side, and an old musty heathen on the other? Musty! reiterates father Homer, frowning through his gilt cover. George stands waiting with his Homer; Betsy teasing to know how the meat is to be dissected; the wind blowing books and papers in every direction." In an earlier letter, after analyzing for her correspondent the Linnæan system and Darwin's Botanic Garden, she says, "But it is washing-day, and I must run and fold my clothes: so good-by. . . . The clothes are not quite dry, so here I come again. I study or read morning and evening, when not prevented by company." After her marriage, her house at Waltham became filled with children, eight of them her own, and the rest pupils of her husband whom she also taught. Miss Hoar says, "Her scholars and children have pleasant pictures of her, sitting in summer under the shade of trees near the house, the boys with their books about her, reciting in the open air. Her hands were often busy with some household task, while the Virgil or Horace was set up open before her. She seemed to know it by heart, and always set them right, asked questions, or pointed out her favorite passages with enthusiasm, without interrupting the sewing or the shelling of pease; and she was always sweet and serene." Her habits were the same after she retired to Concord, in the evening of her days, occupying there the "Old Manse," from which Hawthorne had just removed, leaving it famous. For eight years after this, Mrs. Ripley, then nearly sixty years old, had no servant, and occupied herself with all the household tasks, while her leisure was given, as before, to her friends and her books. It is this combination of great knowledge and lofty character with simplicity of life and sweetness of spirit which makes her biography idyllic, and so truly American that one would say no such person could have lived outside of New England. It may be mentioned that this remarkable woman was a descendant of William Bradford, the chief man among the Plymouth Pilgrims, and of John Alden, whose love adventures have been told by Longfellow. If the whole volume under notice were as good as the hundred pages devoted to Mrs. Ripley, it would be one of the most memorable books of the year. And indeed, as it stands, it is a worthy contribution to American literature.

— In addition to the publications on the Eastern Question which we have heretofore noticed, Messrs. Osgood & Co. have issued two small hand-books on Modern Greece,[1] and Montenegro and Bulgaria,[2] both prepared by Mr. Geo. M. Towle. Ancient Greece is much better known than modern Greece. The Athens founded by Theseus and ruled by Pericles is altogether nearer to us and dearer to us than the Athens where Basileus Giorgios holds his court. But while this is so, no people who have any conception of what they owe to ancient Hellas and the Hellenes can hear of wars or rumors of wars in the East, or can dwell on the disposition to be made of the "unspeakable Turk," without having their feelings stirred in friendly sympathy for the descendants of those who first brought light into the world. Modern Greece is, therefore, an object of interest to many at this time, and this little book furnishes much desirable information concerning the actual standing of the Greek kingdom. It contains a clear and concise statement of the establishment of the present government, its constitution, the resources of the country, the traits and customs of the people, and their religious and educational institutions. The accompanying map would be a very good one if properly colored.

The volume on Montenegro and Bulgaria was evidently prepared very hastily. There is a great deal of contemporaneous literature — English, French, and German — from which the author might have drawn the materials for an exceedingly interesting and valuable sketch. But he has written from a very superficial knowledge; and so far as the present troubles in the East are concerned the book might have been written ten years ago. The map is as unsatisfactory as the text.

— The four lectures on the Bible and the Koran, delivered last year in the cathedral church of Chichester by the prebendary,[3] although they do not throw any new light

[1] *Modern Greece.* By Geo. M. Towle. With Map. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1877.

[2] *A Brief History of Montenegro.* To which is added a short Account of Bulgaria. Compiled from Mackenzie & Baker. By Geo. M. Towle. With Map. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1877.

[3] *Christianity and Islam. The Bible and the Koran.* Four Lectures. By the Rev. W. R. W. Stephens, Prebendary of Chichester, etc. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1877.

on Mahomet's mission and its results, were well worth publishing for the reason that a large class of people would not accept such a fair and candid statement of the relations between Christianity and Mahometanism from any less orthodox source. There is manifest a sincere purpose of doing justice to the teachings of the Koran; and there is an honest admission of the inherent defects of the races upon whom the teachings have been brought to bear, and the humanizing influence which they have exerted. The view of Mahomet's character which represents him as a kind of malicious fiend, and his religion as a diabolical invention, is found in these days to be altogether untenable. It is now freely granted that to his own people Mahomet was a great benefactor. "He was born in a country where political organization and rational faith and pure morals were unknown. He introduced all three. By a single stroke of masterly genius he simultaneously reformed the political condition, the religious creed, and the moral practice of his countrymen; in the place of many independent tribes, he left a nation; for a superstitious belief in gods many and lords many, he established a reasonable belief in one almighty yet beneficent being, and taught men to live under an abiding sense of this being's superintending care. He vigorously attacked and modified or suppressed many gross and revolting customs which had prevailed in Arabia down to his time. For an abandoned profligacy was substituted a carefully regulated polygamy, and the practice of destroying female infants was effectually abolished." Christianity and Mahometanism are the only two really catholic religions. In their origin and their progress they are more nearly alike than any others.

Why have the nations or races which embraced Islamism so signally failed in the development of those institutions of civilization which are coextensive with the establishment of Christianity? In the first place, the system which Mahomet established, though well calculated to improve the moral and material condition of those to whom it was first presented, contains defects which have been found incompatible with a high state of civilization. It incorporates three of the worst elements of barbarism, — polygamy, despotism, and slavery. It recognizes no bond of brotherhood between the believer and the unbeliever. To those who do not accept the faith, it presents the alternative of tribute or the sword. In the second place, Mahomet's life after the hegira has been fatal as an example to his followers. Beginning with a sincere belief in the divinity of his mission, he yielded to temptation in the hour of triumph, and turned a great religious movement to the accomplishment of a selfish ambition. Goethe, who believes him at first to have been profoundly sincere, says of him that "afterward what in his character is earthly increases and develops itself; the divine retires and is obscured; his doctrine becomes a means rather than an end. All kinds of practices are employed, nor are horrors wanting."

While Mr. Stephens does substantial justice to Mahomet and his work, he fails, we think, to present the true grounds upon which we can safely claim a superiority in the rules for the conduct of life laid down in the Bible over those in the Koran. The interpretation which he puts upon the Bible is the narrow and literal interpretation of an English churchman. It is not by looking at the Bible from the stand-point of the thirty-nine articles, it is not by a comparison of texts, that we shall best succeed in demonstrating the superiority of its teachings over those of the Koran. Not in that way nor in any such way shall we be able to bring out the full strength and the full beauty of the Christian dispensation. It can be done only by discarding the old materialistic and miraculous sense for the Bible, and taking, as Matthew Arnold says, "the Old Testament as Israel's magnificent establishment of the theme, *righteousness is salvation!* and taking the New as the perfect elucidation by Jesus of what righteousness is and how salvation is won."

— In the new era when museums and art galleries are to reconstruct for us the familiar life of the ancient world, and Greek literature is to be an essential part of the training of every man of letters, it is fair to expect a new application of scholarship to the wants of general students. Not learning made easy, but made systematic and intelligible, is the contribution that scholarship is to make to culture, and the impetus to study will come in part from the sharpness and readiness of tools with which the student is supplied. There is still a prejudice in favor of intricate methods of study, and the few who survive the exhaustive processes of an old-fashioned attack on the classics have a certain fullness and breadth of mental equipment which seem to justify the discipline they have undergone. Yet we think it will

be found on examination that classical studies have suffered nearly as much at the hands of their friends as at those of their enemies. Dr. Keep, in the preface to his translation of Autenrieth's Homeric Dictionary,[1] offers an excellent suggestion as to the method of carrying on a study of Homer. "Let the beginning," he says, "be made by grounding the student carefully and thoroughly upon the forms and peculiarities of the Homeric dialect, with the necessary constant comparison of Homeric and Attic forms. During this stage, the use of the larger lexicon in connection with the present volume will be necessary. Two books read in this way would suffice. This done, the second step would be to proceed much more rapidly, requiring of the students in recitation only an accurate and intelligent translation of the text, and such knowledge as to the meaning and history of the words as this dictionary furnishes." Within the space of less than three hundred and fifty pages, duodecimo, the author and translator have packed a Homeric dictionary which for all ordinary purposes in reading Homer and, with the above modification, for studying Homer is as much more serviceable than Liddell and Scott as a two-wheeled cab is for threading the streets of a great city, compared with a lumbering lord-mayor's coach. As the translator further says: "The editor's own experience leads him to believe that a pupil with this dictionary in his hands will easily read two pages of Homer in the time which, with the large lexicon, would be required for one page."

The compactness of the work, which is the first feature to attract attention, is acquired by a rigorous exclusion of all superfluous comments and explanations, and by the omission almost entirely of citations except numerically, and of references to authorities. In this last regard the translator has further reduced the bulk of the book by omitting references especially to Von Nägelsbach, Döderlein, and Ameis, upon whose labors the work is founded. The comparison will naturally be made by American students with Crusius's lexicon, the only Homeric dictionary which has hitherto been printed here, we think. At first sight it appears as if Crusius must be more complete, but aside from the difference in type, a very slight examination will show by what simple and legitimate means Autenrieth packs his matter into closer form. Autenrieth, indeed, does not give so many passages where a word occurs, and thus supplies less of a concordance than Crusius, but he discriminates very carefully between varying uses of the same word. Crusius, again, takes up disputed passages and gives the several interpretations with authorities and sometimes with reasons, while Autenrieth settles the dispute and gives the most weighty interpretation, without reference to others. Crusius, for instance, gives nearly half a column to the explanation of *χθιζός* in the phrase *χθιζά τε καὶ πρωίζ'*, Il. 2303, while Autenrieth sums the whole matter sharply thus: "It was (only) *yesterday* and day before yesterday when the ships of the Achaians were gathered in Aulis, = it was recently (verses 305–307 are parenthetical)." "A day or two since, only," he might have said more idiomatically. *Χορόν . . . ἤσκησεν* again, in Il. 18,590–592, he does not discuss, but renders *χορόν* peremptorily "dancing-place;" to the casual reader the translation seems balder and less imaginative than "choral dance," which implies, as in other parts of the shield, a poetic building not strictly limited by the material. This conciseness of statement is after all more the consequence of orderly arrangement and of precision in terms than of limitation in plan, and when desirable, Autenrieth does not hesitate to give full and detailed explanation. The article *ἀσπίς* is an excellent illustration of this, and *ἠώς* of a complete statement in very brief limits.

In respect to definitions, there is a thoroughly good choice of words, and for this we certainly owe much to Dr. Keep as well as to the author. The definitions, especially of words used only once, do not always agree with accepted explanations as given in the large dictionary, but so far as we have observed there is a shrewdness and a perspicacity shown which makes one quite disposed to follow this author; *θεσμόν*, for instance, used only in Od. 23,296, is simply translated *site*, and no attention is called to it, but Liddell and Scott render the line, "They fulfilled all the established rules of wedlock, like Latin *consuescere cum aliquo*." Crusius renders, "They went to the custom of the ancient couch." And Damm, "Ad legem et consuetudinem pristini lecti venerunt." Autenrieth's rendering certainly has the merit of objective simplicity; *δενδίλλων*, Il. 9180, he renders "address one's self in

[1] *A Homeric Dictionary, for Use in Schools and Colleges.* From the German of Dr. Georg Autenrieth, rector of the Gymnasium at Zweibrücken. Translated, with additions and corrections, by Robert P. Keep, Ph. D New York: Harper and Brothers 1877

turn to," where Crusius would have it "to give the wink," and Liddell and Scott, "to turn the eyes quickly, to give a glance." The older authorities we think favor this last interpretation, but Autenrieth's seems more harmonious with the passage. His explanations of peculiar phrases are oftentimes ingenious. In one case,— *μελαινέων ἔρμ' ὀδυνάων*, Il. 4117, — he takes the secondary meaning of *ἔρμα* (which, however, he places first in his definition, and is disposed to separate altogether from *ἔρματα*, props) for the basis of the figure, and renders it a chain or succession of sharp pangs, a more satisfactory explanation when the phrase is isolated than when made to describe an unsped, winged arrow. The definitions of technical words are excellent, and the practice of giving the terms for the different parts of instruments or complex objects, together with explanatory diagrams and cuts, renders the dictionary very valuable. We have already mentioned *ἀσπίς*; similar articles are *ζυγόν*, *ἱμάς*, *κληίς*, *ἱστός*, *ἔδαφος*. There is in the use of words for definition a freedom both from prosaic literalness and from merely fantastic or far-fetched interpretation. In treating *ῥοδοδάκτυλος*, for instance, he does not concern himself with such unnecessary explanations as of henna-tipped fingers of Asiatic women, and the recurring epithets are in general modestly and picturesquely rendered.

In derivations Autenrieth follows Curtius in the main, though he ventures on independent suggestions of his own, and his indication of derivation by an appeal to the eye in the division of words is a good feature. The succinct method which he uses throughout the book, deciding for the reader and rarely intimating a division of opinion, is undoubtedly the best that could be employed in a dictionary intended for our schools and colleges, but it prevents this edition from being a final authority to any one who wishes to carry his study into intricate questions. Still, for the purpose intended, and for the use of general readers who wish to get at their Homer through as little brush-wood as possible, this dictionary is a model of thoroughness, accuracy, and condensation.

— Mr. Charles Reade's last novel[1] impresses us very much as one of his earlier works might, could it have been subjected to a process of evaporation. The knowledge of character, the abundant cleverness, the rapid and witty conversation, remain, but the real enthusiasm and intelligible aim with which the author has told so many stories before this seem to have imperceptibly escaped. Ina Klosking, a beautiful singer, finely simple and true in her character, and conscientious about her art, is the chief personage of the tale; but though Mr. Reade evidently knows very well what she is, he has thrown away the opportunity thus opened for a fine piece of portraiture. His trick of calling her "La Klosking" or "the Klosking" — as he also speaks of "the Dover" and "the Gale" — is injurious to her dignity; but a certain air of indifference and haste which broods over the whole book completes the marring of the representation. She has, Mr. Reade tells us, a "grand soul," a "grand voice," "noble shoulders," and a "grand arm;" phrases which the author throws out as mechanically as if he were turning a piano-leg instead of trying to mold a typical woman. Edward Severne, the unworthy and rascally husband of this woman, who has deserted her and is making love to Miss Vizard, the sister of an old college friend, is an almost unique character in modern fiction. He is a handsome and unmitigated though shallow scamp, and the coolness and extent of his mendacity make him a little surprising; but his baseness is put before us in such a way that it becomes merely fatiguing, and it is strange that so good-humored a wretch should not show a single good trait. He dies from falling through a trap on the stage, when he is pretending contrition in order to regain his wife, after the failure of his scheme for committing bigamy, and while he is reviving an old flirtation with a dancing-girl. Ina Klosking and Rhoda Gale take the tenderest care of him during his illness, and he dies content, with a compliment to the two women on his lips. It is hardly worth while to bring a man of this sort into a novel unless he serves a purpose; and we cannot discover that Mr. Severne is either amusing, interesting, horrifying, or instructive, or even a good foil to the other characters, as he at present stands. Miss Rhoda Gale, the American woman who has studied medicine and says "com-plete" and "dī-vorce," is about as far from the mark as Mr. Trollope's American senator; the account of her difficulties in studying medicine in England, which is evidently a residuum from much boiling of newspaper articles and other items assorted in Mr. Reade's famous

[1] *A Woman-Hater.* A Novel. By CHARLES READE. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1877.

"indices," is interesting in its way; and something is suggested by the contrast between her ardor for science and the seriousness of Miss Dover and Miss Vizard in matters of dress; but Miss Gale and her troubles are rather clumsily grafted on to the story. Mr. Vizard, again, the reputed "woman-hater," is only a woman-hater by courtesy to Mr. Reade, in order to supply one more pretext for the book. He merely increases the general effect of disjointedness. This division and distraction of interests, together with the poverty of the style and a tawdriness in the atmosphere of the whole story recalling the aspect of theatres behind the scenes, deprive A Woman-Hater of what we have learned to think Mr. Reade's characteristic charm, — that of clear purpose, vivid picturing, absorbing plot, and the introduction of people who for the time being engage our sympathies.

— The author of Nimport,[1] now that he can read his book all through, must be painfully aware of its deficiences. He started his story, we dare say, with amiable and upright intentions, meaning to be amusing at any rate, and to tell a story if he could find one; but he wrote the book in the intervals of business, so that it was difficult to keep the connection in his mind, and after trying two or three different stories discovered when he had ended that he had forgotten his villain and left out the harrowing scenes which should balance so much good humor; so he added a hundred pages or more, though he was rather tired, from a pure sense of duty, and then, as he was afraid he might have been too harrowing, after all, he worked in some more humor, but not with the same spontaneous flow as at first. This, we say, is our conjecture of the author's experience, and it results from a reader's alternate interest and disappointment. The story opens in a fresh and engaging manner, barring a certain dash of hurry which intimates that the author is a little afraid his audience will escape before it comes to the best part. The family whose fortunes form the centre of the story is introduced and individualized, although one of the members, a full-grown man, is shuffled out of sight ignominiously when he has pronounced a few words, merely for the purpose of dying dramatically, after an almost dead silence of three hundred pages. The author's skill in conception and sketching of character has tempted him into inventing new persons at every emergency, by means of which his book becomes overstocked and he is constantly embarrassed by the necessity of overlooking and rather impolitely ignoring a good many of his company. He describes one of his characters amusingly by saying that she "had a singular way of beginning a sentence in a loud, emphatic tone, and ending it in a whisper, owing doubtless to her being unable to hear her own voice, which habit gave her conversation a *bizarre* and somewhat startling effect." The description is curiously apt as applied to many of the characters in Nimport. Aunt Bangs, for example, comes in with great energy and promises to be leading old lady for a few pages, but grows feebler and feebler until she is almost smuggled out of the story. The author seems to have exhausted his energy in getting her into the book. Mr. Quiddets, again, is carefully dressed for his part, but we discover that he has a very insignificant part to play, and the other seaside characters, Daphne, Mrs. Hymen, and Penthesilea, all come forward in a loud voice and end in a whisper.

The diverse stories in the book betray the author into this multiplication of characters. He begins with the story of Mrs. Penley's bequest and subsequent lawsuit, and the careful introduction of Mr. Holt and of Mr. and Mrs. Phipps prepares the reader for the general plot of the book, but there are so many new stories begun at once that when the original one reappears near the end of the book, it seems impertinent. Indeed, the story of Peg's proceedings with Doctor Tazewell, though told incidentally, is really the most continuous one in the book, although it is itself embarrassed by a number of sub-sub-plots. Probably it would be maintained in defense of the author that his book is a chronicle of a family, and that real life shows just such a ramification of incident and character. It is not at all impossible that such a family should have lived and have had this experience, but then it also had still other experience; there were more people whom it knew, not mentioned at all in the book, and each one of those people had a story. The author, assuming to write the chronicles of a family, should have carried his selection further, for it is not the reader's business to disentangle from the net-work the fortunes of the Fonde family, while it is the writer's business in telling a story to make a consistent whole.

[1] *Wayside Series. Nimport.* Boston: Lockwood, Brooks, & Co. 1877.

The faults and excellences of the book both lie on the surface, and a lack of skill and practice in novel-writing seems all that prevents the author from producing a very clever book. His sense of the amusing is keen and well trained; his instinct, too, for real differences in character is true and sagacious; his good taste is rarely at fault, and if he would clearly understand at the outset what the story was which he wished to tell, and then stick to that, we are sure that he would find abundance of encouragement from readers. Indeed, the very subjection of his plot to a few simple and intelligible lines would doubtless do much toward enabling him to control his characters and save them from the peril they are now under of running into mere grotesque figures. He does not need to exaggerate peculiarities, when he is so clever at depicting common marks of individuality.

— Mr. Anthony Trollope has taken notice of his reputation on this side of the Atlantic, in a somewhat curious and confused manner, by writing a small novel to which he gives the title of The American Senator.[1] One infers from the dull insolence of the name conferred on the senator, Mr. Elias Gotobed, that the author wishes to compensate himself for the condescension of making a bid for American favor by administering a little snub to the audience he is seeking, though he has before now indulged in this nursery-tale sort of nomenclature with less coarseness, by introducing such figures as the Spooners of Spoon Hall, the Platters of Platter Hall, *et al.* As to the portrayal of the "senator from Mikewa," it would seem that Mr. Trollope had some dim intention of satirizing him, without the power to carry out that intention. Accordingly, he crams cigars into Mr. Gotobed's throat, which he represents him as simultaneously eating and smoking, makes him ask an immense number of questions, and lets him go on his way. The scene, of course, is in England, and the other people in the story are drawn with Mr. Trollope's usual degree of superficial life-likeness; but one can hardly avoid the query whether an author who deals so confidently but unsatisfactorily with his American character is really giving us a true picture of the English types, whom he treats with equal confidence and perhaps equal want of insight. There are two love-makings carried on among the English characters, one of which, dealing with the aristocrats of the piece, is full of the hard, coarse mercenariness that Mr. Trollope is especially fond of holding up to the gaze of the world. The American senator has no necessary connection with the plot, being introduced merely as a means of providing interludes. He takes up the cause of a scamp who is opposed to fox-hunting, and gets himself into trouble and loses money by doing so; and finally, at the end of the book, he delivers a lecture at St. James's Hall, in which he severely criticises the English, but is obliged to break it off short for fear of a disturbance. We are left with the general impression that he is a good-natured, intrusive person, with a conscientious passion for expressing himself. Mr. Trollope perhaps meant to avail himself of Mr. Gotobed as a means of doling out a bit of satire to his own countrymen, also; but in this, as in his representation of the senator, he is so cautious, or so apathetic, that one cannot convict him of any definite purpose. His humor and his satire, if they exist, are so marvelously well concealed that there is small risk of discovery. It is amusing to observe that some critics have been quite gravely trying to find out what Mr. Trollope *means* in his American Senator, precisely as if he really had meant something.

— The series of Ancient Classics for English Readers,[2] even if the different books are not sure to contain the latest results of German criticism and have to depend on translations of various degrees of merit, yet seems to be tolerably popular. If it be not presumed that reading them will be the equivalent of what is known as a classical education they may be commended to those who are curious about the much-quoted names of the past, or to those who wish to brush the dust off their former erudition. The first volume of the two last published treats of the three poets, Catullus, Tibullus, and Propertius, men who have inspired a good deal of writing first and last, and who all, though Catullus more than the others, have been a stumbling-block to translators. What is here written about Catullus is interesting and scholarly, and the translations

[1] *The American Senator.* A Novel. By Anthony Trollope. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1877.

[2] *Ancient Classics for English Readers. Catullus, Tibullus, and Propertius.* By the Rev. James Davies, M. A., Prebendary of Hereford Cathedral; formerly Scholar of Lincoln College, Oxford.

Demosthenes. By the Rev. W. J. Brodribb, M. A., Late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1877.

are good, too, after their kind, but they often speak a language that Catullus never wrote. The other poets are briefly treated. It is not easy to see the similarity between Tibullus and Burns, but in general the reader will not cavil with the editor's comments. The Demosthenes is written down to the level of a very moderate intelligence, as if Mr. Brodribb were making things plain to children; but this sort of writing has its advantages and often its reward.

French and German.[1]

A few months ago two volumes of Doudan's Letters were noticed in these columns. The hope was expressed at the time that more of his correspondence might yet be given to the public, for another volume was promised in case those first appearing should be sufficiently popular; now we have the third,[2] filled with letters up to the year 1860, and the fourth is promised with letters after that date and the article on the Revolutions of Taste. It is not often that readers are thus generously rewarded for liking what is good. It is not necessary to repeat what was said here so recently about Doudan's life. It is as a letter-writer that he will be known to posterity and to all of his contemporaries save his personal friends. That he might have been more famous is clear from the charm of his correspondence; what prevented him was the delicacy of his body as well as that of his mind. It is in this third volume that we find more frequent allusions to his uncertain bodily health, while on every page are signs of his extreme sensitiveness to all that was good or bad in literature. After all, the letter-writer runs no bad chance for fame. A wit may have a reputation among his accquaintance, but after he is dead all his jokes will be fathered on Sydney Smith and Lamb, while the shelf on which letter-writers stand is comparatively unfilled. There are, of course, countless volumes of correspondence which can be looked through by those who care to learn facts about this or that man, but the letters which we read for their own sake are few indeed. Often, too, we perceive that a writer felt as if posterity were looking over his shoulder while he wrote, and he lost his artlessness at once. This being a fatal fault with letters, it is easy to see that simplicity must be their most attractive quality. What we like in biographies, novels, poems, and letters is the chance to find out the heart of man, and the nearer letters get to showing the man as he was, the closer their resemblance to his talk, the better they are. A man's conversation soon becomes a thing of as remote fame as the voice of an opera singer of the last generation; only a few live in their letters as they were known to their friends, for Dr. Johnson's solemn epistles show, when compared with the record of his talk, that it is not every man who breathes freely with a pen in his hand. Hence it is that letters are so much read and on the whole are so thoroughly trusted, for it is hard to imagine that a man has written every letter for forty or fifty years with an eye to its future publication, while it is hard to have perfect confidence in an autobiography, or in any biography, for that matter.

This new volume of Doudan's Letters brings, of course, to our knowledge but few new facts about him, yet everywhere are to be found new turns of his delightful humor, his delicate judgment, and his modest wisdom. There are no signs that the editors had exhausted the stores by their first selection, leaving unprinted only dull letters without any quality to commend them to the reader. Doudan never wrote without literary charm, without wit and knowledge of the world and of books, in short, without being himself. Mere description of the merits of these letters is incompetent to call up any definite notion of what they really are; a few extracts will do this more satisfactorily.

This, for instance, is what he says of letter-writing: "A good part of the pleasure of writing letters consists in the comparatively untrammeled freedom of the thought, in the pleasure of saying whatever comes into one's head at the moment, in the play of the pen amid all kinds of impressions. Those people whose discourse is too wise do not know the charm of this adventuresome life. One gets out of the way of walking on these little by-paths, and yet one grows tired of the highway. Hence there is this sadness with which one complains about the necessity and difficulty of writing letters."

[1] All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter St., Boston, Mass.

[2] *Mélanges et Lettres de X. Doudan* Avec une Introduction par M. le Comte d'Haussonville, et des Notices par MM. DeSacy, Cuvillier Fleury. Tome III. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1877.

Here is something from a letter to Paul de Broglie, who was away on a long voyage in a man-of-war: "Have you begun to read Dante in all the clatter of hammers and files? That is an inappropriate accompaniment for the Tuscan language, but I think poetry should make its entrance everywhere. I am curious to know what impression Dante's singular imagination will make upon you. Suddenly, amid the violence of a partisan, there are charming flashes of Virgilian imagination, like those pretty flowers that twine about the crevices of the ruined ramparts of a fortress. I beg of you to make a note upon your copy of the passages that strike you, for the composition is so strange that it is sometimes at the very bottom of the Inferno that there are to be found the melancholy, poetical memories of Florence, or some view, like those of Claude Lorraine, of Lucca or of Venice. I can recommend the Paradiso to you as a mine of lofty ideas about the great questions of theology and religious philosophy. I have at times had the idea of comparing them with those of Milton in Paradise Lost. In both they resemble waves of eastern light entering through the dusty panes of the Sorbonne. On the margin of St. Thomas, Dante's lines on theological questions would seem like those beautiful illuminations of the manuscripts of the Middle Ages which are to be found scattered through the huge liturgies and psalteries. But who reads all the books he takes on a journey with him? The imagination makes the preparations for departure, and the current of business, the interruptions that occur, carry off with them the uncut volumes of Dante, Newton, and Pascal; but it is already something to have promised to look at them; it is the little seed of the ideal which slumbers, and can slumber a long time without losing its fertilizing power. We preserve the love of letters without having the time to read, and that is the main thing."

This is from a letter to Madame d'Haussonville, who was at the time journeying in Greece: "After all, you must not expect to meet many poets on your way. It is the Northern people who are poets nowadays, if there are any poets. One must be well clad, well fed, free, and in good health to be able to sing melancholy songs at the sight of ruins; and then, in our time at least, not only is no one a prophet in his own country, but no one is a poet in his own country. When one sees on the slope of a mountain the smoke rising from the roof of a hut against the evening sky, as soon as one can say, 'There 's my grandmother lighting a few fagots to make some soup,' there is almost no more poetry, at least poetry as we nowadays understand it. Those must be almost unknown places where one dreams of inhabitants in harmony with the beauty of nature. Every time the door of a house in the valley of Lacedæmon is opened you will expect to see a daughter of Helen come out, but your guide knows beforehand that it is the house of his cousin Eleuthera, whom he did not want to marry because she was too ugly. So, gradually, in the course of time, the country acquires something from the people, and since, on the whole, the people have not the indestructible brilliancy of nature, the spirit of the place becomes prosaic by reflection from the inhabitants. You will answer that in spite of this there is such a thing as home-sickness, but some other day I will try to reconcile this contradiction."

Here are some remarks which contain a good deal of truth. Speaking of M. Cousin's remarks on art, he said: "I do not have much confidence in the ability of metaphysicians to treat of questions of art. When they speak vaguely, it is all very well. Fugitive and unfinished outlines in the great field of the infinite always have a certain air. That is why you are tempted to consider Plato a great artist. In spite of his treatise on the Beautiful, I would not have given Kant my pet dog to paint. A passion for the abstract does not call forth beautiful forms. Metaphysicians may dream happily of a great artist, but it is not from their hands that there will ever issue the Venus of Milo, or Raphael's Virgin with her red bodice and her blonde hair amid the ripe corn of an Italian field. They say that Socrates made some statues, but I don't think that Verres would have put them in his collection. Don't think that any one will steal your ideas. No one steals another's ideas any more than another's face. Every one's thoughts are the reflection of the eternal light on the particular faculties of the particular mirror which is the intelligence of each one. If we were faithful to this light instead of repeating what we heard said about us, we should be more frequently original. After all, I acknowledge that there are some poor wretches whose mirror is dull and tarnished."

Doudan wrote, in 1853, concerning the empire: "I do not see that we differ very

much from the age of Augustus. Paris is becoming a city of marble, like Rome, and all the men of talent have infinite leisure which permits them, like Cicero, to philosophize about the past, without having the right to take part in the present or to concern themselves about the future. On reaching Paris at five o'clock, Sunday afternoon, I saw more handsome carriages coming out from the Champs Élysées than there could have been on the avenues of the Campus Martius, — where Livia drove out with her little family, — and much better made carriages, far superior in smoothness and lightness. It is very sure, too, that in the Exchange at Rome there was never half so much business done as there is done here. Everything is managed on a larger scale nowadays, just as Cayenne is a much larger territory than those little islands in the Mediterranean where the ruler used to send for reflection those persons who did not share his principles in the matter of government. . . . To speak of more serious matters, piety began to waver in those times. To be sure, Augustus always used to carry about with him the skin of a sea-calf as a protection against lightning, but that was a gross superstition. Now, all the men who keep in the fashion are rigidly orthodox and have only proper contempt for atheists, Protestants, Fourierites, and philosophers."

Here is a brief bit of literary criticism. He had been recommending Goethe's Italian Journey to a correspondent, and added, "Do you not find Goethe's imagination singular? It is bright and cold at the same time; it is like the sun in winter. In his character there is very little individuality, and a good deal of personality."

Writing at another time about journeys in Italy, he said: "Meanwhile I am reading a little of Addison's Italian Journey. . . . It would seem that not a single nail has been driven in or pulled out in Italy for a hundred years, for I seem to hear everything that those say who have seen Portici, Pozzuoli, Rome, Naples, and Florence. I knew very well from experience that men's ideas are not often renewed, but I thought that the monuments, and even nature, changed more." In the same letter is to be found this passage: "I wanted to write for your service at the time of elections an Art of Flattering Voters. As a general rule, in spite of whatever may be said, you must talk coal to the miller, and flour to the coal man. It flatters the miller that you should talk coal to him. If you throw, all at once, his flour at his head, he sees that you are flattering him, and that you do not appreciate the breadth of his mind. Second rule, which is a consequence of the first, speak to the voters about your business and your feelings, and not about their business and their feelings. It is not a very dignified process, but it is very efficacious. Tell them Albert is a good boy; or else, it 's hard to put up with him. My aunt is very rich or very poor. We spend more than our income, less than our income. I like blue; my husband likes red, etc. That is the way to gain hearts; but to go in a soft, hypocritical way and say to a coalman: 'Good-day, Mr. Coal Dealer! Is your wife well? Does your daughter go to the Tuileries? Do you know how to read? Do you know how to write? Do you go to church?' Such condescension annoys and enrages them."

Those who have at any time felt an interest in J. J. Ampère will perhaps like to see what Doudan has to say of him. Under date of October 2, 1856, is this record: "We found here M. Ampère, with his volcanic energy and his gentle ways. He talks with everybody about everything; he works twenty-four hours a day, and chats, too, for twenty-four hours a day, without counting the walks he takes alone. The clever people you know cannot give you an idea of this vitality of intelligence which applies itself to everything." To another correspondent he writes: "I found M. Ampère here, as lively as a fish in the water on a pleasant day. He does ten things at a time, and finishes them well; he works all day and seems to be doing nothing at all, for he shares every walk and every talk, plays billiards, like an officer in a country town, and reads novels like a silly girl. I have never seen such activity, and all this on a basis of most amiable gentleness and serenity."

This is but a small part of the richness of the book, which lovers of the best literature will not fail to read.

OSGOOD'S LITERARY BULLETIN

JAMES R. OSGOOD AND COMPANY, Publishers, Winthrop Square, BOSTON.

*** *The Books named in this Bulletin will be sent to any address in the United States, on receipt of the price, by* JAMES R. OSGOOD & Co., Winthrop Square, Boston. *The list and prices are given on the fourth page.*

Joseph Cook's Lectures. — The remarkable Monday Lectures delivered by Rev. Joseph Cook in Boston last season will be published in two volumes this fall, by J. R. Osgood & Co. The first, on Biology, is nearly ready. The second, on Transcendentalism, will probably be issued in November. In the first Mr. Cook discusses some of the leading points at issue between Science and Religion. To this discussion he brings the fruits of long and profound study, and of a wide range of reading, peculiar clearness and force of statement, and a prodigious rhetorical power, which clothes in freshness the driest of logical or scientific processes.

It is no exaggeration to say that Mr. Cook has taken, by the general and enthusiastic assent of Evangelical Christians in this country, the foremost position as champion of Religion against the opposing claims of Science, and that they gratefully acknowledge his presentation of their views as irresistible and exceedingly attractive. Mr. Cook's Lectures have already been printed in many American and foreign papers, but for their publication in book form he has carefully revised them and prefixed to each the prelude on Current Events by which it was prefaced.

It is proper to state that these Lectures were delivered under the auspices of a committee representing the several Evangelical denominations of New England and including Governor A. H. Rice, Bishop Foster, Ex-Governor Claflin, Professor E. A. Park, Hon. H. F. Durant, with other well-known gentlemen.

It is believed that these volumes, containing the Lectures revised and perfected, will meet a remarkable demand from the vast body of Christian men and women who desire to be assured of the perfect harmony between Science and Religion, and of the positive reinforcement which Science offers to Religion; and also, to understand precisely how to meet and overcome what they regard as the most insidious and dangerous type of scepticism.

Starr King's Sermons. — Twenty years ago Starr King was one of the famous preachers of Boston. Afterwards he went to San Francisco and became one of the most celebrated preachers of America. When the Secession War broke out he threw his whole being into the struggle for the nation's existence. He preached, he lectured, he lightened up the whole Pacific coast with the glow of his eloquent appeals to men's patriotism and religion to save the country. And when he died, in 1864, his loss was mourned as a national calamity. Heretofore none of his sermons have been collected for publication, and his fame as a luminous and persuasive preacher has become somewhat traditional. But it will be freshened by the two volumes which Mr. E. P. Whipple, the distinguished essayist and an intimate friend of Mr. King, has selected, and for which he will write a Memoir. These sermons will be a positive addition to religious literature. The noble, manly, vigorous, elevated, refined qualities of the thought are matched by a clear, flexible, fascinating style, which makes the reading of them a delight as well as a help and an inspiration. The contents of the first volume, which is just ready, entitled "Christianity and Humanity," are as follows: —

Memoir. The Experimental Evidence of Christianity. Cries from the Depths. The Supremacy of Jesus. Christian Thought of the Future Life. True Spiritual Communications. Life more Abundantly. Lessons of the Drought. The Christian and the Heathen Dollar. The Divine Estimate of Death. Distribution of Sorrows. Deliverance from the Fear of Death. The Two Harvests. The Organ and its Symbolism. The Supreme-Court Decision, and our Duties. Living for Ideas and Principles. The Heart, and the Issues of Life. Salt that has lost its Savor; or, Religion Corrupted. Lessons from the Sierra Nevada. Living Water from Lake Tahoe. The Comet of July, 1861. Religious Lessons from Metallurgy. Christian Worship.

A Work of National Interest. — Rev. Dr. Joseph P. Thompson, formerly of New York, but for the last few years resident in Germany, improved the centennial year by preparing and delivering in Berlin and elsewhere a course of lectures on the settlement and growth of the United States, the origin and development of republican government here, the distinguishing characteristics of our political institutions, and the testing of them by the experience of a hundred years. It was an excellent service he rendered our country, interpreting to interested foreigners the cardinal doctrines of republicanism and showing how, in spite of tremendous obstacles, these doctrines are so far in our national life not discredited, and free institutions are not a failure. Dr. Thompson, by his hearty Americanism, generous culture, and large experience, was pecul-

iarly fitted to render this service. His lectures, though primarily intended for the information of those not instructed in regard to the character and working of our institutions, are admirably adapted for home use. The circumstances and object of their delivery naturally required them to be simple, clear, and orderly; and to combine with the elementary philosophy of republicanism the various modifying influences of differing climates, industries, races, customs, and laws, by which the practical operation of our republican government has been so much determined. Just these are also very important and interesting for us to know clearly, and Dr. Thompson's lectures are of hardly less value to us than to the Germans for whom he prepared them. If they could have the large circulation and careful reading which they richly merit, political intelligence in this country would be greatly increased, and a sturdier, finer political virtue would impart new vigor and purer glory to our government.

A new book by the author of "One Summer. — The many thousands who have read "One Summer" with delight will be glad to learn that another book by the brilliant authoress is nearly ready. It is not a story, however, but a book of travel in England, Germany, Switzerland, France, and other countries of Europe. The impressions made on a keen and agile mind by the natural scenery, the architecture and art, the social customs, and the religious institutions of the Old World, are recorded with much of the freshness and readableness which gave "One Summer" its wide popularity. The book is entitled "One Year Abroad," and will be issued in "Little Classic" style.

"Favorite Tennyson." — This new edition of Tennyson's Poems has been prepared especially to supply the popular demand for a beautifully bound and illustrated Tennyson, similar to the popular editions of other standard poets. It is very compact, yet easily legible, and contains a portrait and twenty-four full-page illustrations. It is printed on fine paper with red-line border, and cannot fail to please the large class that desires an ornamental but inexpensive edition of Tennyson.

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Architectural Pictures in Northwest Europe. — M. Félix Narjoux, an architect and a friend of Viollet-le-Duc, went through Holland, Hanover, and Jutland on a journey of architectural observation. The product of his skilful pen and pencil is "Notes and Sketches of an Architect in the Northwest of Europe," which J. R. Osgood & Co. will publish immediately. Its character is finely indicated by the London *Graphic*: —

> The particular angle of Northwestern Europe over which it wanders — Holland, Hanover, Jutland — boasts few, if any, of those grand old fabrics before which the modern artist falls down and worships. On the other hand, it is rich in characteristic examples of domestic architecture, the homes of a well-to-do and placid race; rich too in many districts, in Hanover perhaps most of all, in work of the modern German Gothic school, it is just this homelier every day side of Dutch and German architecture — these churches, street fronts, town and country houses, offsprings of the social manners they reflect — that M. Narjoux is most successful in depicting. Note-book in hand, he wanders in and out, with the genial *bonhommie* of the travelled Frenchman, and one by one his pencil gives us all, — quaint uniform streets, varying but in some eccentricity of gable end, from Utrecht or Rotterdam, isolated pleasure-houses of the Hague, in which the colors and the seclusion beloved of the Hollander blend not unkindly with features borrowed from Javan or Sumatran residences; pretty semi-detached villas and country mansions; elegant corner-houses and brand-new churches from the clever designs of M. Oppler or M. Cuypers; ingenious devices for giving each of 84 rooms a southern aspect as in the Établissement des Bains at Heligoland; neat wooden farmsteads in the old Norse style from primitive retreats in Funen. Nor do we get exteriors only, but details, too, of internal arrangements and construction, good sketches of carved German furniture, and passing notes on Hamburg porcelain and terra-cotta. To the large and ever growing class to whom matters of house and church architecture are things of interest, no less than to those who would like to study the great cities of the North-Sea Coast from another point of view than dikes and picture-galleries, M. Narjoux's volume will furnish much agreeable reading.

Miss Phelps's New Story will probably be published in October. It will not be issued serially, as has been incorrectly reported, but in a volume. It is entitled "The Story of Avis," but there is no

occasion to stimulate public curiosity in respect to its special character or object. The many thousands who have read "The Gates Ajar," "Hedged In," and "The Silent Partner" do not need to be assured that whatever Miss Phelps writes is sure to be exceedingly interesting, and that she never writes at random, but has a very definite aim. This does not make her stories any less engaging as stories, while it gives to them a positive character and dignity which most novels lack, and lifts them above the mere amusement of an idle hour into the realm of philanthropic ideas and generous purposes for humankind.

"Underbrush." — The contents of Mr. James T. Fields's new book include "My Friend's Library," "A Peculiar Case," "Familiar Letter to Housebreakers," "Our Village Dogmatist," "A Watch that Wanted Cleaning," "Bothersome People," "Pleasant Ghosts," "The Pettibone Lineage," "Getting Home Again," "How to Rough It," "An Old-Time Scholar," "Diamonds and Pearls," "The Author of 'Paul and Virginia,'" "If I Were a Boy Again." Some of these have never before appeared in print. Those who are acquainted with Mr. Fields's skill in the "art of putting things" will understand how pleasant an entertainment is provided in this "Little Classic" book.

A Hundred "Vest-Pocket" Books. — The "Vest-Pocket" series has grown so rapidly that it already numbers a full hundred. But this rapidity has not caused any deterioration in the quality of the series. It continues to be made up of the best poems, essays, and sketches of the best writers. There is not one poor book in the entire hundred; every one is good, or better, or best. The later issues are recorded on a following page. The complete list will be sent to any address by the publishers.

The Philosophical Library is successfully inaugurated by the publication of Lange's "History of Materialism" and Edith Simcox's "Natural Law," both of which are recognized as of great ability and as valuable contributions to the history and discussion of philosophical inquiry. Of the former Professor Tyndall says: "I am greatly indebted, both to the publisher and translator, for the first volume of Lange's 'History of Materialism,' which I consider to be one of the very best books that our age has seen."

Colonel Waring's New Book on "Village Improvements and Farm Villages" is indorsed very emphatically by Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted, whose eminence as a landscape gardener adds peculiar force to his opinion. He says: —

It contains in a brief, simple, compact form much practical advice on matters of importance. Many of its suggestions could be at once adopted with little effort in most villages and small towns where a decent public spirit exists, and their adoption would add marvellously to the comfort, health, and self-respect of their people.

The New York *Observer* remarks: —

We take pleasure in commending this subject, and also the book, to all village communities. It will repay them simply to read the one and think over the other, but it will repay them more to act in the matter.

Deephaven. — Miss Jewett's delightful book finds no less favor in England than in this country. The London *Spectator* pronounces it "very charming," and says that "if New England has many such young women as Kate Lancaster and her friend, and has also such very pleasant writers to describe them to us, it is very much to be congratulated."

"Poems of Places" in England. — The London *Spectator*, commenting on the earlier volumes of Mr. Longfellow's "Poems of Places," remarks:

Here we have a very happy idea, thoroughly worked out, by an editor who possesses every qualification for his task. He has read widely, being familiar, it is evident, with quite obscure authors. He has a catholic taste, and is quite aware that in the case of such a collection as this, the interest of the subject is at least as important as the literary value of the poems. And he has a genuine love of his theme.

. . . . After describing the contents of the volumes the critic says,

And so, by various guides of diverse humors, we are conducted through hundreds of places, not without much gratitude to the accomplished poet whose felicitous fancy discovered the idea of this book.

A list of the countries already traversed by this series is given on a following page. Other volumes will gather similar poems on Germany, Russia, Greece, Asia, Africa, and America. When complete, the series will form a unique and charming library of poetry.

Johnson's "China" is regarded by the most competent critics as a work of remarkable importance. The New York *Evening Post* says:

The great learning and ability shown by Mr. Samuel Johnson in the first of his series of works on "Oriental Religions and their relation to Universal Religion" [on India], and the reputation which that work has given him for profound research and acute perception of the subtlest meanings of facts, will secure for the second treatise in the series, a work on the religions of China, a ready welcome at the hands of all students of philosophy. . . . .

The book commends itself, even to readers who read only for amusement, as one which is filled with facts of curious interest concerning the oddest races of men, while to students of the philosophy of mind and of the principles of human growth in civilization it is indispensable.

Mr. Piatt's Poems. — New editions are just ready of Mr. J. J. Piatt's two volumes of poems, "Landmarks," and "Western Windows." New dies and tasteful covers have been given them, to correspond to the excellence of their contents. To show how Mr. Piatt's poetry is regarded by competent critics, we select from many similar notices the following. The *Westminster Review* remarks: —

That Mr. Piatt's poems should be popular in the States is by no means extraordinary. They deal in a popular way with popular subjects, with which Americans are familiar. He can, for instance, as in "Western Windows," describe such a scene as is common in the far West, of burning the last year's stubble previous to breaking up the ground in the spring for a fresh sowing, with considerable vigor. Again he can, as in "Landmarks," describe such a scene as apple-gathering, just before the Indian Summer sets in, with a fulness of detail and a picturesqueness which are certainly impressive.

Mr. James Russell Lowell, in the *North American Review*, observes: —

He shows that true poetic insight which creates the ideal under the common and familiar, which are but ribs of death to the unanointed eye. "The Pioneer's Chimney," especially, is a simple story, so simply told as to reach a natural dignity and pathos that interest and move us strongly. Without being in any sense an imitation of Wordsworth, it may compare favorably with the best narrative parts of "The Excursion." "The Mower in Ohio" also has touches of singular beauty and tenderness. Indeed, throughout the volume there is a pensiveness, without despondency, as of Indian Summer. In his general choice of subjects, and mode of treating them, we find a native sweetness and humanity, a domesticity of sentiment, that is very attractive.

"Household" Holmes. — "Household" is a very apt name to apply to the new and complete edition of Dr. Holmes's poems, for his "One-Hoss Shay," "Chambered Nautilus," "The Voiceless," "Musa," and many other pieces are familiar as household words wherever the English language is spoken. His wit and humor, his nimble fancy, and his felicitous utterance of thoughts and emotions, common to all intelligent persons, secure for his poems the delighted admiration of a very large circle of readers. The new edition uniform with J. R. Osgood & Co's. Household Edition of Longfellow, Whittier, and other poets, cannot fail to be very acceptable.

"Tom Bailey's Adventures" The Hartford *Courant* pronounces "the best story of a boy ever written in America, and one of the genuinely witty and readable books." The Portland *Press* observes:

Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich has the divine right of a king among story-tellers. . . . . On the whole, Tom Bailey's Adventures is one of Mr. Aldrich's best works. Humanly speaking, there is but faint promise of poetry in the daily life of the average boy; to discover the future of waving plume and airy grace in the wild oats — of the most innocent and healthful species, be it understood — which such a boy as Tom Bailey cannot but sow, demanded the poet's eye and speech, and the heart that is warm with a youth that the years that change the boy to the man may not alter. The naturalness, the delicate humor, the tenderness, the charming gayety and life of Mr. Aldrich's story are something to be enjoyed by every one.

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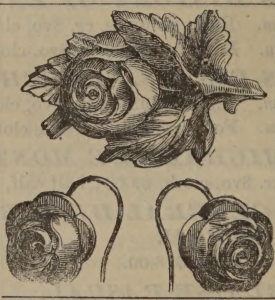

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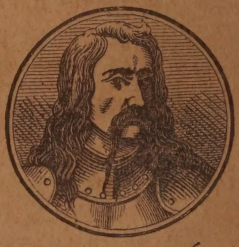

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VOLUME XL.—NUMBER 241

NOVEMBER, 1877

CONTENTS

	Page
The Queen of Sheba. X., XI. *Thomas Bailey Aldrich*	513
Survival of the Fittest. *C. P. Cranch*	524
The American Iron-Master's Work. *R. W. Raymond*	525
The Sailing of King Olaf. *Alice Williams Brotherton*	536
Portugal and the Portuguese. I. *S. G. W. Benjamin*	539
"Ah, Chasms and Cliffs of Snow." *Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt*	547
Crude and Curious Inventions at the Centennial Exhibition. VII. *Edward H. Knight*	548
Kathern. *Feärn Gray*	561
Some Aspects of De Quincey. *George Parsons Lathrop*	569
Autumnal Poems. Indian Summer. *Edgar Fawcett.* The Rose in October. *Mary Townley.* November. *C. L. Cleaveland*	584
Some Rambling Notes of an Idle Excursion. II. *Mark Twain*	586
Fictitious Lives of Chaucer. II. *T. R. Lounsbury*	592
Carlo Goldoni. *W. D. Howells*	601
In the Old South Church. *John Greenleaf Whittier*	614
The Contributors' Club	615

Tourguéneff's Marianne again. — Traits of Cherbuliez's New Book. — A Shabby Piracy. — Sambo's Solution of the Labor Question. — A Call for a New Botany. — Æsthetic Uses of the Tramp. — Titles and Debts *are* Property. — Tweed as a Spectacle, Moral and Material. — True and False Culture.

Recent Literature	626

Anderson's History of the Missions of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. — Baker's Turkey. — Osgood's Vest Pocket Series. — Mrs. Burnett's That Lass o' Lowrie's. — Cooke's Canolles. — De Vere's St. Thomas of Canterbury. — Josh Billings' Trump Kards. — *French and German:* Cherbuliez's Samuel Brohl et Cie. — Hillebrand's Geschichte Frankreichs. — Jensen's Fluth und Ebbe. — Publications Received.

Education	637

The Harvard Examinations for Women.

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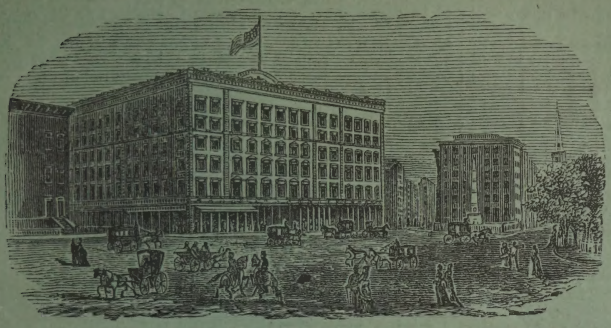

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VOL. XL.—NOVEMBER, 1877.—No. CCXLI.

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA.

X.

IN THE SHADOW OF MONT BLANC.

BY the time Lynde had changed his wet clothing, the rain had turned into a dull drizzle which folded itself like a curtain about the valley. Mont Blanc, with its piled-up acres of desolation, loomed through the mist, a shapeless, immeasurable cloud, within whose shadow the little town was to live darkly, half blotted out, for the next four days.

Lynde spent the afternoon between his own chamber and the reading-room of the hotel, wandering restlessly from one to the other, and not venturing to halt at Mrs. Denham's door to inquire after Ruth. Though he held himself nearly guiltless in what had occurred, Mrs. Denham's rebuking tone and gesture had been none the less intolerable. He was impatient to learn Ruth's condition, and was growing every moment more anxious as he reflected on her extreme delicacy and the severe exposure she had undergone; but he could not bring himself just then to go to Mrs. Denham for information. He concluded to wait until he met her at dinner; but Mrs. Denham did not come down to the table-d'hôte.

The twilight fell earlier than usual, and the long evening set in. Lynde smoked his cigar gloomily at an open window looking upon the street. It was deserted and dismal. Even the shop across the way, where they sold alpen stocks and wood-carvings and knick-knacks in polished lapis, was empty; in pleasant weather the shop was always crowded with curiosity-mongers. The raw wind spitefully blew the rain into Lynde's face as he looked out. "Quel temps de loup!" sighed a polite little French gentleman, making his unlighted cigarette an excuse for addressing Lynde. The wretched little French gentleman was perishing with a desire to say a thousand graceful things to somebody, but Lynde was in no mood for epigrams. He gave his interlocutor a light, and sheered off. In a corner of the reading-room was a tattered collection of Tauchnitz novels; Lynde picked up one and tried to read, but the slim types ran together and conveyed no meaning to him. It was becoming plain that he was to have no communication with the Denhams that night unless he assumed the initiative. He penciled a line on the reverse of a visiting card and sent it up to Mrs. Denham's parlor. The servant returned with the card on his waiter. The ladies had retired. Then Lynde took himself off to bed disconsolately.

It was nearly nine o'clock when he awoke the following morning. The storm

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had not lifted; the colorless clouds were still letting down a fine, vapory rain that blurred everything. As soon as he had breakfasted, Lynde went to Mrs. Denham's rooms. She answered his knock in person and invited him by a silent gesture to enter the parlor. He saw by the drawn expression of her countenance that she had not slept.

"Ruth is ill," she said in a low voice, replying to Lynde's inquiry.

"You do not mean very ill?"

"I fear so. She has passed a dreadful night. I have had a doctor."

"Is it as serious as that? What does he say?"

"He says it is a severe cold, with symptoms of pneumonia; but I do not think he knows," returned Mrs. Denham, despairingly. "I must despatch a courier to my husband; our old family physician is now with him at Paris. I have just received a letter, and they are not coming this week! They must come at once. I do not know how to telegraph them, as they are about to change their hotel. Besides, I believe a telegram cannot be sent from here; the nearest office is at Geneva. I must send some messenger who will have intelligence enough to find Mr. Denham wherever he is."

"I will go."

"You?"

"Why not? I shall waste less time than another. There should be no mistake in the delivery of this message. A courier might get drunk, or be stupid. I can do nothing here. If it had not been for me, possibly this unfortunate thing would not have happened. I am determined to go, whether you consent or not."

"I shall be grateful to you all my life, Mr. Lynde. I should not have thought of asking such a favor. Ruth says I was rude to you yesterday. I did not mean to be. I was distracted with anxiety at having her out in such a storm. If there is any blame in the matter it is entirely mine. You forgive me?"

"There is nothing to forgive, Mrs. Denham; blame rests on no one; neither you nor I could foresee the rain. Write a line to Mr. Denham while I pack my valise; I shall be ready in ten minutes. Who is his banker at Paris?"

"I think he has none."

"How do you address your letters?"

"I have written but once since Mr. Denham's arrival, and then I directed the letter to the Hôtel Walther."

"He has probably left his new address there. However, I shall have no difficulty in finding him. Mrs. Denham" — Lynde hesitated.

"Mr. Lynde?"

"Can I not see her a moment?"

"See Ruth?"

"My request appears strange to you, does it not? It would not appear strange if you knew all."

"All? I don't understand you," replied Mrs. Denham, resting her hand on the back of a chair and regarding him with slowly dilating pupils.

"If you knew how troubled I am — and how deeply I love her."

"You love Ruth!"

"More than I can tell you."

"Have you told *her?*" Mrs. Denham demanded.

"Not in so many words."

Mrs. Denham slowly sank into the chair and for several seconds appeared completely oblivious of the young man's presence; then, turning sharply on Lynde, and half rising, she asked with a kind of fierceness, "Does Ruth know it?"

"A woman always knows when she is loved, I fancy. Miss Denham probably knew it before I did."

Mrs. Denham made an impatient gesture and subsided into the chair again. She remained silent a while, staring at the pattern of the carpet at her feet.

"Mr. Lynde," she said at length, "I was not prepared for this. The possibility that you might grow interested in my niece naturally occurred to me at first. I was pleased when I became convinced that the acquaintance between you had resolved itself into merely a friendly liking. I was thrown off my guard by your seemingly frank manner. I trusted you. You have been alone with my niece but twice, — once for only ten minutes. I will do you the justice to

say that you have made the most of those two occasions."

"I made very little of those two occasions," said Lynde, reflectively.

"I think you have been — treacherous!"

"I do not see what there can be of treachery in my admiring Miss Denham," he replied, with a flush. "I entered into no compact not to admire her."

"Mr. Lynde, Mr. Denham will not approve of this."

"Not at first, perhaps . . . but afterwards?"

"Neither now nor afterwards, Mr. Lynde."

"Why not?"

"He has other views for Ruth," said Mrs. Denham, coldly.

"Other views!" repeated Lynde, paling. "I thought her free."

"She is not free in that sense."

The assertion Ruth had made to him the previous day on the mountain side, to the effect that she had never known any gentleman as intimately as she had known him, flashed across Lynde's memory. If Mr. Denham had views for her, certainly Ruth was either ignorant of them or opposed to them.

"Is Miss Ruth aware of Mr. Denham's intentions regarding her?"

"I must decline to answer you, Mr. Lynde," said Mrs. Denham, rising with something like haughtiness in her manner.

"You are right. I was wrong to speak at present. I cannot conceive what impelled me; it was neither the time nor the place. I beg you to consider everything unsaid, if you can, and I especially beg you not to allude to this conversation in your note to Mr. Denham. The one important thing now is to have proper medical attendance for your niece. The rest will take care of itself."

Lynde bowed somewhat formally and was turning away when Mrs. Denham laid her fingers lightly on the sleeve of his coat. "I am sorry I have pained you," she said, as if with a touch of remorse.

"I confess I am pained," he replied, with the faintest smile, "but I am not discouraged, Mrs. Denham."

A quarter of an hour later Lynde was on the way to Geneva. Life and the world had somehow darkened for him within the hour. It seemed to him incredible that that was the same road over which he had passed so joyously two days before. The swollen torrents now rushed vengefully through the arches of the stone bridges; the low-hanging opaque clouds pressed the vitality out of the atmosphere; in the melancholy gray light the rain-soaked mountains wore a human aspect of dolor. He was not sorry when the mist gathered like frost on the carriage windows and shut the landscape from his sight.

The storm had been terrible in Geneva and in the neighborhood. It was a scene of devastation all along the road approaching the town. Most of the trees in the suburbs had been completely stripped of foliage by the hailstones; the leaves which still clung to the bent twigs were slit as if volleys of buckshot had been fired into them. But the saddest thing to see was field after field of rich grain mown within a few inches of the ground by those swift icy sickles which no man's hand had held. In the section of the city through which Lynde passed to the railway the streets were literally strewn with broken tiles and chimney-pots. In some places the red and purple fragments lay ankle-deep, like leaves in autumn. Hundreds of houses had been unroofed and thousands of acres laid waste in a single night. It will take the poor of the canton fifty years to forget the summer storm of 1875.

By noon the next day Lynde was in Paris. As he stepped from the station and stood under the blue sky in the sparkling Parisian atmosphere, the gloom and desolation he had left behind at Geneva and Chamouny affected him like the remembrance of a nightmare. For a brief space he forgot his sorrowful errand; then it came back to him with its heaviness redoubled by the contrast. He threw his valise on the seat of a *fiacre* standing near the cross-way, and drove

to the office of Galignani in the Rue de Rivoli, — the morgue in which the names of all foreign travelers are daily laid out for recognition. The third name Lynde fell upon was that of William Denham, Hôtel Meurice. The young man motioned to the driver to follow him and halt at the hotel entrance, which was only a few steps further in the arcade facing the gardens of the Tuileries.

Mr. Denham was at breakfast in the small salon opening on the paved square formed by the four interior walls of the building; he had just seated himself at the table, which was laid for two persons, when the waiter brought him Mrs. Denham's note and Lynde's card. Mr. Denham glanced from one to the other, and then broke the seal of the envelope with a puzzled air which directly changed into a perturbed expression.

"Show the gentleman in here," he said, speaking over the top of the note-sheet to the servant, "and set another cover."

It was a strongly featured person of fifty or fifty-five, slightly bald, and closely shaven with the exception of a heavy iron-gray mustache, who rose from the chair and stepped forward to meet Lynde as he entered. Lynde's name was familiar to Mr. Denham, it having figured rather prominently in his wife's correspondence during the latter part of the sojourn at Geneva.

"You have placed us all under deep obligations to you, sir," said Mr. Denham, with a smile in which the severity of his features melted.

"The obligations are on my side, sir," replied Lynde. "I owe Mrs. Denham a great many kindnesses. I wish I could have found some happier way than the present to express my sense of them."

"I sincerely hope she was not justified in allowing you to take this long journey. I beg of you to tell me what has happened. Mrs. Denham has been anything but explicit."

She had merely announced Ruth's illness, leaving it to Lynde to inform Mr. Denham of the particulars. That gentleman wrinkled his brows involuntarily as he listened to Lynde's account of his mountain excursion alone with Ruth and the result. "I have not seen Miss Denham since," said Lynde, concluding his statement, in which he had tripped and stumbled wofully. "I trust that Mrs. Denham's anxiety has exaggerated her niece's condition."

"Ruth is far from strong," replied Mr. Denham, "and my wife is almost morbidly quick to take alarm about her. In fact, we both are. Do you know how the trains run to Geneva? Is there anything earlier than the evening express?"

Lynde did not know.

"We will ascertain after breakfast," continued Mr. Denham. "Of course you have not breakfasted yet. You ought to be in appetite by this time. I am unusually late myself, this morning, and my friend, the doctor, is still later. We tired ourselves out yesterday in a jaunt to Fontainebleau. The doctor 's an incorrigible sight-seer. Ah, there he is! Mr. Lynde, my friend, Dr. Pendegrast."

Lynde did not start at hearing this unexpected name, though it pierced his ear like a sharp-pointed arrow. He was paralyzed for an instant; a blur came over his eyes, and he felt that his hands and feet were turning into ice. However, he made an effort to rise and salute the elderly gentleman who stood at his side with a hand stretched out in the cordial American fashion.

Evidently Dr. Pendegrast did not recognize Lynde, in whose personal appearance three years had wrought many changes. The doctor himself had altered in no essential; he was at that period of man's life — between fifty and sixty — when ravaging time seems to give him a respite for a couple of lustrums. As soon as Lynde could regain his self-possession he examined Dr. Pendegrast with the forlorn hope that this was not *his* Dr. Pendegrast; but it was he, with those round eyes like small blue-faience saucers, and that slight, wiry figure. If any doubt had lingered in the young man's mind, it would have vanished as the doctor drew forth from his fob that

same fat little gold watch, and turned it over on its back in the palm of his hand, just as he had done the day he invited Lynde to remain and dine with him at the asylum.

"Why, bless me, Denham!" he exclaimed, laying his ear to the crystal of the time-piece as if he were sounding a doubtful lung, "my watch has run down, — a thing that has n't happened these twenty years." As he stood with his head inclined on one side, the doctor's cheery eyes inadvertently rested upon Mr. Denham's face and detected its unwonted disturbance.

"Mr. Lynde has just come from Chamouny," said Mr. Denham, answering the doctor's mute interrogation. "It seems that Ruth is ill."

Dr. Pendegrast glanced at Lynde and turned to Mr. Denham again.

"I imagine it is only a cold," Mr. Denham went on. "She was caught in a rain storm on the mountain and got very wet. Mrs. Denham is of course worried about her, and Mr. Lynde has been kind enough to come all the way to Paris for us."

"That *was* very kind in him."

Dr. Pendegrast drew a chair up to the table and began questioning Lynde. Beyond satisfying such of the doctor's inquiries as he could, Lynde did not speak during the meal. He managed to swallow a cup of black coffee, which revived him; but he was unable to eat a mouthful. The intelligence he had brought so occupied his companions that the young man's very noticeable agitation and constraint escaped them. In a few minutes Mr. Denham rose from his seat and begged the two gentlemen to finish their breakfast at leisure, while he went to consult the time-table at the bureau of the hotel.

"The doctor can give you a genuine Havana," he remarked to Lynde. "I will join you shortly in the smoking-room."

While Dr. Pendegrast silently drank his coffee, Lynde gathered his scattered thoughts together. What course should he pursue? Should he take the doctor into his confidence, or should he let himself drift? How could the doctor help him in the circumstances? Ruth had been insane. What could do away with that dreadful fact, the revelation of which now appalled him as if he had never suspected it. Ruth, Ruth, — the very name was significant of calamity! Flemming's words rang in his ears: "You would not marry her!" He had not replied to Flemming that night when the case was merely supposititious. But now — it seemed to Lynde that he had never loved Ruth until this moment. The knowledge of her misfortune had added to his love that great pity of which he had spoken to his friend. But could he marry her? He did not dare put the question squarely, for he dared not confess to himself that he could not give her up. This, then, was the key to Mrs. Denham's cold rejection of his suit; it explained, also, Ruth's unwillingness to have him speak to her of his love. How poignant must have been her anguish that day on Montanvert if she cared for him! She loved him, — how could he doubt it? — but she had accepted the hopelessness of the position. In his own mind he had accused her of coquetry in their walk at the cascade of Nant d'Arpenaz. He saw through it all now; the scales had fallen from his eyes. She was hiding her misery under a smooth face, as women will. A sudden reflection sent a chill over Lynde: what if she had recognized him that first day at dinner in Geneva and had been playing a part all the while! Then she was the most subtile actress that ever lived, and the leading lady of the Théâtre Français might indeed go and take lessons of her, as Flemming had said. The thought gave Lynde a shock. He would not like to have the woman he loved such an actress as that. Had Ruth revealed everything to the aunt, and was she too playing a part? In her several allusions to Dr. Pendegrast Mrs. Denham had called him "the doctor" simply, or "an old friend of our family," and never once pronounced his name. "Was that accidental or intentional?" Lynde wondered. "It was inevitable that he and I should meet sooner or

later. Was she endeavoring to keep the knowledge of Dr. Pendegrast from me as long as possible? The exigency has unmasked her!"

"Now, Mr. Lynde, I am at your service."

Lynde gave a start, as if the doctor had suddenly dropped down at his side from out of the sky.

Dr. Pendegrast pushed back his chair and led the way across the quadrangle, in which a number of persons were taking coffee at small tables set here and there under oleander-trees in green-painted tubs. The smoking-room was unoccupied. Lynde stood a moment undetermined in the centre of the apartment, and then he laid his hand on the doctor's shoulder.

"You don't remember me?"

"Ah, then I *have* seen you before!" exclaimed Dr. Pendegrast, transfixed in the act of drawing a cigar from his case. "Your name and your face puzzled me, but I could not place you, so I didn't mention it. You must pardon an old man's bad memory. I am confused. When and where have I had the pleasure of seeing you?"

"It was scarcely a pleasure," said Lynde with bitterness.

"Indeed? I cannot imagine that; it is a pleasure now," returned the doctor courteously.

"It was three years ago, at your asylum. As you will recollect, I was brought there by mistake the day the patients"—

"Bless me!" exclaimed the doctor, dropping the ignited match. "How could I forget you! I took such a great liking to you, too. I have thought of that awkward affair a thousand times. But, really, coming across you in this unexpected manner"—

"I suppose I have changed somewhat," Lynde broke in. "Dr. Pendegrast, I am in a very strange position here. It is imperative you should be perfectly frank with me. You will have to overlook my abruptness. Mr. Denham may return any instant, and what I have to say cannot be said in his presence. I know that Miss Denham has been under your charge as a patient. I want to know more than that bare circumstance."

The doctor recoiled a step. "Of course," he said, recovering himself, "you must have recognized her."

"I met your friends six or seven weeks ago at Geneva," continued Lynde. "I recognized Miss Denham at once; but later I came to doubt and finally to disbelieve that I had ever seen her elsewhere. I refused to accept the testimony of my eyes and ears because — because so much of my happiness depended on my rejecting it."

"Does Mrs. Denham know that you are in possession of the fact you mention? Denham of course does n't."

"No; it is my meeting with you that has turned my discarded doubt into a certainty."

"Then, for goodness' sake," said Dr. Pendegrast, throwing a glance across the quadrangle, "do not breathe a syllable of this; do not even think of it. It has been kept from every one, — from even the most intimate friends of the family: Ruth herself is not aware of her temporary derangement."

"Miss Denham does not know it?"

"She has not the remotest suspicion of the misfortune which befell her three years ago."

"Miss Denham does not know it?" repeated Lynde, in a dazed way. "That — that seems impossible! Pardon me. How did it happen, Dr. Pendegrast?"

"I assume that you are not asking me through idle curiosity," said the doctor, looking at him attentively.

"I have vital reasons for my question, doctor."

"I do not see why I should not tell you, since you know so much. The family were in Florida that spring. Ruth had not been well for several months; they had gone South on her account. It was partly a pulmonary difficulty. On their return North, Ruth was prostrated by a typhoid fever. She recovered from that, but with her mind strangely disordered. The mental malady increased with her convalescence. Denham and I were old friends; he had faith in my skill, and she was placed

in my care. She was brought to the asylum because I could not attend to her anywhere else. I considered her case serious at first, even hopeless. The human body is still a mystery, after science has said its last word. The human mind is a deeper mystery. While I doubted of her recovery, she recovered. At the first intimation of returning health, she was taken home; when her wandering thought came back to her she was in her own room. She remembered that she had been very ill, a long time ill; she had a faint impression that I had attended her meanwhile; but she remembered nothing more. The knowledge of her affliction was kept a secret from her, — unwisely, I think. They put it off and put it off, until it became very awkward to tell her."

Lynde started as he recalled his conversation with Miss Denham on the rocks overhanging the Mer de Glace. With unwitting cruelty he had told Ruth her own pathetic story, and she had unconsciously pitied herself! A lump came into his throat as he remembered it.

"That was a mistake," said Lynde, with an effort, "not to tell her."

"An absurd mistake. It has given my friends no end of trouble and embarrassment."

"How long was she ill this way?"

"Something less than two months."

"It was the result of the fever?"

"That chiefly."

"It was not — hereditary?" Lynde lingered on the word.

"No."

"Then it is not likely to occur again?"

"I cannot think of anything more unlikely," returned the doctor, "unless the same conditions conspire, which is scarcely supposable, as I could easily prove to you. You can understand, Mr. Lynde, that this has been a sore trial to Denham and his wife; they have had no children, and their hearts are bound up in Ruth. The dread of a recurrence of the trouble has haunted them night and day in spite of all the arguments I could advance to reassure them. They have got what our French friends call a fixed idea, which is generally an idea that requires a great deal of fixing. The girl ought to marry, — every woman ought to marry, it is her one mission; but between their affections and their apprehensions, my friends have allowed Ruth no opportunity to form attachments."

"I am glad of that," said Lynde, quietly.

"Are you!" snapped the doctor. "I am not. I would like to see her married some day. I would like to see a dozen lovers about her. It is as natural for a young girl to coquet as it is for a canary to peck at its seed or trim its bill on a bit of fishbone. It is bad for the girl and the canary when they are prevented."

"There is something human in this crisp old doctor," said Lynde to himself, and then aloud: "So Mr. Denham has no matrimonial plans for her?"

"None whatever. Since Ruth's recovery the family have been on the wing constantly, either at home or abroad. Most of Ruth's life has been passed over here. I trust to your discretion. You will see the necessity of keeping all this to yourself."

"I do, and I now see that your traveling with the Denhams is a circumstance in no way connected with the state of Miss Denham's health."

"Not in the most distant manner, Mr. Lynde. I am with them because they are my old friends. I was worn out with professional work, and I ran across the sea to recuperate. It is fortunate I did, since Ruth chances to need me."

Lynde pondered a moment, and then, abruptly: "Does Mrs. Denham know of my former meeting with her niece?"

"I never breathed a word to Mrs. Denham on the subject of Ruth's escapade," replied the doctor. "It would have pained her without mending matters. Besides, I was not proud of that transaction."

Mrs. Denham's suppression of the doctor's name, then, in speaking of him to Lynde, had been purely accidental.

"Miss Ruth's strange hallucination, in her illness, as to personality, her fancy

about the Queen of Sheba, — what was that traceable to?" asked Lynde.

"Heaven only knows. She was reading the Old Testament very much in those days. I have sometimes accepted that as an explanation. It often happens that a delusion takes its cue from something read, or thought, or experienced in a rational state. In the case of the man Blaisdell, for example, — you remember him, with his marble ship? He was formerly an enterprising ship-builder; during the Southern war he filled a contract with government for a couple of iron-clads, and made his fortune. The depression in shipping afterwards ruined him — and he fell to constructing marble vessels!"

Lynde did not speak immediately, and the doctor relighted his cigar, which had gone out.

"Dr. Pendegrast, you have lifted a crushing weight from me. I cannot explain it to you now and here; but you shall know some day."

Dr. Pendegrast smiled. "I did not recollect you at first, Mr. Lynde; my memory for names and faces is shockingly derelict, but I have retained most of my other faculties in tolerably good order. I have been unreserved with you because I more than suspect" —

The doctor's sentence was cut short by Mr. Denham, who entered at the instant. He had learned that there was no train for Geneva before the night-express. Lynde lighted the cigar which he had been unconsciously holding between his fingers all this while, and on the pretense of cashing a draft at a banker's left the two gentlemen together. He wandered absently into the Place de la Concorde, crossed the crowded bridge there, and plunged into the narrow streets of the Latin Quarter. Finding his way back after an hour or so to the other bank of the Seine, he seated himself on one of those little black iron chairs which seem to have let themselves down like spiders from the lime-trees in the Champs Élysées, and remained for a long time in a deep study.

The meeting with Dr. Pendegrast had been so severe a shock to Lynde that he could not straightway recover his mental balance. The appalling shadow which the doctor's presence had for the moment thrown across him had left Lynde benumbed and chilled despite the reassuring sunshine of the doctor's words. By degrees, however, Lynde warmed to life again; his gloom slipped off and was lost in the restless tides of life which surged about him. It was the hour when Paris sits at small green tables in front of the cafés and sips its *absinthe* or *cassis;* when the boulevards are thronged, and the rich equipages come and go. There was not a cloud in the tender blue sky against which the reddish obelisk of Luxor looked like a column of jet; the fountains were playing in the Place de la Concorde, and in the Tuileries gardens beyond, the breeze dreamily stirred the foliage which hid from Lynde's view the gray façade of the gutted palace, still standing there, calcined and cracked by the fires of the Commune. Presently all this began to distract him, and when he returned to the hotel he was in a humor that would have been comparatively tranquil if so many tedious miles had not stretched between Paris and Chamouny.

He found Mr. Denham and Dr. Pendegrast delaying dinner for him. After dinner, seeing no prospect of renewing conversation in private with the doctor, Lynde killed the time by writing a voluminous letter to Flemming, whose name he had stumbled on in the passenger-list of a steamer advertised to sail two days later from Liverpool.

As Lynde took his seat in the railway carriage that night he had a feeling that several centuries had elapsed since day-break. Every moment was a month to him until he could get back to Chamouny. The thought that Ruth might be dangerously ill scarcely presented itself among his reflections. She was free, he loved her, and there was no reason why he should not try to win her, however strongly the Denhams might be opposed to him. His mind was perfectly easy on that score; they had no right to wreck the girl's future in their shallow fear. His two traveling companions shortly

dropped asleep, but Lynde did not close his eyes during those ten weary hours to Mâcon. Thence to Geneva was five hours more of impatience. At Geneva the party halted no longer than was necessary to refresh themselves at a buffet near the station and hire a conveyance to Chamouny, which they reached two or three hours after sunset. The town still lay, as Lynde had left it, in the portentous shadow of the mountain, with the sullen rain dropping from the black sky.

Lynde drew an alarming augury from the circumstance that Mrs. Denham did not come down to greet them. It dawned upon him then for the first time with any distinctness that Ruth might be fatally ill. Mr. Denham, accompanied by Dr. Pendegrast, hastened to his wife's apartments, and Lynde stationed himself at the head of a staircase in the hall, where he waited nearly an hour in intolerable suspense before the doctor reappeared.

"What is it, doctor?"

"Pneumonia. No," he added, divining Lynde's unspoken thought even before it had fairly shaped itself in his brain, "it is not the other business."

"You are hiding the truth from me," said Lynde, with a pang. "She is dead!"

"No, but she is very low. The disease is approaching a crisis; a change must take place by to-morrow. Frankly, I dread that change. I am hiding nothing from you."

"Is there no hope? You do not mean that!"

"I am afraid I do. Perhaps it is because she is so dear to me that I always anticipate the worst when she is concerned. The other physician is more sanguine; but then he does not love Ruth as I do."

"You might have saved her!"

"Everything has been done that could be done. He is a person of remarkable skill, this Paris physician. I could have advised no change in his treatment of the case if I had been on the spot at first. That is a great deal for one physician to say of another. You had better go and get some rest," added Dr. Pendegrast, in a changed voice, struck by the young man's ghastly look. "Your two night-journeys have used you up."

Lynde went mechanically to his room and threw himself upon the bed without undressing. He had no inclination to sleep, but his fatigue, bodily and mental, overcame him unawares as he lay listening to the wind which swept through the mountain-gorges, and rose and fell monotonously with a sound like the rote of the sea. It was a vision of the sea that filled his unrestful slumber; Ruth was dead, she had died in his arms, and he was standing woebegone, like a ghost, on the deck of a homeward bound ship, with the gray, illimitable waste of waters stretching around him.

It appeared to Lynde to be in the middle of the night, though it was in fact on the edge of day-break, that he was awakened by some one knocking softly at his door. He lighted a match, and by its momentary flicker saw Mr. Denham standing on the threshold.

"Ruth wishes to see you," he said, indistinctly and with an indecisive air. "As nearly as we can gather, that is what she wants. Come quickly!"

Without waiting for a reply Mr. Denham turned and passed through the hall. Lynde followed in silence. He was less surprised than agitated by the summons; it was of a piece with the dream from which he had been roused.

There were candles burning on the mantel-piece of the chamber, and the dawn was whitening the window-panes. In that weird, blended light the face of the sick girl shone like a fading star. Lynde was conscious of no other presence, though Mrs. Denham and Dr. Pendegrast with a third person were standing near the chimney-place. Ruth raised her eyes and smiled upon Lynde as he came in; then her lids closed and did not open again, but the smile stayed in a dim way on her features, and a flush almost too faint to be perceived crept into her cheeks. Lynde stooped by the bed and took one of Ruth's hands. She turned her head slightly on the pillow, and after a moment her lips moved as if she were making an effort to speak.

Lynde remained immobile, fearing to draw breath lest a word should escape his ear. But she did not speak. As he stood there listening in the breathless stillness, the flame of the candles burned fainter and fainter in the increasing daylight; a bird twittered somewhere aloft; then the sunshine streamed through the windows, and outside all the heights were touched with sudden gold.

Dr. Pendegrast approached Lynde and rested one finger on his arm. "You had better go now," the doctor whispered hastily. "I will come to you by and by."

Lynde was sitting on the side of the bed in his own room in the broad daylight. He had been sitting motionless in one posture for an hour, — perhaps two hours, he could not tell how long, — when Dr. Pendegrast opened the door without pausing to knock. Lynde felt the cold creeping about his heart.

"Doctor," he said, desperately, "don't tell me!"

"Mr. Lynde," said Dr. Pendegrast, walking up to the bedside and speaking very slowly, as if he were doubtful of his own words and found it difficult to utter them, "a change has taken place, but it is a change for the better. I believe that Ruth will live."

"She will live!"

"We thought she was sinking; she thought so herself, the poor child. You were worth a thousand doctors to her, that's my belief. Mrs. Denham was afraid to tell her you had gone to Paris to fetch us, thinking it would excite her. Ruth imagined that her aunt had offended you, and thought you had gone not to return."

"Ah!"

"That troubled her, in the state she was in, — troubled her mightily. She has been able to take a few spoonfuls of broth," the doctor went on, irrelevantly; "her pulse is improved; if she has no drawback she will get well."

Lynde looked around him bewilderedly for a moment; then he covered his face with his hands. "I thought she was dying!" he said under his breath.

That day and the next the girl's life hung by a thread; then the peril passed, and her recovery became merely a question of careful nursing. The days which immediately followed this certainty were the happiest Lynde had ever known. Perhaps it was because his chamber was directly over Ruth's that he sat there in the window-seat, reading from morning until night. It was as near to her as he was permitted to approach. He saw little of Mr. Denham and still less of Mrs. Denham during that week; but the doctor spent an hour or two every evening with Lynde, and did not find it tiresome to talk of nothing but his patient. The details of her convalescence were listened to with an interest that would have won Dr. Pendegrast if he had not already been very well disposed towards the young fellow, several of whose New York friends, as it transpired, were old acquaintances of the doctor's, — Dr. Dillon and his family, and the Delaneys. The conversation between Lynde and Dr. Pendegrast at the Hôtel Meurice had been hurried and disjointed, and in that respect unsatisfactory; but the minute history of Ruth's previous case, which the doctor related to Lynde in the course of those long summer nights, set his mind completely at rest.

"I could never have given her up, any way," said Lynde to himself. "I have loved her for three years, though I did n't know it. That was my wife's slipper after all," he added, thinking of the time when it used to seem to be sitting up for him at night, on his writing-table at Rivermouth.

By and by the hours began to drag with him. The invalid could not get well fast enough to keep pace with his impatience. The day she was able for the first time to sit up a while, in an arm-chair wheeled by the bedside, was a *fête* day to the four Americans in the Couronne Hotel. If Lynde did not exhaust his entire inheritance in cut flowers on this occasion, it was because Dr. Pendegrast objected to them in any profusion in a sick-chamber.

"When am I to see her?" asked Lynde that evening, as the doctor dropped into the room to make his usual report.

"Let me think. To-day is Tuesday, — perhaps we shall let you see her by Friday or Saturday."

"Good heavens! why don't you put it off thirty or forty years?"

"I have n't the time," returned Dr. Pendegrast, laughing. "Seriously, she will not be strong enough until then to bear the least excitement. I am not going to run any risks with Ruth, I can tell you. You are very impatient, of course. I will give you a soothing draught."

"What is it?"

"A piece of information."

"I 'll take it!"

"And a piece of advice."

"I 'll take that, too; you can't frighten me."

"It is a betrayal of confidence on my part," said the doctor slowly, and with an air of reconsidering his offer.

"No matter."

"Well, then, Ruth's asking for you, the other night, rather amazed Denham when he came to think it over quietly, and Mrs. Denham judged it best to inform him of the conversation which took place between you and her the morning you set out for Paris. Denham was still more amazed. She had attempted to cure him of one astonishment by giving him another. *Similia similibus curantur* did not work that time. Then the two came to me for consultation, and I told them I thought Ruth's case required a doctor of divinity rather than a doctor of medicine."

"Did you say that!"

"Certainly I did. I strongly advised an operation, and designated the English Church here as a proper place in which to have it performed. Moreover, as a change of air would be beneficial as soon as might be afterwards, I suggested for the invalid a short trip to Geneva — with not too much company. My dear fellow, you need not thank me; I am looking exclusively to Ruth's happiness, — yours can come in incidentally, if it wants to. Mrs. Denham is *your* ally."

"Is she, indeed? I thought differently. And Ruth" —

"Ruth," interposed the doctor, with a twinkle in his eyes, "Ruth is the good little girl in the primer who does n't speak until she 's spoken to."

"By Jove, she does n't speak even then! I have tried her twice: once she evaded me, and once she refused to listen."

"The results of her false education," said the doctor, sententiously.

Lynde laughed.

"To what view of the question does Mr. Denham incline?" he asked.

"Denham is not as unreasonable as he used to be; but he is somewhat stunned by the unexpectedness of the thing."

"That 's the information; and now for the advice, doctor."

"I advise you to speak with Denham the first chance you get. You will have an opportunity this evening. I took the liberty of asking him to come up here and smoke a cigar with us as soon as he finishes his coffee."

Lynde nodded his head approvingly, and the doctor went on: —

"I shall leave you together after a while, and then you must manage it. At present he is in no state to deny Ruth anything; he would give her a lover just as he would buy her a pair of earrings. His joy over her escape from death — it was a fearfully narrow escape, let me tell you — has left him powerless. Moreover, her illness, in which there has not been a symptom of the old trouble, has reassured him on a most painful point. In short, everything is remarkably smooth for you. I think that 's Denham's step now in the hall," added Dr. Pendegrast, hurriedly. "You can say what you please to him of Ruth; but mind you, my dear boy, not a word at this juncture about the Queen of Sheba — she 's dethroned, you know!"

XI.

FROM CHAMOUNY TO GENEVA.

One morning in September, a month after all this, three persons, a lady and two gentlemen, stood on the upper step of the Couronne Hotel, waving farewell

with their handkerchiefs to a carriage which had just started from the door and was gayly taking the road to St. Gervais-les-Bains, on the way to Geneva.

A cool purple light stretched along the valley and reached up the mountain side to where the eternal snows begin. The crown of Mont Blanc, muffled in its scarf of cloud, was invisible. The old monarch was in that disdainful mood which sometimes lasts him for months together. From those perilous heights came down a breath that chilled the air and tempered the sunshine falling upon Chamouny, now silent and deserted, for the season was well-nigh over. With the birds, their brothers, the summer tourists had flown southward at the rustling of the first autumnal leaf. Here and there a guide leaned idly against a post in front of one of the empty hotels. There was no other indication of life in the main street save the little group we have mentioned watching the departing carriage.

This carriage, a maroon body set upon red and black wheels, was drawn by four white horses and driven by the marquis. The doctor had prescribed white horses, and he took great credit to himself that morning as he stood on the hotel steps beside Mr. and Mrs. Denham, who followed the retreating vehicle rather thoughtfully with their eyes until it turned a corner of the narrow street and was lost to them.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

"Nought but the fittest lives," I hear
  Ring on the northern breeze of thought:
"To Nature's heart the strong are dear;
  The weak must pass unloved, unsought."

And yet, in undertones, a Voice
  Is heard that says: "O child of earth,
Your mind's best work, your heart's best choice,
  Shall stand with God for what they 're worth."

'T is not the strong alone survives;
  Truth, Beauty, Virtue, scattered wide
In humble soil, bear noble lives
  Whose fruits forever must abide.

Time's buildings are not all of stone;
  With frailest fibres Nature spins
Her living webs from zone to zone,
  And what is lost she daily wins.

I fain would think, amid the strife
  Between realities and forms,
Slight gifts may claim perennial life
  'Mid slow decay and sudden storms.

This tuft of silver hairs I loose
From open windows to the breeze,
Some bird of spring perchance may use
To build her nest in yonder trees.

These pictures painted with an art
Surpassed by younger sight and skill
May pass into some friendly heart,
Some room with Nature's smiles may fill.

These leaves of light and earnest rhyme
Dropped on the windy world, though long
Neglected now, some future time
May weave into its nest of song.

C. P. Cranch.

THE AMERICAN IRON-MASTER'S WORK.

In the year 1608 the British East India Company purchased seventeen tons of pig-iron — subsequently declared by Sir Thomas Gates to be "as good as any in Europe" — for four pounds sterling per ton. This iron had been smelted from ore sent to England by the new colony at Jamestown, Virginia. The successful result of the experiment was not forgotten, although the disastrous speculation in mining and exporting to England glittering mica and iron pyrites for gold drew off the attention of the colonists even from those industries which were necessary to support life; and after its collapse and their narrow escape from starvation there was little heart for mining of any kind. But in 1620 the iron business was begun in earnest, — not, however, in the way of exporting ores. Large transactions of that kind are the product of later times, and peculiar to countries where fuel is scarce. The great need of England at the beginning of the seventeenth century was not iron ore, but fuel. The method of making iron was the most wasteful form of the charcoal manufacture, and had already devastated the forests of a large part of the kingdom. Hence what Evelyn called "the goodly forests of the other world" offered, in connection with the discoveries of excellent iron ore in Virginia, a promising field for this industry. A hundred and fifty skilled workmen were sent to the colony to erect iron-works, and it is said that a fund subscribed by philanthropic Britons "for the education of the colonists and Indians" was invested in the enterprise as a means of increasing it. But the copper-colored beneficiaries of the fund, not appreciating these benevolent introductory steps, fell upon the infant institution, massacred all the workmen they could get hold of, and destroyed the works. Various causes prevented the resumption of the undertaking, among them the rapid and profitable development of the culture of tobacco, which became the staple of the colony.

For an interesting review of the progress of the iron manufacture of the colonies, the reader is referred to the recent work of Mr. Pearse,[1] who has collected many valuable facts bearing upon the subject. The Centennial address of Mr. Hewitt presents a brief outline of

[1] A Concise History of the Iron Manufacture of the American Colonies up to the Revolution, and of Pennsylvania until the Present Time. By John B. Pearse, A. M., Metallurgist, Engineer, Commissioner of Geological Survey of Pennsylvania, etc. Philadelphia. 1876.

the beginnings of this business and its ante-Revolutionary course, together with a picture of the condition of mining and metallurgy at the close of that period, preparatory to the sketch of the century's progress[1] and the forecast of the future which form the main portion of the address. Mr. Hewitt covers with his compact but comprehensive generalization the whole field of mining and metallurgy. We are indebted to his address for a few of the following facts concerning the development of the iron manufacture.

Early in the eighteenth century, the blomaries and charcoal blast-furnaces of America began to be seriously felt in competition with the pig-iron manufacture of the mother country. The government having protected by heavy duties the home production, a new competition sprang up in bar-iron, nails, steel, etc., in the manufacture of which the abundant cheap fuel of the colonies continued to give them a decisive advantage. This new difficulty soon overshadowed the old one; and Parliament determined to abandon the pig-iron business to the natural effect of the laws of trade, and to "regulate" the more dangerous industries growing out of it. Hence the famous decree of 1750, by which colonial pig-iron was admitted free of duty, while the erection in America of slitting, rolling, or plating mills, or steel furnaces was prohibited, and all new ones thereafter built were ordered to be suppressed as "nuisances." It is related that the ingenious mechanics of the colonies evaded this prohibition to some extent by constructing machinery which could be quickly dismantled and hidden. When the visit of a royal official was expected, an active slitting-mill would retire through some convenient trap-door into the cellar, leaving perhaps an innocent grist-mill sole apparent occupant of the building. Only industrious counterfeiters and whisky-distillers labor under such disadvantages nowadays! The Declaration of Independence enumerates these arbitrary acts for the destruction of our infant manufactures among the grievances which justified separation.

The Revolutionary War, while it put an end to American exportation, caused a large demand for iron at home and consequently a rapid increase in its production. Meanwhile, the successful employment of mineral coal, the introduction (1776) of the perfected steam-engine, and the general adoption of the "puddling" process completely transformed the conditions of this business in England. When our ports were reopened at the close of the war, our iron industry had to meet, not only the inevitable reaction from its fever of the past few years, but also the competition of foreign iron, now for the first time produced under conditions and by methods which permitted capital to exert its full economical influence. The growth of the American industry from that time to this has been determined partly by the changing tariff legislation, partly by the growing domestic demand, and partly by the successive introduction of various improved methods and machines. The total product of pig-iron (not including charcoal-blooms and other forms of iron made directly from the ore without complete fusion, the amount of which is, however, small in comparison) has been, since 1776, about forty million tons avoirdupois. The maximum product was that of 1873, when 2,560,962 tons were manufactured. That was the year of the panic. But a blast-furnace is not a thing to be stopped in a day, just because of a catastrophe in Wall Street; and either by reason of contracts and orders still pending, or through the influence of a general expectation that the storm would soon blow over, the iron-works of the country kept on at full speed into 1874. But the blow struck them at last, and the history of their business ever since has been one of continued loss and disaster.

Before looking more closely into the present situation and prospects of the iron business, let us devote a few words to the natural resources of the United States in this respect. As we do not purpose to be technical, we shall say as little as possible of the geological, mineralogical, or chemical aspects of the subject.

[1] A Century of Mining and Metallurgy in the United States. Centennial Address of Hon. Abram S. Hewitt, President Elect of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, Philadelphia, June 20, 1876

The three great essentials to the profitable manufacture of iron are ore, flux, and fuel, in cheap and regular supply. A fourth necessary condition is cheap and regular transportation to the centres of consumption. But the latter is to some extent furnished by the operation of the former, since the supply of suitable and cheap raw material at any point encourages the growth at that point of industries employing that material. It is cheaper to transport manufactured articles than crude products. Even now, though practically no pig-iron is exported from this country, the annual export of manufactured forms of iron and steel exceeds twenty million dollars in value. This principle operates to create great manufacturing centres, like Pittsburgh, in regions where iron can be economically produced.

Viewed on the large scale, and apart from the temporary phase of the industry supported by the use of charcoal, the iron ores of the United States, it must be confessed, are not conveniently located with respect to its metallurgical fuels. Very brilliant exceptions there are, such as the black-band ores of Ohio; the carbonates, red hematites, and limonites of Western Pennsylvania; the great magnetite deposit of Cornwall, in Lebanon County, Pennsylvania, very near the Schuylkill anthracite coal-field; and some localities in the South which are reported to be highly favored in this regard. At all such points, pig-iron can be and is cheaply produced. Only the cost of getting it to market protects the producers at other points, nearer to certain markets, though further from their own sources of raw material. But the most widely developed and most extensively used of the iron ores of the country are mined in places remote from the coal-fields, such as the Champlain region, or the Highlands of New York and New Jersey, or the peninsula of Michigan, or the heart of Missouri. If we assume that on the average two tons of ore yield in the furnace one ton of iron, while the consumption of fuel is generally from one and one quarter to two tons per ton of iron (less weight of coke than of anthracite being required), it is apparent that so far as these ingredients are concerned the fuel might be carried to the ore not less cheaply, perhaps more cheaply, than the ore to the fuel. This is indeed done at a few points, as, for instance, the blast-furnaces in New Jersey, along the Hudson and on Lake Champlain, and one in Massachusetts, which obtain anthracite from Pennsylvania. But other questions of economy and trade have in most cases settled the relation in the opposite sense; and the great majority of American iron-works are nearer to their fuel than to their ore. Thus the ores of Lake Superior and Missouri find their way to the coal of Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, and Western Pennsylvania, while the great groups of iron-works along the Lehigh draw their supplies of ore largely from the New Jersey mountain ranges. It is not unusual, in fact, to find in their stock-yards material from still more distant lands. Thus there may at almost any time be seen at the Bethlehem Iron Works thousands of tons of Spanish brown hematite, or of the famous ore of Mokta-el-Hadid, in Algiers, — the wonderful deposit which yields more than half a million tons annually, supports a railroad, a sea-port, and fleets of vessels, and supplies all Europe (to say nothing of occasional shipments to other quarters of the world) with perhaps the purest and best "Bessemer" ore known. The Spanish ore from Bilbao is also free from deleterious ingredients, but it is not so rich in iron. Under the pressure of hard times and low prices, the somewhat costly business of importing European or African ores to the interior of this country for treatment will probably decline, and Bessemer pig-iron, like other brands, will be made from native ores exclusively. Mokta-el-Hadid has a long arm, but she cannot reach Chicago and Joliet, or even Pittsburgh and Cleveland.

The anthracite furnaces of the Lehigh Valley, the seat of the most extensive manufacture of pig-iron in the country, are between the fuel and the ore, and close by the limestone which they require as a flux. This position is rendered specially favorable by the circumstance

that they can draw their supplies from the mountains of the anthracite (Lehigh) field on the one hand, and from the iron ranges of New Jersey on the other hand, *by descending grades*. During a part of 1876, it is believed that some of these works have obtained coal for less than three dollars per ton delivered, and ores at rates which made the amount of ore required for one ton of iron cost less than nine dollars. Of course these conditions cannot be compared with exceptional cases, East or West. There are works, for instance, in Alabama, where the item of ore per ton of iron aggregates but ninety cents; the ore in that case being a brown hematite, and lying on the surface, so that to mine it is merely to shovel it. But, on the whole, the commercial importance of the Lehigh Valley may be said to be based on a concurrence of very favorable natural conditions, and therefore to be, so far as the great Eastern markets are concerned, beyond the danger of overthrow for many years to come. The West, however, will no longer be a customer of Eastern Pennsylvania. The decline in the production of the Lehigh, Susquehanna, and Schuylkill valleys since 1872 is partly offset by an increased yield in certain Western districts, particularly the Hanging Rock district in Ohio. The latest development is that of the Hocking Valley in the same State, where many new furnaces have started or are about to start, and where, it is said, with the advantage of cheap coal, ore (carbonate), and limestone, iron is made at a cost of from thirteen dollars to fifteen dollars per ton.

Returning now, for a general survey, to the distribution of the great deposits of iron ores in the United States, we may adopt the words of Councilor Wedding, one of the German commissioners to the late Centennial Exhibition, whose admirable monograph on the American iron industry [1] is now in course of publication abroad. He says:—

"The great occurrences of iron ore which have a general importance for the industry are confined to the magnetic ores of the eastern crystalline azoic zone, the red hematites and magnetites of Lake Superior, and the similar ores of South Missouri. Great but local importance attaches to the brown hematites of the limestone ranges, the red fossiliferous ores of the Clinton group, and the carbonates and clay ores of Ohio."

Of the massive but little-developed deposits of the Southern Appalachians, or the Rocky Mountain region (Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Utah), or the Sierra Nevada (California, Oregon), Councilor Wedding says nothing. They form a necessary part of every picture drawn by prophecy of the future industrial progress of the nation; but they are not factors in present problems. The same author estimates the product of iron ores in the United States as follows:—

Eastern Magnetites:		
Lake Champlain	330,000 tons,	
New Jersey	620,000 tons,	
Cornwall, Pa.	250,000 tons,	
Other districts	100,000 tons,	
		1,300,000 tons,
Eastern brown hematites		500,000 tons,
Lake Superior region		1,000,000 tons,
Missouri region		330,000 tons,
All other regions		570,000 tons,
Total		3,700,000 tons,

— representing at sixty per cent. an annual yield of pig-iron of 2,220,000 tons. Since sixty per cent. is higher than the average yield of the ores charged in American furnaces, we must infer that either the ore product is underrated or the iron product is overrated in this statement. It is probable that Councilor Wedding, misled by the absurd traditional confusion of our weights, has taken the amount of ore in gross tons of 2240 pounds, and the iron in net tons of 2000 pounds. For some inscrutable reason, the statistics of the American Iron and Steel Association as to the product of pig-iron are always published in net tons. This is the more unfortunate for foreign readers, because the avoirdupois ton of 2240 pounds is but thirty-five pounds heavier than the *tonneau* or metric ton familiarly known in Europe, whereas our "short" or net ton differs from the

[1] Das Eisenhüttenwesen in den Vereinigten Staaten von Nord-Amerika. Von Dr. H. Wedding, königl. Bergrath. (Prussian Zeitschrift für das Berg-, Hütten-, und Salinen-Wesen, vol. xxiv. et seqq.)

tonneau by 205 pounds. Adopting as correct the above estimate of 3,700,000 tons of iron ore as our annual product, and 2,000,000 gross tons as the product of pig-iron, we have an average yield of fifty-four per cent., which is certainly high enough.

It is interesting to observe how our iron mines and mining strike a foreigner familiar with other systems. Councilor Wedding finds a great resemblance between the Champlain deposits and those of Sweden, excepting, of course, the freedom of the ore from phosphorus, in which respect Sweden has the advantage. In the same connection he laments the lack of thorough explorations, which would throw light on obscure questions as to the position and relations of the ore bodies, and says: "It is a peculiarity of American mining that explorations in advance of actual necessity are practically neglected. Excavation is made from the surface down into the ore, without reference to the labors which will be rendered necessary a few years later; ground is filled with waste rock, which has to be removed afterwards at great cost. This is called a better use of capital, and indeed the calculation of economy in such questions of mining is difficult, since it may easily happen that the developments made do not cover the cost of explorations; but American practice seems to go to an unjustifiable extreme." This criticism is partially, and only partially, justified by the facts. The greater cost of labor in this country has enforced on the one hand, especially in the mining of cheap ores like those of iron, a system involving as little current "dead work" as possible; but, on the other hand, the same conditions have stimulated the mechanical ingenuity of our people, and the systematic use of the diamond drill (originally a French invention) for "prospecting" purposes has been carried on more widely and successfully in the United States than anywhere else. A curious commentary on the condemnation of American mine owners by a German engineer, because they do not sufficiently explore in advance, is furnished by the recent complaint of the San Francisco speculators that the use of the diamond drill in the mines of the Comstock lode has turned "legitimate" speculation into a game in which one party has loaded dice. The managers of the mine know beforehand what will be the results of opening each new level or stope, and the purchase and sale of stocks is no longer a "fair gamble." But aside from explorations for the purpose of ascertaining the limits and value of ore deposits, it is quite true that American mines seldom present large reserves of ground opened in advance with the necessary shafts and galleries, and ready for the systematic extraction of the ore. Hence their history is usually a succession of "flush times" and "hard times" instead of a general average of moderately profitable industry. We cannot pause here to discuss the causes of this fact. They lie deeper than any mere whim or peculiarity of national character.

To return to Councilor Wedding: the text from which he preaches seems to be the practice of working iron mines as open cuts and quarries. This is generally admitted to be, except in certain cases (like the hill of iron ore at Cornwall, for instance), poor economy in the long run, because of the ever-increasing amount of "stripping" and surface work which it requires, as well as of other difficulties connected with hoisting, drainage, etc. Numerous American iron mines, begun in this way, are now worked subterraneously; but the earlier excavations often turn out annoying and expensive.

The iron-ore deposits of the country are sometimes owned in fee, together with the land, by the parties working the mines; and sometimes the "mineral right" is leased by the land-owner. In either case the mining operator may be himself a manufacturer of iron, or merely a seller of ore to furnace proprietors. Not infrequently both sources of profit are combined, as at Lake Superior, Cornwall, and Lake Champlain. But in these cases the sales of ore exceed the domestic consumption. A prudent iron-master would not sell ore that was suit-

able for his own purposes, unless assured of a supply far beyond his needs for years to come. The leasing of mineral rights has often proved very profitable to the lessor. There is usually a certain royalty to be paid per ton of ore extracted, and a minimum of annual payments fixed in the agreement. A common term is twenty years. Many a plain old farmer, skinning a scanty living from his rocky fields, has come into a handsome income as the result of such a lease. The royalty on iron ores in New Jersey and Pennsylvania has ranged from twenty-five cents to more than a dollar per ton; and the majority of leases now in force probably require the payment of at least fifty cents. These figures were fixed during and after the war, when the high price of iron made the royalty insignificant. They cannot be reduced without the consent of the lessors before the termination of the leases; and they constitute almost the sole item of the cost of iron which has remained unchanged by hard times. The last two years have, however, opened the eyes of mine owners to their true interests; and a voluntary reduction of rents and royalties is gradually coming to pass. Meanwhile, mining operators who own their mines outright are selling ore at prices which scarcely cover the cost of extraction; hundreds of leases have been abandoned; speculators in ore have come to grief; in short, the struggle for life is in full operation, and even the fittest find it not easy to survive.

The main cause of the present condition of the iron industry, in this country at least, is admitted to be over-production. But this is not the whole of it. The 760,000 tons of unsold pig-iron on hand at the end of 1875 and the 675,000 at the end of 1876 do not measure the extent of the difficulty. For these figures show that the iron actually produced in 1875 was all sold. But the American Iron and Steel Association reports seven hundred and fourteen blast-furnaces in the country, with an annual capacity — in round numbers — of five million tons. We have, then, nominally, the power to make five million tons of iron, and the chance to sell a little over two million. The vast body of idle furnaces is the source of the pressure on the trade. There may be comparatively little steam in a boiler, but all the water is ready to fly into steam if released. In the same way, these furnaces out of blast are ready to start the moment there is a chance or the hope of a chance — nay, even the chance of a hope — of selling iron. More than this: such works represent an enormous capital, at present unprofitable. If it be borrowed capital, the creditors may get the property at a trifling price compared with its cost. If it be the capital of the works, the owners are glad enough to lease the works at rates far below full interest and repairs. In either case, a new operator is enabled to start unburdened with heavy interest charges, perhaps buying ore and coal on credit, and running along "from hand to mouth," a dangerous competitor to stable concerns, and a perpetual promoter of forced sales for cash. To meet such competition, some large iron-manufacturing establishments boldly put prices down, and others, after carrying heavy stocks of iron in the hope of improved prices, are at last forced to make sales at a sacrifice. The treatment is heroic, but it is the only cure for the disease. While it lasts, the old established iron manufacturers are in the position of solvent merchants trying to carry on business across the way from a row of bankrupts whom the sheriff or receiver is selling out below cost. When it is over, the bankrupts will be out of the way, and business will begin anew.

This over-capacity of production is not merely the result of a sudden failure in the demand for iron. Two million tons were consumed in 1875, the worst year of the business, and only two and a half million were produced in 1873, its most prolific year. Making due allowance for the fact that in the most prosperous times the actual product must fall short of the total nominal capacity, it is evident that the strong demand for iron in 1871, 1872, and part of 1873 led to an increase of the facilities of production in geometric ratio; and that the disappoint-

ment which overtook the trade consisted not merely in a reduction of the actual demand, but still more in the failure of that further increase in consumption which had been confidently expected, and in view of which an enormous amount of capital had been invested in new works or enlargements of old ones. The capital of the iron trade (including rolled and forged as well as pig iron) was reported by the census of 1870 at more than one hundred and two million dollars. It has probably been increased by at least one half since that time, though the general depreciation of values might make, upon an honest inventory of all the property concerned, a different showing. How much of the activity of 1870–73 and the consequent prosperity of the trade was due to speculation, premature enterprises, etc.; how much was the result of protective tariff legislation; and how much was real and may be expected to return and resume its growth when that vague element known as "confidence" shall be restored are questions upon which we cannot enter here. One thing must be admitted: the prevalence of a similar prostration of this industry in Great Britain and Europe justifies the inference that causes peculiar to this generation rather than this nation have been operating to bring it about. War, railroad extensions, and various speculations "discounting the future" are such causes, and can be traced in other countries than our own. Perhaps it is fair to say that the whole civilized world has been making more iron than was really needed and could be profitably used, and counting too sanguinely upon the continuance of a rate of increase in that demand which was really the product of a sudden "spurt" of enterprise. Under the stimulus of steam and electricity, many elements of progress have been amazingly accelerated; but one thing, at least, remains old-fashioned, — the way in which people are born, and the rate at which population increases. A simple calculation of the aggregate of population expected to "pour" from somewhere into the regions traversed on both continents by new railroads, which could become profitable only through the settlement of adjoining lands and the growth of business, will show that while a few of these schemes, unincumbered by competition, might have succeeded, most of them were doomed to fail, for one reason, if for no other: people could not be born fast enough to meet the draught upon the supposed surplus of population. It is reported that the managers of one great projected line thought of settling a large part of their lands with Chinese; but, aside from the social and political questions involved in such schemes, the impracticability of suddenly creating a large population in that way is evident. The Chinese have been "pouring" into California for many years; yet their numbers are still insignificant.

Another element in the problem of the iron industry all over the world is the growing stock of old iron and the increased facilities for its economical use. The introduction and the enormous extension within the last dozen years of the manufacture of Bessemer and open-hearth steel has called for a large supply, not only of new pig-iron, but of pig-iron of specially good quality. The steel rails laid in tracks all over the world have replaced old iron rails, which are everywhere for sale at prices not much above those of pig-iron, and are available for many purposes, though not (in this country, at least) to any extent for the manufacture of steel. The steel rails have a much longer "life" than iron ones; and hitherto the proportion of them which has been worn out has been insignificant. But they will begin before long to wear out, and the supply of old material from this source will thereafter be continuous. The two questions, how to utilize old iron rails in the manufacture of steel rails, and how to utilize old steel rails in the manufacture of new ones, are among the most important that now engage the attention of metallurgical engineers.

At the risk of imparting to this article an even more desultory character than its limits and theme involve, we pause to attempt, for the benefit of the non-technical reader, a succinct explanation

of the different processes now in use for the manufacture of iron and steel.

Metallic iron is not found in nature, meteorites and one or two obscure and curious instances excepted. The ores of iron all contain it as an oxide, usually mixed with earthy materials. To reduce the iron to the metallic state, and to separate it from these earthy materials, is the work of the metallurgist. In the blomary or forge this is done by heating the ore in contact with charcoal sufficiently to fuse the earthy material or "gangue" with a part of the iron oxide, while another part of the iron gives up its oxygen to the carbon of the charcoal and is reduced to metal. But this metal cannot be melted in the forge; it is too nearly pure iron. It is thus separable from the molten slag, and is removed in white-hot balls and hammered into rough bars or blooms. Hence the name wrought-iron, to distinguish it from cast-iron, which has been melted.

In the blast-furnace the ore is melted in contact not only with coal or coke, but also with such fluxes as may be required to prevent the gangue, when it is fused, from taking up oxide of iron. But in this process the reduced iron absorbs from two to five per cent. of carbon, and the alloy thus formed is fusible. Hence all the contents of the furnace are melted, and the separation of iron from slag or cinder takes place in the hearth, by the action of specific gravity, like the separation of milk from cream, the cinder being the lighter and floating on the top. The liquid iron is drawn from the furnace and run into molds on the floor of the casting-house. As these molds, lying side by side, at right angles to the channels which supply them, have a fanciful resemblance to litters of pigs sucking their maternal parents, the iron ingots are called "pigs," and the iron in the lateral channel is called the "sow."

Most of the wrought-iron of commerce is made from pig-iron by removing the carbon which it absorbs in fusion. This is done in the puddling furnace, where the pig-iron is melted under exposure to a current of air, and often also in contact with iron oxide. The carbon of the pig-iron acts in the latter case like the charcoal in a blomary forge; it reduces the iron oxide to metallic iron. At the same time all impurities are melted out; the pig-iron, losing its carbon, acquires the infusibility of wrought-iron, and the liquid bath coagulates, or, as the puddlers say, "the iron comes to nature." It is collected in balls and removed to be squeezed, hammered, and rolled.

Steel, as formerly understood, was a compound of iron containing more carbon (and possessing greater fusibility) than wrought-iron, and less carbon (with less fusibility) than pig-iron. It could be made by adding carbon to the former, or subtracting it from the latter. The first was the case with the steel produced direct from the ore in forges, and with the manufacture of cemented or "blister" steel, varieties which, for improvement of their quality, it was usual to remelt in crucibles, whence "crucible cast-steel." Steel has also been made by the fusion of various ingredients in crucibles. The second general method, the decarbonization of cast-iron, was employed in the manufacture of "puddled steel." The puddling of cast-iron was arrested, so to speak, at an intermediate stage, before the production of wrought-iron, and steel in a pasty condition was obtained.

The Bessemer process consists in the decarbonization of pig-iron by blowing air through it while it is melted. The air burns out the silicon and carbon of the pig-iron, producing so intense a temperature that though wrought-iron is nearly or quite produced there is no coagulation. The metal remains liquid. Theoretically this process, being arrested at any desired point, might be made to furnish any desired quality of steel, or even of wrought-iron. But practically this is too difficult, as a simple illustration will show. If we had more than a pint of water in a pitcher, in which we wished to have exactly a pint, which would be easier: to pour out the surplus, "guessing" when we had a pint left, or to empty the pitcher and then introduce a measured pint? The latter is what is usually done in the Bessemer process. The bath in the "converter"

is decarbonized by the air-blast nearly to the point of wrought-iron. Then a fresh quantity of melted pig-iron, containing a known amount of carbon, is added, to bring the wrought-iron to the desired grade of steel. This last pig-iron, commonly called "spiegeleisen," contains also a certain proportion of manganese, which (somewhat to the surprise of metallurgists) has turned out to be an essential ingredient, without which the whole process would fail. The most probable explanation of its use is that it unites with oxygen caught in the bath, or with the oxygen of iron oxides produced by the vehement blast and caught in the bath, and otherwise certain to remain in the cast product and to destroy its homogeneity and strength. The manganese uniting with this oxygen carries it into the cinder, which floats on the top of the bath. Another portion of the manganese, however, remains in the bath, and subsequently appears as a constituent of the steel, the quality of which it is held to improve.

The Bessemer process is one of the most picturesque and striking in metallurgy. When first invented, it was recommended as a substitute for other processes (puddling, etc.) which involved much manual labor; and its great capabilities of improvement in respect of mechanical economy have fairly taken the world by surprise. The interior of a large Bessemer establishment like that at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, is as impressive as a cathedral. The two great converters (or "pears," as the Germans call them, in allusion to their shape) are mounted side by side on a platform above the general floor. They swing on trunnions, so that they can turn their mouths upwards to receive a charge, or downwards to discharge it. The cupola furnaces for the preliminary melting of pig-iron and spiegel are usually behind the converters and on a still higher level, so that, when tapped, the molten metal may flow through a runner into the mouth of the converter. (This is not the case at Bethlehem, where the melted pig is brought in a huge pot and lifted to the converter.) All the heavy operations are conducted by hydraulic power. Let us ascend, at one side of the great hall, the platform or pulpit where a couple of men stand behind a row of levers, controlling by a touch the movements of the ponderous converters and of huge cranes here and there. The pumping-engines and blowing-engines are out of sight, in another room. This hiding of the causes gives to the effects an appearance of magic.

A "blow" or "heat" is about to commence. One of the converters turns slowly on its axis, until its mouth is on a level with the platform. Immediately a fiery stream of molten iron appears from the obscurity of the recess behind, in which stand the cupola furnaces, and flows rapidly through a movable gutter into the mouth of the vessel. A workman at one side touches a lever, and the converter, which has lain, as it were, on its side to drink in its glowing charge, swings into a vertical position, with its mouth directed towards the throat of a large chimney behind and over it. An instant before, however, a touch upon another lever has caused the monster to begin to roar and to belch a yellowish flame. This is the effect of the combustion of silicon by the blast, which is delivered under a pressure of fifteen to twenty pounds per square inch, through the hollow axis of the vessel, down its side in an exterior pipe, and finally through its perforated bottom into the mass of fluid iron. After five or six minutes, the flame grows white and intolerably brilliant. The carbon is burning, and with so much intense ebullition that particles of melted iron and finely-divided slag are thrown out in showers of sparks. Six minutes more, and a quieter flame, with bluish tinge and still greater heat, indicates the last stage of the conversion. Suddenly the flame shortens with a jerk, as if the monster had drawn in his fiery tongue. With an almost human air of exhaustion after its fit of fury, the converter rolls back upon its belly, to drink, by way of cordial, its final dose of spiegel. This produces a brief internal commotion, but it is soon digested, and the heat is over.

Nothing remains but to pour five tons of liquid steel in a dazzling, almost transparent, incomparably beautiful stream, into the ladle, which delivers it in turn to the ingot-molds. A Bessemer blow is perhaps the most imposing spectacle which metallurgical industry can present. The apparently automatic movements of great masses, the overwhelming display of vehement chemical reactions, and of light and heat in consequence, and finally the rapidity of the whole process, which can be seen from beginning to end in twenty minutes, combine to render it unique as a "sensational" exhibition. The sudden shortening of the flame at the end of the carbon reaction is so decided that the precise moment of its occurrence may be distinguished from a distance of miles.

Another modern process, the open-hearth or Martin process, ally and rival of the Bessemer, is now producing in this country and Europe large quantities of steel. This method consists in decarbonizing pig-iron by melting it in the hearth of a reverberatory furnace with wrought-iron, iron oxide, steel scrap, or iron ore, under the influence, when required, of an oxidizing flame. The decarbonization is carried so far that the bath of molten metal approaches the constitution of wrought-iron; and spiegeleisen or ferro-manganese is then added, as in the Bessemer process. It will be seen that the first part of this process, especially when the pig and ore variety of it is employed, involves the same reactions as puddling. But the iron when decarbonized does not "come to nature," because the temperature of the furnace is so high that even wrought-iron remains fused in it. This sustained high temperature has been made practicable in such metallurgical operations by the invention of Siemens, the regenerative gas-furnace, to describe which would lead us too far from our subject. It is sufficient for our present purpose to note the fact that the Bessemer and the open-hearth steel processes are carried on at temperatures far above those previously maintained in the metallurgy of iron, — temperatures at which all compounds of iron and carbon, from cast-iron through steel to wrought-iron, will remain in fusion.

It is this circumstance which has led to the agitation, in recent years, of the question now occupying so much of the attention of chemists and steel manufacturers, "What is steel?" For besides the alloys of iron and carbon, which contain enough of the latter element (say 0.35 to 1.9 per cent.) and possess enough of the property of "tempering" to be called steel under the old definitions, the Bessemer converter and the open-hearth furnace (and to some extent the crucible also) are now sending forth thousands of tons of metal which contains less than the above minimum of carbon, will not practically harden or temper, and yet is not wrought-iron. Convenience and the general practice of manufacturers favor the calling of such metal steel. But the old chemical and half the old physical definition favor its classification as iron. The American Institute of Mining Engineers — a society which, though only five years old, has gathered a large membership, manifested a remarkable scientific activity, and exerted no little influence on the mining and metallurgy of the country — deserves credit for having opened the way to the harmonious settlement of a difference of opinion which threatened to breed confusion in the technical literature of both continents. This society, taking advantage of the presence of numerous distinguished iron-masters from abroad during the late Centennial season, appointed an international committee on the nomenclature of iron and steel; and this committee, representing various views of the question involved and various nationalities (English, French, German, Swedish, and American), presented a unanimous report, recommending a nomenclature which is likely to be adopted hereafter in literature and practice. According to this recommendation, the "low," "mild," or "soft" cast-steels will be known as "ingot-iron," the tempering cast-steels as "ingot-steel," while iron and steel that are not fused in manufacture will be called

"weld-iron" and "weld-steel;" or perhaps — to retain, without misusing, a more familiar term — "wrought-iron" and "wrought-steel." Cast-iron or pig-iron remains unaffected by the change. Both parties appear satisfied with this solution, though it still has to pass the ordeal of much discussion; and it may be expected that, for a long time to come, the Bessemer and open-hearth manufacturers will continue to call their products steel, partly because they are, in respect of structure, method of manufacture, and commercial application, fairly cast-steel; and partly because this name indicates to the popular mind and to the trade a more expensive, more uniform, and stronger material than wrought-iron. The best ingot-iron or soft cast-steel is now largely used for boiler-plates, axles, etc., where toughness rather than hardness is the quality required.

There are eleven Bessemer works in the United States, one of which went into operation in 1876, and two in 1875. The product of Bessemer metal in 1875 was 259,700 tons. The product of open-hearth steel in the same year was 8080 tons only. But this may be expected to increase rapidly after the present depression of business shall have passed away. A number of the Bessemer works have erected furnaces for the Martin process, in order to utilize their scrap and rail ends. It is anticipated also that this process will have a great future in the remelting of old steel rails, a subject to which allusion was made above. From our description of the Bessemer process, the reader will have perceived that the temperature of fusion is maintained in the converter by the combustion of certain ingredients in the molten bath. But the metal as finally cast into ingots and rolled into rails does not contain enough of these ingredients to support a second combustion of that kind. Hence old Bessemer rails cannot be used, except in small proportions, mixed with fresh pig-iron, in the converter. But the Martin process receives its heat chiefly from the combustion of gaseous fuel, and is therefore available for the remelting of any variety of iron or steel.

In bringing to a close this familiar talk rather than formal treatise on the American iron industry, we are well aware that we have given no complete picture of any of its aspects. Our excuse must be — apart from the limitations of space, time, and ability — that it has been our purpose to afford to non-technical and non-commercial readers a few glimpses into an industry which more, perhaps, than any other is identified with the advancing progress and the increasing complexity of civilization. These innumerable conditions and relations which we have but sketched or hinted at must be studied, comprehended, and handled simultaneously by the managers of great iron-works. One of these large establishments is a world in itself. There are the near or distant mines and quarries supplying the raw material; the railroads and canals, which bring a steady stream of supplies and carry away a steady stream of manufactured products; the blast-furnaces, which must not stop, day or night; the mighty blowing-engines, the pumps, the pipes, the ovens, all of which must be vigilantly guarded against accidents, which would bring certainly great loss and possibly great disaster; the army of workmen engaged in making or moving materials and products, or in perpetual constructions and repairs; the repair shops, each with its system of machines and necessity of thorough administration. To this must be added the chemical department, whether represented by a regular laboratory and a chemist or by the occasional employment of scientific assistance. The quality of ores and mixtures and of the products must be ascertained and controlled; the furnaces must be managed, humored, corrected, nursed, like so many willful or ailing children. The workmen and their families are usually tenants as well; and the management, perhaps, complicates matters still further by keeping a store. Finally comes the crowning feat (in these times, at least) of selling the iron, shipping it, and getting paid for it in due time. All this multifarious dealing with human nature, physical laws, and commercial conditions is required

for the mere administration of a large establishment manufacturing pig-iron only. But add to that (as is in many instances the case) Bessemer works, Martin steel works, rolling mills, wire mills, nail mills, plate mills, etc., all under one management, and each having its internal economy which must be harmonized with all the rest, and the conception of the powers of the human mind in organizing and directing industry is greatly enlarged.

It is true that in this, as in many other departments, the final impressive aggregate is the result of growth. Many establishments began small and have gradually increased to their present size. But what shall we say of works like the Edgar Thompson at Pittsburgh, or those at Joliet or North Chicago, which sprang from the brain of the designing engineer, complete in the beauty of symmetry and adaptation! For our part, we must declare our conviction that the original production of such plans, in whole and in detail, by the engineer seems to us an intellectual act partaking of inspiration. The architect of a cathedral, the author of a great poem, do not more distinctly create than do the quiet gentlemen who thus shape in advance the forms and the future of a mighty industry.

R. W. Raymond.

THE SAILING OF KING OLAF.

"Norroway hills are grand to see,
Norroway vales are broad and fair:
Any monarch on earth might be
Contented to find his kingdom there!"
So spake Harald Haardrade bold
To Olaf, his brother, with beard red-gold.

"A bargain!" cried Olaf. "Beside the strand
Our ships rock idle. Come, sail away!
Who first shall win to our native land,
He shall be king of old Norroway."
Quoth Harald the Stern, "My vessel for thine
I will not trust to this laggard of mine."

"Take thou my Dragon with silken sails,"
Said Olaf. "The Ox shall be mine in place.
If it pleases our Lord to send me gales,
In either vessel I 'll win the race.
With this exchange art satisfied?"
"Ay, brother," the crafty one replied.

King Olaf strode to the church to pray
For blessing of God on crew and ship;
But Harald, the traitor, made haste to weigh
His anchor, and out of the harbor slip.
"Pray!" laughed Harald Haardrade. "Pray!
The wind 's in my favor. Set sail! Away!"

As Olaf knelt by the chancel rail,
Down the broad aisle came one in haste,
With panting bosom and cheeks all pale;
Straight to King Olaf's side he paced.
"Oh, waste no time in praying," cried he,
"For Harald already is far at sea!"

But Olaf answered: "Let sail who will,
Without God's blessing I shall not go."
Beside the altar he tarried still,
While the good priest chanted soft and slow;
And Olaf prayed the Lord in his heart,
"I shall win yet if thou take my part!"

Cheerily then he leaped on board;
High on the prow he took his stand.
"Forward," he bade, "in the name of the Lord!"
Held the white horn of the Ox in his hand:
"Now, Ox! good Ox! I pray thee speed
As if to pasture in clover-mead!"

The huge Ox rolled from side to side,
And merrily out of the harbor sped.
"Dost see the Dragon?" King Olaf cried
To the lad who clung to the high mast-head.
"Not so!" the watcher swift answer gave;
"There is never a boat upon the wave."

Onward then for a league and twain,
Right in the teeth of the wind they flew.
"Seest aught of the Dragon upon the main?"
"Something to landward sure I view!
Far ahead I can just behold
Silken sails with a border of gold."

The third time Olaf called with a frown:
"Dost see my Dragon yet? Ho! Say!"
Out of the mast-head the cry came down:
"Nigh to the shores of Norroway
The good ship Dragon rides full sail,
Driving ahead before the gale!"

"Ho! to the haven!" King Olaf cried,
And smote the eye of the Ox with his hand.
It leaped so madly along the tide
That never a sailor on deck could stand;
But Olaf lashed them firm and fast
With trusty cords to the strong oak mast.

"Now, who," the helmsman said, "will guide
The vessel upon the tossing sea?"
"That will I do!" King Olaf cried;
"And no man's life shall be lost through me."

Like a living coal his dark eye glowed
As swift to the helmsman's place he strode.

Looking neither to left nor right,
Toward the land he sailed right in,
Steering straight as a line of light:
"So must I run if I would win;
Faith is stronger than hills or rocks.
Over the land speed on, good Ox!"

Into the valleys the waters rolled;
Hillocks and meadows disappeared.
Grasping the helm in his iron hold
On, right onward, St. Olaf steered;
High and higher the blue waves rose.
On!" he shouted. "No time to lose!"

Out came running the elves in a throng;
Out from cavern and rock they came:
"Now, who is this comes sailing along
Over our homes? Ho! tell us thy name!"
"I am St. Olaf, my little men!
Turn into stones till I come again."

The elf-stones rolled down the mountain side;
The sturdy Ox sailed over them all.
"Ill luck be with thee!" a Carline cried;
"Thy ship has shattered my chamber wall!"
In Olaf's eyes flashed a fiery glint:
"Be turned forever to rock of flint!"

Never was sailing like this before:
He shot an arrow along the wind,
Or ever it lighted the ship sailed o'er
The mark; the arrow fell far behind.
"Faster, faster!" cried Olaf. "Skip
Fleet as Skidbladnir, the magic ship!"

Swifter and swifter across the foam
The quivering Ox leaped over the track,
Till Olaf came to his boyhood's home;
Then fast as it rose the tide fell back.
And Olaf was king of the whole Norse land
When Harald the third day reached the strand.

Such was the sailing of Olaf, the king,
Monarch and saint of Norroway;
In view of whose wondrous prospering
The Norse have a saying unto this day:
"As Harald Haardrade found to his cost,
Time spent in praying is never lost!"

Alice Williams Brotherton.

PORTUGAL AND THE PORTUGUESE.

I.

It was a fine night in March, the moon at the full, when I was called to see the Berlengas, a group of rocky islets off the coast of Portugal, crowned by a light-house and a fort. The steamer passed between these and the mainland. Soon after the day began to break, and the rising sun revealed a coast bold and rugged, gradually rising to the stupendous grandeur of the Rock of Lisbon and the jagged, isolated, and at that distance seemingly barren range of Cintra. A bit of an old Moorish fortress near the water blended well with the russet of the slopes, the iron grimness of the coast, and the turquoise blue of the sea. As we rounded the point which opened to us the entrance to the mouth of the Tagus, we came upon a fleet of fishing craft of the most extraordinary form and rig now existing. But it was startling, indeed, on further inspection of what seemed so novel a model, to find in these fishing boats evidence of the former Roman dominion in Portugal: they differ in no material particular from the galleys engraved on old Roman coins. The bar was propitious, although some fine rollers flashed close on the right as we entered the harbor, passing the yellow battlements of Cascaes, and gliding up the river by the picturesque Castle of Belem and the magnificent Jeronymite Convent close to it; before us the blue and yellow waters of the Tagus seemed to stretch illimitably, while a long succession of hills on the left were covered with the white walls of Lisbon, imperially situated, and doubling its beauty, as it were, by reflection on the glassy surface of the full-fed but tranquil river. Less beautiful than Naples, less enchanting than Constantinople, Lisbon is still sufficiently effective as seen from the water, especially from Barreiro, on the opposite side of the river, which here expands to the size of a lake. What Lisbon really lacks to complete the attractiveness of its situation is more verdure in the environs, and more towers and spires to relieve the sameness of so many roofs. The great earthquake overthrew many churches, and they have not been rebuilt.

There are no wharves: all ships load and discharge their cargoes in lighters, giving employment to a large number of picturesque boats; the lateen-sail is very common, and a variety of brilliant colors and designs embellish the boats. A system of wharves has, however, been planned, and the contract undertaken by an enterprising Englishman, who will add another to the many benefits which Portugal now owes to British skill. The chief landing-place is at the Praça de Commercio, called also Black Horse Square. Imposing and extensive government buildings form three sides of a vast quadrangle, including covered arcades. On the north side, opposite the landing, with its fine steps of marble, is a noble triumphal arch over the entrance to the Rua Augusta. It is surmounted by a colossal group representing Glory with outstretched arms crowning Genius and Valor. The height of the structure to the laurel on the head of the central figure is one hundred and twenty-nine feet. In the centre of the square is a bronze equestrian statue of Dom Jozé I. In the face of the pedestal is a bronze medallion of the Marquis of Pombal. To these two men, sovereign and prime minister, especially the latter, the city owes its rapid and elegant restoration after the great earthquake of 1755, which in a few moments demolished seventeen thousand houses and swept sixty thousand people into eternity. The city at present consists of the old and new quarters, the former chiefly on the lofty hill crowned by the fort St. George, the original site of the capital of the Moors. The old streets are curiously narrow, steep, and winding. The new quarter covers the ground most shaken by the earthquake,

and is laid out with considerable regularity and a rather tedious uniformity in the style of the buildings, which are constructed with an inner frame of wood as a precaution against earthquakes. The excessive steepness of many of the streets affords charming glimpses of city and port; and by moonlight the elegant marble palaces of the nobility, towering one above the other in the white light, give an effect of peculiar beauty. By eight or nine o'clock at night quiet reigns in every quarter and the streets are almost deserted. But they are quite safe. Time was when the streets of Lisbon had a very bad reputation, when the dirk was used in many a dark corner, and foreigners were waylaid, robbed, and murdered. But matters are now wonderfully improved. Three distinct police organizations, one of them military, preserve the peace of the city. All night infantry patrol the streets by twos, giving the impression of a city under martial law, and on the occasion of great festas mounted cuirassiers guard the public order. Lisbon was also notorious, within the memory of many now living, for the almost incredible filth of its streets, said to have been the worst in this respect on the continent. But no city is now more clean in its thoroughfares. Of the many curious street sights which attract the attention of the stranger, the oddest appeared to me the quaint carts drawn by oxen or cows, and the fish women and girls with their black felt hats, blue kirtles, bare feet, massive gold ear-rings, and rich brown complexions and piercing black eyes, streaming into the city every morning from Belem with baskets of white, lustrous fish. Fighting crickets are sold at retail in cages two or three inches square, and boys are everywhere hawking about quarters, eighths, or tenths of a lottery ticket. "To-morrow the wheel goes round" is an every-day notice on the doors in certain streets. The traffic in lottery tickets is permitted by law; indeed, certain charitable institutions are sustained in this manner. The hearse one sees at funeral processions is in form like the carriages of the early part of the last century, the driver riding on one of the mules. The vehicle is of vivid scarlet, profusely gilded, and surmounted by a crest. The priest sits inside on the way to the grave-yard, and the coffin rests upon an iron frame directly in front, where the driver's seat would otherwise be, and is entirely unprotected from sunshine or rain except by a cloth adorned with gold thread.

The great earthquake — many of sufficient violence, but less appalling than that of the last century, have visited Lisbon — destroyed a large number of the most interesting edifices, yet enough remain to attract the attention of the ecclesiologist and man of taste. Few of them, however, have escaped the architectural folly of the seventeenth century, when, with almost incredible absurdity, even men like Sir Christopher Wren completed or restored buildings of pure Gothic in the Italian style. The effect in Portugal has been to mar very nearly every valuable church edifice. The Sè or cathedral church of Lisbon has suffered in this way: the exterior is Gothic of a hoar antiquity, the interior is Italian. In the rear of the chancel is a stone seat from which the early kings of Portugal administered justice. The cloisters, which might have been handsome once, have been entirely bricked up. The relics of St. Vincent are preserved in one of the chapels, translated to this place by King Alfonso Henriques from Cape St. Vincent, where they had been piously protected by two ravens of unusual intelligence, doubtless lineally descended from the ravens which fed Elijah. When the bones of the saint were brought to Lisbon the aforesaid ravens accompanied the ship. The least that could be done in recognition of the services of these estimable birds was to extend to them the hospitality of the city, and a cage was prepared for them in the cloisters of the cathedral. But in thus entertaining them it was forgotten to give them also the freedom of the city, and the cage had iron bars. Ever since two ravens have been kept in this cage, and until within a very short time the sacristan assured visitors that the birds

exhibited were the identical ravens which came to Lisbon six centuries ago.

Farther up the hill, behind the Sè, is the church of St. Vincent, purely Italian throughout. The dusky hall adjoining the sacristy is the depository: the registries of births, marriages, and deaths are kept in dingy, yellow piles shoved into innumerable pigeon-holes, covered with unmeasured dust, and quite open to the public, as it seemed to us. But the object that chiefly attracts the wanderer to St. Vincent's is the Chapel of the Kings, attached to the southeast corner. The chapel is simply but elegantly finished with black and white marbles, executed under the direction of Dom Fernando, late king consort and father of the reigning king. He is a man of excellent architectural tastes, and Portugal, among many other benefits for which she is indebted to him, owes a large debt of gratitude for the care he has given to the restoration of some of her finest edifices, always entirely in the spirit of the original work. In this funereal chapel are preserved the remains of all the sovereigns of the house of Braganza, and their families, in chests or coffins covered with black velvet embroidered with gold, and ranged in order of date upon a marble platform which runs along each side of the chapel. The founder of the house of Braganza is in a tomb at one end. In the centre are two cenotaphs, on one of which the coffin of the late king is laid, to remain there until his successor shall in turn be carried to the same place. On the other cenotaph permanently repose the relics of Dom Pedro IV., who was emperor of Brazil, and was also proclaimed king of Portugal, but resigned in favor of his daughter, Donna Maria da Gloria. He died at the early age of thirty-six, but not before he had shown himself to be one of the most remarkable men of the century, — as regent overthrowing the usurper Dom Miguel, breaking the power of the clerical party, abolishing convents, giving Portugal a constitutional government, and once more placing her on a firm footing among the nations after the disasters attending and succeeding the Napoleonic invasion of the peninsula. It cannot be said of the Portuguese that they are unmindful of their great men and benefactors. Statues and monuments commemorative of their heroes and noted men are common, and Dom Pedro IV. has his share both of bronze statues and of public places bearing his venerated name.

But the building best worth seeing in Lisbon, and the only one claiming the attention of those whose stay is limited, is the Jeronymite church and convent of Belem, the Portuguese for Bethlehem. One may reach it by the horse-railroad, called the American tramway, and provided with cars from New York. Several of these railways are laid in Lisbon, Coimbra, and Oporto, and are much patronized. The church is built upon piles near the river, which formerly washed its base, on the site of the chapel in which Vasco da Gama and his adventurous crew passed the night previous to sailing on the expedition which resulted in the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope, and was erected by Dom Manoel the Fortunate, in commemoration of that enterprise. This able sovereign evidently agreed with the opinion of the Portuguese chronicler, who devoted six closely printed folio pages to an elaborate argument regarding the question whether Jonah went around the Cape of Good Hope in the whale's belly, and concluded that if he did the fact ought not to be permitted to detract from the just merits of Vasco da Gama. The building is constructed of a finely-grained limestone, which is capable of being carved as delicately as Carrara marble and takes a rich golden tint after exposure for several centuries. Most of the public buildings of Portugal, both ancient and modern, are of this material. It is doubtful whether there is any other structure in existence which so distinctly indicates mental conditions, so clearly interprets the subjective by the objective. The three phases of art culture, of early prejudices and education, of later principles operating on a mind prepared by a transient civilization to be impressed by them, are all as clearly laid before us

on the stones of Belem as if analyzed and traced out by a Hamilton or a Kant. The Portuguese architect and Dom Manoel, a monarch of undeniable architectural tastes, were first familiarized with the Gothic, but the supremacy of the noblest architecture the world has seen was already on the wane. Innumerable Moorish associations imbued them with a love for the Saracenic, the influences of which on Portuguese architecture up to the fifteenth century are everywhere more or less evident. At a later period the rising but more artificial glory of the Italian or Renaissance was also felt by them and interpreted by the Italian architect who assisted in the plan, together with a suspicion of the peculiar and *bizarre* style of the temples of India, then just discovered by Portuguese navigators. One who is conversant with architecture will readily detect all these phases in the church of Belem, without including the choir, added at a later age and quite out of harmony with the rest of the building. The style of the windows and doors is flamboyant Gothic, but the square outlines of the exterior, with two Saracenic domes at the western end, overthrown by the earthquake, and one of which has been rebuilt, are more like those of a mosque. The nave is entered by a superb door in the western end, and one even more beautiful and elaborate on the south side, divided in the centre by a shaft, on which is a statue, in armor, of the Infante Henriques, the chief promoter of the maritime discoveries of his country. The archway of the door is decorated with thirty statues of kings and saints. All the ornamental tracery is purely Pompeian or Italian carved on Gothic forms. The combination is at first sight very rich, but the incongruity of the two after a while disturbs the fancy. The roofs of the nave and transept were of flamboyant Gothic, but so flat that they fell in when the staging was first removed. They were rebuilt after the same design, and the scaffolding was removed by criminals who were promised their freedom in return. The transept is sustained only by two shafts, the nave by four, sixty-six feet in height. These columns are slender and exceedingly ornate, in the same style as the doors. Their form, and the way in which they meet the vaulting of the roof, suggests the palm, and is decidedly Indian. The central arch of the nave is Moorish. The groining of the roof is so admirably designed as to give the effect of extreme lightness to a mass of stone so solid that it withstood the great earthquake. In the sacristy, which is beautifully vaulted and ribbed, some ancient sacerdotal vestments are shown, of massive velvet and gold. The cloisters are of rare beauty; but the peculiarities of the Manoelite architecture, as we shall call it, are still more evident here. The general outlines are Portuguese flamboyant Gothic, the details are Roman. But they are full of poetic feeling, and might prove satisfactory to one who has not seen Alcobaça and Batalha, with which Belem is not to be compared. In the church of Belem Gothic art makes its last protest against the pagan art which for over three centuries has rendered architecture cold and merely intellectual materialism, instead of the warm effusion of a rapt imagination quickened by the fervor of heart enthusiasm, a living form of utterance for the deepest emotions of the soul.

The specimens of the arts of design at Lisbon worthy attention are scarce. There is a gallery of paintings at the old convent of San Francisco that contains some works attributed to Gran Vasco, which are quite striking, although indicating the struggles of a mind which never acquired full power of expression. Like most of the old Portuguese paintings, they are on panels, and the boards have gradually shrunk, leaving cracks across the picture. Gran Vasco, or Vasco Fernandez, is a semi-mythical character of whom rather less is known than of Shakespeare; many works are attributed to him which in style are either earlier or later than his time, and some critics even go so far as to doubt whether any painting actually known to be by him exists. But there are paintings attributed to him at Viseu, two or three at Lisbon, two or three at

Evora and other places, — of some of which the writer can speak from personal observation, — which, like the Homeric poems, bear too strong an impress of one great individual mind to be the work of different hands. At the vast, unfinished palace of Ajuda, occupied by the reigning family, is a collection of ancient masters said to be very good; it is open to the public on certain days, but there is so much else distinctively national to be seen that I did not find time to visit it.

One of the national sights is the bull-fight. The idea is general that such a spectacle is peculiarly Spanish; this is to a degree untrue, for not only is the sport common in Portugal, but it is in many respects quite unlike and superior to the bull-fighting of Spain. In that country the horses are miserable, untrained hacks, brought into the arena blindfold to be slaughtered, and the chief part of the amusement is to shed the most blood possible, with little science and the utmost cruelty to both bulls and horses, of which sometimes twenty-five or thirty will be slain in one afternoon. The Portuguese, while yielding to none of the Latin nations in physical courage, are naturally more humane. The bulls are often very fine animals, but by law their horns are wrapped with felt, and it is impossible for them to gore a horse, although they may give him some hard hits. The horse, on the other hand, is generally very valuable and admirably trained, and goes into the fight with his eyes open. No weapon more severe than a small barbed pike is used, which rarely penetrates much below the hide, but suffices to arouse the mettle of a spirited bull. These pikes are planted in his neck by the man on horseback, or by the footmen, as he lowers his head to attack. A very dangerous exploit is to sit in a chair directly opposite the gate from which the bull is to rush, and plant two pikes in his neck before rising. Should the bull fail to make directly for the *picador* with lowered horns the man is lost. Another trick full of danger is literally to take the bull by the horns, as he lowers his head; as soon as this is done the rest of the performers rush on the bull, and by main force drag him off the man. Two men were killed in one afternoon's sport, when I was in Lisbon, by having their spines broken when in the act of seizing the bull between the horns. The arena is surrounded by rows of seats, rising tier above tier; the last one is divided into boxes and roofed. As no curtain is drawn over the arena, half of the miniature wooden coliseum is open to the full blaze of the sun, and the tickets are sold accordingly for the shady and the sunny sides. Punctuality is not observed: the dense mass of spectators have about an hour to gaze at each other, flirt, fling nutshells, shout, bawl, hiss, and stamp their feet. When the excitement and suspense have reached their limit, which is apparently timed in order to bring the audience to the proper pitch, a trumpet sounds. Silence and breathless expectation succeed. The horse, with ears erect, half-startled eyes, and every nerve and muscle tense, awaits the crisis; the picadors, in gay uniforms, with their queues braided and bound each into a little ball on the back of the head, are in their respective positions, a lance in either hand. Every eye is turned on the entrance; the sliding door slips up, and, as if sent out of a catapult, forth rushes a magnificent bull, his eyes blazing, and fury in the poise of his tremendous head and neck. Half an instant he pauses and takes a hurried survey of the scene, and then makes a fearful lunge at the white horse awaiting him on the opposite side of the arena. The rider adroitly backs his steed and plunges a lance into the neck of the bull. Maddened by the pain the bull chases horse and rider around the arena; he gains on them; he is just on the point of goring the horse; the excitement exceeds language; at this critical instant an agile picador contrives to thrust another dart into the bull and diverts his attention. Every one again breathes freely. I saw the bull once give the horse a tremendous blow in the belly which, notwithstanding the horns were blunted with felt, at once became scarlet. When the bull becomes wea-

ried out or cowed, as often happens when he finds his neck completely fringed with javelins, and is unable to retaliate in a manner commensurate with his rage, a number of oxen are driven in; the bull runs up to them for sympathy, and readily follows them out of the arena. At intervals during the sport the picadors come forward and salute the audience, holding out their hats for coppers, which are rained down plentifully if the sport has been exciting and skillfully conducted.

The theatres and operas of Lisbon offer nothing striking, unless it be the very poor quality of the singing, which would be hissed sometimes were it not for the presence of the king and queen. The *mise en scène* is, however, often excellent and the acting by no means bad. Dom Luis, who may be often seen at the opera, is a very respectable man of a German cast of countenance. He has a good share of common sense; he also has a turn for painting, to which he devotes some attention, and he continues his liking for marine affairs, his profession before he mounted the throne being the navy. The unusual good sense which characterizes the administration of Dom Luis, as well as that of his lamented brother, Pedro V., the late king, is shown in the increasing religious toleration allowed, — priests can leave the church and marry, — the jealousy shown of all clerical interference with civil affairs, the judicious management of the finances, which make a better exhibit each succeeding year, and a general effort to develop the resources of the country, proved by the construction of nearly four thousand miles of most admirable macadamized roads within the last few years, and the extension of railroads, partly under government control. Those who return from Brazil are bringing much wealth into the country, and banks are springing up everywhere. But in nothing is the sound judgment of Dom Luis, his cabinet and legislature, better shown than in the astonishing liberty which is allowed to the press. Except in London, there is in all probability no city in Europe where greater freedom of utterance is permitted than in Lisbon. The language used by the papers regarding the church, for example, if once repeated by the press of Madrid, or even Paris, would be punished in a manner never to be forgotten, if, indeed, the unhappy editor were permitted to survive such rashness. There is a paper published at Lisbon which to this day acknowledges only the son of Miguel the usurper as lawful king, under the title of Dom Miguel II. His birthday is always celebrated in large types and with flaming editorials, while the king *in esse* is never mentioned by his title, but only as the man who now governs. That the administration permits such license is no evidence of lack of spirit on the part of the people, who are capable of intense feeling. The 1st of December is always celebrated with immense enthusiasm: it is the anniversary of the day when the people, in 1640, rose and overthrew the tyranny of the Spanish power, usurped by Philip II. after the death of Dom Sebastian at the battle of Alcazarquivir. There is no love wasted between the two peoples: the Portuguese cannot forget the Spanish yoke; the Spaniards cannot forget that from the famous battle of Aljubarratta down to the war of independence the Portuguese have beaten them in almost every battle, and once carried the Portuguese standard into Madrid itself. It is a mistake, also, to suppose that the Portuguese language is so very inferior to the Spanish: it is, to say the least, as yet an open question. The Portuguese has many delicate modes of expressing shades of thought quite peculiar to itself, and is in reality more nearly like the ancient Latin than any of the cognate tongues. The orthography is, however, not yet quite settled: the same word, and that, perhaps, a proper noun, may be spelled in different ways. Camoens is also written Camões; Guimaraens is written Guimarães and Guimaranes. Nearly one thousand Moorish or Arabic words are in constant use. Nor are these the only signs of the former Saracenic dominion in Lusitania. The *cuisine* is quite Oriental; a dish of rice resembling *pilaff* is invariably the

second course at dinner. The people have an Eastern relish for sweets, and excellent preserves are common when everything else, perhaps, is barely eatable. The coffee is generally good; the tea, of which the Portuguese are very fond, is always good. The clapping of hands in lieu of the ringing of a bell is quite Oriental. It is by no means uncommon to meet men of remarkable personal beauty who are of unquestionable Morisco descent. The politeness of the Portuguese seems also borrowed in part from the Oriental, although it so often springs apparently from kindliness of nature that I am inclined to consider it an original trait of the Portuguese character. No people I have met have struck me as so unaffectedly polite, so full of unselfish courtesy in the ordinary dealings of life, so gracious and hospitable, as the Portuguese. This politeness extends from the lowest to the highest, and pervades the whole nation. As regards other social traits, it may be said that the Portuguese lose nothing in comparison with other Latin races on the score of modesty and morals. There are certain Saxon notions of propriety which do not enter into Latin minds, and therefore should not be expected of them. The Portuguese are warm-hearted, and there seems to be considerable domestic unity and affection among them. Marriage is rather more the result of love than the mere matter of business or *convenance* too common in France and Italy. It is a noteworthy fact that the Portuguese women are inferior to the men in physical beauty. The difference is more marked in the upper than in the lower classes; perhaps the type, dark and semi-Oriental, requires the picturesque costume of the peasantry to do it the justice which it certainly does not receive from the fashions of Paris. The masculine sex of the little kingdom displays a truly feminine weakness for dress. To cut a figure on the *praça* of an evening in pantaloons that set off to the best advantage the nether limbs of the wearer, and to move and pose the person with studied effect, are apparently the chief end of being to the young coxcombs of Lisbon and Oporto. The gold lace sported by every one who can possibly find an excuse to put on a uniform would almost pay the national revenue. However, this little foible is set off by the skill shown in managing the superb steeds which often grace the esplanade. The Portuguese also make good sailors, — the best of all the Latin races, as the writer can testify from personal observation.

From Lisbon I went by rail to Coimbra. The line runs for some distance by the Tagus, which it leaves at the historical old town of Santarem. Immediately on passing the city limits, one finds one's self in a flat, alluvial landscape rising towards the west and north: pasture lands feeding large numbers of horses and cattle, or rich fields irrigated by the water-wheels of the far East and covered with abundant harvests of grain, or scarlet, purple, and gold with the wild flowers which in spring grow with a luxuriance entirely unknown on the other side of the Atlantic. Ere long the road enters bits of woodland which grow denser as one proceeds northward, until forests of hoary olive, or of cork nearly as gray and picturesque in form, or of stone-pines, with here and there groups of stately cypresses, cover the undulating land and fade away into the distant heights crowned by Moorish turrets, or violet-hued ranges of mountains that blend with the exquisite azure of the sky. To say that the stone-pine, the olive, the cypress, and the vine flourish in Portugal is almost enough. The very names suggest whatever is most attractive to the artistic eye.

Travel on the Portuguese railways is judiciously contrived to aid the tourist who desires to see the country. The trains are *mixto*, generally including freight-cars. The national character being slow and not to be hurried, at each station enough time is allowed to load or discharge freight and permit the officials to light their cigarettes and flirt with the orange girls. This admirable arrangement also enables the stranger to look about him and gain a tolerable notion of the numerous picturesque little towns on

the way. Between stations the trains are properly not permitted to run any risks from overdriving up or down the grades, and the various features of the landscape may be surveyed at leisure, the nominal time, including stoppages, being sixteen miles an hour. The third-class passengers lean their heads upon the window-sills and sleep, or exchange jokes with peasants in the fields. Accidents are of course unknown; collisions are out of the question; there are but two trains a day between Lisbon and Oporto, and only one to Evora and Setubal. To be sure much precious time, as time is reckoned in America, is lost on these roads; but after all it is the poetry of railway travel, and the only tolerable railroading I ever knew.

As I approached Coimbra the country became exceedingly beautiful, and when the famous old city appeared in view, crowning a steep hill with mediæval walls and the classic towers of the university, flanked by the nearer spurs of the Estrella range, and with the placid waters of the Mondego gliding slowly at its feet, it was easy to understand the enthusiasm which inspired the verse of Camoens and so many other Portuguese bards. The position of Coimbra is even more striking and lovely than that of Heidelberg. It was the capital for one or two centuries, and later became the seat of one of the most celebrated universities of Europe, which was still further reorganized and improved by the great Pombal. The university buildings cover the summit of the hill and present an effective appearance; the view from the balcony of the highest is one of the most remarkable in Portugal. The law school of Coimbra is justly celebrated. The medical school is also gaining a good reputation for the attention given to the latest discoveries of science, and the character of the physicians educated there; the chairs of theology, mathematics, the humanities, and other branches, including music and art, are filled by able instructors. Lectures are given twice daily the greater part of the year. The number of students is nearly one thousand. They lodge in licensed boarding-houses and wear long black gowns, but nothing on the head, except sometimes the *gorro*, formerly used as a pouch, thrown lightly over the crown when the sun is very powerful. It is doubtful whether a body of young men more finely formed, more intelligent looking, more courteous, than the students of Coimbra could be found elsewhere.

The women of the lower classes are also quite noteworthy for being at once neat and picturesque, and for the extraordinary skill and grace they show in carrying on their heads water jars fashioned like those of ancient Attica. From early morn to dewy eve the procession of bare-footed, handsome, nut-brown girls passes to and from the fountain, always chatting and singing and holding the distaff, as if it were nothing at all to balance a large water jar on the head from childhood to old age. The *chafariz*, or fountain, with the idyllic scenes enacted around it, is one of the most Oriental and characteristic objects, and is to be found, with slight local differences, in every village and town of Portugal. The peasants, as far as my observation goes, are more cleanly than the average continental peasant, and are fully as effective from a pictorial point of view. Indeed, Portugal offers an art field entirely new and abounding in superb *genre* landscape and marine effects of every possible variety.

The Sé Velho, or former cathedral of Coimbra, is a venerable, battlemented Romanesque building of red granite, situated on a rock and approached by a net-work of narrow lanes, covered alleys, and stairways of extraordinary steepness. Its interior has suffered in the usual manner, but contains some interesting tombs, and the door-way is rich and in good preservation. This structure is historically interesting, because tradition says the Cid Campeador within its walls first girded on the sword Tizana, with which he captured Valencia. An event of undoubted history was the crowning of the master of Aviz in this church, after the famous battle of Ouriques. Under the title of João I. he became the first king of Portugal. The church and convent

of Santa Cruz are objects of great interest. The church, although erected by Dom Manoel, is of pure flamboyant Gothic, with the peculiar modifications common in Portuguese Gothic. It has, however, suffered from the Renaissance movement. The coro-alto is one of the most exquisite specimens of antique oak-carving in Europe. The most exuberant fancy found vent in the designs of the seventy-two gilded stalls, castles, scriptural groups, pigs and monkeys turning somersaults or playing on the violin, and the like, represented with delicate humor and consummate skill. If the Portuguese have shown little talent for painting, there is, on the other hand, abundant evidence of their excellence in stone-cutting, wood-carving, and architecture. No better specimens exist than some of those in Portugal, and this national gift, if dormant, is not yet extinct, as is proved by the restorations conducted under the charge of Dom Fernando. The cloisters of the convent of Santa Cruz were erected by Dom João III. They are in the best flamboyant style, and if they were anywhere but in Portugal would be famous.

Opposite Coimbra, near the banks of the Mondego, is the Quinta dos Lagrimas, or Garden of Tears, to those of romantic turn the most interesting spot in Portugal. Although slightly changed, the house is substantially the same as when occupied by Iñez de Castro five centuries ago. Her story, which forms one of the most singular episodes in modern history, is undoubtedly authentic. She was secretly married to Dom Pedro I., before he came to the throne, and her influence was so much feared, as she was of Spanish birth, that those opposed to Spain induced the king to allow her to be murdered. This was done while her three children were clinging to her knees, and while Dom Pedro was absent following the chase. When he came to the throne he caused the courtiers who had instigated and performed this deed of blood to be tortured to death. After this he ordered the skeleton of his beloved wife to be raised at midnight and placed in the cathedral on a throne at his side, and crowned in presence of the court, who then passed in solemn procession before their sovereigns, the living and the dead, and gave in their allegiance. Dom Pedro and Iñez de Castro were afterwards buried at Alcobaça, in two magnificent tombs erected under his direction. Under the hill, in the rear of the Quinta dos Lagrimas, is the fountain near which Iñez was murdered. It is a spring welling out of the rock. The stones over which the water bubbles are, in places, nearly of a crimson hue. Tradition, of course, attributes this to the stains of blood. A stone slab is inscribed with some beautiful stanzas from Camoens in allusion to this tragedy, and some noble cedars, undoubtedly of great antiquity, hymn a perpetual dirge over her fate.

S. G. W. Benjamin.

"AH, CHASMS AND CLIFFS OF SNOW."

Ah, chasms and cliffs of snow!
Down the dim path so many feet have beaten
Need it be hard to go?
From bitter bread, from fruit the frost has eaten,
From bloom the rain has shaken,
From wings the winds have taken?

A few gold grains of corn
To plant in that strange soil, some hill-bird's feather,
A broken branch of thorn
From some dead tree where two have watched together:
These, for the heart's close keeping
Through waking or through sleeping!

One moans with homesick breath,
Here, for cold crag and cloud, where vales are sunny:
What then, if after death
One thirst for water, having milk and honey?
Sweeter divine regretting
Were than divine forgetting!

Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.

CRUDE AND CURIOUS INVENTIONS AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

VII.

(3.) *Special Crops.*—Among husbandry implements we have hitherto considered those for the culture of land and the preparation of grain for food. We now proceed to mention a few special crops and implements connected therewith, and as the list is but partial, it must be recollected that we are confined by the terms of our title to those industries which were presented at the Centennial: we find to our hand machines or implements for working in sugar, tapioca, tea, oils, fruit, honey, dyes, and lacquer.

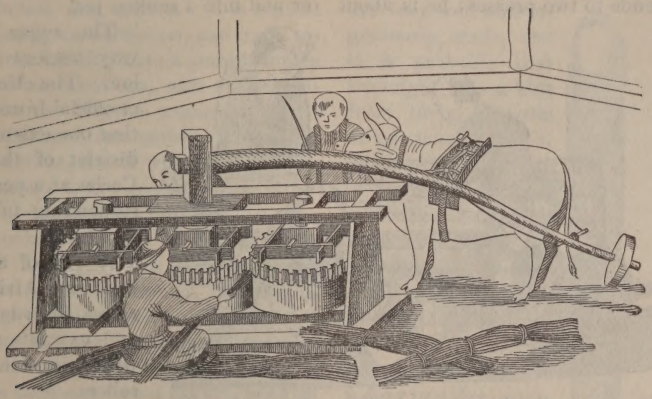
India supplied us sugar and cotton; China, silk and tea; from Persia we have peaches and melons; Egypt, perhaps, gave us wheat; America blessed the world with corn and potatoes, — not to mention tobacco. Not one of these, however, is of as much importance as rice, the common property of India, China, and the Malaysian archipelago.

Sugar, which now seems a necessary of life among us, has been known in Europe as a common article of diet only for a couple of centuries, or so. It is a very common organic product, being found in many grasses, roots, and even in the sap of trees, but the devices we show are for the sugar-cane, a perennial plant which has been spread over the whole tropical world as one of the results of the rage for discovery and commercial occupation which commenced about the close of the fifteenth century.

Although the western world had heard of the sugar-cane of India from Nearchus, who commanded the fleet of Alexander the Great down the Indus, and the sweet crystals had a reputation as a curiosity or as a medicine for a thousand years after the era of "Young Ammon," the sugar-cane was not known in the Mediterranean countries until brought there by the Saracens. It was cultivated in Cyprus and Sicily in the twelfth century; taken to Madeira in the fifteenth, and thence to Brazil and Santo Domingo in the sixteenth; Barbadoes was supplied from Brazil in the seventeenth century, and the plant was brought into Louisiana a little more than one hundred years ago, but the culture was much increased by refugees from Santo Domingo about the close of the last century. It does not seem to have spread very rap-

idly, but maintains its hold in climates suited to it.

The Japanese sugar-cane mill (Figure 157) has three vertical rollers geared together, and the canes are fed in on each side by two men who sit upon the ground so that the sweep may pass over their heads. The same style of press on a smaller scale is used in the United States for grinding sorghum, which is an African cane (*holcus sorghum*). We adopt new devices and new products



(Fig. 157.) Sugar-Cane Mill. Japanese Exhibit.

with but a passing thought; in the East it is very different: there century follows century without visible change, except as climatic or dynastic disturbance may affect industries.

The sugar-cane mill (Figure 157) has an interest in the probability that it represents the mill of the ages. The middle roller has a square gudgeon, in which the sweep lever is socketed, and is turned by a buffalo which walks round in a circular track, the end of the sweep resting on a wheel; as the rollers are geared together they revolve in exact accordance, and two *passes* are thus obtained, one on each side of the middle roller, the canes being fed in two directions. The juice flows by spouts into tubs set in the ground, one of which is seen at the left.

Figure 158 introduces us to the boiling of the cane juice, the wooden tubs with metallic bottoms being set in the top of a furnace which is on the lower story, only the top of it appearing in the view. The condensed syrup is being ladled into tubs.

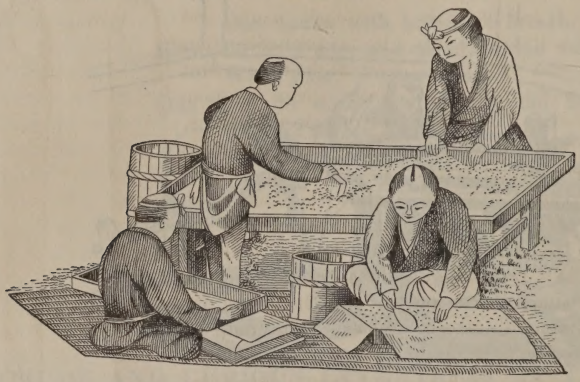
The tubs are emptied into the tray shown in Figure 159, where the concentrated syrup cools and crystallizes. When it has reached a certain condition,

(Fig. 158.) Boiling Cane Juice. Japanese Exhibit.

it is shoveled into cloths which are held in square, open frames, so as to make up the damp sugar in packages ready for the press. Two men are seen stirring the sugar that it may granulate, and two

others are packing, one having just filled his frame; the other is beginning to arrange one.

The next step is to press the package of sugar to remove the molasses. The press is about as crude as possible. One man attends to two presses; he is about



(Fig. 159.) Sugar Cooling and Packing. Japanese Exhibit.

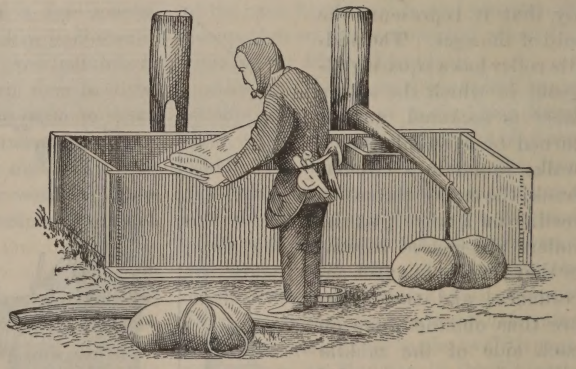
to put a cloth-covered package of sugar in the vat, upon a support which is not visible from where we stand. He will place on it a board and a square box, and a semi-cylindrical block of wood with the flat side downward. Then he will insert the end of the lever in the hole through the post and will rest it on the block; next he will pick up the heavy stone with a thong around it and suspend it from the end of the lever, which he may not be aware is a "lever of the second order." The molasses runs out of the vat into a tub at the man's feet. The pressed sugar is dry enough for market.

The sugar-cane mill of Dinajpoor, Eastern India, is a mortar the rolling pestle of which is worked by two oxen that travel in a circle and cause the pestle to crush the cane, which is chopped into thin slices and thrown into the mortar. This is a log of a tamarind-tree sunk in the ground to give it firmness, and hollowed out on top. The pestle is a timber eighteen feet in length and one foot in diameter, rounded to suit the shape of the mortar, and having a button on its lower end which catches in a hole in the bottom of the mortar to keep it in place. The juice runs out below through a strainer and into a sunken pot.

The sugar mill is very ancient in Ceylon. The *Mahawanso* or official history states that one existed in the district of the Seven Corles at a period corresponding to our A. D. 77.

A tribe of the Zambesi, in Africa, also raises the sugar-cane and extracts the juice with primitive wooden rollers.

The Guiana Indians have two crude forms of sugar mills: one has a pair of wooden rollers; the other is a press in which a lever is made to rest upon the cane placed horizontally beneath it on a table. The standing portion is a grotesque likeness of the head and shoulders of a man: his broad shoulders are the table, the lever passes into a hole in his neck beneath his chin, the expressed juice runs over his breast into a vessel.

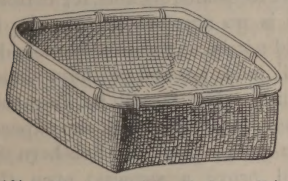


(Fig. 160.) Sugar Draining Press. Japanese Exhibit.

Sugar-cane is grown in many places, as in Java and some of the islands of Polynesia, where the stalk is chewed and the juice sucked, but no sugar is made.

Trinidad exhibited at the Centennial its apparatus for the preparation of manioc or tapioca. This starchy product is yielded by the *jatropha manihot*, a plant which grows abundantly in the tropical regions of South America, the West Indies, and Africa. It is a plant of the family *euphorbiaceæ*, and has a tuberous root which yields a starch known in Brazil as *mandioca*, also called *cassava* from the Haytian name *kasabi:* it is the tapioca of commerce. There are three varieties, one of which has a highly poisonous milky juice, which is removed by grating and pressure.

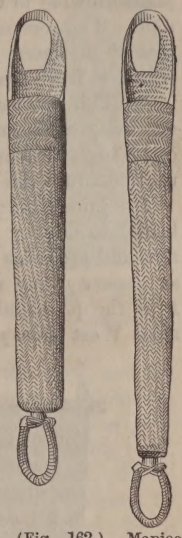
The mandioca grater of South America and Trinidad is a wooden block, thirty-six by twelve inches, rather concave, and studded with sharp pieces of quartz set in a regular diamond pattern. The pulp of grated, woody fibre and starch is then put into a basket, such as is represented by Figure 161, which is



(Fig. 161.) Manioc Washing Basket. Trinidad Exhibit.

sometimes made of the bark of a water-plant, but in this instance of cane splints in regular basket work, a pattern being produced in red and black and the natural yellow color of the cane. The baskets, of which a number were exhibited, hold from one to three pecks. In this basket the root is drained of its poisonous juices; the pulp is then put into a long elastic cylinder (Figure 162) made from the bark of a climbing palm, the *jacitira*, a species of *desmoncus*. This plaited tube has a loop at each end and forms a strainer. It is packed with half-dry raspings of the root from the basket, and then hung from a limb by its upper loop; a weight is attached to the lower loop, and as the bag lengthens its cubic contents diminish and the remainder of the liquid is pressed out. The one shown at the Centennial stretches from eighteen to thirty inches. In Guiana it is sometimes made to hold several bushels of pulp, is hung from a cross-beam between two posts, and stretched by a lever, on the farther end of which a woman sits.

The straining cylinders, called *tipitis*, are very well and ingeniously made, and it is probable that we might take a hint from them in some of our manufactures. They are an article of trade in Brazil, where the Portuguese have not yet introduced any efficient substitute for the native methods and devices. The pulp is turned out of the cylinders in a dry, compact mass, which is broken up, the hard lumps and fibres are picked out, and the farina at once roasted on large, flat ovens from four to six feet in diameter, with a sloping rim about six inches high. These ovens are made of clay mixed with ashes from the bark of a tree called *caripé*, and are supported on walls of mud about two feet high, with a large opening on one side to make a fire of logs beneath them. The mandioca cakes, or *beijú*, thus prepared are sweet and agreeable to the taste, and the bread is usually made fresh every day, as when it gets cold and dry it is far less palatable. All this work comes on the women, who have to go to the field for the roots at least every other day, and every day to grate and prepare the manioc and bake the bread, which forms the greater part of the food of many tribes in Brazil, Guiana, and some of the West India Islands.

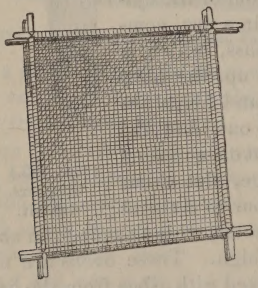


(Fig. 162.) Manioc Strainers. Trinidad Exhibit.

The tapioca of commerce is a more carefully made article. The sieve (Figure 163) is for sifting the dry tapioca to remove the dust. It is sixteen inches square, and constructed of cane splints in a wooden frame.

The term cassava is perhaps as well known as the Brazilian mandioca and the names manioc and tapioca, all of which refer to the same article. It is a kind of starch, like the product of the *maranta arundinaceæ* (arrowroot), a tuberous plant growing in the East and West Indies. The root is mashed and the pulp soaked in water, dissolving the starch, which is freed from the fibre by straining. This process is analogous to that adopted with corn, potatoes, wheat, and other vegetables abounding in starch and used to afford the commercial article.

The juice from the scraped cassava is boiled to destroy its deleterious qualities, and produces a brown liquid known as *cassareep* and much used as a sauce. It is the principal ingredient in the famous West India *pepper-pot*.



(Fig. 163.) Tapioca Sieve. Trinidad Exhibit.

The tribes of tropical Africa use the manioc root in the same way as those of Guiana, the Monbuttoos, for instance. The Angolese prepare it by scraping the root on to a cloth and washing out the starch granules; these pass through the cloth and settle in the water, which is then decanted. The starchy farina is dried on an iron plate over a fire, being continually stirred with a stick till it forms into globules, making tapioca. The process is the same in Loanda-land.

Among people so painstaking as the Chinese and Japanese, every industry has its own set of tools and methods. This is true of tea as of silk, cotton, lacquer, and a variety of other things.

The Japanese implements and apparatus employed in the handling and preparation of tea are of the simplest and cheapest kind. They are not without merit, however, and are hardly susceptible of improvement so long as the

(Fig. 164.) Strewing the Tea Leaves to Dry. Japanese Exhibit.

value of labor is so small. If *we* had to pick leaves, sort, and pack them, we should instantly look about for some machinery. We have reapers for grain, cutters and huskers for corn, pullers and hullers for beans, pickers for cotton, and there is no absolute reason why leaves should not be expeditiously picked, prepared, and packed without laborious handling. But it will be long ere this happens, however, unless the experiment of tea-growing in our Southern States should prove a success; even then it will be decades before they give us as good a product as China and Japan. We need patience as well as persever-

(Fig. 165.) Furnace drying Tea Leaves. Japanese Exhibit.

ance, and there is much *finesse* in the matter of tea-making, and great room for that kind of skill which seems to be

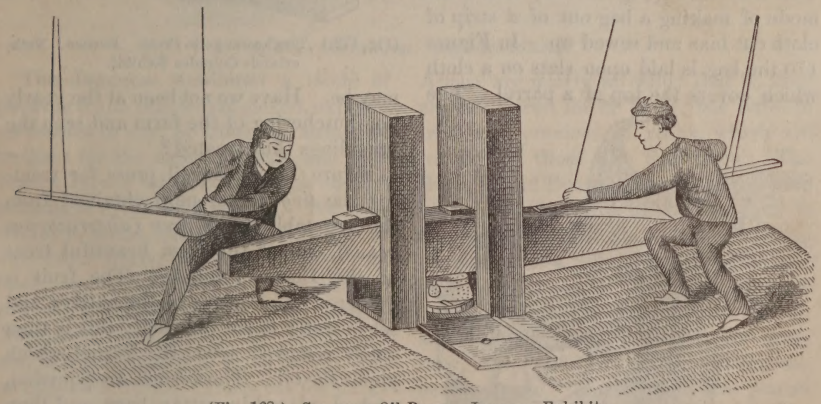
intuitive and incommunicable, being the result of the training of a people for scores of generations in special pursuits.

The Japanese at the Centennial took a great amount of pains to render their life and works plain to our people. In

(Fig. 166.) Sifting Tea. Japanese Exhibit.

the present instance we find the cultivators and handlers represented by groups of pickers, dryers, sifters, sorters, packers, and dispensers; of these, four are selected for illustration. The mat table (Figure 164) receives the leaves which are picked from the bushes in the field; being brought in by the pickers the leaves are laid upon the open-work table and distributed evenly by the fingers and the fan. Figure 165 shows the pan over the furnace, in which the wilted leaves are curled and dried, being stirred and rolled meanwhile. In Figure 166 is a suspended sifter of wicker work used in sorting the leaves, retaining the flat, imperfectly rolled ones, which are treated a second time; it is about as convenient a purely hand-method as can be desired, the weight of the sieve being borne by the cord, and the leaves stirred by one hand while the sieve is shaken by the other. The qualities are sorted, put into separate pans, and handed over to the packers. These are seen stowing the tea in chests or pouring it into jars. In Figure 167 a man is discharging the contents of a basket-scoop through a funnel into a jar. This tray, of rattan, bamboo, or wicker,

(Fig. 167.) Packing Tea. Japanese Exhibit.



(Fig. 168.) Sesamum Oil Press. Japanese Exhibit.

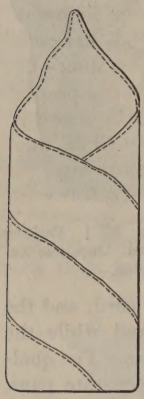
is to be found in all countries of the Eastern seas. It is large or small, and is of various materials, but it has always the same shape and never has a handle.

The vegetable oil *sesamum* (which substantially retains with us its Arabic and Greek names: Ar. *simsim*; Gr. *sesamon*) yields a large proportion of the oil of the Orient.

Figure 168 is a wedge press in which the ground and heated seeds of the *sesamum indica* are pressed, the meal being placed inside of a slack tub and beneath

a follower on which rests the beam, which is depressed by wedges driven in with poles suspended from the roof and operated by a man at each side.

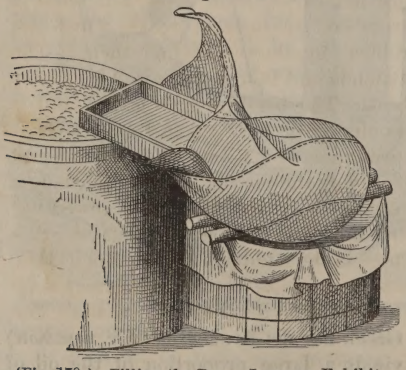
The Japanese did not exhibit the machine or mill for grinding the oleaginous seeds, but it may possibly resemble that of India and Ceylon. The mustard-oil mill of Dinajpoor in Eastern India is a mortar and rolling pestle worked by a buffalo. The Singhalese oil mill is similar; their oil press has a rattan bag which is squeezed between a pair of horizontal bars by means of a band and lever.



(Fig. 169.) Bag, for Oil Magma. Japanese Exhibit.

The oil mill of Java is a pair of grooved cylinders. The separation of the oil is effected by boiling and expression. A press is made of two boards joined together at one end, and between them is placed the *magma* in mat bags.

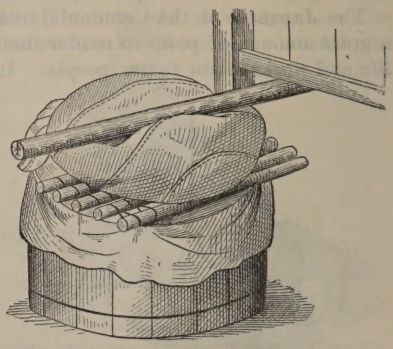
Another method of pressing vegetable oil or tallow was exhibited from Japan. The first view (Figure 169) shows the mode of making a bag out of a strip of cloth cut bias and sewed up. In Figure 170 the bag is laid upon slats on a cloth which covers the top of a barrel. The



(Fig. 170.) Filling the Bag. Japanese Exhibit.

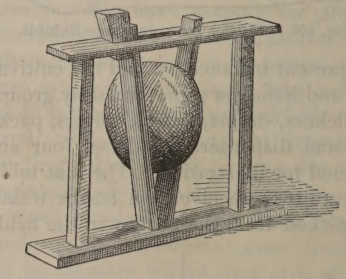
matter is of an unctuous or oily nature, is heated in a pan over a furnace, and then shoveled into a tray which conducts it into the bag.

Figure 171 is the really primitive press: the round bar is brought down upon the bag whose mouth is closed and



(Fig 171.) Rustic Oil Press. Japanese Exhibit.

folded up beneath. The position of the bar is shifted from place to place, to squeeze out the oil or fat, as the case



(Fig. 172.) Tingkawangalie Press. Borneo. Netherlands Colonies Exhibit.

may be. Have we not been at the yearly hog-butchering of the farm and seen the cracklings thus treated?

Figure 172 is an oil press for treating the *tingkawang* pulp obtained from the vegetable-tallow tree (*dipterocarpus genus*), one of the most beautiful trees of the Bornean forests. The fruit is gathered into baskets by the natives, and set in water to rot the shell; this is then easily removed from the kernel which yields the oil. The kernels are pounded, cooked, placed in rattan bags, and then in the primitive wedge press shown in Figure 172. The driving down of the wedge compresses the bag, causing the exudation of the fat, which congeals on cooling. The machine resembles the linseed-oil press of the last century, but is a very inferior affair to the Phœ-

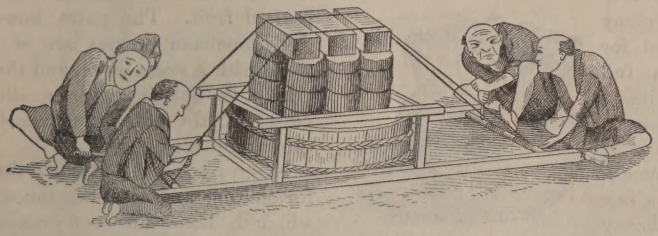
nician oil press of three thousand years ago.

The oil mill of Zanzibar for cocoa-nut and sesamum oil is like that of India and Ceylon. It has a wooden mortar

(Fig. 173.) Fruit Mortar. Japanese Exhibit.

in which is a conical cavity four feet deep and three feet in diameter at top, with a broad, flat rim. A rolling-pestle six inches in diameter is secured in the bottom of the mortar, and its upper end to a beam to the extremity of which a camel is harnessed. The correspondence between the apparatus of India and Zanzibar is not extraordinary when we reflect that the ocean has so long been a common passage way to the adventurous Arab sailors.

We do not find among these oil mills any similar to the Chilian mill, which has two large stones, like grind-stones, running on edge in a trough, a bar passing through the axes of the stones being attached to a vertical central post, to which rotation is imparted by a sweep. This is a very old form in Chili, from whence its name. The Roman *trapetum* was similar, but its stones (*orbes*) were segments of spheres and revolved in an annular basin (*mortarium*), their axes being inserted in a wooden nave (*cupa*), which was pivoted on a vertical pin on top of the central column (*miliarum*).

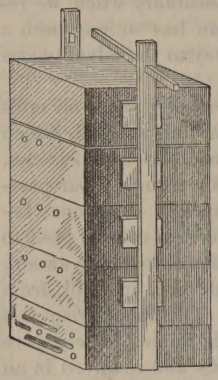


(Fig. 174.) Fruit Press. Japanese Exhibit.

The Japanese exhibited a mode of packing fruit; this is first picked, exposed on frames to dry, or hung on strings to trellises for the same purpose, and then beaten into a mass in a mortar before packing in cylindrical baskets. We have not exactly the same plan with any of our dried fruits, which are either sold loose or packed in barrels. The Spanish prunes, Portugal raisins, Smyrna figs, Normandy pippins, and Egyptian dates are, however, familiar to us in the line of imported fruits. The press for packing dried plums has a windlass at each end, around which are wound the cords which press upon the followers in the crates.

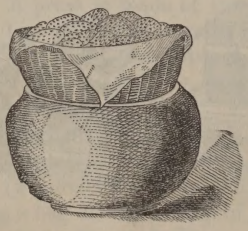
The Exhibition had the results of the work of African bees, wax being a considerable article of trade. The bees of Africa are nearly all wild; that is, they are not cared for in hives, but build in trees and crevices of rocks, which are robbed by those who find them. The Balonda and Bongo tribes in Africa keep bees. The bee-hive of Loanda-land is a cylinder of bark taken from a tree by girdling at two points, then slitting and loosening the piece. When removed, it resumes its shape, the slit is sewed up, and the ends stopped by coils of grass rope, in the middle of one of which is the bee entrance. These hives are placed in a horizontal position in trees. The bee-hive of the Bongos of the Upper Nile is made of basket work, and is a long cylinder which has an opening at mid-length six inches square. Basket work and bark are both of very ancient use: the Romans, for instance, made their bee-hives (*alveare*) of osiers plaited, fen-

nel stalks sewed together, or of cork; also of wood and earthenware. They also divided their bee-hives into stories by partial horizontal partitions with spaces for passing up and down.



(Fig. 175.) Compound Bee-hive. Japanese Exhibit.

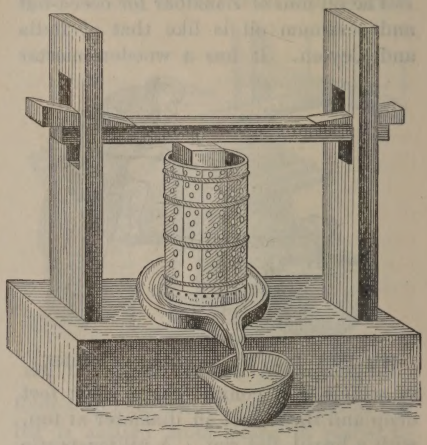
Apiaries and the management of bees have an important place in the husbandry of the Japanese, and they have several styles of hives, large and small, simple and compound. The one shown in Figure 175 is probably a non-swarming hive, as it has movable boxes in a frame, so that whenever a colony is pressed for room, a full box with a queen may be taken to start a new community, or a box full of honey may be taken out, in either case an empty box being substituted to give the bees space.



(Fig. 176.) Comb Drainer. Japanese Exhibit.

As among ourselves, the honey which drains from the comb is regarded as of the best quality, that which is pressed from the comb being more contaminated by contact with bee-bread and old comb. Virgin honey is that in comb which has been only once filled, the comb being clean and white and sweet. Figure 176 shows the Japanese comb drainer.

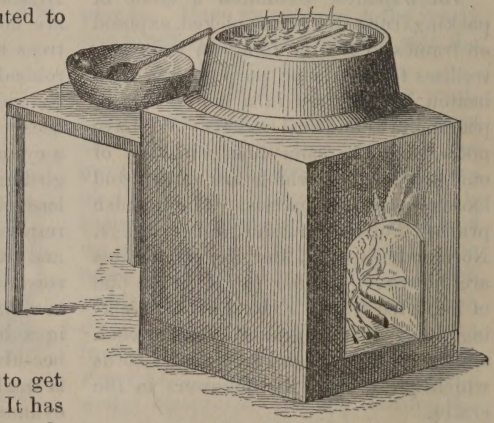
The press is needed, however, to get all the honey out of the comb. It has a vat with perforated staves, and a follower pressed down by a beam and wedge. The principle is exactly the same as that of the Phœnician olive-oil press of olden time, namely, two posts with a slot in each for the horizontal bar,



(Fig. 177.) Honey Press. Japanese Exhibit.

which is driven down by wedges upon the follower that rests on the cake of bruised fruit. The posts, however, of the Phœnician presses are of massive stone with a stone lintel, and they stand yet in Levantine countries, silent witnesses of the culture and methods of thirty centuries since.

Figures 178 and 179 show the boilers for melting and cleaning the wax from which the honey has been pressed. They scarcely need explanation.

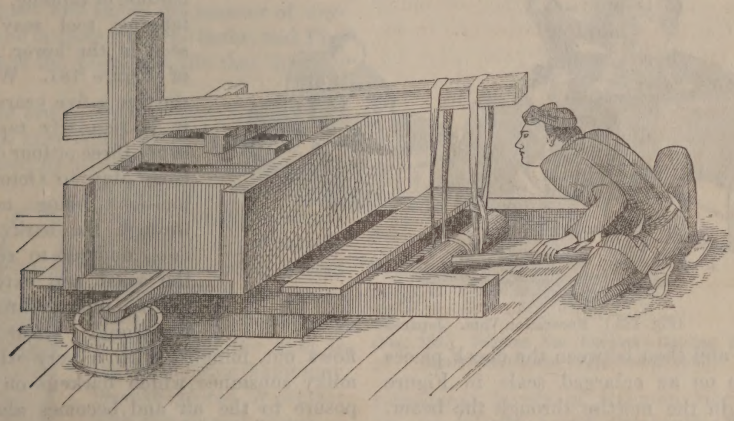


(Fig. 178.) Wax Boiler. Japanese Exhibit.

China and Japan use, and the former exports, a great many herbs and infu-

sions, which require a press either to compact them into bales, or to remove the liquor, which is afterward condensed, by boiling, to form a vegetable extract. Among these materials is safflower (*carthamus tinctorius*), a dye which is used instead of the more expensive saffron (*crocus sativus*). It is the flower which is used, in each case. The safflower is an annual of the *compositæ* tribe, and has long been cultivated in the East, whence it is exported to Europe in bales, and forms the basis of various red, rose, and pink dyes. The coloring matter is of two kinds: a yellow, which is soluble in water, and is then removable by pressure; and the red coloring principle, which is soluble in an alkaline solution. The press shown (Figure 180) is used for each of these stages of the process: we will suppose that the worthless yellow water has been run off, and a solution of soda added to the flowers in the vat. A sufficient time having elapsed for saturation, a board is laid over the material in the vat, and blocks upon the board; the lever is adjusted, and its outer end drawn down by a windlass, which winds a thong caught over the lever. The windlass barrel is rotated by a handspike in the usual way, excepting that the motions of the man are not much

(Fig. 179.) Portable Wax Furnace. Japanese Exhibit.



(Fig 180.) Safflower Press. Japanese Exhibit.

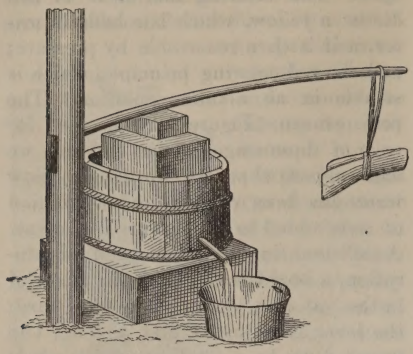
like those of Jack Tar. The man, however, manages to throw a part of his weight upon the handspike, and if that were not sufficient he would probably call for help rather than stand up. The red-dye liquor runs out at the spout into the little tub. The pink saucers which some ladies have on their toilet-tables to give a becoming blush to their cheeks have the *carthamine* color (*rouge*) obtained in this way.

The oil and the wine press of the Romans was a lever press, the beam (*prelum*) being worked by a windlass (*sucula*), as in Figure 180, and handspike (*vectis*); beneath the lever was the *orbis olearius*, or round, flat board which rested on the heap of olives.

Figure 181 is the Japanese press for indigo infusion. It is on the same principle as one or two others given, and is as simple a continuous press as can be devised. We need hardly go abroad for it; many a country cheese has been pressed in this way, — a fence rail in a crack of the fence, and a stick of wood suspended from the free end.

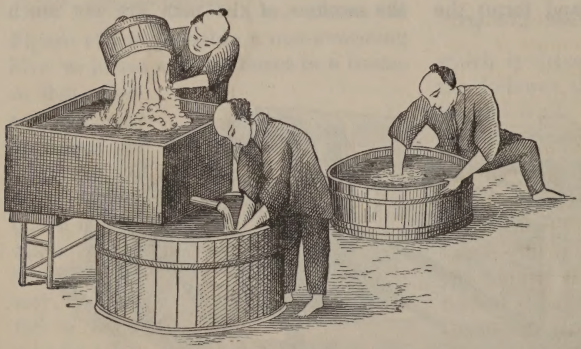
In Figure 182 are Japanese maceration vats for making vegetable infusions, and Figure 183 is a form of wedge press used when great force is required. The principle has been but lately abandoned

in this country for the hydraulic press, in obtaining linseed-oil from the boiled



(Fig. 181.) Indigo Press. Japanese Exhibit.

magma. The material to be subjected to pressure is placed in a strong canvas



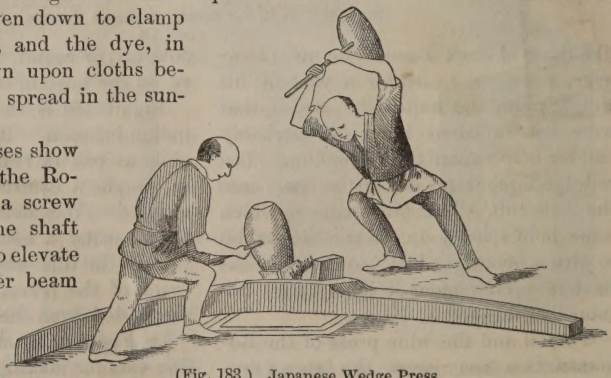
(Fig. 182.) Maceration Vats. Japanese Exhibit.

bag, and then between the cheek pieces (seen on an enlarged scale in Figure 184) in the mortise through the beam. Wedges are then driven down to clamp the cheeks together, and the dye, in this case, drops down upon cloths beneath; these are then spread in the sunlight to dry.

None of these presses show the advancement of the Roman *torcular* having a screw (*cochlea*) cut upon the shaft (*malus*), and serving to elevate or depress the follower beam (*tympanum*), which rests upon the object in the press. Such were used in the clothes-press (*pressorium*) by fullers, wine and oil makers, and others.

The ginger cleaner (Figure 185) is a sort of rough grater to remove the bark from the root to make *race*-ginger, the merchantable form when dried. It is all of bamboo: the bow is a bent strip, the bars are sharp-edged slivers which are farther roughened by notching. It is held in one hand or resting on a table while the root is rasped upon it.

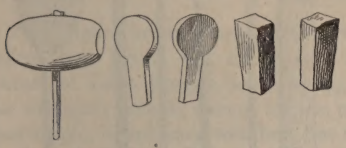
The lacquer of Japan is celebrated the world over for its excellent quality, durability, and beauty. The material used is the sap of a tree (*rhus vernicifera*) which is cultivated in Japan especially for the purpose, between the thirty-third and thirty-seventh degrees of north latitude. Figure 186 gives us a sketchy idea of the appearance of the tree, and represents the method of tapping. The tapping tool may be seen in the lower part of Figure 187. When the tree is five years old it is regularly tapped every three or four days from May to October, incisions being made through the bark just deep enough to reach the wood, and extending one quarter around the trunk. Clear sap flows out, mingled with a very white, milky substance which darkens on exposure to the air and becomes almost



(Fig. 183.) Japanese Wedge Press.

black. The incisions are made a little distance apart, and additional ones are

made from time to time above and below the starting-point, and then in other positions around the tree, so that by the

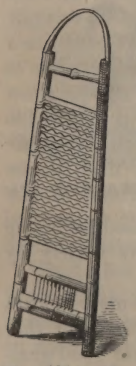


(Fig. 184.) Maul, Cheek Pieces, and Wedges of Press. Japanese Exhibit.

end of the season the whole of the tree within reach is covered. As vitality is thus destroyed, the tree is felled and the branches are cut off, soaked in water, and tapped by scoring them in a similar manner. The lacquer is removed by a spatula as soon as it has filled the incisions, the bucket, made of a section of bamboo, being carried by the gatherer.

Figure 188 shows the manner of cutting the lacquer from the limbs, and Figure 189 the peculiar knife that the man uses.

The crude lacquer (*ki-no-urushi*) is a viscid, gray liquid which is purified and cleansed by allowing it to settle in wooden tubs lined with paper. The superior quality comes on top and is poured off; the thicker quality is then decanted from the impurities. Each quality is strained, and the finer is stirred in order that it may become colored by contact with the air and acquire a dark color.



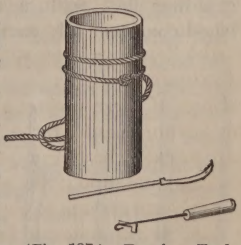
(Fig. 185.) Ginger Cleaner. Chinese Exhibit.

The manner of using the lacquer varies considerably, but we cannot spare space for intricate details. Spread on thin it is slightly yellow and so transparent as to show the grain of the wood, like shellac. Put on with a drying oil it assumes a polish, but put on alone it requires subsequent polishing. It is sometimes colored by water which has been allowed to stand on iron filings, or with an infusion of nut-galls. The first coating is thick and hard, being of the crude lacquer mixed with burnt-clay dust or fine stone powder, and is laid on with a wooden spatula, a number of which are shown in Figure 190. The brushes are shown in Figure 191.

For coloring, the lacquer is mixed with cinnabar, orpiment, red oxide of iron, prussian blue, or is colored black by iron liquor or galls, as mentioned already. The priming of lacquer and burnt-clay dust is ground with a stone;

(Fig. 186.) Tapping the Lacquer-Bearing Tree, Rhus Vernicifera. Japanese Exhibit.

subsequent layers of common lacquer are put on with a stiff flat brush (Figure 191), ground with water and charcoal; and the final coat of the best lacquer is ground with soft charcoal and polished with powdered deer's horn. From this it appears that the material is excellent and the work most carefully and patiently performed. There is no first-class surface of paint, lacquer, or varnish to be obtained without pains; the stuff does not



(Fig. 187.) Tapping Tool, Spatula, and Gathering Bucket. Japanese Exhibit.

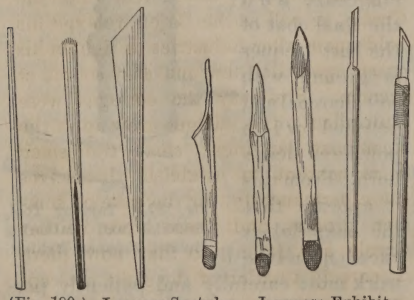
float into a perfectly level, hard, glossy surface. The admirable polish on our carriages and the French polish on our pianos are the result of skill, method, and care in the use of material of good quality. The Japanese lacquer excels in all respects.

The process of hardening and darkening is a work of time, and is best accomplished in large wooden boxes whose interiors are newly wetted with water; one celebrated kind is effected at sea, in a saturated atmosphere free from dust.

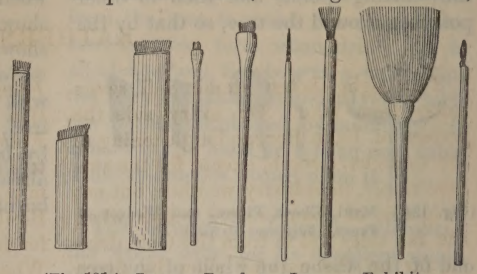
The ornamented varieties of lacquer work are numerous: the gold-sprinkled is made by dusting fine gold leaf on to a freshly lacquered surface and coating it with lacquer tinted with gamboge. By making the outer coating opaque lacquer, and then grinding it off to any given extent with charcoal, the metallic spots are revealed in the degree desired. Even tin-foil looks yellow, owing to the color of the supernatant varnish. Relief paintings are done by building up the colors and grinding flat, with a subsequent polished coat over all; carving of bodies of lacquer laid on is also resorted to. The inlaying with mother-of-pearl is done by laying thin plaques of shell upon the lacquered surface, coating with black, opaque lacquer, and then grinding down the surface, first with stone and subsequently with charcoal, so as to reveal the shell to the extent desired. The brilliancy of the shell is increased by laying tin-foil beneath it, and its variety by staining it with colors.

(Fig. 188.) Gathering Lacquer from the Branches. Japanese Exhibit.

(Fig. 189.) Lacquer Spatula. Japanese Exhibit.



(Fig. 190.) Lacquer Spatulas. Japanese Exhibit.



(Fig. 191.) Lacquer Brushes. Japanese Exhibit.

(Fig. 192.) The Japanese Lacquerer at Work. Japanese Exhibit.

The art of lacquering is more than a thousand years old, and pieces of that age are yet extant. When of good quality it will resist hot or cold water, hot soups and pickles, and even boiling *raki*, which is a fiery spirit from the innocent rice.

This sketch of husbandry implements by no means embraces all the important husbandry interests; some which were exhibited are omitted here and will appear in future papers; as, for instance, silk and cotton, which will be considered in connection with spinning and weaving.

Edward H. Knight.

KATHERN.

THE light-house stands full seven miles from land. On every side the waters of Lake Borgne lie glistening in the sunlight; smooth, except for the surface ripple, in ordinary weather, but not incapable of foam-crested waves when the fall tides roll in from the Gulf, driven far up the curving sides by fierce September gales; for, in reality, it has no genuine title to the name of lake, being nothing more than a sheltered bay opening directly into the Gulf itself, and susceptible to all those influences which, upon the larger body of water, write their record year after year in the wreck of vessels and the total destruction of such small towns as are built in exposed situations along the low and unprotected coast farther south.

Secured, however, from these grave disasters, both by the configuration of the land and by the intervention of a number of small islands scattered near, the lake by its tranquil aspect seems always to have wooed, with moderate success, those lovers of ease and retirement to whom it has been accessible; for the watering-places along its shores are as old as the cities which supply them with visitors, and that season is yet to come which shall behold any one of them wholly deserted, either for the delights of foreign travel or the attractions of more fashionable resorts.

Until a few years ago the unpretending cottages fronting the lake were the property of two classes, differing widely in speech and habits, yet, presumably, of identical origin: the native Louisianian, descendant of the early French settler, who called himself a "Creole;" and the Acadian, more universally known, through a corruption of his name, as the "Cajen." The Creole occupied his cottage on the lake shore only during the warm summer months; the Cajen dwelt in his throughout the year. The Creole claimed to speak the French of his progenitors, the language of *la belle France;* the severity of his discrimination between his own dialect and the French of the Cajen amounted almost to a sense of insult. To this day he admits no kinship with the descendant of Basil the blacksmith, knows no name for him but that of "the lazy Cajen." Wherever the latter is met with, be it in the quiet seclusion of Prairie du Lait or the Attakapas region, on the borders of the bayous or the shores of the lakes, he bears the same character, is recognized by the same attribute, stigmatized by the same epithet. Truth compels me to testify — though I mention him but casually — alike to its descriptive fitness and to its moral fidelity. Happily for his reputation outside the narrowed limits of his present home, both history and poetry have chronicled his defense in the record of that rude transplanting which placed him here, to vegetate where he happened to drop down, but never again to attach himself to any spot by stronger ties than those of mere proprietorship.

The Creole and the Cajen still possess most of the land, but the old days of monopoly are over. With that first wave of American immigration which swept over Louisiana after its purchase, both possessors were quick to perceive how to render this proprietorship eminently profitable. A second cottage sprang up, for rent, close beside the original dwelling; and I fear that the Creole, as well as the Cajen, relaxed his hold upon other industries to tighten his grasp upon this new and easy source of income. Presently the cottages were multiplied; little villages grew up at the steamboat landings; small tradesmen were content to establish themselves there permanently, for the sake of summer profits, and these were neither Creole nor Cajen; so that now there is scarcely a nation of the globe not represented at some point along that coast, scarcely a dialect spoken among civil-

ized people whose accents would not fit some lip in that community. More recently, it has been found profitable to open hotels at various points; and when these are filled with guests, and the rented cottages have thrown open their hospitable doors and are crowded with those who come for pleasure or for rest, there is no lack of noisy excitement, no want of genuine gayety.

But the life which is not native to the spot departs as soon as the bathing season is over, and then the old torpor returns and rests upon all who remain. The hotels are closed; a silence, broken only by the sound of lapsing waves, falls upon the beach, so lately gay with the laughter of children and the shouts of the bathers. The tide grows fuller, for a while, under autumnal influences, after which high-water mark recedes each day, leaving long reaches of sand-bar and shoal water, so that boats cease to land at their accustomed wharves, and passing schooners keep farther off from shore.

No such extremes of variety are brought by the changing seasons to the light-house seven miles away. Shall we wonder that the years glide on uncounted?

Viewed from the light-house windows in search of a limit to the smooth expanse, the swift circuit is almost completed before the eye rests on a line of dazzling white, lying to westward, — whiter than any cloud, whiter than any sail, — which marks the sandy beach full seven miles away. Above the beach, forever changing from dark to light, from bluish-black to hazy gray, stretches the heavy gloom of a belt of woodland. There is no more to be seen, though one should look forever, without the spy-glass; but that assists the picture.

A village is indicated by a cluster of dwellings and the slender church spire, partly seen between the short-stemmed, thick-foliaged oaks; while scattered along the shore, at wider intervals, the pretty rural residences of wealthy merchants reveal themselves, with flower gardens, and fanciful summer-houses, and painted pleasure boats fluttering about the landing-places. If it be the season when these are tenanted, there will be swift-moving vehicles and ladies, mounted on fleet-footed horses, with flowing riding-habits and long, floating veils, glancing among the trees every afternoon; but if it be winter, neither carriages nor riders, but only the beach and the woodland, the vacant cottages and, in the distance, the village.

At times, the slanting rain comes down between, for days and days together; and then there is no world outside the light-house walls; no sound, except the noise of water striking on the iron-framed cupola overhead and against the piles under foot, on which the building rests.

The light-house was intended for a dwelling, and is tolerably comfortable and convenient; but life is monotonous within its walls, when a man has to live there year in and year out. David Scarborough found it so, else he never would have married.

Light-house keeper for fourteen years, he has passed half that time without a companion. Once a week he lowered a skiff which hung suspended above the water, at the pier-head, and crossed to the village, for provisions; but his interest in the gossip of the place greatly flagged on account of the absence of continuity. It was like trying to enjoy a serial of merit when one has access only to the odd numbers of a neighbor's magazine. Now and then he hailed a passing oyster boat, and held a parley with its owner, or questioned the crew of a lumber-laden schooner about what was going on in the great world, as she slowly glided under his seat on the pier, close enough for him to reach out his hand for the week-old newspapers which came from the far-off city.

These papers were David's wine of life, fresher to him, in their crumpled antiquity, than is the latest issue to most people, just from the newsboy's hands; nor is it in the power of that new delight to impart any deeper sense of satisfaction than that which David derived from the contents of his twine-tied

roll. There was some little effort required to master the printed page; but that only afforded time for him to bring his imagination to bear, well and squarely, upon each paragraph in turn. The full account of a murder was meagre compared with what his fancy made of it. The great conflagration with loss of life, the skillfully effected bank robbery with no clew to the perpetrators, the execution of some notorious criminal whose dying confession, less elegant than Cranmer's recantation, was not, perhaps, less moving, — all passed in review, with the vividness of actual vision, and were pondered for hours together as David sat at work making cast-nets for the fishermen in the village.

These sheets were never exhausted, any more than are the volumes in a library of law, or medicine, or theology. They were kept for reference, folded smooth in their original creases, and piled together, under an iron weight, in one corner of David's bed-room. Whenever he replaced that weight, he recalled the fact that he could not swim, without remembering the probable futility of that exertion should one of these frail records chance to be whisked out of the window, beyond his reach.

There was food for meditative self-gratulation, even while the horrors were being developed, upon his own immunity from such dangers as beset people less securely located than in a light-house, with water on every side, and seven miles from land.

Not that his life was wholly free from some flavoring element of conscious peril, either. There was something treacherous, David conceived, about that smooth surface, forever glittering in the sunlight; now receding, now advancing; crawling upward, stealthily, on the green and slimy piles beneath his home, until the ugly crust of barnacles, extending half their height, was quite concealed. It was always threatening mischief which it dared not quite achieve, he fancied. "If the wind should ever take a notion to help it in downright vicious earnest," he used sometimes to mutter to himself, "small 'ud be my chance, with nothin' but *it* atween me and my neighbors."

He half suspected that it owed him a grudge for lighting up the beacon overhead every evening "so regular," and "cheating it out o' some of its tricks."

"Here 's the channel, cap'n," he used to exclaim, as the broad glare fell upon the water, addressing, in soliloquy, any commander whom destiny might at that moment be directing towards his dwelling. "Here 's the deep water, close to the right. If you should chance to go down *here*, you may as well telegraph your friends to look for your body on the other side o' the world; fur it 's my belief there 's no bottom to this part. That 's why they built the light-us here. 'To mark the channel,' says they. That 's why I 'm kep' here to light it. That 's the side fur porpusses and shirks, though they don't allus keep to it. Many 's the time I seen them porpusses, atween this and shore, a-puffin' and blowin'; and when you see a porpus, the shirk ain't fur away. As fur swimmin', I would n't trust myself in that 'ere water, — no, not fur *money!*"

But, despite his literary inclination, it was not to be denied that life at the light-house *was* monotonous. It became more so than ever, after some years of seclusion. Still, it was not without a patient scrutiny of all possible contingencies that he finally decided to introduce a permanent resident within these walls, in the person of a wife. He remembered that his quarters were very narrow; in case they could n't agree there would be no escaping from each other's presence. He was conscious that it would go against him to be crossed! He had it all his own way now. Everything stayed where he put it; he could n't be sure that it would be so if there was a woman about. The perfect stillness, no sound but the faint stroke of wavelets against the piles, became a prized possession not lightly to be resigned when he recalled the clatter of the village fish-wives, — "enough to drive a man to jump overboard, though he could n't swim, and to make him forfeit the chance of being buried on dry land respectable-like," if he had to be "shut

up in a light-us with it, and no distance to put atween but only the length o' the pier."

There was no question that the light-house was as cosy and comfortable as could be: two rooms below, fitted up with every convenience; overhead, the beacon; beneath, the broad, flat pier running out to the channel; as much room, in the opinion of its occupant, "as any man ought to wish for; but women were apt to be onreasonable. Ten to one, a wife would clamor for double the space she could occupy."

By such meditations was David Scarborough deterred from carrying out his decision, even after it was fully formed; and another year or so wore on while he cautiously sought his Griselda. He found her in the midst of the noisy fish-wives. She had grown up among those whose garrulity had imposed upon her the silence of a perpetual listener, and whose constant quarrels had disposed her to be as little disputatious as David could desire. Round-faced and large-armed, placid and rosy, she disturbed nothing in his domicile, but made it twice as bright and cheery as before.

A smile and a nod were as agreeable an answer as a man could wish in response to propositions which required no demonstration; and Mrs. Scarborough threw into these a fullness of assent which words very rarely convey.

Meantime, her husband had never heard of Griselda; hence he called his wife what her parents had always called her, "Meena." Perhaps it was just as well for her that he was, as a consequence, also ignorant of the *tests* to which that patient lady is said to have been subjected, so prolonged was the period of his skepticism concerning his escape from the evils he had previously dreaded.

Yet he need not have doubted the success of his search. It is not rare for a man to obtain a desired object, in all the plenitude of perfect completeness, and to miss nothing but the satisfaction which was to have accompanied its possession. There is a want of fitness between perfect gifts and imperfect natures which removes improbability from the chance of such attainment.

David Scarborough could not "abide crossin'," and there was no crossing to be borne. The result was that while Meena went through every step of the refining process of self-abnegation, and came out no less pure than shining from the final ordeal, her husband remained as at the beginning, with all his better nature locked up in the yet unroasted ore.

He had his way in all things, even in the naming of their little girl. "Call her Kathern," he said. "Kathern 's a good Christian name, and it 's easy to speak. Call her Kathern."

So one fair spring morning the skiff was lowered, and Mr. and Mrs. Scarborough, dressed in their best clothes, descended the light-house steps with the infant and took their places in it, in order to make the journey which was to confirm this decision by giving the little girl a right to her name.

It was too early in the season for the summer residences down the beach to have received their inmates, and so it was not awkward to enter the church a little before the hour for morning service, and to wait within it for the clergyman. Indeed, they found themselves quite alone, even when the moment came for them to walk up the centre aisle to the font.

Neither had ever been so near the east window but once before, and that was when they came there, that other time, to be married. There was less embarrassment on this occasion. They had time to examine it narrowly, and they were struck with its splendor. There was a prominent group on one of its divisions, corresponding to the group at the font; it did not escape their notice. The rite seemed to receive an added solemnity from the fact that the priest had put on his white gown just for them. They were correct in thinking that their lives would hold no other day like the one "when Kathern was christened." When the priest took her from them, and stood holding her in his own arms, they seemed to have given her up to God

to do with as he pleased; and the fullness of a great content accompanied the thought. It took but a little while to give her the name of Katherine, to sign her with the sign of the cross, to breathe a prayer and a benediction; and then they carried her back to the boat, and home to the light-house again.

Six years were gone, yet Kathern had made no other trip to the land. It had happened so, that was all. Repeated promises were yet to be fulfilled. Six years old, and to have looked out all her life only on what I have described! "Why, I can take you any time," her father would say. But any time is always no time. Her mother had not revisited the village since that memorable Sunday; it was never quite convenient, and nothing had occurred of sufficient importance to call her there despite obstacles; still less would she have thought it of moment enough to ask David to leave his netting and to take the trouble of lowering the boat and carrying her over, merely for her own pleasure.

But little Kathern saw her father push off from the pier each week with wistful eyes and an ever-increasing desire to accompany him. "Not *this* time," he would say, as he descended into the boat, "but some day soon." Then Kathern would get her mother to adjust the glass, and she tired not of watching till he reached the shore; the less inclined to grow weary, because all the while she asked such questions as drew forth the oft-repeated description of what she had never seen, except in fancy.

"It 's none so grand there," Meena would sometimes say, "except in the church where the picture-window is, and may be in the gentlemen's houses, where you 'd have no call to go."

"May be not to you, mother, you have seen it so often; but I would like to walk, just once, on that shining white beach; the pier is so black and ugly after seeing that," the child would reply.

"It 's none so nice when you 're on it; sand over your shoe-tops. You 'd soon tire o' walking in it; the pier is better to walk on."

"But I 'm tired o' the pier, mother."

"Nay, then, that 's naughty, Kathern, to tire o' your home."

"I 'm none tired *that way*, mother; but I 'm tired o' *this* because I 'm waiting to see *that*. When I 've been once, just once, only to see what it 's like, I 'll be rare glad to get back here, to look on 't again from the pier."

"Well, some day father will take us both over; we 'll let it be a Sunday, and then we 'll see more than the beach. We 'll go to church, and you 'll never forget it, Kathern: the singin', and the prayin', and the priest comin' and goin', in and out o' the painted light that falls from the picture-window; you 'd think his gown 'ud be stained with it, till you see him move away. There 's no pictures in books like to that, Kathern, that can change all that comes anear them. Then it 's so still and solemn-like, too; there 's a bit o' heaven's holiness on everything inside. You feel it on yourself the minit you pass the door. And you 'll not be likely to forget what I ha' told you so often: how once the priest took you out o' your father's arms and held you in his own, and spoke the beautiful words over you that I ha' told you the sense o' many a time, and ha' thought on, myself, ever since."

"Would he know me now, mother, do you think? Would he be like to speak to me?"

"No doubt, after service, if we stayed a bit by the church, and saw him comin' out. He writ your name down that day in his book; so he cannot ha' forgot."

"I wish I could ha' known it *then*, and seen and understood. Seems as I shall never go again."

"Oh, yes, you will. Father 'll take you some o' these days. But don't you be impatient and tire o' your home. Father has lived here twice as long as we, and weeks is like days to him; seems he don't think how time 's passin'. But he 'll take you there some day."

So Kathern waited, and played at her few solitary amusements, and learned to net, to sew, and to read a little. Only a little, however. It did not "come easy" to David to teach her. "She

was apt enough at her letters," he said, "but it took *guessin'* as well as *spellin'* to git the sense out o' newspapers, — about as much o' one as t'other; and she was n't up to that, yet." He could "make it out" well enough himself, but there was a superfluity of letters even in familiar words which was quite perplexing to him as a teacher. They were not greatly in his way when he read, for he "did n't notice them much," but they were constantly obtruding themselves when he tried to make Kathern understand.

"When you 're sharper at guessin', you 'll read it well enough. Till then you 'd better let it be," was usually the closing remark at each lesson. Then Kathern would "give over" for that time, and listen while her father read.

As years rolled on, David Scarborough became less and less able to bear "crossin'," from want of practice. He had not lived seven years with Kathern's mother without discovering that she had her preferences like other people, though she kept them in the background. Sometimes he thought, as he sat in the old place at the end of the pier, at work upon his nets, that he would rather she had pressed them occasionally than that he should have to reproach himself with never having done anything to gratify them. In the beginning of their married life it had been necessary to establish his position as head of the house; but he had never meant that she should give up *always*. Yet this had grown to be the habit between them, and he did not escape some pangs when he reflected upon it. More than once she had been obliged to alter such arrangements as she had ventured to make without consulting him, and undo a morning's work because he was not pleased with it. "No? And you don't like it so? Well, we 'll change it in the morning," she would say quietly; and, though he sometimes bade her let it stay, yet he was ever restless until the alteration was made.

So the battle he had once dreaded came to be fought within himself; for something always strove, on her side, against his desire to have his own way, and the conflict raged at the end of the pier, where he used once to think he would have to go to escape it. With every battle he felt himself less and less able to bear crossing; for that something that never failed to rise up for her was always beaten fiercely back. "No, no; the place 'ud be too small for two to rule. 'T would n't be so on land, but I can't abide to give up here. Besides, I have got a good wife; what 's the use o' spoilin' her?" And so it came about that he sometimes denied her her will consciously, when there was little occasion for their differing at all.

Again, the days would come back when he lived there alone: the seven years of solitude, when there was less comfort about the light-house than now, when it held nothing for him to look forward to on his return from the village; when he had not cared, very much, where he lived, nor how. And now, — why, it was another place; that was about the way to put it. And what made it another place? Nothing was altered of what he had been used to before; only, something had been added. But Meena had brought little beside herself when she came over in the boat that first morning; yet, from that day there was more of home in the house than there ever had been before; more in his life and vastly more in his little world than he had ever dreamed of. Yes, it was those two, Meena and Kathern, who had made the light-house another place.

And what had it been to them? What had he made it to Meena? He remembered her life in the village, full of the excitement of seeing strangers come and go, the wide variety of every summer day in the neighborhood of a fashionable watering-place. He remembered other suitors besides himself, and he wondered if Meena remembered, too. "If she would ask me what she wants, I 'd never refuse her," he would say to himself. "Ay, but she 'll never ask, if she thinks you don't like it," the opponent from within would reply.

One day Meena was ill. She struggled to rise from bed, but had to sit down, between times, all through her work.

It was but a passing sickness, but it upset all the victories of the past, and beat David's will down entirely.

That night he said, "I 'm afraid, Meena, I 've been a poor sort o' husband to you. I 've thought always o' my own pleasure, and never o' your'n. And yet, I 've known I had a good wife. I 've known that an angel would n't ha' suited me as you 've suited me; but you 've never had nothing your own way since I married you."

"I 've not wanted my own way, David. What for should I be wantin' that? I 've had everything else, and you 've given it me. I would n't hear any one else say you had n't been a good husband."

"I don't care if you 've not wanted your own way. I mean that you shall have it now. So you must ask me to-night for somethin'. I 'm goin' to the village to-morrow, and I 'll bring you anything you ask for."

"Do you mean, David, that you 've a mind that I shall ask you something out o' the common, just to pleasure myself?"

"I 've just that mind," answered David.

"Then I will ask; but, remember, I have not been thinking of it and wishin' for 't; but I ask because you bid me, and because 't will please Kathern; and 't is no great thing, after all, but only that you will take us to the village some Sunday, to go once to church. Kathern has never been, you know, and she 's fairly wild to go."

"Why, that 's nothing to ask. You can go any time."

"Nay, but tell us the day, and make us a promise; that will make it something."

"Well, say Sunday comin'. And to-morrow I 'll bring you something to wear."

"Then let it be a bonnet for me and a hat for Kathern; for folks might laugh, even in the holy place, if I wore the one I used to wear before I came here."

So David brought "a smart hat" for Kathern, with gay ribbons and a flower on it, and her face grew radiant with delight; for Meena, also, a neat bonnet, that she felt she would be proud to wear. Then followed other preparations; and Kathern exclaimed, as she passed the window, in a state bordering on ecstasy, "O shining shore, I shall see you close, at last! O beautiful ladies, and shady trees, and little white houses, and holy church, I shall know what you look like, now!"

So the days passed. They seemed long until Saturday; but then there came in from the Gulf a white-sailed schooner, and they all gathered at the pier-head to watch her approach. She was sure to come to the light-house, for it stood there to mark the channel. Delights were crowding that week.

It was just four o'clock when she reached the pier. The sailors seeing a little girl standing close to her mother, watching the vessel with eager interest, threw some sweet oranges to her as they passed, besides the customary roll of papers to David. There were more than would last her a week. It was a rare treat to have so many. The lamp was lighted early that evening, and David told them snatches of news, as he made it out from his papers. Decidedly, *that* week was full of golden moments.

The papers proved unusually interesting. One of them was rich in pictures, and Meena and Kathern spread it out, opened to its fullest extent, upon the table, and bent above it with absorbing interest, while David read. The package was large, too. There was about a month's work, at David's rate of reading, in those closely-printed sheets. He sat at it late that night, and he got at it early next morning. He read till breakfast, and then only stopped for the meal. He showed no signs of getting ready for church; and when Meena went to remind him of his promise, he seemed to have quite forgotten that it had any particular reference to that especial day.

"Church?" he said in a dreamy sort of way. "Ye want me to take ye to church, and I promised ye, I know; but the church won't run away. It 's there every Sunday. We can go next, just as well as this. I have just got into the midst o' this paper, now. There 's

great things in it. I could n't listen to the preacher; I 'd be thinkin' of it all the while. You 'll scarcely mind, and Kathern can wait. You can show your new bunnits as well next Sunday as this. 'T ain't often I git such a rare pack o' papers."

So Meena told Kathern to "bide a bit longer;" they were not going just yet, but that "'t would n't be long, now that father had it on his mind."

Had David been a military man he would have known that his victory was lost for want of following it up; that all the battles of his seven years' war were to be fought over again. It was folly to hint at peace while that sturdy sense of justice remained a part of his nature, backed by an honest though somewhat feeble purpose to keep a clean conscience, wronging no one; for he had chosen his own pleasure once again, as he had chosen it from the beginning, as he always would choose it in the future, so long as he might like, unless, indeed, some sharp experience should cure him.

But, happily for David and happily for us, it is not in the providence of God that any good man should be given over to the sin against which he strives, however feeble be the stand he makes. Help came from heaven, though not quite yet; a day arrived, — let me record it here, — when the foe was completely routed, never to reappear; when David received so mighty a degree of the strength requisite to bear crossing that he became able even to cross himself, and was glad so to do, in order "to pleasure Meena." But not quite yet.

Successive Sundays came, without attaching to themselves any special expectation. Meena and Kathern waited for David to speak, and they waited long.

The summer passed, while Kathern sat at the end of the pier and netted at her father's side. She watched the shadows of the clouds which swept across the water; she listened to his talk about the lake and the old grudge he used to think it bore him; of his nets and the little store from their proceeds he was laying by for her; but most, of the lonely days when he had no little daughter and no wife, but lived in the light-house alone.

While they talked and netted, they could see the painted pleasure-boats fluttering around the landing-places of the white shore in the distance, the heavy belt of woodland forever changing from dark to light, from blue-black to hazy gray; but only at night in her dreams did the little girl behold the gorgeous picture-window and the priest who held her in his arms and wet her forehead with the mystical water.

Then followed days of rain, when there was no sound but that of water beating on the cupola overhead, and water beating against the piles below, and no world outside of the light-house walls; close upon this came the cool September mornings.

It was on one of these — a day when her father said he knew the lake meant mischief, and the wind seemed to want to help it; a day when the tide poured in fuller than ever from the Gulf, and the angry gusts dashed its spray high above the pier-head; a day when the ripple was exchanged for foam-crested waves, and the lake was white as far as the eye could reach — that little Kathern, coming to join her father where he stood with folded arms, facing the furious wind and watching a schooner come beating up the lake, lost her footing on the wet and slippery pier, and fell overboard into the treacherous water. Her father, who could not swim, saw her sink into the wave, and then he saw no more.

In the instant of her fall, it was a small thing to remember, he thought of her one ungratified wish. There flashed across his mind the swift recollection of the week when Meena was ill, — "the happy week," she had called it, — and of the succeeding Sunday that was to have been the beginning of better things.

His wife knew what he meant when staggering into her presence he sobbed, in broken accents, "O Meena, Meena, she 's gone! and I never took her to the village!"

"Yes, *once*. You took her *once*. Oh, David, thank the dear God that you took her there that once. We went

willin' to give her to him then; can't we be willin' now?"

The schooner that was beating up toward the light-house at the instant when Kathern fell lowered a boat at once, when the men saw what had happened. The sailors rowed round and round the spot, and were loth to give up the search; but the body did not rise even once, that they could see.

But three days after, far off from home, on the white beach seven miles away, the ladies and children who rode in the shade of the oaks near the shore checked their horses and dismounted to gather round the body of a little girl, which had just been cast up by the waves. They knew at once that it had drifted there from the light-house; for the people at the village had heard of the accident, and were watching for the body.

The ladies she had seen so often in fancy were close to her now. Their long riding-habits swept across the sand on which she lay; their streaming veils floated back and forth above her, as they bent down to look in her face. She had touched the shining shore at last. By dainty fingers her shroud was made, and her curls were clipped off for her mother.

When next her parents saw little Kathern it was in the church, where they had given her to God, while she was yet an unconscious infant. Unconscious now, she was given to him again, her parents looking their last upon her as she lay in the light of the picture-window, with its marvelous glory everywhere about her, the cross this time on her breast, instead of on her forehead, where her hands were peacefully folded.

Feärn Gray.

SOME ASPECTS OF DE QUINCEY.

One good test to apply to an author is to read his works continuously, and take in a new sense the "benefit of the doubt" which a rapid succession and contrast of one's moods in reading must excite. In De Quincey, topics so numerous and so widely separated are discussed with such diatonic changes of manner and feeling that this test becomes unusually stimulating and useful. If we take the Confessions of an Opium-Eater and follow it with, for example, the essay on Shakespeare, then pursue the fortunes of the Spanish Nun, and wind up with a careful reading of the Logic of Political Economy, we shall come away with a dazzling impression of De Quincey's range as a thinker, a student, and a writer. But this impression does not grow proportionately stronger on reviewing the whole bulk of his writings. We gradually lose faith in the comprehensiveness which at first seemed so positive and radical a characteristic. We observe, also, that he repeats himself, that he covers large spaces with a very thin integument of thought, or with a sham, apparitional kind of humor, and that his monotony has not the charm of that other monotony belonging to the styles of more creative writers. To acknowledge this is by no means to belittle De Quincey's claims to our remembrance, but it enables us to define some things concerning him more clearly, perhaps, than they have usually been defined.

The new Riverside edition [1] of Thomas De Quincey's writings, which is a rearrangement of the old American

[1] *The Works of Thomas De Quincey.* Riverside Edition. In Twelve Volumes. New York: Published by Hurd and Houghton. Boston: H. O. Houghton & Co. Cambridge: The Riverside Press. 1877

issue in a multitude of volumes, places them before us in a form so greatly improved as to remind one how much an author may gain or lose by the manner of his mere physical presentation to the public. Under the new distribution the first three volumes are wholly autobiographic, including the Confessions; and the fourth comprises all the purely literary criticism excepting those chapters collected in the fifth under the head of The Eighteenth Century. Then follow in due order, each group filling one volume: Biographical and Historical Essays; Ancient History; Christianity, Paganism, and Superstition; Essays in Philosophy; Politics and Political Economy. The eleventh and twelfth volumes are assigned to Romances and Extravaganzas, and to Narrative and Miscellaneous Papers. One essay is omitted which old readers of De Quincey will perhaps be sorry to lose, that on The Traditions of the Rabbins; but as it was not written by De Quincey this is not a very serious privation. The former editor, who had to unearth many anonymous magazine articles really the work of De Quincey, was persuaded that this was also his; and after it was put into the collection and credited to him, De Quincey agreed that he must have written it. But record has now been found of the article having been contributed by another person, who also has in his favor the strong presumptive proof of having been paid for it. The gap left by the discarded essay has been filled by a fresh lucubration on Professor Wilson, overlooked by both the Boston and the Edinburgh editors, but hunted up for the present redaction, photographed from the pages of the periodical in which it originally appeared, and by that means transmitted to this country.

Very lately, while this edition of the Works has been in process of completion, a Life of De Quincey,[1] authorized by his family and containing large accessions of important matter, has come to supplement our knowledge of him. The frequently reiterated idea that De Quincey had told us all that could be told about himself, and had exhausted analysis in the study of his own history, character, and genius, is somewhat fallacious. He has the appearance of considering himself objectively, but he does not really do so. As I shall presently try to show, much of the misapprehension of De Quincey that has for a long time obtained may be traced to this unfortunate semblance of self-knowledge, supported by great positiveness of statement, but concealing a very imperfect understanding of his own situation on the part of the author. Mr. Page's biography therefore, which tells its story clearly and thoughtfully, with abundant illustration wholly new, is of great value. It is, in fact, the only complete and comprehensible account of De Quincey that has been given us. Mr. Page's own analyses are not always as clear and searching as the subject deserves, but he has so disposed his matter, and so thoroughly availed himself of the impressions of those who knew De Quincey best, that we are able to enjoy a fresh and instructive view of a life that has greatly needed some such elucidation.

The relation of opium to De Quincey's genius and career is of course the main occasion for misconstruction, although the world's riper judgment will probably be that this has received more attention than it merits. For the undue prominence given to this mixed aspect De Quincey is in part responsible. He came forward in a somewhat difficult double rôle, that of the victim and the apostle of opium; and, being deeply impressed with his opium experiences and not understanding the secret of his own case, he showed great ardor in convincing the public that the operations of his mind must be looked at almost wholly with regard to the part that opium had played in them. After he had succeeded in this, he was rewarded with sharp criticism, open condemnation, or pity for his excesses. Even now, if we rely altogether upon his own exposition, we shall find it difficult to repress a certain

[1] *Thomas De Quincey: His Life and Writings.* With Unpublished Correspondence By H. A. Page. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1877.

amount of irritation, or possibly contempt, however genuine our admiration of his power or our sympathy for his distresses. In the Confessions, it is true, are to be found the cardinal points by which we may come to a right conclusion as to his opium-eating habit; but the contradiction in his statement of the motives for writing about it, the rhapsodical celebration of opium in which he indulges, and the evidences of relapse into subjection to it are forever misleading one. First, he dilates upon the Pleasures of Opium, — "just, subtile, and mighty opium," as he calls it. "The opium-eater," he assures us, "feels that the diviner part of his nature is paramount; that is, the moral affections are in a state of cloudless serenity, and over all is the great light of the majestic intellect." He afterward describes the Pains of Opium, but this reverse of the medal is as artistically molded as the obverse, and fascinates as much. It is the scenic grandeur of the horror which the writer endured that absorbs him and attracts the reader. The two things go together; the exaltation and the despair are complemental. There would be nothing to criticise in the fact that both are wrought out with due skill; but De Quincey makes a place for criticism by complicating the theme with moral suggestions, and then disregarding them. He congratulates himself at one time that he has resisted any temptation to injure "the impression of the history itself" or even "its effect as a composition" by "any such unaffecting details as an appeal to the unconfirmed opium-eater. . . . Not the opium-eater but the opium is the true hero of the tale." At other times he would have us believe that he undertook the Confessions solely with the intention of clearing away the gross errors of physicians with regard to opium; and then again he says that he had no purpose at all of dealing with the powers of opium over bodily disease. Finally, after the above-mentioned self-gratulation on his having nothing to do with warning the unconfirmed opium-eater, he announces that the "moral" of the Confessions will be found at the end. At first there was to be no moral; now we are to have one, after all; and what does it turn out to be? Simply this: "The moral of the narrative is addressed to the opium-eater. . . . If he is taught to fear and tremble, enough has been effected." There is still another contradiction; for, notwithstanding that the opium-eater was to fear and tremble after reading the Confessions, De Quincey in the preface to those same Confessions, speaking of the increasing use of opium among the working people of England, entirely dissented from the opinion that its spread was in the nature of a misfortune, and thought it would be much better for the laborers to partake the "divine luxuries of opium" than to resort to liquor. Thirty years later he made a short addition to this preface, having forgotten about the moral, and therein declared distinctly that his purpose in the Confessions was only to emblazon the power of opium over the grand and shadowy world of dreams. When to these vacillations in regard to the moral purpose, and the lurking tone of scorn for the whole moral phase, we add the discovery made in the appendix that the author's assumption of self-conquest was based on a merely temporary abstinence from opium, terminating in a horrible relapse, we lose patience, and are inclined to make reflections very discreditable to him. In others of his writings so often a specious and sometimes sound reasoner, it is evident that here De Quincey is saturated with the opiate influence, and unable to bring it into clear relations before his mind. He loves it, he loathes it, at alternate moments; then for a time loses himself in analyzing its effects; and once more finds himself undecided how to regard it. This, I say, is the result of De Quincey's own showing, even with the well-disposed and candid reader; and others, less anxious to understand him, would have some excuse for their failure. These annoying impressions are not altogether removed by Mr. Page's account of the author, suave and charitable as it is. But the uncomfortable problem is at least reduced to its simplest terms by

Surgeon-Major Eatwell's Medical View of Mr. De Quincey's Case, accompanying the Life as an appendix.

Charles Lamb, in his punning way, once observed that De Quincey — who was apt to dwell on his maladies in conversation — ought to have chosen "Pain and Fuss" (Payne and Foss) for his publishers; and De Quincey himself manifests a certain humiliation, which he turns off humorously, at having to make his first claim to public attention on the score of bodily ailments. De Quincey is hardly the first eminent author who has entered literature partly with the assistance of disease; but probably of no other could it be said with severe truthfulness that he cannot be thoroughly understood without a survey of the state of his stomach. This assertion may appear absurd, or possibly cynical; but the subject is far enough from admitting of ridicule. The physiological key not only lets us into a better scrutiny of De Quincey's mind, but it also, as Dr. Eatwell says, "removes his case from the region of ethics into that of therapeutics."

De Quincey alludes once to his own health as being exquisite, but in a chapter of his Autobiography he suddenly refers to his "constitutional despondency" as to something fully understood, though the expression surprises one when taken with his previous account of himself. It is to be observed further that his sister Elizabeth, who holds so large a place in his dreams, died of hydrocephalus when nine years old. The cataleptic trance into which her brother fell when he had made his way to the side of her dead body is an evidence of his sensitive brain-organization; and Dr. Eatwell dwells particularly on one part of De Quincey's recollections of childhood as curiously showing the condition of his will. Thomas and his elder brother "Pinkey," by way of entertainment, habitually imagined themselves the kings of two rival countries, Tigrosylvania and Gombroon, of which Thomas ruled the second. The ingenious elder brother, having got hold of Lord Monboddo's theory, told Thomas that the people in Gombroon were not as yet so far developed as the Tigrosylvanians, and that they still carried tails, like monkeys. He therefore, "with an air of consolation," suggested to the unhappy young monarch of Gombroon that he "might even now, without an hour's delay, compel the whole nation to sit down for six hours a day" by way of "making a beginning." But the thought that he was the king of a people having tails, and the prospect of that "slow, slow process by which, in the course of many centuries, their posterity might rub them off" was to the boy Thomas De Quincey — so he tells us — "the worst form of despair." "I had contracted obligations to Gombroon," he says. "My will had no autocratic power" to shake them off. This loss of control over the will bordered on fixed delusion or insanity. De Quincey's father, dying as a consumptive, is described by the son as wandering much in mind and talking with persons whom he imagined to be present; and an account of Thomas De Quincey's death, first printed in The Atlantic Monthly (1863) and now reproduced in Mr. Page's Life, discloses the same circumstance as attending *his* last moments. Furthermore, the opium-eater's eldest son, a boy of great intellectual promise, died at eighteen of a brain disorder which excited special discussion in medical journals. We may draw from the grandfather to the grandson a line representing morbid tendency in the brain, and the son must take his place between them on the same line. It was that tendency which gave him his "constitutional determination to reverie." Dr. Eatwell shows pretty conclusively that "opium cannot communicate to the brain any power or faculty of which it is not already possessed," and that De Quincey's reason for supposing that it heightened the moral affections and sharpened the light of the intellect was that it relieved him from the overpowering and thought-annulling pressure of pain from another source. This source was a complicated disease of the stomach, — gastrodynia, which is a neuralgic trouble, being combined with

ulceration. Gastrodynia, Dr. Eatwell informs us, prevails to such an extent among the Hindoos, living on vegetable food, that they are often driven by it to suicide. Cullen and Chapman, whom he does not cite, speak of its presence among the peasantry of Continental Europe as due to the constant use of vegetables and brown bread; and in the United States it has been attributed to the too frequent substitution of tea and coffee for meat, in the diet of many persons. Now De Quincey, already in ill health from too sedentary a life when he ran away from his Manchester school, in 1801, sustained himself chiefly by tea and coffee, in order to avoid expense, during his wanderings in Wales just after that escapade. When his money sank still lower, he for some weeks subsisted upon wild berries, meantime sleeping in the open air, under the shelter of a slight tent. This crude diet of raw berries might very easily, with the previous aggravations and assisted by the exposure of sleeping out-of-doors, have begun a serious disorder; and Dr. Eatwell is of opinion that it led to this same gastrodynia, known to physicians as originating from similar causes. It was soon after leaving Wales and going to London that, being obliged to endure excessive hunger, De Quincey began to have that horrible "gnawing" pain in the stomach which continued to agonize him at intervals through many years, and to relieve which he gradually formed the habit of taking opium. His first trial of the drug was quite fortuitous, having been made on the recommendation of an apothecary, to soothe what De Quincey describes as "rheumatic pains" in the head. But it happens that opium is the one sure specific for that ulcer of the stomach which was already torturing him, and that it has been prescribed for this purpose by high scientific authority. "Simple gastric ulcer" Dr. Eatwell speaks of as "capable of cure under favorable conditions, yet liable to recur under any error in diet." The quantity of opium which De Quincey took has actually been exceeded even in the skilled treatment of other cases of the same disease; his mistake seems to have been that he did not put himself under constant medical care, and that he let the mere intrinsic pleasure of opium-taking mislead him into a reckless irregularity. But he who when a boy could submit himself so entirely to a chimera as to suffer positive anguish, long-continued, from his brother's taunts at the Gombroonians, may easily be forgiven yielding to a constitutional infirmity of will in this case: to such a mind the marvel and the blandishment of the dreams which opium stimulated would furnish a temptation hardly to be resisted, — not to mention the physical compulsion which habitual surrender establishes. De Quincey himself frankly accepts Professor Wilson's characterization of him as a hedonist, or seeker of pleasure. "But in his case," Mr. Page justly explains, "the pleasure, if sensuous in its forms, was valued for the poetical or spiritual suggestions with which they were charged." More than this, De Quincey's admission that he was "little capable of encountering present pain for the sake of any reversionary benefit" can hardly be received as fair to himself.

In his tremendous though ill-managed struggles to throw off the tyranny of opium, and to a greater degree in his resolute and constant literary exertions amid the discouragements of incessant illness, De Quincey showed an admirable force of will and great power of encountering "present discomfort and pain" for the sake of those who were dependent on him. A gentleman of leisure, a scholar projecting philosophical works, and with no purpose of becoming a writer for money, he was thrown suddenly on his own resources by the loss of his small competence after his marriage. It was then that he went up to London and, while still "unwinding the links of the accursed chain" that bound him in the spells of opium, made his first efforts as a magazinist; and for nearly forty years more he continued the battle with wonderful courage and vigor, notwithstanding the unconquerable nervous derangement which at times made it almost impossible for

him to write at all. It is extremely pathetic to read of his labors in supervising the publication of his collected works, when he was seventy-two years old. All his experience appears to have taught him nothing about the peculiar operations and exactions of the press, and he is therefore in constant excitement and confusion. "It kills me to write notes. . . . I am sunk in feebleness and exhaustion." So he writes to his publisher; yet he sends a perfect cloud of brief missives relating to all sorts of perplexities into which he has fallen as to the work in hand. He finds he has been busy with the wrong part, and that the printers are kept waiting; then he enters into long explanations, thinking that the printers can leave a gap in the volume and go on with later pages while he is filling it up. He gives such over-elaborate and involved illustrations on the proofs that he entirely obscures his meaning, and has to write a note of elucidation. In the midst of all he has attacks of illness and delirium; he loses the article which is under revision and has to search for hours in the wilderness of his papers, although the act of stooping always makes him very ill. On another occasion he scribbles hurriedly: "I have been next to distraction all day long, having been up and writing *all* night. I have just set fire to my hair." This note is so badly written that he has to copy it, and in looking over the first draft, after the other has gone, he is distressed to find that something in it may be construed to the disadvantage of the printer's boy who carried it; hence he is good enough to write another, longer message exculpating the messenger. It is hardly credible that he should have weathered so many difficulties; yet even at this time he would occasionally produce by a spurt of additional effort a fresh magazine article, entirely apart from the work of revision; and nothing is more remarkable than the unfailing amiability and consideration which he shows throughout these petty trials. He put a great many needless hindrances in his own way by his kindly or careless customs, one of which was invariably to assist the beggars, who learned to apply to him in great numbers. This, of course, made inroads upon his income, and entailed the necessity of all the more exertion to meet his current expenses. Another habit which must have cost him heavily in time as well as money was that of accumulating unlimited piles of papers sacred from the touch of any arranging or classifying finger. He had a Chinese veneration for all printed matter, and allowed newspapers, pamphlets, and manuscripts to collect until by a gradual process of "papering" or "snowing up," as he called it, the whole area of his room would be occupied, excepting a small path from the door to the fire-place and another to his desk. When things had reached this pass he would, if in lodgings, turn the key and go off, leaving the deposit there for the rest of his life. When he died, there were found no less than six of these hired treasure-houses in Edinburgh and Glasgow, for which he had been paying rent for years; and he would no doubt have driven himself out of his cottage at Lasswade also, had his family not been careful to sweep the ocean of his papers back into his own study whenever it began to encroach upon other parts of the house. Eccentricities like these may be called unmanly, a criticism which has in fact been made in a recent notice of Mr. Page's book, but it is truer and wiser to remember that De Quincey's bodily infirmities furnished an ample explanation of them. It is an unfair overlooking of the main issue to pass strictures on these slight peculiarities and omit to lay emphasis on his almost constant amiability and gentleness, his resolute and successful maintenance of his family in the face of difficulties so great that few men could have overcome them, and his honorable scrupulosity about debt. When Crabb Robinson first met De Quincey he made an observation not mentioned in the Life, which is pertinent here. "Like myself," wrote Robinson in his diary, "he is an enthusiast for Wordsworth. His person is small, his com-

plexion fair, and his air and manner those of a sickly and enfeebled man. From this circumstance his sensibility, which I have no doubt is genuine, is in danger of being mistaken for effeminateness." It will be well also to keep this danger of misconstruction in mind when we find ourselves annoyed by recurring symptoms of weakness in De Quincey's writings. Even the docile Crabb Robinson could not preserve his patience, in later years, after De Quincey's disappointment in Wordsworth, and referred to "his scandalous but painfully interesting Autobiography" with an air of superiority. Miss Martineau was equally irritated by De Quincey's attitude in regard to the illustrious poet, and evidently colored with this prejudice her biographical notice of him published in the London Daily News, which is certainly not less disagreeable than the account of Wordsworth published by De Quincey. It cannot be called a dignified action on De Quincey's part to blazon abroad the details that he did as to Wordsworth's defects of personal appearance and the rest of it; but violated taste, in this instance, served to secure strong presentation for a bitter but useful truth, namely, that the literary idol cannot always bow down to the worshiper, and that even very moderate expectations on the latter's part are likely not to be fulfilled. De Quincey undoubtedly had peculiar claims on Wordsworth: he had written to him while yet a boy, and at a time when enthusiastic appreciation was a rare boon and must have been an important aid to the poet; he had received a reply and been urged to come to the Lakes; and when he went thither, years afterward, to live, he not unreasonably looked forward to a cordial and perfect understanding and a long, unshadowed friendship. But there is nothing so much like the disappointments of literary men in each other, when there is any ardor in the feeling of either, as the griefs that come to a man and woman who love and are defeated in their love. These two men were in many ways widely opposed; and De Quincey, being the more feminine, felt almost the acute misery of a woman's unrequited passion, when at last the alienation had come. What caused that alienation it is difficult to make out in all particulars. De Quincey curiously complains of female influence, attributing a secret ill-feeling on the part of the Wordsworths to idle remarks made by a housekeeper of his who put him in a false light before his friends at Allan Bank. But there are many little circumstances unrecorded, hardly noticeable, perhaps, that played an important part in the affair. De Quincey regarded Wordsworth as "the man whom of all since the flood" he most yearned to behold, but when he came to know him he was disturbed by the stern intellectual quality, the "harsh, ascetic sublimity," that prevailed in the Laureate's organization and demeanor. Furthermore, he confesses that he could never have been a "humble admirer," and, feeling a sense of equality in spite of the trembling awe with which he approached the poet, he was probably shocked by a resoluteness of assertion in Wordsworth which impressed him as arrogant. It is not inconceivable that Wordsworth, on the other hand, may have met with something in his devotee that struck him as presumption; and it is quite clear that he must often have been annoyed by that restless sensibility in De Quincey which Crabb Robinson, as we have seen, especially noticed as very likely to call forth adverse criticism. Perhaps the fundamental unlikeness of the two men cannot be more broadly exhibited than in their modes of meeting the death of Kate Wordsworth, the poet's little daughter. Wordsworth's manner of taking this affliction, which did not disturb his usual course of life, may be traced in the twenty-ninth of his Miscellaneous Sonnets, —

"Surprised by joy, impatient as the wind,"

and again in the forty-ninth. The first is a graceful, softened impression of bereavement put into satisfying artistic form. The second culminates with a maxim that in its dryness and calm prudence excites a feeling of impatience: —

"In all men sinful is it to be slow
To hope, in parents sinful above all."

How the loss affected De Quincey, what uncontrollable grief for a season overwhelmed him, he has told in his Autobiographic Sketches. The child died suddenly, having gone to bed in seemingly good health, and breathed her last at dawn. "Never, perhaps," writes De Quincey, "from the foundation of those mighty hills, was there so fierce a convulsion of grief as mastered my faculties on receiving that heart-shattering news. . . . I returned hastily to Grasmere; stretched myself every night for more than two months running upon her grave; in fact, often passed the night upon her grave . . . in mere intensity of sick, frantic yearning after the darling of my heart." His brain and eye were so affected that he was haunted with a perfect image of the child constantly shaping itself out of natural objects at a little distance; he fell into a strange nervous sickness, under which, if continued, he felt that life could not be borne; was obliged to travel for his health; and recovered only after four months of agony. On an occasion like this their very differences might have formed a source of mutually sympathetic accord between Wordsworth and his friend; but in many other cases they would repel, and when the breach was once made, a mass of trivial prejudices might enter in to widen it, giving weight to incidents like that of Wordsworth's treatment of an uncut edition of Burke, in De Quincey's library. The poet was taking tea there, and caught sight of the volumes. Looking about for something to open the leaves with, he took from the table a knife which had been used for buttering toast. After a moment's hesitation, Wordsworth "tore his way into the heart of the volume with this knife, that left its greasy honors behind it on every page." De Quincey professes to have been quite indifferent to the outrage, and to mention it only as showing why Southey, who was extremely fastidious about books, could never have admitted Wordsworth to close intimacy. But it is most probable that he deceived himself, and that the knife left its indelible butyrous stain on De Quincey's memory with much more serious results than to the pages of Burke. He even got so far in his published reminiscences as to make a fling (a Highland fling, one might call it, since it was sent from Scotland) at "the Wordsworthian legs" for being "not ornamental," and to suggest with intolerable irreverence that the Laureate ought to have had another pair for evening-dress parties. Still, throughout his unpleasantries, De Quincey made no attack on the "name and fame" of Wordsworth, as Miss Martineau chose to intimate that he did. One gets an impression adverse to the writer, and hardly by any chance injurious to Wordsworth. Yet, on reflection, we must allow that the belittling of Wordsworth attempted in this gossiping account of him is not carried on sneakingly: at the very start the whole situation is explained, and with the utmost frankness. De Quincey admits that at times he has a sentiment almost of hatred towards his former idol. The whole disquisition on Wordsworth is a cry of passionate regret and wounded love, which others who have kept silence in similar cases ought to understand; and it would be impossible to do De Quincey justice in the matter without taking into account his singular constitution, his almost morbid sensibility, and the unhesitating confidence with which he threw his grievance before the public, not stopping to guard against the appearance of malice. The more one reads De Quincey, the more fixed grows the conviction that one cannot afford for a moment to lose sight of the man's individuality.

To fill out our conception of this individuality, we must go back briefly to the opium complication. The warrant for the damaging effect of opium on the brain and the digestion dates back at least as far as to Avicenna; and when we read that De Quincey in 1844 distinctly apprehended lunacy from the action of opium, and that his best friends doubted whether he had known since his youth what it was to eat a good dinner, — he himself having sent to an old school-fel-

low, in 1847, the grim message that he had "had no dinner since the last century," — we may form some conception of how desperately he had tampered with himself by the inordinate use of laudanum. Four times he yielded wholly to the temptation: once in 1813–16; then in 1817–18, just after his marriage; a third time in 1824–25, after publishing the Confessions; and lastly in Edinburgh, during the years 1841–44. But, having emerged from this final relapse, he complained no more of those peculiar pains in the stomach, about which Lamb had thought he made too much "fuss." He lived fourteen years longer, not without frequent illness, delirium, or torpor, and turning occasionally to laudanum, which, however, he now took in small quantities and largely diluted with water; but he died without symptoms of stomach disease, and apparently from simple old age. Opium had supported him, and had even — so Dr. Eatwell maintains — cured his frightful malady. It had rendered him another great service, which he was conscious of and alludes to at length, by counteracting his inherited tendency towards consumption. If Avicenna countersigns the hostile commission of poppy-juice in sending it down to posterity, Dioscorides has the start of him in crediting it with a beneficent power in relieving chronic coughs; and Dr. Eatwell quotes Dr. Brinton as suspecting that it has long been successfully used in the treatment of phthisis. The main office of the opium, then, was not to stimulate and color De Quincey's dreams, — though it did this too, — but to better him physically. Its effect on his power of expression was probably bad; at any rate, those parts of his writings relating to his dream-life which were written when he was freeing himself from the tyranny of opium are richer and more splendid than the first Confessions, and the language rolls upon the ear with a reverberation of strength and melody far surpassing that with which he began. But to opium, as the sustaining staff of De Quincey's life, we owe the preservation of his exceptional mind, — one which was precocious almost to the limit of possibility, and must probably under ordinary circumstances have perished before maturity, dragged down by its abnormal development and the sensitiveness of the body in which it was lodged.

Originality, in many kinds of writing, is the maintenance of the child's freshness of vision along with the man's ripened perception. We know something about the peculiar value of their childhood in the later activity of some imaginative authors, but we no doubt often fail to estimate rightly the full extent of the reserved originality thus carried over from one period to the other. De Quincey is an exceptionally strong instance in point. He seems never to have altered. His own account of himself tends to show that in boyhood the same kind of questions occupied him as in subsequent years, and he had even then the same subtle way of thinking about them. Everything that happened to him in boyhood seems to have produced an impression of wonderful depth. At four years of age, seeing the house-maid about to raise her broom to destroy a spider, his sense of "the holiness of all life" caused him to devise instantly a piece of strategy for drawing her off: he showed her a picture, and thus attracted her attention long enough to allow of the spider's escaping. He expressly maintains that "into all the *elementary* feelings of man, children look with more searching gaze than adults;" but he was a child who also faced the most perplexing problems, and never rested satisfied with elementary feelings or superficial aspects. The house-maid, finally detecting his strategem for saving spiders, explained to him that they deserved death in punishment for the many murders they had committed and would again commit. "This staggered me," he proceeds. "I could gladly have forgiven the past, but it *did* seem a false mercy to spare one spider in order to scatter death amongst fifty flies. The difficulty which the house-maid had suggested did not depart; it troubled my musing mind to perceive that the welfare of one creature might stand upon the

ruin of another, and the case of the spider remained still more perplexing to my understanding than it was painful to my heart." With like meditativeness but also profound emotion he endured the loss of a favorite kitten, killed by a dog. In another place he says: "The earliest incidents in my life which left stings in my memory so as to be remembered at this day [more than sixty years after] were two, and both before I could have completed my second year: namely, first, a remarkable dream of terrific grandeur about a favorite nurse; . . . and secondly, the fact of having connected a profound sense of pathos with the reappearance, very early in the spring, of some crocuses. This I mention as inexplicable; for such annual resurrections of plants and flowers affect us only as memorials, or suggestions of some higher change, and therefore in connection with the idea of death; yet of death I could, at that time, have had no experience whatever." These things all point to an extraordinary internal life in his earliest years; and it is significant to note that in his twelfth year he was removed from the Bath Grammar School on account of an accident to his head, by which it was at first supposed that his skull had been fractured. Upon this he makes the comment: "At present I doubt whether in reality anything very serious had happened. In fact, *I was always under a nervous panic for my head.*" That is a curious apprehension for a boy of twelve, and shows a half-conscious knowledge of the great delicacy of his brain. Two well-known passages from the Suspiria De Profundis open still wider the gates of this "marvelous boy's" strange world of self-communion: "O burthen of solitude, that cleavest to man through every stage of his being! in his birth, which *has* been — in his life, which *is* — in his death, which *shall* be — mighty and essential solitude! that wast, and art, and art to be; — thou broodest, like the spirit of God moving upon the surface of the deeps, over every heart that sleeps in the nurseries of Christendom. Like the vast laboratory of the air, which, seeming to be nothing, or less than the shadow of a shade, hides within itself the principles of all things, solitude for the child is the Agrippa's mirror of the unseen universe. Deep is the solitude in life of millions upon millions, who, with hearts welling forth love, have none to love them. Deep is the solitude of those who, with secret griefs, have none to pity them. Deep is the solitude of those who, fighting with doubts or darkness, have none to counsel them. But deeper than the deepest of these solitudes is that which broods over childhood." The other passage begins that part of the Suspiria entitled The Vision of Life: "Upon me, as upon others scattered thinly by tens and twenties over every thousand years, fell too powerfully and too early the vision of life. The horror of life mixed itself already in earliest youth with the heavenly sweetness of life; that grief, which one in a hundred has sensibility enough to gather from the sad retrospect of life in its closing stage, for me shed its dews as a prelibation upon the fountains of life whilst yet sparkling to the morning sun. I saw from afar and from before what I was to see from behind. Is this the description of an early youth passed in the shades of gloom? No; but of a youth passed in the divinest happiness."

The solitude to which he felt that he owed so much — afterwards expressing his conviction in the general formula, "How much solitude, so much power" — was the loneliness in which genius is born and abides that it may be sheltered from the sophistication which too often obscures the insight into truth so soon as childhood is over. De Quincey's inner life in boyhood was always intense, full of intricate reasoning, and charged with emotions that are constantly mounting to fever heat, precipitating crises. At fourteen, he has so far matured that "everything connected with schools and the business of schools" has become hateful to him. At fifteen, he visits Lady Carberry, meeting her as an equal, — nay, a superior, for he is teaching her Greek and imparting to her subtle distinctions of his own manufacture respecting Christianity, Greek and En-

glish tragedy, and the philosophy of Locke, all of which she receives eagerly; and when she, thinking to compliment him, calls him her "admirable Crichton," the boy demurs, for two carefully selected and discriminated reasons, which he sets forth, pointing out to her that he does not think it a title honorable enough to be desired, — "which made her stare." Within a year and a half later he goes upon that memorable wandering in Wales and to London which is so closely bound up with his opium history. With the exception of the chapter on Oxford, the picture of his boyhood and youth, and of the opium dreams therewith connected, is painted with an impressiveness and richness that elevate the most of it to something like an heroic scale. Notwithstanding that the different parts were written at periods so distant from each other, if we leave out certain garrulities which De Quincey interjected in his old age, the whole possesses a sumptuous unity; it is full of the artistic instinct for composition; and it would be hard to find another autobiographic revelation which relies for its most solemn and unique effects upon incidents the most ordinary and slight, with such stately results. It might be supposed that some of those reminiscences which figure in the dreams had received their colossal quality from the action of opium, but large portions that have nothing to do with the dreams have precisely the same weird magnifying force. The truth is that all throughout this body of writing we meet the atmosphere of a precocious and partially morbid child's mind, the dreams being in accord with it because they resulted from the same mind's being put in action along the same lines of fancy and experience. We have here a disclosure of the condition of a large number of precocious minds that, lacking the force to survive, are never heard from. Strange, to think of that great freight of hidden human existence lost with the early dying, which never finds expression or place in this human world for which it was made, but is diffused among the interstellar glooms and leaves no trace! But still stranger to think that one voice should have been found, one life preserved, to tell us something of it, — enabling us to apprehend the depths of life that lie all around us, unsuspected, in hearts that we could hardly penetrate even were we imaginative enough to attempt doing so!

I think the ultimate cause of De Quincey's half unearthly spell will be found in this relation of his to a class of which he was of course an exceptional example, like all men of genius illustrating a type, yet standing high above any other instance of that type. There are minds, like Shelley's, whose precocity is also accompanied by early production; but I doubt if this could have been so with De Quincey; for the very fact that he was to express a peculiar kind of childhood required that he should get a good distance away from it before beginning to make literature of it. His genius, in all its manifestations, depended largely on accumulation. He did not begin the account of his own early experience until he was thirty-seven years old, and did not finish it till he was sixty-five. His literary and historical essays equally demanded years of preparation, resting as they did on broad expanses of reading. Yet it remains true that he seems to have changed but little from what he was at the very first; and in the few notes of his earliest remembrances, given above, may be found the characteristics of his later career and of all his productions. The impassioned self-absorption of his first boyish griefs comes up again with a sort of volcanic outburst in his anguish at Kate Wordsworth's death. In the pathos that he felt at seeing crocuses in the spring, when less than two years old, and in that mingled dawn of the horror as well as the sweetness of life, even in his childhood of "divinest happiness," we find the germ of that immensely pregnant thought of his concerning the law of antipodal associations, — one thing suggesting its opposite: the luxury and peace of a summer morning, for example, bringing with it the sense of desolation and death. This thought gives the pattern to almost all De Quincey's most valuable suggestions.

They are generally based upon some such opposition to the prevalent and obvious idea, whatever it may be, — an opposition at first striking us as captious or eccentric, but by deft touches made reconcilable with some profounder reasoning than the usual one, and hence filling us with a delighted surprise, a perception of new harmony, when accepted. This is shown in the essay On the Knocking at the Gate (in Macbeth). At first blush it seems superfluous to explain *why* we should be impressed by the knocking; we know already that it is because we don't want Macbeth to be found out. But why do we wish him to be sheltered? Do we approve what he has done? De Quincey reminds us that murder "is an incident of coarse and vulgar horror," and that up to the moment of the knocking we sympathize with the murdered man; but this sudden alarm throws our sympathy on the murderer, and thus brings home to us an additional horror of the situation which had really been left out before. It is a simple piece of reasoning, but the sudden revelation of so nice a mechanism underlying what we supposed to be an impression needing no explanation pleases the intellect. In a similar way, the presentation of Judas Iscariot as a perfectly conscientious man, who sacrificed Jesus in attempting to force him to what he thought the good of Judæa, and hung himself in remorse for the wholly unforeseen result, is something which so appeals to our sense of mercy — harmonized as it is by De Quincey with the gospel narrative — that we cannot altogether reject it, though probably very few persons have accepted it in full. The essays on the Essenes have the same sort of movement, but are less successful, for the author works himself up to such a pitch of enthusiastic purpose to convince, that he threatens us: he declares that if we do not embrace his theory, we are responsible for leaving at large and rampant an argument entirely destructive to the received tradition of the origin of the Christian church. The truth is, that if we do not accept his theory we have a sufficient shelter in the possibility that the Essenes were not nearly so much like the Christians as he supposes. De Quincey delivers his premises, often, with such a captivating roulade of words that we have to look out sharply not to be misled; for — master of logic as he is, and frequently unanswerable — there is no writer of equal prominence who more readily disarms himself in his haste to rush into discussion, carry everything before him, and sit down to the enjoyment of a triumph afterwards. The essay On War is based on a very insufficient assumption that wars are always undertaken for the most trivial reasons; and dozens of instances might be collected from De Quincey's other writings to show how completely he can at times deceive himself, and perhaps his readers, by a faulty argument covered with plausible appeals, by timely and dazzling exhibitions of learning, or by ingenious and attractive side-issues that help him on to some conclusion which he never could have reached if he had pursued fairly the line he began upon. He had a dangerous conviction that he was almost never in the wrong. "I was right, as I usually am," he records, on one occasion; and on another: "In vain I sowed errors in my premises, or planted absurdities in my assumptions. Vainly I tried such blunders as putting four terms into a syllogism, which as all the world knows ought to run on three. . . . With disgust *I* saw, with disgust *he* saw, that too apparently the advantage lay with me in the result; and, whilst I worked like a dragon to place myself in the wrong, some fiend apparently so counterworked me that I" was always in the right. But in his published discussions De Quincey's efforts to be in the wrong are sometimes crowned with the most brilliant success. Conversant at once with the world of affairs and with letters, De Quincey recalls the double interests of Burke, though with a flexible and full-colored beauty of style which the statesman did not possess; but one might apply to him the converse of Macaulay's remark on Burke, that "he chose his side like a philosopher and defended it like a fanatic."

It is perhaps in some of his purely literary criticism that he is seen at his weakest. The article on Goethe, originally published in the Encyclopædia Britannica, is a harsh, one-sided condemnation which certainly culminates in a most inadequate inference. The three long essays on Pope seem to have been inspired by what De Quincey himself names the "sympathy of disgust." In them the writer raises, twice or thrice, a needless outcry about the "correctness" of Pope, and the "French school" in English literature. It cannot carry conviction when De Quincey says that even if an English author *should* have had his genius turned in a particular direction by happening to look into a French book, the mere fact that the French nation had gone in that direction first does not matter, because every nation has to pass through different periods in its literature, and the English would have come to this style sooner or later. Literary history would be a very simple thing if it could be disposed of in this way, and we should hardly need to discuss at all the relative influence of literary schools in different countries. But our opium-eater is still more unreasonable about Keats. Half of the short paper devoted to that poet is given up to disputing with Mr. Gilfillan the comparative laziness of authors, and the only part relating to Keats is a sharp expression of De Quincey's own distaste for Endymion and his equally decided admiration of Hyperion. He thinks it mysterious that one man should have written in two styles so unlike; but this does not move him to any respect for the mind that could master them both.

Yet, whatever his foibles, De Quincey possessed in a high degree that skill for finding a new point of view which establishes new conclusions on the same ground occupied by those he opposed. This faculty for running counter to received opinions is clearly traceable in his lighter passages. If humor is the perception of incongruous resemblances, and wit the discernment of amusing differences, then De Quincey would seem to be witty rather than humorous. But it is not his wit that we feel most. Take the clever inversion in Murder as one of the Fine Arts: "For, if once a man indulges himself in murder, very soon he comes to think little of robbing; and from robbing he comes next to drink on the Sabbath, and from that to incivility and procrastination." In this and a hundred like instances the comic element is more humorous than witty; but fantastic exaggeration takes the lead in it. De Quincey is almost never broadly funny; the fantastic and grotesque cast of his humor gives it an echo that turns into solemnity. Now, this genius for taking a fresh start, for opposition and correction, which shows even through his humor, insured him originality; but it was originality depending immediately on something which had been prepared for him to restate. The story of Apelles and Protogenes seems to apply: given a very fine line by Protogenes, De Quincey as Apelles could draw one still better on the panel. He had such a taste for making distinctions that he sometimes took those of other men and set them forth as his own, with all that paraphernalia of impressiveness he so well knew how to use; though it is not to be supposed that he did so with any deceptive intent. As, in his own right, he may be called a *corrector* of views, so — as a delegate for others who had not given their ideas the best setting — he may be looked upon as a valuable *developer* of views. These are his two chief functions, aside from his interpretation of precocious child-life and his magnificent narration of dreams. But this correcting tendency, united with a grim humor often taking the tone of whimsical irritation, with an arrogant sense of infallibility and with a love of displaying erudition, excites a natural opposition in some readers, and perhaps in all readers at some moments. "I do not know any instance in the writings of an author of note," writes Bryan Procter, "comprehending so much pedantry, pretension, and impertinence" as the Reminiscences and Biographical Essays of De Quincey. "They are all divergence." Procter was evidently annoyed at De Quincey's attempting to write

Recollections of Charles Lamb, and intimates strongly that De Quincey pretended to an acquaintance with Lamb much beyond what he really had. But, though there is no doubt that Procter held the better authority to write of Lamb, and though the pompousness, the garrulity, and the querulousness that evidently troubled him are undeniable, I own to finding in De Quincey's fragmentary glimpses of Elia a charm entirely superior to that of the song-writer's somewhat cold and stiff biography. It is mainly a question of literary art: Procter was hampered by his indigent prose style, while De Quincey's sketch is full of delicious modulations of light and shade; and in it you feel the personality of Lamb reflected as his own quaint visage might be seen glimmering out from some half-dimmed mirror in the halls of memory. This power of bringing us so close, — as if we had met and described the men whom *he* describes, — gives a value to De Quincey's recollections of his literary acquaintance which will be even better appreciated by another generation than by our own.

The claim which De Quincey took the precaution to set up, that he had carried the composition of impassioned prose farther than any other man, may not be accepted by everybody, although Professor Masson has shown clearly how much foundation there is for it. The counter-claim of Jean Paul Richter can hardly be set aside merely on the ground that he did not understand "the law of the *too much*." But granting the undeniable achievements of De Quincey in majestically sonorous prose, — rolling with long cadences full of a profound music like that of the sea-rote, — we must also admit that these impassioned bursts are of brief duration, and that there are wide intervals in which none of this pre-eminent power is found. The essay on Style, by an unhappy coincidence, does not contain in all its hundred and fifty pages a single piece of signally good writing, and is full of clumsy passages, the best conceivable examples of some of those faults which the essay itself condemns; and De Quincey's use of slang has been justly criticised. In many of the compositions, of course, there is no occasion for the highest flight of eloquence; but in the Essays in Philosophy, in the Christianity and Paganism in the Eighteenth Century, and in the Literary Criticism, there is often a tedious diffuseness. If De Quincey can burnish words until they shine like gold, and chafe his page until it breaks into fire, he is equally apt to obliterate all sense and beauty with an emmollescent gush of foolishness, erroneously supposed to be humor. But we could probably not have had De Quincey's uniquely splendid or amusing triumphs in writing, without those failings which at other times make his productions so empty of everything we should like them to contain. The impulsiveness and sensibility that give him wings for exceptional flights seem at unfavorable times to hold him down and cause him to wander this way and that, until his mind, though always making for a single objective point, has run off into a maze of subdivisions and correlated thoughts intricate as the channels at the Delta of the Ganges.

It is partly these defects that have caused De Quincey to be underrated and looked upon too much as an opium-dreamer and an entertaining but somewhat superfluous essayist. Still other facts have prevented his acquiring an influence or following like those of Carlyle or Macaulay; namely, that he heads no great tendency and does not concentrate himself sufficiently upon any one subject to become a popular authority; that he always speaks with exacting positiveness, yet in some things flatly contradicts himself; and that — although a wide reader and well-furnished scholar — he has an unfortunate way of parading his accomplishments which gives him an appearance of something like quackery. He indulges also in vagaries that detract from his character for solidity. The papers on Murder and the account of Three Memorable Murders do not supply an excuse for their being as plausible as that of Carlyle's equally extravagant though symbolic Sartor Resartus; they are morbid. Klosterheim and The

Household Wreck have probably weakened rather than helped De Quincey's reputation, though they are stories that must be read to the end, and in their unrelieved gloom are very impressive as well as oppressive. There is a difficulty about this group among his compositions, that in distracting his attention from graver themes he appears to be letting himself down to a sort of elaborate trifling, merely to secure popularity. The Spanish Nun has always seemed to me an intolerably prolonged exhibition of over-conscious skill and excessive mannerism, though perhaps not more so than Carlyle's account of Cagliostro; and the discovery by somebody that The Flight of a Tartar Tribe was derived largely from a German writer throws discredit on all these foreign concoctions. Peter Bain appears to have had full faith that had De Quincey carried out his proposed philosophic work, De Emendatione Humani Intellectûs, — observe, even here he was going to correct and emend, — the result would have been of great permanent value. But the Essays in Philosophy actually prepared by De Quincey amount to almost nothing in the way of thinking. They are for the most part made up of rambling talk about Sir William Hamilton as De Quincey had seen and known him, a condensation from a Life of Kant, and Letters to a Young Man, on education, with very slight bearings on philosophy. The best of these essays is that On Suicide, in which it is proposed to measure degrees in self-murder, as we distinguish between manslaughter and murder.

English literature, in its remarkable succession of essayists from Cowley to Addison and from Addison to Johnson, Goldsmith, Macaulay, and Carlyle, continually presents to us instances of the union of literary and intellectual exercise with a striving towards the plane of imaginative production. In some instances this has been much more than a striving, as in Goldsmith's Deserted Village and Vicar, or in Macaulay's vigorous Lays of Ancient Rome. Carlyle, like Macaulay, comes under the head both of essayist and of historian, and his non-literary essays, his translations from the German, and Sartor Resartus establish a strong and sympathetic connection with the creative order of writing. The relative calibres of Macaulay and Carlyle can be gauged very well in their essays on history. Macaulay, accepting conveniently the definition that "history is philosophy teaching by experience," enters at once into a brilliant review of the different kinds of history, or rather the different modes of presenting it. Carlyle, wanting the clear, cool, levigate phraseology of his lordship, takes up the very same definition with which Macaulay began, pulls it loftily to pieces, and — with oracular obscurity yet unsurpassable depth and comprehension — shows us what *really are* the different kinds of history, and that they by no means depend for their virtue on the mere manner or crust with which Macaulay was so busy. From the historical studies which De Quincey left, — the Cæsars, Greece under the Romans, and so forth, — we can guess that if *he* had begun an essay on history in general with a quotation of the phrase "philosophy teaching by experience," his whole paper would have been devoted to a discussion of that one thing, with copious illustrations, long reaches backwards and forwards, amusing digressions, learned allusions, and subtilizing foot-notes. We might not, in reading it, have advanced very perceptibly; but we should have been entertained, brightened, should have received many hints, each of some value, and have found ourselves at the close much encouraged and assisted to think further. The very fact that De Quincey often calls forth his reader's opposition gives his rambling reflections a tonic efficacy.

All three of these essayists have copious and special learning, but vary amazingly among themselves in style and trend. Macaulay is the polished master of the superficial and the becoming, Carlyle the stern seeker of truthful outlines, and De Quincey the Apelles, again, who can put a line between those of the other two, which often for some nicety of æsthetic instinct will in that way be finer and more skillful than theirs. He possesses, besides,

a style by many degrees more pliant than either Macaulay's or Carlyle's; and no other author has put the best qualities of conversation into printed form on so vast a scale as De Quincey. In this he altogether surpasses, for variety, agreeableness, and insight, the conversationist of that older trio composed of Johnson, Addison, and Goldsmith. He has sounded so many depths of feeling, risen to so many heights of perception, and explored so many wide areas and dim by-paths of knowledge that he is surely entitled to a place with Carlyle and Macaulay in a modern trio of great essayists, which will probably in due time be universally held to include the name of Thomas De Quincey.

George Parsons Lathrop.

AUTUMNAL POEMS.

I.

Indian Summer.

DULLED to a drowsy fire, one vaguely sees
The sun in heaven, where this broad, smoky round
Lies ever brooding at the horizon's bound;
And through the gaunt knolls on monotonous leas,
Or through damp desolate woodlands' naked trees,
Rustling the brittle ruin along the ground,
Like sighs from spirits of perished hours, resound
The melancholy melodies of the breeze!

So ghostly and strange a look the blurred world wears,
Viewed from this flowerless garden's dreary squares,
That now, while these weird, vaporous days exist,
It would not seem a marvel if where we walk
We met, dim-glimmering on its thorny stalk,
Some pale, intangible rose, with leaves of mist!

Edgar Fawcett.

II.

The Rose in October.

O late and sweet, too sweet, too late!
What nightingale will sing to thee?
The empty nest, the shivering tree,
The dead leaves by the garden gate,
And cawing crows for thee will wait,
O sweet and late!

Where wert thou when the soft June nights
Were faint with perfume, glad with song?

Where wert thou when the days were long
And steeped in summer's young delights?
What hopest thou now but checks and slights,
Brief days, lone nights?

Stay! there's a gleam of winter wheat
Far on the hill; down in the woods
A very heaven of stillness broods;
And through the mellow sun's noon heat,
Lo, tender pulses round thee beat,
O late and sweet!

Mary Townley

III.

November.

When thistle-blows do lightly float
About the pasture-height,
And shrills the hawk a parting note,
And creeps the frost at night,
Then hilly ho! though singing so,
And whistle as I may,
There comes again the old heart pain
Through all the livelong day.

In high wind creaks the leafless tree
And nods the fading fern;
The knolls are dun as snow-clouds be,
And cold the sun does burn.
Then ho, hollo! though calling so,
I cannot keep it down;
The tears arise unto my eyes,
And thoughts are chill and brown.

Far in the cedars' dusky stoles,
Where the sere ground-vine weaves,
The partridge drums funereal rolls
Above the fallen leaves.
And hip, hip, ho! though cheering so,
It stills no whit the pain;
For drip, drip, drip, from bare branch-tip,
I hear the year's last rain.

So drive the cold cows from the hill,
And call the wet sheep in;
And let their stamping clatter fill
The barn with warming din.
And ho, folk, ho! though it is so
That we no more may roam,
We still will find a cheerful mind
Around the fire at home!

C. L. Cleaveland.

SOME RAMBLING NOTES OF AN IDLE EXCURSION.

II.

At dinner, six o'clock, the same people assembled whom we had talked with on deck and seen at luncheon and breakfast this second day out, and at dinner the evening before. That is to say, three journeying ship-masters, a Boston merchant, and a returning Bermudian who had been absent from his Bermuda thirteen years; these sat on the starboard side. On the port side sat the Reverend in the seat of honor; the pale young man next to him; I next; next to me an aged Bermudian, returning to his sunny islands after an absence of twenty-seven years. Of course our captain was at the head of the table, the purser at the foot of it. A small company, but small companies are pleasantest.

No racks upon the table; the sky cloudless, the sun brilliant, the blue sea scarcely ruffled: then what had become of the four married couples, the three bachelors, and the active and obliging doctor from the rural districts of Pennsylvania? — for all these were on deck when we sailed down New York harbor. This is the explanation. I quote from my note book: —

Thursday, 3.30 P. M. Under way, passing the Battery. The large party, of four married couples, three bachelors, and a cheery, exhilarating doctor from the wilds of Pennsylvania, are evidently traveling together. All but the doctor grouped in camp-chairs on deck.

Passing principal fort. The doctor is one of those people who has an infallible preventive of sea-sickness; is flitting from friend to friend administering it and saying, "Don't you be afraid; I *know* this medicine; absolutely infallible; prepared under my own supervision." Takes a dose himself, intrepidly.

4.15 P. M. Two of those ladies have struck their colors, notwithstanding the "infallible." They have gone below. The other two begin to show distress.

5 P. M. Exit one husband and one bachelor. These still had their infallible in cargo when they started, but arrived at the companion way without it.

5.10. Lady No. 3, two bachelors, and one married man have gone below with their own opinion of the infallible.

5.20. Passing Quarantine Hulk. The infallible has done the business for all the party except the Scotchman's wife and the author of that formidable remedy.

Nearing the Light-Ship. Exit the Scotchman's wife, head drooped on stewardess's shoulder.

Entering the open sea. Exit doctor!

The rout seems permanent; hence the smallness of the company at table since the voyage began. Our captain is a grave, handsome Hercules of thirty-five, with a brown hand of such majestic size that one cannot eat for admiring it and wondering if a single kid or calf could furnish material for gloving it.

Conversation not general; drones along between couples. One catches a sentence here and there. Like this, from Bermudian of thirteen years' absence: "It is the nature of women to ask trivial, irrelevant, and pursuing questions, — questions that pursue you from a beginning in nothing to a run-to-cover in nowhere." Reply of Bermudian of twenty-seven years' absence: "Yes; and to think they have logical, analytical minds and argumentative ability. You see 'em begin to whet up whenever they smell argument in the air." Plainly these be philosophers.

Twice since we left port our engines have stopped for a couple of minutes at a time. Now they stop again. Says the pale young man, meditatively, "There! — that engineer is sitting down to rest again."

Grave stare from the captain, whose mighty jaws cease to work, and whose

harpooned potato stops in mid-air on its way to his open, paralyzed mouth. Presently says he in measured tones, "Is it your idea that the engineer of this ship propels her by a crank turned by his own hands?"

The pale young man studies over this a moment, then lifts up his guileless eyes, and says, "Don't he?"

Thus gently falls the death-blow to further conversation, and the dinner drags to its close in a reflective silence, disturbed by no sounds but the murmurous wash of the sea and the subdued clash of teeth.

After a smoke and a promenade on deck, where is no motion to discompose our steps, we think of a game of whist. We ask the brisk and capable stewardess from Ireland if there are any cards in the ship.

"Bless your soul, dear, indeed there is. Not a whole pack, true for ye, but not enough missing to signify."

However, I happened by accident to bethink me of a new pack in a morocco case, in my trunk, which I had placed there by mistake, thinking it to be a flask of something. So a party of us conquered the tedium of the evening with a few games and were ready for bed at six bells, mariner's time, the signal for putting out the lights.

There was much chat in the smoking-cabin on the upper deck after luncheon to-day, mostly whaler yarns from those old sea-captains. Captain Tom Bowling was garrulous. He had that garrulous attention to minor detail which is born of secluded farm life or life at sea on long voyages, where there is little to do and time no object. He would sail along till he was right in the most exciting part of a yarn, and then say, "Well, as I was saying, the rudder was fouled, ship driving before the gale, head-on, straight for the iceberg, all hands holding their breath, turned to stone, top-hamper giving way, sails blown to ribbons, first one stick going, then another, boom! smash! crash! duck your head and stand from under! when up comes Johnny Rogers, capstan bar in hand, eyes a-blazing, hair a-flying . . . no, 't wan't Johnny Rogers . . . lemme see . . . seems to me Johnny Rogers wa'n't along that voyage; he was along *one* voyage, I know that mighty well, but somehow it seems to me that he signed the articles for this voyage, but — but — whether he come along or not, or got left, or something happened" —

And so on and so on, till the excitement all cooled down and nobody cared whether the ship struck the iceberg or not.

In the course of his talk he rambled into a criticism upon New England degrees of merit in ship-building. Said he, "You get a vessel built away down Maine-way; Bath, for instance; what 's the result? First thing you do, you want to heave her down for repairs, — *that 's* the result! Well, sir, she hain't been hove down a week till you can heave a dog through her seams. You send that vessel to sea, and what 's the result? She wets her oakum the first trip! Leave it to any man if 't ain't so. Well, you let *our* folks build you a vessel — down New Bedford-way. What 's the result? Well, sir, you might take that ship and heave her down, and keep her hove down six months, and she 'll never shed a tear!"

Everybody, landsmen and all, recognized the descriptive neatness of that figure, and applauded, which greatly pleased the old man. A moment later, the meek eyes of the pale young fellow heretofore mentioned came up slowly, rested upon the old man's face a moment, and the meek mouth began to open.

"Shet your head!" shouted the old mariner.

It was a rather startling surprise to everybody, but it was effective in the matter of its purpose. So the conversation flowed on instead of perishing.

There was some talk about the perils of the sea, and a landsman delivered himself of the customary nonsense about the poor mariner wandering in far oceans, tempest-tossed, pursued by dangers, every storm blast and thunderbolt in the home skies moving the friends by snug firesides to compassion for that poor mariner, and prayers for his succor. Captain

Bowling put up with this for a while, and then burst out with a new view of the matter.

"Come, belay there! I have read this kind of rot all my life in poetry and tales and such like rubbage. Pity for the poor mariner! sympathy for the poor mariner! All right enough, but not in the way the poetry puts it. Pity for the mariner's wife! all right again, but not in the way the poetry puts it. Look-a-here! whose life 's the safest in the whole world? The poor mariner's. You look at the statistics, you 'll see. So don't you fool away any sympathy on the poor mariner's dangers and privations and sufferings. Leave that to the poetry muffs. Now you look at the other side a minute. Here is Captain Brace, forty years old, been at sea thirty. On his way now to take command of his ship and sail south from Bermuda. Next week he 'll be under way: easy times; comfortable quarters; passengers, sociable company; just enough to do to keep his mind healthy and not tire him; king over his ship, boss of everything and everybody; thirty years' safety to learn him that his profession ain't a dangerous one. Now you look back at his home. His wife 's a feeble woman; she 's a stranger in New York; shut up in blazing hot or freezing cold lodgings, according to the season; don't know anybody hardly; no company but her lonesomeness and her thoughts; husband gone six months at a time. She has borne eight children; five of them she has buried without her husband ever setting eyes on them. She watched them all the long nights till they died, — he comfortable on the sea; she followed them to the grave, she heard the clods fall that broke her heart, — he comfortable on the sea; she mourned at home, weeks and weeks, missing them every day and every hour, — he cheerful at sea, knowing nothing about it. Now look at it a minute, — turn it over in your mind and size it: five children born, she among strangers, and him not by to hearten her; buried, and him not by to comfort her; think of that! Sympathy for the poor mariner's perils is rot; give it to his wife's hard lines, where it belongs! Poetry makes out that all the wife worries about is the dangers her husband 's running. She 's got substantialer things to worry over, I tell you. Poetry 's always pitying the poor mariner on account of his perils at sea; better a blamed sight pity him for the nights he can't sleep for thinking of how he had to leave his wife in her very birth pains, lonesome and friendless, in the thick of disease and trouble and death. If there 's one thing that can make me madder than another, it 's this sappy, damned maritime poetry!"

Captain Brace was a patient, gentle, seldom-speaking man, with a pathetic something in his bronzed face that had been a mystery up to this time, but stood interpreted now, since we had heard his story. He had voyaged eighteen times to the Mediterranean, seven times to India, once to the arctic pole in a discovery-ship, and "between times" had visited all the remote seas and ocean corners of the globe. But he said that twelve years ago, on account of his family, he "settled down," and ever since then had ceased to roam. And what do you suppose was this simple-hearted, life-long wanderer's idea of settling down and ceasing to roam? Why, the making of two five-month voyages a year between Surinam and Boston for sugar and molasses!

Among other talk, to-day, it came out that whale-ships carry no doctor. The captain adds the doctorship to his own duties. He not only gives medicines, but sets broken limbs after notions of his own, or saws them off and sears the stump when amputation seems best. The captain is provided with a medicine-chest, with the medicines numbered instead of named. A book of directions goes with this. It describes diseases and symptoms, and says, "Give a teaspoonful of No. 9 once an hour," or "Give ten grains of No. 12 every half hour," etc. One of our sea-captains came across a skipper in the North Pacific who was in a state of great surprise and perplexity. Said he: —

"There 's something rotten about this

medicine-chest business. One of my men was sick, — nothing much the matter. I looked in the book: it said, give him a teaspoonful of No. 15. I went to the medicine-chest, and I see I was out of No. 15. I judged I'd got to get up a combination somehow that would fill the bill; so I hove into the fellow half a teaspoonful of No. 8 and half a teaspoonful of No. 7, and I'll be hanged if it did n't kill him in fifteen minutes! There 's something about this medicine-chest system that 's too many for me!"

There was a good deal of pleasant gossip about old Captain "Hurricane" Jones, of the Pacific Ocean, — peace to his ashes! Two or three of us present had known him; I, particularly well, for I had made four sea-voyages with him. He was a very remarkable man. He was born in a ship; he picked up what little education he had among his shipmates; he began life in the forecastle, and climbed grade by grade to the captaincy. More than fifty years of his sixty-five were spent at sea. He had sailed all oceans, seen all lands, and borrowed a tint from all climates. When a man has been fifty years at sea, he necessarily knows nothing of men, nothing of the world but its surface, nothing of the world's thought, nothing of the world's learning but its A B C, and that blurred and distorted by the unfocused lenses of an untrained mind. Such a man is only a gray and bearded child. That is what old Hurricane Jones was, — simply an innocent, lovable old infant. When his spirit was in repose he was as sweet and gentle as a girl; when his wrath was up he was a hurricane that made his nickname seem tamely descriptive. He was formidable in a fight, for he was of powerful build and dauntless courage. He was frescoed from head to heel with pictures and mottoes tattooed in red and blue India ink. I was with him one voyage when he got his last vacant space tattooed; this vacant space was around his left ankle. During three days he stumped about the ship with his ankle bare and swollen, and this legend gleaming red and angry out from a clouding of India ink: "Virtue is its own R'd." (There was a lack of room.) He was deeply and sincerely pious, and swore like a fishwoman. He considered swearing blameless, because sailors would not understand an order unillumined by it. He was a profound Biblical scholar, — that is, he thought he was. He believed everything in the Bible, but he had his own methods of arriving at his beliefs. He was of the "advanced" school of thinkers, and applied natural laws to the interpretation of all miracles, somewhat on the plan of the people who make the six days of creation six geological epochs, and so forth. Without being aware of it, he was a rather severe satire on modern scientific religionists. Such a man as I have been describing is rabidly fond of disquisition and argument; one knows that without being told it.

One trip the captain had a clergyman on board, but did not know he was a clergyman, since the passenger list did not betray the fact. He took a great liking to this Rev. Mr. Peters, and talked with him a great deal: told him yarns, gave him toothsome scraps of personal history, and wove a glittering streak of profanity through his garrulous fabric that was refreshing to a spirit weary of the dull neutralities of undecorated speech. One day the captain said, "Peters, do you ever read the Bible?"

"Well — yes."

"I judge it ain't often, by the way you say it. Now, you tackle it in dead earnest once, and you 'll find it 'll pay. Don't you get discouraged, but hang right on. First, you won't understand it; but by and by things will begin to clear up, and then you would n't lay it down to eat."

"Yes, I have heard that said."

"And it 's so, too. There ain't a book that begins with it. It lays over 'em all, Peters. There 's some pretty tough things in it, — there ain't any getting around that, — but you stick to them and think them out, and when once you get on the inside everything 's plain as day."

"The miracles, too, captain?"

"Yes, sir! the miracles, too. Every

one of them. Now, there 's that business with the prophets of Baal; like enough that stumped you? "

"Well, I don't know but" —

"Own up, now; it stumped you. Well, I don't wonder. You had n't had any experience in raveling such things out, and naturally it was too many for you. Would you like to have me explain that thing to you, and show you how to get at the meat of these matters? "

"Indeed, I would, captain, if you don't mind."

Then the captain proceeded as follows: "I 'll do it with pleasure. First, you see, I read and read, and thought and thought, till I got to understand what sort of people they were in the old Bible times, and then after that it was all clear and easy. Now, this was the way I put it up, concerning Isaac[1] and the prophets of Baal. There was some mighty sharp men amongst the public characters of that old ancient day, and Isaac was one of them. Isaac had his failings, — plenty of them, too; it ain't for me to apologize for Isaac; he played it on the prophets of Baal, and like enough he was justifiable, considering the odds that was against him. No, all I say is, 't wa'n't any miracle, and that I 'll show you so 's 't you can see it yourself.

"Well, times had been getting rougher and rougher for prophets, — that is, prophets of Isaac's denomination. There was four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal in the community, and only one Presbyterian; that is, if Isaac *was* a Presbyterian, which I reckon he was, but it don't say. Naturally, the prophets of Baal took all the trade. Isaac was pretty low-spirited, I reckon, but he was a good deal of a man, and no doubt he went a-prophesying around, letting on to be doing a land-office business, but 't wa'n't any use; he could n't run any opposition to amount to anything. By and by things got desperate with him; he sets his head to work and thinks it all out, and then what does he do? Why, he begins to throw out hints that the other parties are this and that and t' other, — nothing very definite, may be, but just kind of undermining their reputation in a quiet way. This made talk, of course, and finally got to the king. The king asked Isaac what he meant by his talk. Says Isaac, 'Oh, nothing particular; only, can they pray down fire from heaven on an altar? It ain't much, may be, your majesty, only can they *do* it? That 's the idea.' So the king was a good deal disturbed, and he went to the prophets of Baal, and they said, pretty airy, that if he had an altar ready, *they* were ready; and they intimated he better get it insured, too.

"So next morning all the children of Israel and their parents and the other people gathered themselves together. Well, here was that great crowd of prophets of Baal packed together on one side, and Isaac walking up and down all alone on the other, putting up his job. When time was called, Isaac let on to be comfortable and indifferent; told the other team to take the first innings. So they went at it, the whole four hundred and fifty, praying around the altar, very hopeful, and doing their level best. They prayed an hour, — two hours, — three hours, — and so on, plumb till noon. It wa'n't any use; they had n't took a trick. Of course they felt kind of ashamed before all those people, and well they might. Now, what would a magnanimous man do? Keep still, would n't he? Of course. What did Isaac do? He graveled the prophets of Baal every way he could think of. Says he, 'You don't speak up loud enough; your god 's asleep, like enough, or may be he 's taking a walk; you want to holler, you know,' — or words to that effect; I don't recollect the exact language. Mind, I don't apologize for Isaac; he had his faults.

"Well, the prophets of Baal prayed along the best they knew how all the afternoon, and never raised a spark. At last, about sundown, they were all tuckered out, and they owned up and quit.

"What does Isaac do, now? He steps up and says to some friends of his, there, 'Pour four barrels of water on the altar!' Everybody was astonished; for

[1] This is the captain's own mistake.

the other side had prayed at it dry, you know, and got whitewashed. They poured it on. Says he, 'Heave on four more barrels.' Then he says, 'Heave on four more.' Twelve barrels, you see, altogether. The water ran all over the altar, and all down the sides, and filled up a trench around it that would hold a couple of hogsheads, — 'measures,' it says; I reckon it means about a hogshead. Some of the people were going to put on their things and go, for they allowed he was crazy. They didn't know Isaac. Isaac knelt down and began to pray: he strung along, and strung along, about the heathen in distant lands, and about the sister churches, and about the state and the country at large, and about those that 's in authority in the government, and all the usual programme, you know, till everybody had got tired and gone to thinking about something else, and then, all of a sudden, when nobody was noticing, he outs with a match and rakes it on the under side of his leg, and pff! up the whole thing blazes like a house afire! Twelve barrels of *water? Petroleum*, sir, PETROLEUM! that 's what it was!"

"Petroleum, captain?"

"Yes, sir; the country was full of it. Isaac knew all about that. You read the Bible. Don't you worry about the tough places. They ain't tough when you come to think them out and throw light on them. There ain't a thing in the Bible but what is true; all you want is to go prayerfully to work and cipher out how 't was done."

At eight o'clock on the third morning out from New York, land was sighted. Away across the sunny waves one saw a faint dark stripe stretched along under the horizon, — or pretended to see it, for the credit of his eye-sight. Even the Reverend said he saw it, a thing which was manifestly not so. But I never have seen any one who was morally strong enough to confess that he could not see land when others claimed that they could.

By and by the Bermuda Islands were easily visible. The principal one lay upon the water in the distance, a long, dull-colored body, scalloped with slight hills and valleys. We could not go straight at it, but had to travel all the way around it, sixteen miles from shore, because it is fenced with an invisible coral reef. At last we sighted buoys, bobbing here and there, and then we glided into a narrow channel among them, "raised the reef," and came upon shoaling blue water that soon further shoaled into pale green, with a surface scarcely rippled. Now came the resurrection hour: the berths gave up their dead. Who are these pale spectres in plug hats and silken flounces that file up the companion-way in melancholy procession and step upon the deck? These are they which took the infallible preventive of sea-sickness in New York harbor and then disappeared and were forgotten. Also there came two or three faces not seen before until this moment. One's impulse is to ask, "Where did you come aboard?"

We followed the narrow channel a long time, with land on both sides, — low hills that might have been green and grassy, but had a faded look instead. However, the land-locked water was lovely, at any rate, with its glittering belts of blue and green where moderate soundings were, and its broad splotches of rich brown where the rocks lay near the surface. Everybody was feeling so well that even the grave, pale young man (who, by a sort of kindly common consent, had come latterly to be referred to as "the Ass") received frequent and friendly notice, — which was right enough, for there was no harm in him.

At last we steamed between two island points whose rocky jaws allowed only just enough room for the vessel's body, and now before us loomed Hamilton on her clustered hill-sides and summits, the whitest mass of terraced architecture that exists in the world, perhaps.

It was Sunday afternoon, and on the pier were gathered one or two hundred Bermudians, half of them black, half of them white, and all of them nobbily dressed, as the poet says.

Several boats came off to the ship, bringing citizens. One of these citizens was a faded, diminutive old gentleman,

who approached our most ancient passenger with a childlike joy in his twinkling eyes, halted before him, folded his arms, and said, smiling with all his might and with all the simple delight that was in him, "You don't know me, John! Come, out with it, now; you know you don't!"

The ancient passenger scanned him perplexedly, scanned the napless, threadbare costume of venerable fashion that had done Sunday-service no man knows how many years, contemplated the marvelous stove-pipe hat of still more ancient and venerable pattern, with its poor pathetic old stiff brim canted up "gallusly" in the wrong places, and said, with a hesitation that indicated strong internal effort to "place" the gentle old apparition, "Why . . . let me see . . . plague on it . . . there 's *something* about you that . . . er . . . er . . . but I 've been gone from Bermuda for twenty-seven years, and . . . hum, hum . . . I don't seem to get at it, somehow, but there 's something about you that is just as familiar to me as" —

"Likely it might be his hat," murmured the Ass, with innocent, sympathetic interest.

Mark Twain.

FICTITIOUS LIVES OF CHAUCER.

II.

English literature can boast of but one name greater than that of Chaucer; but to the lofty position which he occupies on its rolls is not due in the slightest the little acquaintance we have with his life. Hardly a single event of his career would have come to the knowledge of modern times, if for that knowledge we had been compelled to trust to records which owed their existence to the respect and regard inspired by his writings. Besides being an author, Chaucer was a government official, a soldier, a diplomatist; and in his capacity as a man of affairs there are constant references made to him which would never have been made had he lived merely the life of a man of letters. Had he, indeed, been only a poet, had he not been employed in various offices of public trust, we should, in spite of his literary eminence, have scarcely known with certainty a single incident of his history; and by a process of a like kind to that which has been applied to Shakespeare, men at this day might have been engaged in the attempt to prove that his works were produced by the reformer Wycliffe. Many errors, previously held, as to the details of his career, have been dissipated during the last forty years; some fresh facts have, especially of late, been brought to light. Yet it has not been by the discovery of contemporary references made by admirers of his genius that we are indebted for whatever new information has been gained. On the contrary, it has been wholly due to notices of his duties, expenses, and emoluments that have been found among the public records, writings that stand at the farthest remove from literature. The examination of these records, a disagreeable as well as a laborious task, is also apt to be a thankless one; for while the subjects of the documents are indexed, their contents are not, and hours of toil must often be spent over papers which when read furnish nothing at all to reward the inquirer. Still, it is only by exertions of this kind that we can expect to have any further light thrown upon a career, the details of which are at best obscure. It was the examination of the Issue Rolls of the Exchequer, in particular, that enabled

Sir Harris Nicolas to overthrow the elaborate fiction founded upon the Testament of Love, which for centuries had done duty as a conspicuous portion of the life of Chaucer. And though most of the Records have already been searched from which valuable results seemed in a fair way to be secured, yet there are still collections that remain to be inspected. They may contain new facts in the poet's history; they may not, and perhaps will most likely not, mention his name or make the slightest allusion to him. Too much cannot be said in praise of that enthusiastic zeal which, in the hope of the possible result, ventures to encounter the wearisome drudgery and thankless toil of the probable.

Since the formation of the Chaucer Society, in 1867, this work of searching the Records has been carried on to some extent; and though not so much has been gained as might have been hoped, still more has been gained than, perhaps, there was reason to expect. Two general statements, however, of some importance can be made as results of this renewed examination: one is that "every single original document drawn up and signed by Chaucer has disappeared from its proper place. Some one who knew the Records thoroughly has systematically picked out — probably scores and hundreds of years ago — all Chaucer's works from every set of Records, and either stolen them or tied them up in some bundle which may be among the unindexed Miscellaneous Records." The autograph-hunter had early begun his career of spoliation. The second fact is that persons with the same family name as the poet turn up occasionally in these documents. There are Chaucers and Chaucers. While, therefore, every reference that has been found points pretty certainly to the poet, there does exist the possibility that there may be another man with the same name to whom some of these entries apply. And while the probability is all another way, still that possibility ought never to be overlooked.

It might have been supposed that this slow process of searching after facts would of itself have the tendency to develop a habit of mind that would look with impatience upon statements founded on theorizing, no matter how plausible. But, unfortunately, this has not been the case. No sooner does one fiction in regard to Chaucer fall to the ground than another rises to take its place. This last one, furthermore, is made peculiarly aggravating to the feelings by the fact that it owes its acceptance, so far as it has been received, to men who have been among the most conspicuous in their efforts to facilitate the study of the poet's writings. Worse than this, it owes its origin to the one man of all whose self-sacrificing and enthusiastic zeal and whose manifold labors have caused his name and work to be esteemed and cherished, not simply by every lover of Chaucer, but by every student of our early literature. To his energy and exertion is mainly due the discovery of the details that have been lately added to the scanty records of the poet's life. But to him also is due the attempt to make up for the lack of actual knowledge by the creation of a tale as artificial and unsubstantial as ever came from the unreal world of dreams.

The story, so far as it has already been elaborated, is a short one, though with every repetition it grows in breadth of statement and extent of inference. It is based almost entirely upon separate passages that are found in three of Chaucer's minor poems, The Compleynte to Pite, The Boke of the Duchesse or The Dethe of Blaunche, and The Parlament of Foules. Told as briefly as possible, it is in its present form about as follows: —

The poet, when twenty-one years of age, that is in 1361, fell desperately in love with a lady above him in rank. He loved her with a long and hopeless passion, for she rejected him even before he ventured to declare himself openly. The effect of this unhappy affair was to keep him miserable for eight years, that is from 1361 to 1369. During that time he composed but little poetry, his sorrow having the tendency to dry up the fountain of his verse; but after 1369, it "left

him free to work and, later, to enjoy his life."

The main outlines of this somewhat touching episode in the poet's career were first revealed to the public in a letter addressed by Mr. Furnivall, the director of the Chaucer Society, to the London Athenæum of July 1, 1871. The evidence upon which it rested was there given in full. Though the communication was a long one, we shall endeavor in abridging it to do no injustice to the argument it contained, and as far as possible shall make use of the writer's own words. The starting-point was the following passage in The Dethe of Blaunche the Duchesse, in which the poet is explaining why he cannot sleep:

— "trewly, as I gesse,
I hold it be a sickënes
That I have suffred this eight yere:
And yet my boote is never the nere
For there is phisicien but one
That may me heale. But that is done.
Passe we over untille efte:
That wil not be mot nedes be lefte."

What is the sickness here referred to? According to Mr. Furnivall, these lines clearly point to a long, hopeless love of eight years, which has been rejected and now is over. It will not be, and must needs be left. The poet is free to go on with his work. But the question thereupon arises, Is there any allusion to this same hopeless love, while it was existing in a prior stage, in any other poem? Mr. Furnivall sees such allusions in The Compleynte to Pite, a composition from which no one has hitherto been enabled to extract much meaning. But he finds that "read by the light of the lines quoted from the Blaunche, it tells plainly that when the writer had for 'lengthe of certeyne yeres' (not yet eight) sought a time to speak, he ran to the Pity in his Love to pray her not to be cruel to him: but ere he could speak, he found Pity dead and buried in his Love's heart." Yet though he sees Pity's hearse and knows she is dead, he appeals to her as if she lived; he implores his Love: —

"Have mercy on me, thow hevenes quene,
That yow have sought so tendirly and yore!
Let somme streme of youre light on me be sene,
That love and drede yow ever lenger more . . .
For goddis love, have mercy on my peyne!"

And he ends by declaring, —

"I wil be yourës ever!
Though ye me slee by Crueltee, your foo,
Algate my spirite shal never dissever
Fro your servise, for eny peyne or woo."

Here, therefore, is an earlier stage of this eight years' malady than that shown in the poem on the death of Blaunche. Here it is not done. Here no intention is expressed of abandoning a useless pursuit; but, on the contrary, "hope even in despair, and passionate love."

In the third poem cited as evidence, The Parlament of Foules, Chaucer has become tricky. He purposely introduces in that the following "blind:" —

"For albe that I knowe not Love indede,
Ne wot how that he quitith folk here hyre,"

yet his real feelings undesignedly crop out in two other lines, when he is complaining how he went to bed, —

"Fulfilled of thought and busy hevinesse,
For bothe I hadde thinge that I nolde,
And eke I n' hadde thinge that I wolde."

These words, Mr. Furnivall declares, point directly to the following lines of The Compleynte to Pite: —

"My peyne is this, that what so I desire,
That have I not, ne nothing like therto
Eke on that other syde, wherso I goo,
That have I redy, unsoghte, everywhere,
What maner thinge that may encrese my woo."

Another point of undesigned evidence in The Parlament of Foules is this speech of Africanus to Chaucer: —

"For thou of love hast lost thy taste, I gesse,
As sek man hath of swete and bitternesse."

It is upon these quotations that this new episode in the poet's life has been founded. To speak of anything in it as resting upon evidence is simply an abuse of language. The passages which are said to "clearly point," or to "point directly," to some other passages, or which "plainly" denote this or that, have no such aim or meaning in themselves, but only in the mind of the writer. Yet it is to be noticed that every assertion is expressed as unhesitatingly and as strongly as if there were a bundle of contemporary affidavits to support it. Not the slightest concession is made to the skeptic. Things are not stated as possible or probable, but as certain. Indeed, there was nothing more striking about the story, as given in this letter to

the Athenæum, than the perfect confidence which its originator had in its truth. He could not have expressed himself much more positively had Chaucer in person communicated to him the facts. Nor was the manner in which the story was told due to that excited state of mind, not uncommon with men of enthusiastic temperament, in which for the moment things hoped for look as if seen. He has repeated it on different occasions; and every time the statements have been more precise, the assertions more positive, and the results reached more full. In his Trial Forewords, which accompanied the Parallel-Text Edition of the Minor Poems, both of which appeared in the same year as the article in the Athenæum, he had already evolved some further knowledge by the same process which before had been productive of such astounding results. The Compleynte to Pite, he was enabled to declare distinctly, was "Chaucer's first poem and should be studied first," and the date of its composition was assigned to somewhere between 1366 and 1368. As if this were not enough for mere inference to accomplish for a work whose origin we know absolutely nothing about and whose meaning we can hardly guess, he went on to ascribe the peculiar versification found in this and several other poems of a similar nature to the fact of the writer's indulgence in a hopeless passion. The reasons for this assumption we shall not venture to give in our own words. "Being bound," says Mr. Furnivall, speaking of the poet, "in the strait bonds of unreturned love himself, he naturally preferred a tied-up form of stanza and of poem to express the thoughts his ropes squeezed out of him. He chose the seven-line stanza and the triple tern; seven and three, mystic numbers both."

Lapse of time, moreover, has not caused the faith of the originator of this story to waver in the slightest. In November, 1873, the journal already mentioned contained a short account, evidently inspired if not actually written by Mr. Furnivall, of the results of some of the searches then going on in the public records; and there was in it a singular mixture of facts, precise and positive in their character, which had been secured by the dreariest drudgery, and of fancies which had not that decent probability supposed to be essential to the wildest creations of fiction. Not only was the original statement in regard to the poet's eight years of misery reiterated in the strongest terms, but the further discovery was announced that he had had the somewhat peculiar experience of having been rejected before he had even proposed. "Of what Chaucer did between 1360 and 1366," said the account, "we are still ignorant, except that we are sure he was making continuous love from 1361, at least, to his pitiless mistress, who rejected him even before he dared declare his love." It is, perhaps, an excuse for Mr. Furnivall's faith in his own discovery that it seems never to have met anywhere with public contradiction. Some of his co-adjutors, indeed, have fallen in with it; others preserve silence, certainly not because they believe in it, but probably because they are unwilling to enter into a dispute with a man whose services far outweigh any errors of judgment or any rashness in rushing to conclusions. Furthermore, it must be conceded that a controversy with Mr. Furnivall is not a matter to be undertaken without forethought by a person of shrinking and sensitive temperament. There are certain literary views of his which he is apt to tell us can only be appreciated by him who has an ear and a soul; and the consequence is that if one ventures to differ with him on these points he is reluctantly compelled to dispense with these two useful appendages. Nor, on the other hand, will he fare much better if he controverts Mr. Furnivall's views on language. In that case it is not impossible that he will be told that he ought "to enter himself at King's College School for a course of early English." This is a somewhat formidable prospect for any one who has got on in years. It ought to be added, however, that in the discussion which led Mr. Furnivall to

suggest this course to his opponent he was unwise enough to reinforce his views by illustrative comment. He quoted a passage from The Court of Love, in which occurred the phrase, "This godely fresh," as applied to the principal female character in the poem. To this he appended a note, in which he spoke of the expression as "imitated from Chaucer's 'semely swete,' but clearly not Chaucer's." Statements in regard to usage should always be couched in general terms. It is rarely safe to introduce particulars. In this instance it is especially unfortunate, for in the twelfth stanza of the third book of Troylus and Cryseyde "O godely fresh" is the very phrase with which the hero addresses the heroine.

In truth it is not alone an ear and a soul that are needed in the discussion of a theory based upon scattered passages in poems, the very date and circumstances of whose composition are unknown; brains may likewise not unprofitably be employed. Certainly, it is full time that a story of Chaucer's love, so utterly without foundation, should meet with emphatic protest. The respect due to its creator has given it a consideration and a circulation which would never have been accorded it a moment had it had its source in any other quarter. It has, in fact, already been introduced into text-books of English literature, — a class of works which in addition to their being the most useless to give any real knowledge of their subject are the first to receive, the last to give up, and the most potent to spread incorrect statements and absurd theories. In the Life of Chaucer also, prefixed to the later issues of Dr. Morris's admirable edition of selections from the Canterbury Tales, we are given full details of the whole pathetic story. There we have it complete: the poet's desperate love and the lady's persistent refusal, and how his life was made desolate by it, and how he felt that there was no use in crying for the moon, and how he worked himself out of the shadow of disappointment into freshness and brightness; all this is told us with a gravity and an assurance which fill the reader's mind with a lively confidence that future editions will furnish us the lady's name, an accurate description of her personal appearance, and the motives which led her to take the course she did. The little primer of English literature, by Stopford Brooke, published in the early part of 1876, is not quite so particular and positive in its language. It simply informs us that there are lines in some of his poems "which seem to speak of a luckless love-affair, and in this broken love it has been supposed we find the key to Chaucer's early life."

Of course, the difficulty of dealing with a story of this kind is mainly due to the fact that, as it is founded entirely upon conjecture and assumption, it is hard to be overthrown by any process of reasoning. In order to knock anything down, something must first have been set up. In the very unsubstantiality of these statements lies their strength. This phantom of an argument bids defiance to all blows aimed at it, simply because it is a phantom. But like all such creatures of the imagination, shadowy and elusive as it is to him who openly assails it, for him who has faith in it it is possessed of wonder-working powers. The only statement in the whole story that advances on the road to certainty so far even as probability is the generally accepted though far from positively known date of the composition of The Boke of the Duchesse. This is supposed to have been written in 1369, or a little later, because it is supposed to refer to Blanche, the wife of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and in that year her death took place. From this apparently barren root has sprung a tree which fairly overshadows eight years at least of the poet's life. The reasoning employed has, furthermore, an exceedingly economical and efficient reciprocal action. The poems are first used to establish the theory of Chaucer's love; then the theory of his love is used to settle the date of the poems. And as in grammar the combination of two negatives makes an affirmative, so throughout in Mr. Furnivall's reasoning upon this sub-

ject the combination of two or more uncertainties seems to make a certainty.

The favor, however, with which the story has been received renders it worth while to subject it to a strict examination, in order to ascertain precisely what statements in it are based upon fact, and what upon supposition. As Mr. Furnivall, in speaking of any one of its details, is apt to assert that he knows it, it is well to point out definitely what there is in it which is not known, using "know" as referring not to conjecture, no matter what its degree of probability, but to that for which there is satisfactory proof. At the very outset, then, we do not know that in 1361 Chaucer was twenty-one years old. We do not know that The Dethe of Blaunche the Duchesse was written in 1369. We do not know that in the lines quoted from it Chaucer referred to himself with the idea of stating a fact in his personal history; or if these lines do thus refer to himself, we do not know that the malady mentioned in them had anything to do with love. For aught that can be proved to the contrary, the eight years' disease upon which this story is built may have been an affection of the liver and not of the heart. We do not know that The Compleynte to Pite was Chaucer's first poem. We do not know that it was written between 1366 and 1368. That assertion is simply an unauthorized inference from an improbable conjecture. We do not know whether it was written before The Dethe of Blaunche or after it. We do not know that in it Chaucer made the slightest allusion to himself whatever. We do not know when The Parlament of Foules was written. We do not know that the lines,

> "For albe that I knowe not Love indede,
> Ne wot how that he quitith folk here hyre,"

spoken of as being purposely introduced as a "blind," were introduced for any such object; nor can any satisfactory reason be given for employing a blind of that sort in regard to a matter which, according to the theory of the story, had on previous occasions been openly avowed. In short, in nearly every detail referred to in the letter addressed to the Athenæum, there is scarcely any limit to what Mr. Furnivall does not know. One or two of the statements made in it may possibly be true; certainty cannot be claimed for a single one of them. Yet upon this series of particulars, not one of which can be proved, and some of which are, to put it mildly, highly improbable, has been reared a story that has been widely accepted in spite of the fact that it has no external evidence upon which to found it, no internal evidence to confirm it, and no intrinsic probability to recommend it; the whole mass of baseless assumption and wild conjecture crumbles the moment that criticism touches any part of it.

The formation of such a story out of such materials is one of the most striking instances of the inability to appreciate the nature or weigh the value of evidence, which has brought so much discredit upon literary investigations. For the principles which underlie all proof in cases of personal illusion by any author are by no means difficult to find; indeed, it requires some ingenuity to miss them. With a precise knowledge of certain circumstances in the life of a man, it is usually a matter of comparative ease to tell whether they are referred to or not in his writings. But if the circumstances are not known, the task of making them out from allusions or supposed allusions becomes not only a blind one, but in most instances is sure to be a misleading one. Especially must this be the case when the allusion is not to fact but to feeling. The power of genius to project itself into states of mind which at the time it is not only not going through, but which it has actually never gone through, of giving utterance to emotions which it has itself never experienced, is one of its most signal characteristics. A sorry life would have to be attributed to most poets, if they were compelled to assume personal responsibility for the views and sentiments they express in their writings; certainly, if that be the case, most of us ought to be thankful that our faculty of production is limited to prose. When special events are spoken of, there is little danger of

mistaking the reference if the events themselves are known. But if they are not known, the knowledge conveyed by the allusion may vary all the way from a certainty essentially absolute to the barest possibility. No one has any doubt that Milton means himself, when he speaks of his blindness in the apostrophe to light with which the third book of the Paradise Lost opens. Even if we did not know the fact beforehand, we might feel reasonably sure of it from the language there used. Or, let us take an instance of a more obscure nature from Chaucer himself. We know that from 1374 until 1386 he was controller of the customs for the port of London. When, therefore, in his House of Fame the poet reports the eagle as saying to him,

> " For when thy labour doon al ys,
> And hast ymade rekenynges,
> Instid of reste and newe thynges,
> Thou goost home to thy house anoon,
> And, also dombe as any stoon,
> Thou sittest at another booke,"

it is possible, perhaps probable, that he was here referring to these particular official duties, and that in consequence the poem was written somewhere between the dates above given. Yet such a conclusion is at best only a probability; certainty is a term that can never be justly applied to it.

But the moment that allusion is made to sentiment, the task of explanation can never be successfully achieved without a knowledge of the facts. In the most favorable point of view it can be no more than a happy guess, and can have no further rightful claim to acceptance than that which attaches to a guess. Knowing as we do the circumstances of Milton's career and the date of the composition of the poem, we plainly understand the allusions in Samson Agonistes to the evil times upon which he had fallen, to the unjust tribunals that had brought his friends to the block, and to the fickleness of an ungrateful people which had changed its sentiments with its rulers. But when Chaucer, in The House of Fame, speaks of himself as " utterly disesperat of alle blys," we are equally at a loss to know the particular experience in his career to which he refers, or whether he refers to himself at all, or whether he means anything if he does refer to himself. As well might one hope to squeeze rain from a Saharic sand-cloud, as out of materials so empty and juiceless as these to gather the facts for a narrative of a life.

And untrustworthy as all such references to personal feelings are in every case, they are especially so when the feeling referred to is that of love. Least of all can any allusion to it be submitted to strict interpretation and rigid analysis when we are unacquainted with the real facts. For the passion, while varying the widest of all in internal experience, varies perhaps the least of all in the range of its expression. The idle fancy of a moment or the absorbing devotion of a life is apt to find voice for the time being in almost the same terms. Moreover, within this limited range, the intensity of utterance varies not so much with the intensity of the passion as with the capacity of the individual to give it vivid representation; and for this reason the power of expression possessed by the poet as poet must always make us doubly careful concerning the weight to be attached to his words. Even could we be sure in any given instance that he was referring to his own experience, we could form no certain conclusion as to its precise nature or duration. Nor do we need to go to the writings of men of genius to learn that many persons can put very shallow feeling on this subject into very intense language. Easier than any other kind the poetry of love can be made a fashion. It has been so at some period in the literature of many races; and in our own no more striking illustration of it can be seen than in the productions of the court poets of the former half of the sixteenth century. That the sentiment then was as superficial as the expression of it was exaggerated is clear enough now; that in this respect it differed materially from much of the love poetry that has been produced both before and since is, however, not so evident.

One, indeed, cannot but wonder at what results Mr. Furnivall would ar-

rive, if he applied to the whole works of Surrey and Wyatt and other poets of that period the same principles of interpretation which have yielded him such rich returns when applied to a few scattered passages in Chaucer. Certainly no ampler field can be offered anywhere to him who is on the lookout for suggestion, and who revels in inference. The verse of that time was largely employed in depicting the sentiment of love. Every variation of tune the world-old passion has played upon the human heart found expression in song. The special subject of the poet was generally complaint of cruelty in some form on the part of his mistress. In the exaggerated language of gallantry then prevailing, all nature sympathized with the sorrowing lover. At his unhappy state the rivers stopped in their course, earth wept in dew, and forests sighed for grief. The tale of Orpheus was renewed again; only in this time rock, tree, and stream danced no longer with joy at the magic music of the singer, but conducted themselves in the most dismal manner to accord with his misery. And, indeed, his condition as depicted by himself in these poems was sad enough to justify a good deal of depression on the part of inanimate nature. At night he tossed, he turned, he groaned; sleep failed him or fearful dreams haunted his slumbers; agues burned him, chills froze him, mind and body were both in a hell of torment. He woke from his restless sleep in tears and plaints, crying out, "Alas! alas!" which in these times, it has been accurately observed, no one ever does save in print. His utterances during the day were generally sobs and sighs, intermingled with occasional curses at his ill fortune. Absent from his mistress, his sufferings were doubled; present with her, her conduct only added fuel to the fires of misery that were wasting him to ashes. At times he resolved that he would renounce forever her who used a despairing lover so cruelly; at other times he was determined that no pain, however great, no treatment, however capricious and cruel, should cause him to waver in his constant faith. On the contrary, when fortunate, his hours were not much better employed. Instead of sleeping, he spent the night in meditating upon the perfections of his mistress, the beauties of her person, and the graces of her mind. But it was rarely the case that he was fortunate. Chaucer's misery, as depicted by Mr. Furnivall, is not to be compared for one moment with the sufferings which all the men of that time seem to have undergone as a regular part of life's experience. It is a consoling thought for the happiness of the world that the damsels of the present day are not quite so hardened to entreaty, nor so pitiless to prayer. Judging from internal evidence which the poems of that period furnish in abundance, the fair ones of the sixteenth century must have had hearts like the nether millstone. No less an agency than that which shakes the earth or melts the elements with fervent heat would seem to have had the power to move them in the slightest degree. The whole stock in trade of poetical simile was exhausted in vain efforts to give an adequate conception of their cruelty. Water, we are told, by continual dropping will wear away the solid rock; humbleness of demeanor will sometimes turn to pity the raging fury of the lion; there are circumstances under which even the tiger becomes gentle. But no such display of weakness is recorded of the fair ones whom the poets of that day sang. Time, which crumbles everything else, could not even soften their hearts; entire submission could not make them relent, nor opportunity dispose them to be favorable. Death seemed to be the lover's only remedy for the cruelty of his mistress; and even to the bitterness of death was added the keener pang that she would regard it not.

These are not mere inferences. They are direct statements scattered by scores up and down these poems, and repeated again and again with every conceivable sort of variation. But in spite of them, nobody seriously believes that a single one of the sturdy warriors and statesmen of the time of Henry VIII., who were full as hard-hearted as they were hard-headed, ever lost half a dozen

nights' sleep in consequence of the affection he bore to his mistress. If it be absurd to suppose so in this case, it is a far grosser travesty of evidence to found a story of Chaucer's love upon detached passages much more obscure in expression than those which have just been described. Every one has a right to form any theory he pleases; but he has no right to state it as a fact, especially when he is in a position to mislead others who have not the special knowledge requisite to criticise or to controvert. We wish to speak of Mr. Furnivall with all possible respect. The most unstinted recognition is due to his self-sacrificing exertions; and his claims upon the gratitude of all students of our language and literature are of a kind that can neither be disregarded nor forgotten. But the very qualities which have made him invaluable in his present position — the enthusiasm, the positiveness, the disregard of apparent obstacles, the determination to secure and show immediate results — are the very ones which unfit him for weighing delicate and complicated cases of evidence. No partisan of any sort is more hasty in forming and expressing his opinions; and not even a member of the English Society for the Discovery of Great American Poets is more dogmatic in asserting them, more pertinacious in adhering to them, or more intolerant of those who reject them. But we can well afford to discard his whole elaborate story until he brings forward in support of it some evidence besides indefinite allusions of doubtful import, contained in compositions whose dates are unascertained, and, in the present state of our knowledge, are unascertainable; until, in particular, he can base it upon something stronger than the vague statements of poems like The Compleynte to Pite, which belongs to that allegorical class of writings whose chief attraction seems to lie in the obscurity with which the leading idea can be expressed, and which so far from being a genuine love-poem does not, outside of a few lines, exhibit so much the language of real passion as the fantastic utterances of an emotion which is painfully put through its paces. No such theory is needed, as Mr. Furnivall seems to think, to account for that "undertone of tender pathos and sadness" which is heard in so many of the poet's works. That would naturally be found in the writings of any man of genius, and most of all in those of one who shows in manifold instances that he was a profound and sympathetic observer of the care and sorrow that go to make up so much of human life. So far from that, indeed, the baseless character of the story, when the evidence in its favor is considered, is made even more conspicuous by the intrinsic improbability of Chaucer's having gone through eight years of constant suffering, and yet exhibiting no vestige of its effects in what he produced. No healthier nature than his can be found in the whole range of our literature among the poets whose personality appears prominent in their writings. There is not a trace of morbid feeling in his lines, which still glow for us with all the freshness of immortal youth. The sadness and misery of the times in which he lived and acted, and his own personal misfortunes, which must have been many, seem never to have warped the clearness of his vision, never to have depressed the cheerfulness of his spirit, never to have led him to fall in with the gloomy anticipations so common with even the greatest of his contemporaries, who fancied, in looking upon the wide ravages of pestilence and war, that the opening of the seven seals had begun, and that the kingdom of heaven was at hand. In that serene air of calm we can afford to let him dwell. Whatever theory we may form, for our own gratification, to explain his words and acts, let us leave entirely the field of conjecture in recounting to others the story of his life, and frankly admit that we know nothing where it is impossible for us to know anything.

T. R. Lounsbury.

CARLO GOLDONI.

After Oliver Goldsmith, I do not know any figure in the history of literature that should take the gentle reader's liking more than the Italian comic dramatist, Carlo Goldoni. These two charming writers are not unlike in certain particulars of their lives. They were both children of that easy-going eighteenth century, of the period before its griefs began with the French revolution, and as Irishman and Venetian they might very naturally have been allied in temperament; the American traveler is nowhere more vividly reminded of a certain class of adoptive fellow-citizens than in Venice. Moreover, they had both the vagabondizing instinct, and were æsthetic wanderers, Goldsmith all over Europe, and Goldoni up and down Italy, to die after many years' self-exile in France. They were alike in their half education for the medical profession, and alike in abandoning that respectable science for the groves of Academe, not to say Bohemia; Goldoni, indeed, left the law and several other useful and grave employments for those shades, which are not haunts of flowery ease, after all. But these authors are even more alike in certain engaging qualities of mind than in their external circumstances. If the English essayist was vastly higher in the theory than in the conduct of life, poor Goldoni had his moral ideas, too, and tried to teach in his comedies purity, good faith, and other virtues which were foolishness to most of the world by whose favor he must live. He resembled Goldsmith in the amiability of his satire, the exquisite naturalness of his characterization, the simplicity of his literary motive; but he was no poet, though a genius, and he falls further below Goldsmith in this rather than in respect of the morality he taught.

Perhaps Doctor Goldsmith would have been but little pleased to be compared with the Venetian dramatist, if the comparison had been made in his life-time, for if he ever heard of Goldoni at all, it must have been in scornful terms from that Joseph Barretti who dwelt in London and consorted with Doctor Johnson, and had wielded upon his Italian brethren a *Frusta Letteraria*, or Literary Lash (as he called his ferocious critical papers), that drew blood: Barretti despised Goldoni for a *farceur* of low degree, not being able to see the truth and power of his comedies, and used to speak of him as "one Charles Goldoni." Nevertheless, if the Venetian could have brought himself to leave the delights of Paris long enough to pay that visit to London which the Italian operatic company once desired of him, he might have met Goldmith; and then I am sure that the founder and master of the natural school of English fiction would have liked the inventor of realistic Italian comedy. At any rate Goldoni would have liked Goldsmith. The Spectator was the fashion at Venice as well as at London in Goldoni's day; it had formed the taste for the kind of writing in which Goldsmith excelled, and The Citizen of the World would have found an intelligent admirer in a man who helplessly knew as much of the world as himself.

I wish with all my heart that these amiable authors were alike in having both written their memoirs. What a treasure would not the autobiography of Goldsmith be, written with the fullness and frankness of Goldoni's! What would we not give for such a picture of London life as Goldoni paints of Venetian life in the first half of the last century! I fancy the history of Goldsmith written by himself with the same gentleness and forgiving mildness and humorous self-satire as Goldoni's; more of these qualities it could not have; and I doubt if in the whole range of autobiography one can find anything of a cheerfuller sweetness. I have personally to be glad that his memoirs was one of the first books which fell into my hands when I went

to live in Venice, and that I read it together with his comedies, so that the romantic city became early humanized to me through the life and labors of the kindly dramatist.

The "large and beautiful house" in which Goldoni says he was born, between the bridges of the Knuckle-Bone and the Honest Woman (the Venetian street nomenclature is much of it deliciously quaint), is still shown to strangers; and I have no doubt but at Chiozza, where much of his boyhood was passed, they could find you, for a very small sum, many palaces in which he lived. At any rate, when you visit that smaller and forlorner Venice[1] twenty-five miles away in the lagoons, you cannot have a pleasanter association with it than the dramatist's memory. Goldoni will tell you that he was always returning to Chiozza from whatever misadventure he met with elsewhere, until he finally fled the lagoons to escape marriage with a young lady of that city to whom he had inadvertently betrothed himself. Here his mother remained, while his father tried to establish himself, at this city and that, in his profession of physician, and vainly placed his son at one school and another, and was always on the point of making his fortune. They were of a gay, improvident Modenese race, and from the time when Goldoni's grandfather came to Venice and outshone all the patricians in the wasteful splendor of his villa on the Brenta, to the very last year of the dramatist's life amid the early days of the French revolution, his career seems to have been providentially enriched by every strange experience that could fit into the hand of a comic author. What better fortune for a man destined to write comedy than that he should run away from school at Rimini, and come back by sea with a company of strolling players in their bark to Chiozza?

"My comedians were not Scarron's company, but on the whole they presented a very amusing *coup-d'œil:* twelve persons, actors as well as actresses, a prompter, a machinist, a store-keeper, eight domestics, four chamber-maids, two nurses, children of every age, cats, dogs, monkeys, parrots, birds, pigeons, and a lamb. It was another Noah's ark! The bark was very large and divided into a number of apartments. Every female had her little corner, with curtains. An excellent bed was fitted up for me beside the manager, and all of us were comfortable. The steward, who was at the same time cook and butler, rung a little bell, which was our signal for breakfast. On this, we all assembled in a sort of saloon in the middle of the vessel, above the chests, trunks, and packages. After breakfast, play was proposed till dinner should be ready. We played, laughed, joked, and gave ourselves up to all manner of tricks till the bell summoned us to dinner. Macaroni! Every one fell upon it, and three dishes were devoured. We had also alamode beef, cold fowl, a loin of veal, a dessert, and excellent wine. What a charming dinner! No cheer like a good appetite. We remained four hours at table. We played on different instruments, and sung a great deal. Alas! an adventure took place which interrupted the happiness of the society. A cat escaped from her cage, the favorite of the principal actress, who called on every one for assistance. She was briskly chased, but, being as wild as her mistress, she skipped, leaped about, and crept into every hole and corner. When she found herself at last rather warmly pursued, she climbed up the mast. Seeing the distress of Madame Clarice, a sailor sprang up after her, when the cat leaped into the sea, where she remained. Her mistress was in despair: she attempted to kill every animal within reach of her, and to throw her waiting-maid into the watery grave of her darling. We

[1] "Chiozza is eight leagues from Venice, and built on piles like the capital. It is computed to contain forty thousand souls, all of the lower order, — fishermen, sailors, and women who make a coarse lace, in which a considerable trade is carried on; there are very few individuals above the vulgar. Every person is ranged there in one of two classes, — the rich or the poor: those who wear a wig and cloak are the rich; and the others, who have only a cap and *capotto*, are the poor; and yet it frequently happens that the latter possess four times more wealth than the others." — *Goldoni's Memoirs.*

all took the part of the waiting-maid, and the quarrel became general. The manager made his appearance, laughed, rallied and caressed the afflicted lady. She at last began herself to laugh, and the cat was forgotten. The wind was unfavorable, and we remained three days at sea, always with the same amusements, the same pleasures, and the same appetite. We arrived on the fourth day at Chiozza.

"I had not the address of my mother's lodgings, but I had not long to inquire. Madame Goldoni and her sister wore a head-dress; they were in the rich class, and known by everybody. I requested the manager to accompany me: he very readily consented, and announced himself on his arrival. I remained in the ante-chamber. 'Madam,' said he to my mother, 'I come from Rimini; I have news from your son.' 'How does my son?' 'Very well, madam.' 'Is he content with his situation?' 'Not remarkably so, madam. He suffers a great deal.' 'From what?' 'From being so far from his tender mother.' 'Poor child! I wish I had him beside me.' (All this was heard by me, and my heart beat within me.) 'Madam,' continued the manager, 'I offered to bring him with me.' 'Why, then, did you not?' 'Would you have been pleased?' 'Undoubtedly.' 'But his studies?' 'His studies! Could he not return? Besides, masters are everywhere to be had.' 'Then you would willingly see him?' 'With the greatest joy.' 'Here he is, then, madam.' On this he opened the door, and I made my entrance. I threw myself at my mother's feet, who cordially embraced me; neither of us could speak for our tears. The actor, accustomed to scenes of this nature, after passing some agreeable compliments, took his leave of my mother and departed; I remained with her, and frankly owned the folly I had committed. She scolded me one moment and caressed me the next, and we were quite pleased with each other."

From the college of Pavia, where his father afterwards placed him, Goldoni, in pursuance of his adventurous destiny, having written a lampoon on the principal families of the city, was expelled. He tells us how he was instantly smitten with shame and remorse, and sixty years later, when he writes his memoirs, he is still on his knees to such of the good people as have so long survived the wrong he did them. But in the mean time, there was that Dominican friar who accompanied him home, — that friar who confessed him and took all his little money from him in penance, and then fell asleep amidst the tale of his remaining sins, a friar forever precious to the imagination! And there was the picturesque and melodramatic family dismay when he reached home: his father's wrath, his mother's tears! It is all like a chapter of Gil Blas.

"In the evening I was sent for to supper," says Goldoni, in recounting the story of his journey home by boat, "but refused to go. A few minutes afterwards, I heard the words '*Deo gratias*' pronounced in a pathetic tone by an unknown voice. It was still tolerably light; and, on looking through a crevice of the door, I observed a monk, who was addressing himself to me. I opened, and let him in. He was a Dominican of Palermo, the brother of a famous Jesuit, highly celebrated as a preacher; and he had embarked that day at Piacenza, and like myself was bound for Chiozza. He knew my story, the master having revealed everything to him; and he came to offer me the temporal and spiritual consolation which his vocation entitled him to bestow upon me, and which my situation seemed to require. He displayed a great deal of sensibility and fervency in his discourse: I saw him shed tears; at least, I saw him apply his handkerchief to his eyes. I was touched with this, and abandoned myself to his mercy.

"The master sent to inform us that they were waiting for us. The reverend father was by no means disposed to lose his collation, but seeing me full of compunction he begged the master to have the goodness to wait a moment. Then, turning towards me, he embraced me, and with tears in his eyes pointed out

to me the dangers of my situation, and showed me that the infernal enemy might take possession of me and plunge me into an eternal abyss. I have already hinted that I was subject to fits of hypochondriacal vapors, and I was then in a most deplorable situation. My exorcist, perceiving this, proposed confession to me. I threw myself at his feet. 'God be praised!' said he. 'Yes, my dear child, prepare yourself till my return;' and he then went and supped without me. I remained on my knees and began a conscientious examination of myself. In half an hour the father returned with a wax-light in his hand, and seated himself on my trunk. I delivered my confiteor, and went through my general confession with the requisite humility and contrition. It was necessary to exhibit signs of repentance; and the first point was to make reparation for the injury done by me to the families against whom I had directed my satire. But how was this to be done at present? 'Till you are enabled to retract your calumnies,' said the reverend father, 'you can only propitiate the wrath of God by means of alms; for alms-giving is the first meritorious work which effaces sin.' 'Yes, father,' said I to him, 'I shall bestow them.' 'By no means,' he replied; 'the sacrifice must be instantly made.' 'But I have only thirty paoli.' 'Very well, child; in foregoing the money which we possess we have as much merit as if we gave more.' I drew forth my thirty paoli and requested my confessor to take the charge of distributing them to the poor. This he willingly acceded to, and then he gave me absolution. I wished to continue still longer, having some things to say which I had forgotten; but the reverend father began to doze, and his eyes closed every moment. He told me to keep myself quiet, and he took me by the hand, gave me his benediction, and hurried away to his bed.

"We were still eight days longer on our passage; I wished to confess myself every day, but I had no more money for penitence. I arrived, trembling, at Chiozza, with my confessor, who under took to bring about a reconciliation between me and my relations. My father was at Venice on business; my mother saw me coming, and received me with tears, for the almoner of the college had not failed to inform my family of the particulars of my conduct. The reverend father had but little difficulty in touching the heart of a tender mother; she possessed ability and firmness, and, turning towards the Dominican, by whom she was fatigued, 'My reverend father,' said she, 'if my son had committed a knavish action, I would never have consented to see him more; but he has been guilty of a piece of imprudence, and I pardon him.'

"My traveling companion would have wished that my father had been at home to present him to the prior of St. Dominic. There was something under this which I could not well comprehend. My mother told him that she expected my father in the course of the day, at which the reverend father appeared satisfied, and without any ceremony he invited himself to dine with us. While we were at table my father arrived, and I rose and shut myself in the adjoining room. On my father's entrance he perceived a large cowl. 'This is a stranger,' said my mother, 'who demanded hospitality.' 'But this other plate — this other chair' — It was no longer possible to be silent respecting me; my mother wept; the monk harangued; he did not forget the parable of the prodigal son. My father was good-natured, and very fond of me; in short, I was sent for, and at last restored to favor."

Goldoni was still very young, and he had a very good heart; he had been cajoled into his satire by some malicious fellow-students, and the lesson that humanity is above literature came to him mercifully early. He was thereafter the founder of a school that ennobled satire by dispersonalizing it. As regarded his dramatic career, his expulsion from college was an advantage. It made him the companion of his father in his medical practice at Chiozza, where he saw a strange and instructive side of life; and later he was his father's fellow-traveler on a journey into Germany and a long

sojourn in the Friuli, where he constantly enriched himself with curious experiences, whatever were his father's gains.

There must have been large numbers of Italians in the eighteenth century who did not enjoy themselves, but wherever you find them in memoirs they seem to be having the best of times: eating, drinking, singing, gaming, masking, making love right and left; there is apparently no end to their pleasures. This is the impression of Italian life that remains in one's mind from Goldoni's recollections of his light-hearted youth. They have theatricals in all the houses where he visits; and he who began manager in his childhood with a puppet-show is naturally turned to dramatic account in those cheerful palaces. Wherever he goes, now with his father, or later, when he passes from one city to another on his own changing occasions, he has nothing to do but to amuse and to be amused. If it is in the Venetian dependencies, he calls upon the patrician governor, and stays at least two weeks with him; if it is in distant countries like Milan, or Modena, or Parma, he is the guest of the Serenest Republic's envoy, — an envoy with no more to do than an American minister, except to be gay, to be profuse, to be elegant, to ornament society, and to patronize the bowing and obsequious arts. What a charming epoch! Life is everywhere a party of pleasure. There is a certain journey of Goldoni's (in one of his college vacations), down the Po and over the lagoon to Chiozza, which strikes one even at this distance of time and space with intolerable envy: ten young gentlemen and their servants, in a luxuriously appointed barge, drifting idly down the current, and nowise concerned about arriving anywhere. They all, save Goldoni, play upon some instrument, and he who cannot play can rhyme the incidents of the voyage. The peasants forsake their fields and flocks as the happy voyagers pass, and crowd the banks of the stream; when the enchanted barge halts at night near some town, the citizens throng it with invitations to every sort of gayety; the nobles from their villas send hospitably to arrest the wanderers; it is a long progress of delight, under skies forever blue, among shores forever green. Ah, to have been young and rich and well-born in that day!

Or to have been a Venetian office-holder in times when the government was the affair of the rich and amiable patrician families who had the taste to choose such friends as young Goldoni, and to make their work agreeable to them! The reader must go to his autobiography for the account of the prolonged picnic of young gentlemen and ladies who followed the chancellor's coadjutor, Goldoni, into the woods of Feltre to stay the depredations upon the government timber. The expedition proved almost fatal to Goldoni's peace; for he tells you how he fell in love with one of the young ladies, and how "curiously" he reasoned himself out of the imprudence of making her his wife by considering, Italian-like, that if the fatigues of the journey had so great effect upon her she would fade and age early, and so leave him to despair!

It is hard to realize that all such junketing goes on amidst pretty continual fighting. Spaniards and Austrians and Frenchmen are always down there in Italy cutting one another's throats, and every now and then interrupting with a siege or a battle the Italian party of pleasure. The Italians take the interruption as philosophically as they can, and as soon as the dead are buried and the fires put out go on with their amusements as before. Of course a man predestined to write comedy must often be taken at a disadvantage by these wars, and Goldoni's memoirs owe some of their most entertaining chapters to his misadventures among combatants with whom personally and nationally he was at peace. The republic of Venice had long maintained her neutrality (though her territory was violated at will by the belligerents) amidst the ever-renewed hostilities of the barbarians who fought out their quarrels on Italian ground, and she did not meddle with that brief war which the Cardinal Fleury and the Emperor Charles VI. set going between them

about the Pragmatic Sanction and the election of the Polish king in 1729. It all resulted in the succession of Maria Theresa to the imperial throne, in the establishment of the Spanish Bourbons in Naples, and the house of Lorraine in Tuscany; but in the mean time Goldoni, being a Venetian, had not even the tempered interest in the war of those Italians whom its event was to give this master or that. One fine morning, being now attached to the Venetian embassy in Milan, he is roused by his servant with the news that the city is in the hands of the Sardinians, who have joined the French and Spanish side. This is annoying to a gentleman who has already so far entered upon a literary career as to have written an unsuccessful opera (there is nothing more Gil-Blas-like than his account of how the singers laugh it to scorn [1]), but Goldoni is above everything cheerful, and he retires uncomplainingly with the embassy to Crema, to be out of the way of the bombardment of the Milanese citadel; and from Crema he shortly afterwards goes to Parma, where, standing on the city wall, he witnesses the once famous battle of that name. The next day he sees the dead, twenty thousand men, stripped naked over night, and strewn in infinite shapes of mutilation and horror over the field; and, having by this time resigned his office under the Venetian envoy, he gladly quits Parma for the territories of the republic.

Never were misfortunes more blithely narrated than those which beset him on this journey. He is first of all things an author, and amidst these scenes of violence and carnage he has been industriously contriving a play: his Belisarius, which he carries with him in his pocket, and which he reads aloud to his traveling companion, a young abbé of literary taste, as they drive along in their carriage through a country infested by camp followers, deserters from either host, and desperadoes of every sort. Sud-

[1] "I was eager to present my piece, and to have it read. We were then in the very time of the Carnival. There was an opera at Milan, and I was acquainted with Caffariello, the principal actor, and also with the director and composer of the ballets, and his wife (Madame Grossatesta), who was the principal dancer. I thought it would look becoming and be of advantage for me to be presented to the directors of the Milan theatre by known individuals. On a Friday, a day of relaxation throughout almost all Italy, I waited in the evening on Madame Grossatesta, who kept an open house, where the actors, actresses, and dancers of the opera usually assembled. This excellent dancer, who was my country-woman, and whom I knew at Venice, received me with the utmost politeness; and her husband, a clever and well-informed Modenese, had a dispute with his wife respecting my country, in which he very gallantly maintained that by descent mine was the same as his own. It was still early, and as we were almost alone, I took advantage of that circumstance to announce my project to them. They were enchanted with it, and promised to introduce me, and they congratulated me beforehand on the reception of my work.

"The company continued to increase; Caffariello made his appearance, saw and recognized me, saluted me with the tone of an Alexander, and took his place beside the mistress of the house. A few minutes afterwards, Count Prata, one of the directors of the theatre, the most skilled in everything relative to the drama, was announced. Madame Grossatesta introduced me to the count, and spoke to him of my opera, and he undertook to propose me to the assembly of directors; but it would afford him infinite pleasure, he said, to know something of my work, a wish in which he was joined by my country-woman. I wanted nothing so much as an opportunity of reading it. A small table and a candle were brought towards us, round which we all seated ourselves, and I began to read. I announced the title of Amalasonte. Caffariello sung the word Amalasonte; it was long, and seemed ridiculous to him. Everybody laughed but myself; the lady scolded, and the nightingale was silent. I read over the names of the characters, of which there were nine in the piece. Here a small, shrill voice, which proceeded from an old castrato who sung in the choruses, and who mewed like a cat, cried out, 'Too many, too many; there are at least two characters too many.' I saw that I was by no means at my ease, and wished to give over my reading. M. Prata imposed silence on this insolent fellow, who had not the merit of Caffariello to excuse him, and, turning to me, observed, 'It is true, sir, there are usually not more than six or seven characters in a drama; but when a work is deserving of it, we willingly put ourselves to the expense of two actors. Have the goodness,' he added, 'to continue the reading, if you please.'

"I resumed my reading. Act first, scene first, Clodesile and Arpagon. Here M. Caffariello again asked me the name of the first soprano in my opera. 'Sir,' said I, 'it is Clodesile.' 'What!' said he, 'you open the scene with the principal actor, and make him appear while everybody enter, seat themselves, and make a noise. Truly, sir, I am not your man.' (What patience!) M. Prata here interposed: 'Let us see,' said he, 'whether the scene is interesting.' I read the first scene, and while I was repeating my verses, a little insignificant wretch drew a paper from his pocket, and went to the harpsichord to recite an air in his part. The mistress of the house was obliged to make me excuses without intermission."

denly brigands appear and stop at once the carriage and the reading of Belisarius; the literary gentlemen are glad to escape with but their lives. Towards night-fall, Goldoni encounters some kindly peasants at work in the field; they take pity on him, give him to eat and drink, and bring him to their good curé in the village. The curé is a man of culture; Goldoni mentions his play, the curé makes him a little dinner, and he reads his blessed Belisarius (which has remained safe from the rapacity of the brigands) to his host and two other applausive abbés! What is adversity after all, then? A matter of individual temperament, of race?

Goldoni repairs to Venice, and he does not again quit that soft and safe retreat for ten years, during which he establishes his fame. But at the end of that time his destiny takes him into the fighting once more: his old friends, the Frenchmen, the Sardinians, the Spaniards, the Austrians, are all at it as usual, this time about the right of Maria Theresa to reign in the dominions of her father. They are all civil to the pleasant dramatist, however, and treat him handsomely when he gets into trouble. He duly turns his adventures to account in comedy, and in his memoirs he narrates them with unfailing enjoyment of their absurdity.

Goldoni, indeed, would not have been the cunning worker in human nature that he was, if he had not seen his own errors and their consequences with an impartial eye. Somewhere in his comedies you will find every one of them used, with more or less disguise, — usually less. He knew quite well that he was himself an amusing character, but for all that he recognized his serious obligations to the race, and he kept a much livelier conscience, literary and moral, than most people of his world. Certain things, as gaming and intriguing, he was forced practically to blink in himself as well as others, such being the fashion of his age; but he wrote comedies in which the career of the gambler was painted in its true colors, and he helped ridicule the *cavalier servente* out of existence. He seems to have been tenderly attached to his wife, who returned his love with interest; in a society devoured by debts he abhorred debt, and amidst envies, backbitings, and jealousies of every kind he kept a heart uncorroded by hatred and full of generous friendship.

He was curiously limited in his satirical scope. In Venice he could not paint a dissolute or wicked noble, or indeed put upon the stage a Venetian noble of any sort; his nobles, therefore, were ostensibly of the inferior, titled sort from the mainland. He might not so much as name a convent in comedy; any young lady immured in a nunnery must be mentioned as being "at the house of an aunt;" and of course the vices and follies of the clergy were sacred from his touch. He drew his characters from the citizen class chiefly, but often with great effect from the lowest of the people. Within the bounds set him he painted the Venice of his time so gracefully, so vividly, so truly, with so much more of the local human nature than of the mere manners of the age, that his plays mirror in wonderful degree the Venice of our own day.

No author ever wrote more purposely and directly for the theatre than Goldoni; in this, at least, he was Shakespearian. He may be said to have always known the stage; his acquaintance with players began when he ran away from school with the strollers from Rimini, and it continued all his life. When he began seriously to write comedy, it was for a company of which he actually formed a part, and he studied his actors and kept them as constantly in view as the persons of his drama. His observation was from the world at large; when he had discovered or imagined a character, he trained his players to his own conception of it. Often he wrote a part especially for some comedian; sometimes he portrayed the characters of his actors in the play, and he knew how to avenge himself for their obstinacies, caprices, and jealousies by good-natured satire of their recognizable qualities.

His material lay in himself and everywhere about him in that Venice which

he knew so well. There his genius seemed to prosper most; although he wrote brilliant plays elsewhere, and lived to give the French stage a comedy that had a prompt and (as those things go) enduring success, Venice was the scene of his greatest triumphs. There for many years he continued to produce one play after another with almost uninterrupted good fortune, while elsewhere his inspiration was fitful and uncertain. The best of his hundred and fifty comedies are those in the soft speech of the lagoons; the next best are those Italian plays of which the scene is laid in Venice.

They are simple affairs as to plot, but their movement is very spirited. The dialogue is always brisk, with a droll, natural, sarcastic humor in it that smacks of the popular life; it is rarely witty, — perhaps there is not a memorably witty passage in all his plays; there is no eloquence, and not often anything like pathos, though now and then amidst the prevailing good spirits of his comedy there are touches of real tenderness. His art is extremely good; the plays are well contrived. There are few long speeches; the soliloquies and the asides are few; there are seldom explanations or narrative statements; the sympathetic spectator is briefly possessed of the situation by the dialogue; the rest is left to his patience, which is never heavily taxed, and to his curiosity, which is duly piqued. I find the same sort of pleasure in reading Goldoni's comedies as in seeing them played; though in reading, the baldness of the morality is, of course, more apparent. One ought not to smile at this morality, however, without remembering the age, the religion, and the race to which it was addressed: to these some very elementary principles might have seemed novel.

I do not know how often Molière is still played in France, but in Italy, and especially in Venice, Goldoni has his regular seasons, and holds his place upon the stage as firmly as Shakespeare, with whom he is not otherwise comparable; he was, as I have said, no poet. All his countrymen are agreed as to the vast, the unique value of his theatre in their literature. "To say Goldoni is to say Italian comedy," writes Torelli in a paper on the dramatist in his Passaggi e Profili. "The severe critic who, in speaking of the gifts of this famous man, would hold him to strict account for his many defects cannot dispute the common voice which has pronounced the Venetian humorist the father and the restorer of comedy. Goldoni, like all illustrious authors, has had his impassioned detractors, his impassioned apologists: they have fought over his fame, for and against; they have discussed the marvelous subtlety of his dialogue and the poverty of his diction. But the true judges of Goldoni were not the detractors, nor the apologists, nor the commentators, nor the libelers; his true judges were the people in the pit, the spectators surprised by the truth of the characters which he had studied from life, and struck by the aptness of the sallies and replies, which they had felt stirring in their own minds before the persons of the play had uttered them. The worth of Goldoni consists in the material truth, so to speak, of his action, apparently expressed as it comes to hand, but really sought out with study and artifice." The praise of Emiliani-Giudici is as cordial and as just, if not so subtle: "No one painted better than he the life that served him for a model, taught morality with urbaner satire, invented dramatic situations with greater art, showed greater fertility. Cesarotti, a fervent admirer of French literature, compares him to Molière, and declares that if Goldoni had had more leisure for study, and could have meditated and finished his productions with more affectionate care, he might have boasted a greater number of masterpieces, and have been the first comic dramatist of the world. . . . Goldoni himself laments the fate that forced him to work at such a breakneck rate. In one year he promised and composed sixteen comedies. Nearly all his productions, therefore, lack that final touch by which a writer frees his work from the inevitable redundancies of the first sketch, gives the

material greater significance, balances the larger and the lesser parts, and achieves for it beauty and symmetry as a whole." I am bound to say that I have not myself felt in Goldoni that want of finish here deplored, except a certain tendency to tameness and coldness in the conclusion of some of his plays. Neither should I agree with Cantù in much of the censure which he mingles with his praise: "Full of that spirit of observation and imitation which seizes and portrays life, he reveals character not in phrases and reflections, but in situations and in contrasts; and not character strained and exaggerated, but mixed and average as we see it in society. He obeys his own knowledge of life rather than the requirements of art, but his observation was limited to the lower classes, whence he drew trivial persons. . . . Gondoliers, servants, dancers, parasites, adventurers, *cicisbei*, usurers, misers, husbands and wives of the populace, he depicts with marvelous fidelity . . . but not the patricians in their refined corruption, nothing that ennobles sentiment or elevates the mind. He neglected his diction, and when he did not use his native dialect he fell into an incorrect, common, and pleading-lawyer's Italian; he sins in useless scenes, prolix discourses, scurrilous allusions; yet no one surpasses him in the management of dialogue, in the naturalness of his characters, in the simplicity of his style."

One can hardly blame Goldoni for not embroiling himself with the government by attacking the Venetian nobles, and if he preferred to paint the common life about him he was right to do so; in matters of art one must do what one likes if one would do well. As for the style, it is so much better to be graphic and simple than to be irreproachable that even the Italian world, which really suffers from an inelegance of speech, easily forgives Goldoni's negligent diction; the foreigner does not feel it. To elevate the mind or ennoble the sentiments is not quite the comic dramatist's business; on the other hand, Goldoni never pandered to a vicious taste, in morals or æsthetics. His comedies are pure in surprising degree when one thinks of the contemporary English stage and romance; they may be read, for the most part, with as little offense as so many novels of Dickens. Now and then he girds himself up to attack some social abuse, like the cicisbeo system, by which every fashionable wife had her conventional adorer, recognized in that quality by the world and tolerated by the husband. It was a silly usage, but not so often wicked as might be thought. Parini's satire lashed the poor cicisbei in Lombardy, while Goldoni laughed at them in Venice; but it must have cost the dramatist more to be virtuous against them, for he was a social creature, liking best to please every one, and fond of the gay and fine world. He gently complains of the enmities his ridicule of the cicisbei excited against him.

The reader of his memoirs will be interested and perhaps amused to find Goldoni defending the Protestants from the insult offered them in a dramatic lampoon upon himself, and actually procuring its suppression on the ground of its offensiveness to the ambassadors of many friendly powers resident in Venice, where indeed foreign Protestantism had enjoyed perfect immunity ever since the times of Luther. But it is really not fair to judge this sweet and kindly spirit as a moralist or a reformer of any sort except in his own proper world of comedy. Here he was bold, strenuous, and untiring, and he succeeded in firmly establishing the Italian comic drama against the popular taste and the power of the vested interests.

Of course there were Italians who wrote true comedy before Goldoni: there were Ariosto and Machiavelli, to name no others, but their plays were not played, and there was no body of national comedy at all answering to that of the French or English. There were imitators of the French and imitators of the Spanish schools of comedy, and there was a sort of comic spectacle, full of supernatural prodigies and fanciful extravagances, which was in high favor. But the national spirit found expression chiefly in the so-called *comedy of art*, which had the

strongest hold upon the popular affection; and this Goldoni supplanted by the sort of conquest which seems to compromise and even to concede; with the French and Spanish schools, with the spectacular drama, he never pretended to make terms.

The comedy of art was simply the outline of an action supplied to the players. The characters in every plot were drawn from the same stock: Pantalone, Arlecchino, Brighella, Truffaldino, Il Dottore, Colombina, Corallina, and other inferior masks, and the dialogue was the inspiration of the actors; it was very good or very bad according to their ability, and it could not have been possible to a race with less genius for improvisation than the Italians. Some of these masks were of vast antiquity, like Pantaloon and Harlequin; the others dated back three or four centuries. Arlecchino, Brighella, Truffaldino, Corallina, and Colombina are always servants or people of low degree; they have severally their conventional traits of slyness and stupidity, as immutable as the dresses or masks in which they appear. Arlecchino and Brighella are by immemorial attribution natives of Bergamo, and speak the quaint dialect of their city; they are both rogues, but the former is usually the prey of the latter. Colombina and Corallina are equally wicked jades, and are almost convertible characters. They "know the defects of women in general, and of their mistress in particular. Colombina or Corallina, whichever it is, is from eighteen to twenty-five years of age. She is pretty just short of wounding the vanity of her mistress; she knows by heart the swoons, vapors, caprices, tastes, of the lady whom she has the advantage to serve. When she comes into her chamber in the morning and hears the call, 'My dear Colombina!' she instantly foresees a day of convulsive attacks, emotional prostration, of tears, and of confidences. If the lady is old, Corallina makes fun of her behind her back, and flatters her to her face; tells the whole neighborhood of her artificial pretenses, her unspeakable follies. If she is young, she aids her with embassies, with advice; or else — and then the case is terrible — she opposes her in everything, and makes her really unhappy."

Pantalone dei Bisognosi is always a Venetian merchant; he wears the dress and the long beard of his class and city in the Middle Ages. He is true, just, punctiliously honest; a wise head and a soft heart; usually his son is a reprobate, and costs him much anxiety and money before he turns from his evil ways at the end of the comedy.

Il Dottore Bacchettone is of the learned city of Bergamo; he is dressed in black and has a great wine stain on his face. Generally it is his business in the Goldonian comedy to be the friend and correspondent of Pantalone, and the father of the lover or heroine of the play.

Goldoni wrote some hundred and fifty comedies, and in quite half of them, I think, these standard characters appear. Every company had actors and actresses identified with the parts, and it was the dramatist's difficult task to preserve enough of the traditional to keep them recognizably the same, while constantly inflecting and varying them to give novelty to the action and meet the exigency of the plot. He was obliged to adopt the masks while supplying a complete play instead of the outline of the comedy of art, which he was seeking to supplant in the popular affections. His success was slow and fitful. From time to time he was forced to give his players outlines; even so late as his sojourn in Paris, we find him supplying these skeleton dramas to the Italian company with which he was connected. But without doubt it was Goldoni who extinguished the comedy of art, and created for the Italians not only a real comedy, but the taste to enjoy it, though the impulse in that direction had been given from time to time long before his day, and once by the good San Carlo Borromeo, — a saint who scarcely needed canonization. "One Flaminio Scala," writes Torelli, "head of a company of players, following the example of the ancient art, began to give his pieces unity and form; he began to write out notes and take them into the theatre, showing the plot of the action,

and explaining what each actor should do upon the scene, the idea by which he should be guided in improvising, and of what nature the buffooneries of Harlequin should be. Scala was praised to the skies, and proclaimed *illustrious* by all Milan. The times were rather shameless: this brave company, seeing themselves every day higher in favor with the Milanese, loosed the rein of modesty and let their tongues wag at will. San Carlo Borromeo called them before him, and having thoroughly rebuked them all, especially Harlequin, forbade them to play anything more without first submitting the action to the censorship. 'But if we should happen to *improvise* something!' cried Scala, meekly. 'Write out the play first, and you will avoid that,' replied the archbishop. And perhaps from this point began the abolition of the comedy of art, and the regular comedy had more studious followers."

Nevertheless, the honor is Goldoni's of having created the regular comedy without losing the charm of the old, for there is a very great charm in the constant recurrence of the familiar faces of Pantalone, Arlecchino, Brighella, Truffaldino, Colombina, and Corallina in the perpetually varied action and circumstance of his plays. When once you have entered into their spirit, it is delightful to find that the lover is always Florindo, and that his mistress is always Rosaura; it is like meeting those people whom some novelists have the fancy of making reappear through all their fictions, and there is a sort of convenience in it for the lazy imagination. I do not mean to say that all of Goldoni's comedies are restricted in their range of character to these personages; great numbers of them entirely depart from the tradition which these keep in view; but I own that I like best those which follow the old comedy of art with respect to their *dramatis personæ*, though I must own also that I do not quite know why.

Goethe, writing from Venice in 1786, describes the performance of one of the best of the Goldonian comedies dealing with the popular life, — a comedy which is still sure to be played at least once every winter in Venice: —

"Yesterday, at the theatre of St. Luke, was performed Le Baruffe - Chiozotte, which I should interpret the Frays and Feuds of Chiozza. The dramatis personæ are principally seafaring people, inhabitants of Chiozza, with their wives, sisters, and daughters. The usual noisy demonstrations of such sort of people in their good or ill luck, — their dealings one with another, their vehemence, but goodness of heart, commonplace remarks and unaffected manners, their *naïve* wit and humor, — all this was excellently imitated. The piece, moreover, is Goldoni's, and as I had been only the day before in the place itself, and as the tones and manners of the sailors and people of the sea-port still echoed in my ears and floated before my eyes, it delighted me very much; and although I did not understand a single allusion, I was, nevertheless, on the whole, able to follow it pretty well. I will now give you the plan of the piece: it opens with the females of Chiozza sitting, as usual, on the strand before their cabins, spinning, mending nets, sewing, or making lace; a youth passes by and notices one of them with a more friendly greeting than the rest. Immediately the joking begins, and observes no bounds. Becoming tarter and tarter, and growing ill-tempered, it soon bursts out into reproaches; abuse vies with abuse; in the midst of all one dame, more vehement than the rest, bounces out with the truth; and now an endless din of scolding, railing, and screaming; there is no lack of more decided outrage, and at last the peace officers are compelled to interfere.

"The second act opens with the court of justice. In the absence of the *podestà* (who as a noble could not lawfully be brought upon the stage) the *actuarius* presides. He orders the women to be brought before him one by one. This gives rise to an interesting scene. It happens that this official personage is himself enamored of the first of the combatants who is brought before him. Only too happy to have an opportunity of speaking with her alone, instead of

hearing what she has to say on the matter in question, he makes her a declaration of love. In the midst of it a second woman, who is herself in love with the actuary, in a fit of jealousy rushes in, and with her the suspicious lover of the first damsel, who is followed by all the rest; and now the same demon of confusion riots in the court as a little before had set at loggerheads the people of the harbor. In the third act the fun gets more and more boisterous, and the whole ends with a hasty and poor *dénoûment*. The happiest thought, however, of the whole piece is a character who is thus drawn: an old sailor, who from the hardships he has been exposed to from his childhood trembles and falters in all his limbs, and even in his very organs of speech, is brought on the scene to serve as a foil to this restless, screaming, and jabbering crew. Before he can utter a word, he has to make a long preparation by a slow twitching of his lips and an assistant motion of his hands and arms; at last he blurts out what his thoughts are on the matter in dispute. But as he can only manage to do this in very short sentences, he acquires thereby a sort of laconic gravity, so that all he utters sounds like an adage or maxim; and in this way a happy contrast is afforded to the wild and passionate exclamations of the other personages.

"But, even as it was, I never witnessed anything like the noisy delight the people evinced at seeing themselves and their mates represented with such truth of nature. It was one continued laugh and tumultuous shout of exultation from beginning to end. . . . Great praise is due to the author, who out of nothing has here created the most amusing *divertissement*. However, he never could have done it with any other people than his own merry and light-hearted countrymen."

There could be no better analysis of a Goldonian play than this, nor more satisfactory testimony to the favor the dramatist enjoyed among his own people. Yet it is said that Goldoni was at last glad to quit Venice because of the displeasures he suffered from the success of a rival dramatist, Carlo Gozzi. This writer carried to the last excess the principle of the spectacular drama, which Goldoni abhorred, and his popularity must have been sorely vexatious; but our author, who is commonly very frank about his motives, does not hint at any such reason for his expatriation. Those were the grand and courtly times when a prince, having a fancy for this or that artist, could send through his ambassador and "demand" him of his native government. From time to time members of Goldoni's company were demanded by foreign powers; at last he was himself demanded of the republic by the king of France. Quite the same, of course, he was master to stay at home if he liked, but he preferred to accede to the demand and to go for two years to the great city, then as now the centre of artistic aspiration, whither his fame had preceded him. He lived in Paris the rest of his days. He often thought of returning to Venice, but as often was helpless to tear himself from the delights of Paris: the charms of Parisian society, the quick and constant succession of novelties in science, literature, and art, the exquisite playing at the theatres — all, in a word, that could allure a man of fine taste and light temperament. Of light temperament Goldoni undoubtedly was, and as such he was a true son of his century. It is amusing, in his memoirs, to observe how unconscious he is of any brooding change which was to involve the destinies of the agreeable great folk with whom his lot was cast: the princesses whom he taught Italian, the king whom he was brought to Paris to amuse, the elegant court of which he modestly formed a part. He laments the death of the cold-hearted debauchee Louis XV. as if he had been really the well beloved of his people; he devoutly rejoices over the nuptials of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, and the birth of their children, as if the kingship were to go on forever; and he makes no sign, amidst his comments on French society, of any knowledge of an impending and very imminent French revolution. It must be owned that republicans have always

taken very kindly to foreign monarchs: the Swiss have been the stay of several tottering despots; the Americans were the most loathsome admirers and flatterers of the Second Emperor. Poor Goldoni was in raptures — that is the truth — with French royalty and all that belonged to it, and probably no man in France was more astonished when the revolution swept everything of that sort away. He had a pension of four thousand francs from the king, which went with the other pensions when the civil list was abolished, and so Goldoni fell into extreme poverty, and sickness followed upon his deprivations. Then the poet Chénier rose one day in the convention, and making these facts known asked the restitution of Goldoni's pension, which was voted by a great majority; and an annuity of twelve hundred francs was continued to his widow after his death, which took place five years later, when he was eighty-six years old.

No kindlier creature seems ever to have lived, and he had traits of genuine modesty that made him truly lovable. He never would suffer himself to be compared with Molière; he meekly bowed down before French geniuses whom the world has ceased, if not to adore, at least to hear of; when the great Count Alfieri calls upon him he is almost overpowered by the honor the noble tragic author does a greater man. Nothing can be sweeter than the courage with which he goes to Diderot (who, having plagiarized one of Goldoni's comedies, spoke ill of his talent) and compels his detractor to be his personal friend. He seems to have kept his temper throughout his trials and vexations in Venice with actors, managers, patrons, and spectators; if ever he retaliates it is by some satire which they join him in enjoying. A very curious chapter of these troubles is that relating to the printing of his plays, a right which the manager, Medebac, pretended to forbid him, and which he was forced to assert by smuggling into Venice an edition printed in Florence. But all that part of his autobiography relating to his life in Italy is full of the quaintest and most varied experience, and it makes a whole dead world live again: a world of small ducal and princely courts; of alien camps in the midst of a patient and peaceful country; of strange little local jealousies and ambitions; of fantastic and conventional culture fostered by a thousand and one academies or literary societies (Goldoni was himself a shepherd of that famous Arcadia[1] which was the first of these); of a restricted and frivolous intellectual life wasting itself in idle disputations and trivial brilliancy; of a social morality amusingly perverted, and yet not so bad as it would seem to a wiser condition of things, though foolishly bad, without doubt. In this world the philosophies and heresies of transalpine Europe seem to have no root; it is as devout as it is gay; the church directs its culture as well as its conscience, — one might almost say its vices as well as its pleasures, so much are the clergy and the whole religious profession in and of that world.

When Goldoni gets to France his autobiography is no longer so charming. His delightful spirit indeed remains unchanged, but it does not deal with such delightful material. He sets down much concerning Paris that does not interest, and as I have hinted he omits almost everything that touches the grand social and intellectual movement of the time. Perhaps as a foreigner attached to the court he could not see this; but he felt too deeply the greatness and fascination of the French world ever to leave it for his native land. He was full of wonder at its variety, its mental liveliness, and its eagerness for every sort of novelty, and the closing chapters of his memoirs are hardly more than a chronicle of such marvels as ballooning, walking on water, and other semi-scientific inventions. He has much to say of the journals of Paris, but not much of value, and he does not seem to have considered their great number and activity as the prophecy of another age and another order of things. For Goldoni, apparently, the eighteenth century was to last forever.

W. D. Howells.

[1] See Atlantic Monthly, vol. xxix. page 84, Some Arcadian Shepherds.

IN THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH.

BOSTON, 1677.

SHE came and stood in the Old South Church,
A wonder and a sign,
With the look the old-time sibyls wore,
Half crazed and half divine.

Save the mournful sackcloth about her wound,
Unclothed as the primal mother,
With limbs that trembled and eyes that burned
With a fire she dared not smother.

Loose on her shoulders fell her hair
With sprinkled ashes gray;
She stood in the broad aisle, strange and weird
As a soul at the judgment day!

And the minister paused in his sermon's midst,
And the people held their breath;
For these were the words the maiden spoke
Through lips as pale as death:

"Repent, repent! ere the Lord shall speak
In thunder and breaking seals!
Let all men worship Him in the way
That his light within reveals.

"Thus saith the Lord! With equal feet
All men my courts shall tread;
And priest and ruler no more shall eat
My people up like bread!"

She shook the dust from her naked feet,
And her sackcloth closer drew;
And into the porch of the awe-hushed church
She passed like a ghost from view.

They whipped her away at the tail o' the cart,
(Small blame to the angry town!)
But the words she uttered that day nor fire
Could burn nor water drown.

To-day the aisles of the ancient church
By equal feet are trod;
And the bell that swings in its belfry rings
Freedom to worship God.

And now, whenever a wrong is done,
It thrills the conscious walls;
The stone from the basement cries aloud,
And the beam from the timber calls.

There are steeple-houses on every hand,
And pulpits that bless and ban;
And the Lord will not grudge the single church
That is set apart for man.

For in two commandments are all the law
And the prophets under the sun,
And the first is last, and the last is first,
And the twain are verily one.

So, long as Boston shall Boston be,
And her bay tides rise and fall,
Shall Freedom stand in the Old South Church
And plead for the rights of all!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

In the last Contributors' Club the reviewer of Tourguéneff's Terres Vièrges is charged with a serious misinterpretation of one of the characters of that book, with wringing an indelicate meaning out of the novelist's innocent words. The point in question is whether or not Marianne had leanings toward the nihilistic doctrine of free love, which is in Russia very much what Mrs. Woodhull's notions are in this country. The contributor, who asserts Marianne's innocence of any intention except that of being lawfully married, says that she is "a character too fine and too carefully delineated to be assigned, without at least some semblance of evidence, to the alliance of Mrs. Woodhull." The fact that she is carefully delineated has, of course, nothing to do with the question; let us see if there is not at least "some semblance of evidence" to warrant an unfavorable construction of one important part of her character. This is a disagreeable subject to discuss, but if the novel has been unfairly treated it is right that the error should be pointed out, and if the reviewer has been unjustly accused of perverting an author's meaning he should be allowed the privilege of self-defense. In the first place, in chapter xxvi., — I cannot refer to the page of the French duodecimo edition, having by me only a copy of the quarto, — in the conversation between the aunt and Marianne, Madame Sipiagin, referring to her niece's acknowledged affection for Neshdanof, says: "Vous avez suivi l'impulsion de votre cœur, admettons-le — Mais naturellement cela doit se terminer par un mariage." To this Marianne replies: "Je n'en sais rien — Je n'ai pas pensé à cela." A few moments later she tells her aunt: "Vous êtes enchantée, oui, vraiment enchantée, de voir que je réalise vos éternelles prédictions, que je me couvre de honte, et la seule chose qui vous déplaise, c'est

qu'une part de ce scandale doive retomber sur votre aristocratique — votre honnête maison." And again she adds: "J'ai la conviction que je suis beaucoup plus honnête que vous." These remarks are inexplicable on the theory that she is looking forward to legal marriage with Neshdanof. She distinctly says she has not thought of marrying him, and she speaks of the disgrace she is going to bring upon her aunt's household. In the next chapter (xxvii.) Marianne tells Tatiana that Neshdanof is neither her husband nor her brother. Tatiana says: "Alors, vous vivez comme ça, en libre grâce? Ça aussi, à présent, ça se voit souvent. . . . Pourvu que Dieu donne sa bénédiction et qu'on vive en contentement et confiance! Il n'y a pas besoin de prêtre pour ça." . . . To this Marianne replies: "Comme vous avez de jolies expressions, Tatiana! 'En libre grâce!' Cela me plait beaucoup." Consequently, in the scene the contributor alludes to, it is by no means certain that she proposes to Neshdanof lawful wedlock. Most readers would, I take it, gather a contrary impression, not alone from the words she then uses, but also from what she has previously said on the subject. It is quite true that the expression *je serai à toi*, taken by itself, may refer to surrender in marriage, but the way to judge the meaning here is with due regard to all the evidence, and not by construing a single equivocal sentence. As to Neshdanof's statement in his letter, it is to be borne in mind that he was a gentleman and full of refined feeling, so that he could not accept the sacrifice without wishing to make the union binding; and as for Solomin, he was already interested in Marianne, and was anxious that she should disgrace herself as little as possible.

It is to be remembered that in this novel Tourguéneff portrays with great accuracy the present state of affairs in Russia, and that the country is in a very curious condition. The story appeared last winter in a Russian review, and in December last, while the MS. was in the printers' hands, there was an outbreak in St. Petersburg quite as senseless as those described in Terres Vièrges. The trial of those who took part in this miniature revolution, as well as of those who distributed incendiary pamphlets, was held in February and March of the present year, and gave legal proof of the exactness of Tourguéneff's drawing. The reports which appeared in some of the Continental journals read almost like the chapters of this novel which refer to the socialistic conspiracies. The Russian traits that are becoming clear to observers of the present war are not such as one would have expected to find. For example, the correspondent of the London Times, in the Russian army before Plevna, writes to that paper under date of August 19th: "I venture the assertion that the Russian people to-day are the most purely democratic in their tendencies and customs in Europe. There is, it is true, the form of an absolute despotism in the government, but this vast undercurrent of democracy makes itself felt in the very heart of this despotism, and really controls its action;" and he illustrates this by an account of the way in which officers recognize privates as their equals. Those who detect a resemblance to the condition of things in this country would do well to note this important difference. The same correspondent speaks elsewhere of an old bridge which "was covered with a sticky coating of mud, a foot in depth, which held the wagon wheels like a vise; a squad of soldiers was stationed there all day to lift transports through this viscous mud, when they might have cleared it away entirely in twenty minutes with half a dozen shovels." And this is but one instance of their clumsiness out of many. But to return to the state of Russian society: it is reported by numerous apparently trustworthy authorities that the country is really infested by nihilism. One old resident writes to the Pall Mall Gazette (see Pall Mall Budget for August 10, 1877, page 15): "The nihilistic plague affects nearly the whole female population immediately above the peasantry. The widest possible definition of women's rights is acquired at the institutes of noble young

ladies as well as at the humblest boarding and day schools, and the enjoyment of those rights after marriage is encouraged by the immorality of the men and the facility with which auricular confession to a debased and servile priesthood condones every offense against the laws of God and man." The conduct of many Russian female students at Zürich, which brought so much disgrace upon the cause of the education of women, will also be remembered. Russians, too, will in conversation acknowledge the lamentable immorality of a large portion of society. Almost at the beginning of Terres Vièrges Tourguéneff says of Mashurina: "Elle était fille et très chaste — chose peu étonnante! s'écriera quelque sceptique en se rappelant ce que nous avons dit de son extérieur. Chose étonnante et rare! nous permettrons-nous de dire à notre tour."

Under these circumstances it will perhaps be plain to the contributor who was pained by the accusation brought against Marianne that it was not "created by the imagination of the critic," and that it is not an "uncharitable construction founded on those words alone," *je serai à toi*, but one that had its origin in the words of Marianne, in the suppositions of those about her, and in the condition of things which Tourguéneff was describing.

— The other day, after a vain search for Daudet's Jack, I was obliged to fall back rather unwillingly upon Cherbuliez's new story, Samuel Brohl et Cie. A French novel was necessary, since I was preparing for a midsummer railroad journey, and experience has taught me that nothing else can so well neutralize the heat and irritations of such an occasion, — like strong coffee when one is obliged to sit up all night, or the pungency of smelling-salts in a crowded hall. I have not, heretofore, liked Cherbuliez; his stories have seemed to me unnecessarily tragic and sensational. It was therefore with judicial calm that I opened Samuel Brohl et Cie, regretting Jack and recalling with a sigh the vivid pages of Froment Jeune et Risler Ainé, which had consoled me during a similar journey the preceding year. (In speaking of these stories, of course I allude to the original text. A French novel translated always seems like a Paris dress imitated with paper patterns in an interior country town; the form may be there, but oh, oh, the spirit!) My journey lasted three days, and I read Samuel Brohl through three times. In my opinion it is a wonderfully well-told story. It is not great; it does not lift you off your feet, nor send hot chills down your spine, nor call up a tear. But it has the rare merit of being so cleverly constructed that you do not suspect the secret of the plot until the author himself shows it to you, and then your admiration for his dexterity is increased when you go back and notice that at no time did he conceal anything, but played his game, as it were, with his cards face upward on the table all the while, dominating you, however, and making you forget them by the steady power of his eye.

The opening of the story presents an imaginative girl, rich in her own right and independent, restive under the commonplaces of life, thirsty for the unusual; this girl is traveling through a wild mountain region with her father, but without the safety-valve of a woman friend; the Moiseney is not that. All her relatives expect her to marry, some day or other, a young gentleman named Langis, whom she has known from childhood; but because she has known him from childhood she sees nothing in him, of course, and turns her head impatiently to all quarters of the horizon, waiting for the unknown hero to appear. And in this, hard experience and the practical world to the contrary, she does not seem, in my eyes at least, ridiculous; love of the heroic and the capacity for enthusiasms are not at any rate attributes of *small* minds. Young Langis, his suit deferred for the present, amuses himself philosophically as best he can, while Antoinette looks about her and takes time to make up her mind; he is a good fellow in his way, but seems to have no comprehension of the needs of an idealizing temperament like hers, and it

is extraordinary how few men, in real life as well, comprehend them. Why, almost any man can win any imaginative woman (whose affections are disengaged) by means of one or two quiet acts of heroism done for her alone, some silent show of courage or unselfishness, which is all the more effective if there is no advantage to be gained thereby; delightful, uncalculating inutility!

To this expectant girl enter the Count Larinski, taciturn, powerful, handsome, dramatic. He climbs the most appalling peaks carelessly, he saves her father's life, and he persistently avoids *her;* dragged at length, almost by force, into her presence, he relates by chance, and as though it were the most ordinary tale in the world, a history bristling with more vivid adventures, misfortunes, and noble but utterly impractical impulses than ever met the ears of a girl weary and impatient of the commonplace, the conventional, and the comfortable, the three ever-present influences of her life. The finishing touch is bestowed when she discovers, by a comparison of handwritings, that this same person was the giver of a basket of rare Alpine flowers, — flowers she especially coveted and had in vain tried to gather, — which was sent to her anonymously soon after her arrival in the mountains, accompanied by a note, saying, "An unfortunate man came to this valley weary of life, ready to die. He saw you pass! He has *now* the courage to live."

The effect is immense. And it always will be immense. "I cannot live without you," — what a plea! It goes to the deepest fibres of a woman's nature, half adoring, half pitying. Antoinette now announces that she intends to marry this count; general trouble around the circle of relatives and friends, including, of course, Langis, who is very well drawn from beginning to end in that he does nothing remarkable, but remains what he is first pictured, a practical young fellow who is going to have Antoinette if he possibly can, but, in case of failure, will not exactly hang himself. Another character now advances, Antoinette's godmother. This experienced dowager undertakes to prove from headquarters that the Pole has invented, or at least exaggerated, his story, after the manner of his nation, — polite people with piano-playing tendencies and poetic eyes. But behold! word comes back from Vienna that every detail is exactly true. New consternation in the circle of relatives, new triumph for Antoinette. Everything rolls on towards the marriage.

In the mean time the skillful narrator lets the reader into the secret; what the anxious dowager with her "information direct from Vienna" and her cautious diplomacy cannot discover, the reader now learns. The real count is dead, and a handsome Polish Jew, of plebeian origin, named Samuel Brohl, has possessed himself of the name, papers, history, souvenirs, and even qualities of the last of the Larinskis, the theft being an easy one, since Brohl had made himself the lonely nobleman's only and confidential friend. He steps into the dead man's identity, and the circumstances are such that no suspicions are aroused; it was not an inheritance of money. Thenceforth, in all his plans and adventures, he thinks of himself as "Samuel Brohl and Company," his partner being "silent," indeed, six feet under the sod; some of the best parts of the book are these mute conversations of his with "the firm."

The reader now watches with eager interest the efforts of the opposing circle of relatives; but at every point the Pole is ready for them. Through it all he remains calm and dignified as ever, and Antoinette becomes more and more infatuated with him. Langis roams around on the outskirts like an angry bull-dog. The time for the marriage draws nearer and nearer; the Pole waxes feverish, and is almost hard to the girl who adores him. Her fortune is to be his without restriction. Suddenly the heavens open, the lightning falls. Sooner or later our old sins always turn up and face us: the one person in the world who knows the real Brohl by a pure chance now passes by, and in a moment the secret is out. It is a degrading one, and exit the Pole.

Langis, of course, gets Antoinette. One can imagine how he will hold her

mistake over her head all her life. It is probable that she will at times ask herself silently why it is that "sensible people" are apt to be so dull, and "adventurers" so entertaining.

The great art of Cherbuliez is shown in the fact that throughout the whole we cannot entirely despise this Brohl, in spite of his servile youth and manhood of imposture. One of the finest scenes in the book is towards the last, where, after the Pole has been found out and all is over, Langis visits him in his room in order to get from him Antoinette's portrait and letters. Before the discovery Langis had challenged his rival; but now he remarks with careless scorn, "I was at the service of the Count Larinski; I cannot be expected, of course, to fight with a Samuel Brohl!" He produces a package of bank-notes and proposes to buy back the souvenirs. Brohl's face changes: his nose becomes more hooked, his chin more pointed; his Jewish father would certainly have recognized him then. He leans back in his chair and drives sharp bargains for his collection of tokens; he alludes to the use he might make of them, and calls attention to the fact that the letters are signed. At last it is over: Langis has the picture and letters, and the discarded lover has the sum of twenty-five thousand francs in exchange for them. Langis now rises; the Jew asks him to wait a moment; twisting the bank-notes together he holds them over the flame of the candle, and burning them to ashes quietly remarks, "You will not, I think, refuse to fight with me *now!*"

The story is a new presentment of a truth which is so obnoxious to many good people: namely, no man is wholly bad. It is, of course, much more effective and dramatic to conduct one half of the world down into the lower regions and put the cover on tight, and then take the other half up through the golden gates. But the trouble is that in real life people cannot be divided like school classes; degrees of good and bad shade into each other imperceptibly; finite eyes cannot see *all*. Instead of being bewildered by these facts, it seems to me that we ought to take courage from them. To be sure they do away with an aristocracy of virtue; but they also enfranchise millions of serfs. Here, as everywhere, "the mid-world is best."

— A speculative individual in New York has flooded the book-market with a series of English novels which he sells at the low price of ten or twenty cents per copy, according to the thickness of the pamphlet. These novels are issued in quarto shape, with three columns to the page, and vary from twenty to seventy-five pages each. It is certainly cheap literature, but it is not poor, as cheap literature is apt to be; for the plan of publication embraces the works of the great masters of modern English fiction, such as Bulwer, Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, Charles Reade, etc. That the lively projector of this enterprise will reap a golden harvest is very clear to me, but it is by no means so clear how a leading New England journal can bring itself to indorse this business as "in every respect notable and commendable." It is a notable and disgraceful piece of piracy, and if it is commendable, then the ingenious person who steps into your hall and gracefully appropriates your overcoat deserves to have a Philadelphia award. I hold that this New York literary tramp has done a very disreputable thing, and inflicted great wrong —

First, on the English author, whose work he steals;

Second, on the American author, who cannot afford to sell his wares at a price which is remunerative to a man dealing in stolen property;

Third, on the American publisher, who pays copyright to English authors for the privilege of reprinting their works in a worthy manner; and

Fourth, on the general reader, who has eyes to be ruined by a poor-faced, fine type set in unleaded columns.

To encourage this style of cheap literature is to do an injustice to every reputable publisher in America and to every man or woman in the United States who depends upon literary labor for a livelihood.

It will be time enough to be jubilant

over the era of cheap reading when we can get the best books, clearly and neatly printed, at the lowest possible price consistent with a fair profit to the manufacturer; it is rather premature to hail the advent of that period in the appearance of the flimsy paper and execrable type of The Riverside Library. (The name *Riverside*, hitherto associated with an establishment noted for the accuracy and elegance of its typography, is obvious sarcasm.) I am the happy possessor of the fifth number of that series; it contains Thaddeus of Warsaw, by the adorable Miss Jane Porter, and the Paul and Virginia of St. Pierre, — the latter work occupying just eight and one sixth pages, with 18,921 letters to the page. (I have counted them with the assistance of a microscope.) Both stories, it goes without saying, abound in typographical errors. Our entertaining old friend Thaddeus has had many a hard rub in the course of his varied career, but I think he was never quite so shabbily treated as in the present instance.

— I suppose that many of your readers were fully convinced (as I was) by Mr. Wells's article in the July-August number of the North American Review. But is he quite as satisfactory in his statement of the remedy as in his explanation of the evils which have caused the recent quarrels between labor and capital, and threaten serious results for the future?

The real question certainly is, as he puts it, What is to be done with the three men out of six who are no longer wanted to make shoes (for instance) and whom nobody has need for in any other branch of human industry? He answers: Open up new fields for employment, stimulate new wants. But is it not plain that this is but a temporary expedient at best? The experience of the past shows us that there is no hope that consumption will ever hereafter (while coal and iron last) keep pace with the improvements in productive apparatus. If all the capitalists in the country would unite in the effort to apply Mr. Wells's remedy, its inadequacy would still be shown almost at the start. The very ingenuity which he would set to work to discover or create new wants would be speedily diverted into the devising of new mechanical combinations to supply them. So the last state of the workman would be worse than the first, as he would only have learned of a few more things which he could not hope to have.

But there is another and a more efficacious remedy. The world may be roughly divided (like Gaul) into three parts: First, we have the habitations and the pathways of men, including all the cities. Secondly, the farms. Thirdly, the waste places. Our surplus workmen of the cities can find no room on the farms, for machinery is crowding them out there just as in the factories. Obviously, then, they must go to the "waste places," the rough lands which can never be cultivated successfully by machinery.

The negroes at the South have been blindly (instinctively, one might say) adopting this course for several years past. You can hardly ride half a dozen miles through some parts of Maryland without coming on a cluster of their cabins in the very heart of a piece of woodland. Each owns his acre or half acre, or more, of corn-land, or it may be a larger clearing; and perhaps he has a flock of geese and a few pigs beside. He has traps out, too, for rabbits, and an old long-barreled musket wherewith he occasionally contrives to kill a partridge sitting, and a "possum dog" for night sport. In the spring the yellow perch come up the "branches" by millions, and he can scoop them out and salt them if he will. In the summer a clumsy dip-net, a coarse cord, and a chicken's head are outfit enough for the capture of all the crabs he can eat. The woods and fields, also, abound in berries, and he can sell easily what he does not want. So, too, of his rabbit-skins and coon-skins, and best of all his otter-skins, less often attainable. The musk-rats and squirrels give him meat and fur both. If he is not above doing an odd job or so he can make money for investments at the village store in candy and Sun-

day finery. But he is not absolutely forced to this dire resort. Like Charles Sumner he is "no man's man." What employé working and living on a salary can truly say as much?

Sambo has fathomed the question. We have been living for a century under a condition that is passing away. The employer and the employed are not to be hereafter numerically the two great classes of society. Henceforth the forces and products of inanimate nature will more and more take the place of the great body of employés. In the cycle of human affairs we are coming again to a time when the largest class of men will be those who work for themselves and support themselves directly.

A very little land will enable a man to live. A very little money will enable him to buy that land. If he is earning anything, a little self-denial will enable him to amass that money. If he is earning nothing, then I say that a wealthy man who values his property (not to mention the calls of humanity) could not do a wiser thing than to help the poor man to a patch of land, and take a mortgage thereon for repayment. It would give him a chance for life and hurt nobody, beside removing one item from the sum of society's present dangers. I believe if this matter were fairly presented it would be accepted as perfectly practicable. I have some hope that this suggestion may reach the eyes of those who can act if they will.

The remedy, if applied, would be complete. I am satisfied that on the Chesapeake peninsula alone, within reach of our large cities, there is enough wild land which would yield excellent crops to support all the unemployed now in the country. Even in New England there is a great deal; and in the South and West the aggregate is enormous.

— We are accustomed to think of our wild flowers as growing in conformity to the botanies, but an experience of some years has convinced me that they have their idiosyncrasies as well as we, and that the text-books must either be revised or discarded altogether. Take, for instance, what is known in the vernacular as "trailin' 'butus," whose flowers, according to Gray, "appear in early spring." We in Hartford think we know exactly when to hunt for it, and that is when the swamp maples are in bloom and the country roads are beginning to get dusty; and certain it is that the young girls from Poquonnoc and Kensington who attend the high-school always wear its blossoms in their hair when they read their graduating essays on To-Morrow or The Mission of the Beautiful. But these are not infallible signs. On the 20th of March, 1868, arbutus was picked at Cheshire, Connecticut; on the 29th of February, 1869, at Laurel Hill, Norwich; about the middle of January, 1870, in Maine. The last week in January, 1876, it concluded to show itself in New Hartford, Connecticut, and astonished the people of Buxton, Maine, by appearing on the 17th of November, in company with some buttercups which had disregarded the season assigned them, "May to July," with the plausible excuse that some flighty members of the family had exhibited themselves in the pastures of Willimantic, Connecticut, January 17, 1870. The dandelions in 1866 were not satisfied with the long period from March to October, but must needs bloom on the Isles of Shoals on Christmas Day, and on the 9th of January of the following year repeat the hazardous experiment in New Hampshire. What shall we say when we find viola pedata ("May") purpling the Minnesota prairies in October, as it did in 1866? And must the good folk of Arlington, Massachusetts, who gathered raspberries on the 18th of the same month, in 1871, be sneered at for believing that the opportunity will again be presented? For many of these astonishing statements, those respectable authorities, the Boston Advertiser and the Springfield Republican, are responsible, and I beg that no one will accuse me of presenting them collectively in a flippant spirit.

— Every one who has tried his hand at writing the great American novel or national drama, and has deplored the lack in our society of a personage corresponding to the brigand of European ro-

mances, is under obligations to a certain novelist into whose latest story the tramp has been allowed to force himself. Mr. Winslow Homer has also discovered some valuable qualities in the vagabond, and with reason, for, having frequent opportunities of studying the tramp from the shelter of a railroad car, I have become deeply impressed with his picturesqueness, and hope it may be long before the revival of business calls him out of our Connecticut landscape. Spinning by too rapidly to determine the depth of the soil on his hands, or to catch the malignant expression in his eye, I merely note that he harmonizes remarkably well with his surroundings, clad as he often is in a dingy garb of blue or butternut; especially so when he lies sleeping on one of those patches of greenish-gray moss that dot the yellow reaches of sand below Wallingford, with a gnarled apple-tree above him and a brilliant sky behind. View him on the sunny side of a bank (he always picks out the very spot that you would have selected for your own lounging place), where he has kindled a little fire with stolen matches, or where he sits musing by the brook, his scanty stock of linen spread out to dry on a turf glittering with dandelions, and tell me if he does not seem as necessary to the landscape as the birds, squirrels, and butterflies that sport about him.

— I have not been convinced by the arguments of Mr. David A. Wells, in the September Atlantic, to show that titles and debts are not property. The whole essay, a curiosity in legal literature, overlooks the simple fact that it takes two to make a bargain; that is, in order to a transfer of property, property must be exchanged for it.

Historically the case is this: Mr Kirtland had twenty thousand dollars, the evidence of possession being "cash" or gold in hand, or certificates of stock in Connecticut. Is there any way by which Mr. Kirtland can retain thus much personal wealth, of course in Connecticut, where he resides, and yet put it out of the reach of assessment for taxes? Mr. Wells says, Yes. Southern lawyers say, No.

Let us look at Mr. Wells's plan. His client lends money on a mortgage of land in Illinois. He does not buy the land; he only secures a conditional preemption or right to have it sold. Instead of twenty thousand dollars cash at his bankers or in his safe, he has a mortgage. When the assessor comes, can he say he is worth twenty thousand dollars less? By no means. In a business point of view he is better off with the property in that shape, paying him in Connecticut a better income of interest, than before. There has been no loss or diminution. The evidence of his possession of the twenty thousand dollars has merely changed its name. The tax is not laid on the title, but on the property itself, twenty thousand dollars, in all its protean change, as in the classic fable, and I hope with the grasp of Hercules. The ownership of twenty thousand dollars' worth of personal property has never passed out of Mr. Kirtland, or been exchanged for realty. If so, it would be curious to inquire why the mortgagor in Illinois still pays the state tax on the mortgaged property. Are the twenty thousand dollars — cash, notes, or mortgage — to go untaxed in Illinois, because the mortgagee, Kirtland, does not reside in Illinois? and untaxed in Connecticut, because the conditional assignment involves property out of the State's jurisdiction? If such were the policy of the law, it would enable capital to draw to the resident owner all its fruits of interest by investment in foreign securities or mortgages out of the State's jurisdiction, and yet be exempt from all the burdens of government. The New York capitalist need only exchange the nominal holding of securities with the Philadelphia or New Orleans capitalist, and both be exempt from any taxation. It would throw all the burden of taxation on lands, mining, manufactures, and commerce, and relieve the usurer and money-broker from any tax whatever. It is a proposal not to tax capital invested in usury. Not only does the theory deny that cash, bonds, and mortgages are property, but it asserts that by merely changing the name of property, as from bank-stock to

foreign mortgage, its character is so altered, without diminution of value to the holder, that it ceases to be property.

Titles and debts, like the stones that indicate the boundaries of land, define the character of the property possessed, and the law taxes the thing described, not the paper, parchment, or granite. It always remains the same, — twenty thousand dollars in the possession of Mr. Kirtland, — and should be assessed wherever he is.

But shall the twenty thousand dollars, "something made of nothing," be taxed twice, — be taxed as cash in the hands of the mortgagee in Illinois, and as a mortgage lien in Connecticut? It is a sufficient answer to that to say it is not the business of Connecticut to determine on what property Illinois shall lay her taxes. So long as Mr. Kirtland has possession of his twenty thousand dollars, as evidenced by the mortgage lien, and its interest is paid to him in Connecticut, he is not injured by any Illinois tax that is not laid on him. Nor would this be altered even if Mr. Kirtland paid the local tax on the mortgaged property, which is not the case stated by Mr. Wells; because that would be a mere incident of the transaction, insufficient to alter the express deed of the parties, declaring the realty had *not* been transferred.

But in practice the twenty thousand dollars is not taxed twice. The Illinois mortgagor is assessed the whole value of the estate mortgaged *plus* twenty thousand dollars cash and *less* twenty thousand dollars indebted to Kirtland, of Connecticut, by mortgage recorded. Thus, every incident shows that the property of twenty thousand dollars, which Mr. Wells persists in not recognizing as such, has never passed from Connecticut to Illinois, and the mortgaged land has not passed to Mr. Kirtland so as to render him locally liable for its assessed taxable value. The twenty thousand dollar property has gone through changes of name in the transaction, as a rogue assumes an alias to escape the officer; it has been cash or bank-stock in Connecticut, a mortgage lien laid in Illinois, and part cash again, but in all these it has always been the same twenty thousand dollars' worth of property in the possession of Mr. Kirtland, of Connecticut. And that is what the State taxes, — the thing itself, not the name Mr. Kirtland may give it in his business. Titles and debts, therefore, are property just as federal currency is property, — not for the value of the paper or printing, but, to repeat the illustration of the landmarks, because they define and point out the property to be valued. So the mint stamp on a gold coin is property in that it defines what the piece is worth. The law only assumes that the mint stamp is correct. If Mr. Kirtland wishes to deny that the stamp on that particular mortgage bond is right, that is, it is a bad debt, he has that remedy. But he cannot at once admit that, like the mark on the coin, it is a correct definition of value in his hands, and then plead the contradiction that it is not the twenty thousand dollars the bond calls for. If it is property to him, it must be property to the State of Connecticut; and that I hold to be sustained by the Southern decisions throughout.

— I have sat for an hour or two lately in close proximity to Tweed, during one of his examinations before the board of aldermen in New York. One never entirely gets over his readiness to see the biggest thing of its kind in any notable line. Tweed is the Centennial of embezzlers. The magnitude of his exploits puts him on a different scale of being. You don't feel as if you could enter into his sentiments and understand him in your way, on general principles of human nature. Speculation falls off abortively, as from the contemplation of how it must seem to be a rhinoceros or a white whale.

He has the face which Nast made so familiar, but so much less familiar than Nast's that it seems washed out and visionary. He has a worldly but by no means a distinctively wicked air. Who has, that you can depend upon? I have known a person who was decided by discriminating physiognomists to have "rascal written in every line of his

face" turn out an honest and faithful agent. There seems to be, indeed, no certain "art to find the mind's construction in the face." The corporeal substance is too tough for the soul adequately to work itself through, and the features have to get along the best way they can without this assistance.

His complexion is red, his eye a milky blue, which is seen from a long distance. He read over the minutes of his previous testimony at first, breathing a little stertorously, like a lawyer preparing his notes to address the court. There is no theory of necessity or temptation in Tweed's case, with which criminals at least palliate their own failings. His logical course, therefore, the only possible proceeding by which he can raise himself a little way, is to pull down as many as possible to his level. He seems finally to have taken this natural view of it. Each of his quick answers came tearing into the community like a case of moral canister. Now a row of senators, now a learned counsel, now a trusted financial officer, was mangled. It is not my province to decide on the truth of these charges; the point is that guilty or innocent the shots are fired and have their effect. At some lucky lapse of memory in minor matters, a name of this or that participant, one could hardly suppress a sigh of relief, as though he had seen a man barely escape a railroad train. Suppose some Tweed of ordinary life should turn up in each community and go to revealing what everybody had done! Would it be a good or evil moral influence, I wonder!

The audience at this hearing consisted of small-headed, crooked-featured men of the people, of a young and aimless sort, who might have been hanging about the corridors in the vague hope of — a possible overpaid job. It is hard to believe, but the ex-"Boss" has been cheered while getting into his carriage. The imagination of this constituency is dazzled, perhaps, to the exclusion of moral considerations, by the Aladdin-like brilliancy of the treasures in which he dealt, and by the grandeur of the conception of taking a city of a million people by the throat for one's own personal benefit.

Five thousand dollars, at one time, the Boss admits he considered a fair sum, — about as much as he now considers five dollars. Out of an invested capital of ten thousand dollars in doing the city printing, five plunderers drew seventy-five thousand dollars per annum for several years. The new court-house consumed fourteen millions, of which less than two were paid for the actual construction.

The legend of Tweed, as it might be called, with that of Jim Fisk, lingers in the Bowery, and the cult is disseminated to especial advantage in these hard times, throughout the country, by means of depressed "variety show" performers who wander out to open entertainments in the smaller places. The two are celebrated in a song, in which the weaknesses with which they stand charged are conceded in a manner, but their irregular sequestration of the funds of the rich is fully condoned in consideration of the uses to which they were put.

As well as I can recollect, the ballad has a general character like this: —

"You may talk about Tweed and his monsterous frauds,
But he turned not the needy away from his door;
He distributed charities in various wards;
Oh, he always was good to the poor."

It does not differ so much from the plan of our friends the communists, — a man in the treasury ladling out its contents for the benefit of the indigent, — except, perhaps, that Tweed took rather too much for himself.

There are those who despair of republican institutions and of government generally, from a few cases like this. I should be inclined to do so myself, except that I notice that it is not the government alone which has an occasional book-keeper who steals. One's attention is called now and then to something of the sort in the most vigilantly watched departments of private life.

— As to the cure of the faults arising from false culture various things may be said. The first thing necessary is to recognize the error, for the sting is taken out of affectation when its existence is

acknowledged; but much more than this is necessary before any real change can be made. It would be well, in the first place, to confess that it is impossible for every one to know everything, and that a pretended omniscience, besides being unattractive, can be too easily assumed really to tempt any thoughtful person. Then it is not too much to say that there is nothing especially desirable in having the world filled with glib uniformity of opinion, in finding men's ideas as monotonously alike as their dress-coats. A commendable plan would be to cultivate in all persons that for which they show some taste, and not to try to cover all their deficiencies with smooth padding, in order to secure agreement of each one with every one else, while keeping all from the full development of their latent points of excellence. Some will show no capacity for receiving culture: any wood may be varnished, but not every sort receives polish; and so it is with men and women. Others, again, can be properly educated, and additions may be made to their stock of information by educating the taste and not by fastening upon their inactive minds the general verdicts with which cultivated respectability demands that we shall agree. This may be illustrated by the following anecdote of a wise father who was more anxious that his daughter should be a person of taste than that she should learn her opinions by rote. Accordingly, he used to take her two or three times a week to look at the casts of the statues at the Boston Athenæum, where she soon learned to perceive what there was fine in the statues of Sophocles, Menander, etc. For the next step her father told her that he was going to show her a statue grander and more dignified than any she had already seen, which, too, it would require all the experience she had to be able to enjoy. He then took her to Houdon's statue of Washington and his cane. The daughter looked at it for some time, and then said, "I know it must be very fine, because you said it was, but I really cannot see what you find to admire in it." This is a true way of learning, which is in every respect preferable to getting a list of what is good out of a book, and then turning one's experience to the corroboration of the authorities one has chosen to believe in.

There is, however, one thing at work which will doubtless prove more efficacious than denunciation of what is wrong or than recommending what is right in anecdotes and parables, and that is the voice of fashion, which has begun to say, in discreet, barely audible whispers, seldom heard as yet, but all the more powerful on that account, that culture is nonsense, and that its days are numbered. There need be no fear in any timid soul that this edict threatens harm to real education; it means, if it means anything, that pretentious culture may be soon an unfashionable thing, and that the great ardor for æsthetic propriety will be succeeded by some new enthusiasm, which too will have its day of flourishing, its fall and disappearance. No friend of real culture — there seems to be no other name for it — need fear the day; possibly in that dim future when people will have ceased to care for agreement with every one else, there may be some faint encouragement given to originality, which, properly checked, would be an interesting thing, but all the truth will not be in our hands then; perhaps, however, we may be able to see more clearly some of our errors.

RECENT LITERATURE.

THE title-pages and back-lettering of Dr. Anderson's five volumes [1] upon the missions of the American Board seem to us to need reconstruction in the interest of system and uniformity. The first of the five, as enumerated below, is really a collection of lectures upon what may be called the *science* of missions, delivered some years since to the students of normal theological seminaries in different parts of the country. This discussion has, of course, though essentially philosophical in its character, an historic cast, and an appendix contains much valuable statistical matter relating to the general missionary work of all branches of the Christian church. The historical series proper begins with the second of the volumes named, to wit, that upon the missions of India; but there is nothing upon either its title-page or cover to indicate the fact. The remaining three volumes are numbered consecutively, upon their backs, II., III., IV., and these numerals are repeated on the title-pages; but the further arrangement of the latter is such as to give occasion for some confusion in the mind of the unfamiliar reader respecting the exact number of volumes upon the missions to the Oriental churches, and to lead him to suppose that upon the Hawaiian Islands there may be two volumes, whereas there is only one. The proper and logical ordering of the historical series would be this: History of the Missions of the American Board. Vol. I., India; Vol. II., Hawaiian Islands; Vols. III., and IV., Oriental Churches. The work certainly is one which deserves the clearest and most appreciative introduction to the public.

Few men have lived to be so connected with such a service to their race, and to write such a history of it, as Dr. Anderson. The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions is the oldest foreign missionary organization in the United States, and Dr. Anderson, though not now in active service, may be said to be its oldest living secretary. The board was organized in 1810, and Dr. Anderson's official connection with its administration extends over a period of forty years. In addition to the close knowledge of its affairs acquired through the ordinary duties of his secretaryship, he has had the advantage of a personal study of the missionary field by extended travel in it; and this, together with his acquaintance with almost all of the hundreds of missionaries who have been sent forth, and his long-continued correspondence with them, has fitted him above every other man living for the compilation of such a history. The theory upon which the missionary work of the American Board proceeds is probably well understood. That theory is that the whole world "lieth in wickedness" and under "condemnation," relief from which is to come only through knowledge of the doctrines of the Bible, as interpreted by the so-called "evangelical churches," and conformity of life thereto. However men may differ as to the soundness of this theory, and whatever hope we may have for such of the unfortunate heathen as fail to be reached by its benefits, there can be but one feeling of respect, and even of admiration, for the faith and courage, the energy and zeal of those who accept it and whose service thereof is here recorded. It has often seemed to us that the book of the Acts of the Apostles is the most entertaining and suggestive portion of the Scriptures. Such a history of modern missions as the one before us partakes largely of the same character. It is full of that truth which is much stranger than fiction. Its biographies present many striking portraits; its personal reminiscences abound in pleasing anecdote. The color of romance lights up many of its pages, and its contribution to our useful knowledge of the human race is solid and valuable. Laying all religious opinions aside, one may read either of these volumes with a degree of instruction and interest which few works can equally supply.

[1] *Foreign Missions: Their Relations and Claims.* By RUFUS ANDERSON, D. D., LL. D. Third Edition. Boston: Congregational Publishing Society. 1876.

History of the Missions of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions in India. By RUFUS ANDERSON, D. D., LL. D. Boston: Congregational Publishing Society. 1875.

History of the Missions of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Hawaiian Islands. By RUFUS ANDERSON, D. D., LL. D. Boston: Congregational Publishing Society. 1875.

History of the Missions of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. The Oriental Churches. In Two Volumes. By RUFUS ANDERSON, D. D., LL. D. Boston: Congregational Publishing Society. 1875.

In the early years of the century there were at Williams College a circle of young men who found themselves fired with the purpose of carrying the gospel to the heathen in foreign lands. Their names, ever memorable, were Adoniram Judson, Samuel Knott, Samuel J. Mills, and Samuel Newell. It was this undertaking which so appealed to the Trinitarian Congregational churches of Massachusetts as to call into being the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, to be the agent of the support and direction of these young men. India was chosen as the first field of their operations. The period 1810–1815 was exceedingly unpropitious for a beginning, the East India Company being then in the midst of a desperate struggle to keep its broad and lucrative domain closed to education and the gospel, and the war between Great Britain and the United States giving occasion for still more serious obstacles. The entrance of the missionaries upon their work under these circumstances was attended by many remarkable and trying incidents. The volume upon the India missions is cast in twenty chapters, and traces one important line of religious effort in British India for half a century. The mission to the Oriental churches seems next to have engaged the attention of the board. It is a curious and suggestive fact that the map of the territory covered by this mission is almost precisely the same as that with which we are made familiar by the travels and labors of the apostle Paul. Thus, after the lapse of almost eighteen centuries, during which the ideas of Christianity have extended around the world, we find them returning and attempting to renew themselves upon the very spot where they were first proclaimed. Syria, Mesopotamia, Armenia, Asia Minor, Greece, these are parts of the identical field of earliest apostolic effort. Indeed, the traces of those efforts still remain, and in a degree the object of the modern missionary is but to retouch, as it were, the worn plate upon which the older workman expended his most careful skill. The two volumes upon the Oriental missions will be found to throw not a little light upon that border land between Europe and Asia which is just now the centre of so much interest. The modern history of the Turk and of his relation to Christianity and civilization cannot be fully understood except by the perusal of that chapter of it which is here recorded.

Of all the missions of the American Board, none perhaps has been so successful within the limits of possibility, or to a greater degree has excited the popular sympathy, than that to the Hawaiian Islands. This is now substantially a finished work. It was in 1809, or thereabouts, that a young Sandwich Islander, named Obookiah, landed in New Haven from an American ship. Wandering about the town, his attention was soon attracted by the college buildings, and having learned their object, he was found one day weeping upon the threshold of one of them. To a compassionate gentleman who questioned him as to the source of his grief he replied that it was because there was no one to instruct him. Could there be anything more pathetic than this picture from real life? Obookiah was taken in hand, others like him were joined with him, and a school was started for their benefit at Cornwall, Connecticut, with the intention of fitting them to become useful missionaries to their own people. Out of this school grew the mission to the Sandwich Islands, which was commenced in the year 1820. This was more than forty years after the discovery of the islands by Captain Cook, and twenty-three years after the missionaries of the London Missionary Society had made a first landing at the Society Islands, in the South Pacific. Obookiah, however, had died in 1818. His death may be said to have been the life of the Hawaiian church. Two young ministers from the Andover Theological Seminary, Hiram Bingham and Asa Thurston, three native Hawaiian youths from the school at Cornwall, a physician, two school-masters, a printer, and a farmer formed the first missionary company. They were "married men, and the farmer took with him his five children." This little colony of souls was organized into a mission church at Park Street Church, Boston, and sailed from that city in the brig Thaddeus, October 23, 1819. An unexpected train of events at the islands prepared for the missionaries a very friendly reception, although in quality it was not exactly in keeping with the conventionalities of "good society." When his majesty the king came on board the brig, at Kailua, "to dine with the only company of white women he had ever seen, his clothing, in accordance with the taste and fashion of the time, was a narrow girdle around his waist, a green silk scarf over his shoulders, a string of large beads on his otherwise bare neck, and a wreath of feathers on his head; without coat, vest, pants, or shirt, without hat, gloves, shoes, or stockings." The missionaries soon introduced a

better style of dress. "At the reception of the first reinforcement at Honolulu, three years later, the dress of the king and of his chiefs of both sexes was after the civilized fashion." The Sandwich Islanders are probably now past salvation, from a human point of view, for their long-continued and hereditary habits of vice have fatally undermined the national constitution; but undeniable it is that the fifty years' work of the American missionaries has completely transformed the national character, and displaced a degraded savagery with the order and much of the culture, of the Christian state. To the fact of this great civic and moral revolution an abundance of unimpeachable witnesses testify. Said the Hon. H. A. Pierce, the American minister resident, at the Jubilee in June, 1870: "Forty-five years' knowledge of this archipelago enables me to draw a truthful contrast between their former state and present condition. In 1825, Hawaiians were ignorant and debased, though amiable and hospitable, possessing greater intelligence than Polynesian races. In 1870, we see them advanced to a high degree of Christian knowledge, general education, civilization, and material prosperity. The happy result is due, for the most part, under God, to the labors of the American missionaries. On an occasion like this I am permitted to bear personal testimony to their Christian virtues, zeal, devotion, industry, ability, and faithfulness, as illustrated by fifty years of missionary labor, and I am firmly of opinion that without their teachings and assistance this nation would have long since ceased to exist." So, too, the late Rev. Franklin Mising, an Episcopal clergyman, and one of the secretaries of the American Church Missionary Society, who spent four months at the Islands during 1867, writes: "I visited thoroughly the chief islands, nearly every mission station on the whole group, and, so far as facilities were given me, all the religious, educational, and social institutions. I attended Sunday and week-day services; made the personal acquaintance of the major part of the missionaries of all creeds; conversed with persons of many professions and social grades. . . . To me it seems marvelous that in comparatively so few years the social, political, and religious life of the nation should have undergone so radical and blessed a change as it has." It is a good cause for thanksgiving to a large and influential portion of the community that Dr. Anderson's life has been spared to prepare these volumes. It could be wished, in the interest of that historical fullness and accuracy which we are all interested in securing, that he could find time and strength for the completion of a work of which we have here only a part. But whatever the limits of his earthly life may prove to be, he may certainly look back with satisfaction upon his long and faithful service to Christian missions, of which this literary labor of love is by no means the least part.

— Baker's Turkey[1] is issued by the American publishers in a very attractive form, as a companion volume to Wallace's Russia; but the two books are alike only in typographical execution and in the style of binding. The scope and purpose of the work on Russia is very different from that on Turkey. It rests on a much broader foundation, possesses greater originality, and shows greater care in preparation. Colonel Baker's work, while it contains much that is valuable and interesting, presented in an easy, off-hand style, bears the marks of having been somewhat hastily put together to meet the demand for information on the Eastern Question. The author visited European Turkey in 1874, and after traveling over a considerable portion of it on horseback, noting the manners and customs of the people, and the resources of the country, he took advantage of the imperial rescript granting to foreigners the right to hold real property in the Ottoman Empire, and has since occupied the greater portion of his time in carrying on a farm in that part of Southern Rumilia known as Macedonia. It may be presumed, therefore, from the fact of his having taken a pecuniary interest in the industry of the country, that his experiences with the government and the people during his travels did not make an unfavorable impression upon his mind. An Englishman, especially one who travels under the auspices of official favor, is likely to see the best both of public and private life among the Turks. That Colonel Baker has presented what he believes to be a true picture of the people and their rulers we may well believe; but that he has been misled as to the character of the Mussulman population, and that he has formed too high an estimate of their capacity for future advancement in civilization, is evident to any one at all familiar with the history of that country during the past hundred years. He does not pretend, he says, that Turkish administration is all that can be desired, but

[1] *Turkey.* By JAMES BAKER, M. A. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

it is not in any degree as bad as it is usually painted. He found that the Turkish rank and file, "the real pith of the nation," were distinguished for patience, discipline, sobriety, bravery, honesty, modesty, and *humanity*. This last descriptive epithet he knows "will excite an indignant exclamation from many at the present moment. But look at the Turkish soldier in private life, and you find him gentle and kind to children and women, and exceedingly fond of animals. His first thought after a long and tiring day's march is his horse. As soon as he has made the animal comfortable, then he thinks of the man. When he is exasperated by what he thinks are insults to his creed, he kills and slays as his teaching tells him, and he appears a fanatical madman." Now it is very little consolation to the Christians subject to Turkish rule that the Turk is kind to his horse and gentle to the women and children of his family, if, on the slightest provocation, he takes a holy pleasure in mutilating and slaying those who do not profess the Mohammedan faith; and Colonel Baker's statement simply goes to sustain the Russian position, that this fanatical madman must be put into a strait-jacket when he undertakes to mutilate and slay his Christian subjects simply because they are Christians and not Mohammedans.

The theory which this book endeavors to establish is that all, or most, of the evils which have come upon the Turks in these latter days are due to the interference of Russian agents and to the corrupt reign of Sultan Abdul-Aziz. The mass of Mussulmans are represented as living in harmony with their Christian neighbors except where the religious passions of both are stirred into activity by outsiders. Colonel Baker says that in traveling through Bulgaria, in 1874, he "never saw a country which looked less like the seat of rebellion: the people were prosperous, peaceful, and contented. The foreign agents who were sent to manufacture rebellion in 1867–68 were ordered to compel the peaceable Christian peasantry to join their ranks and rise against their oppressors. The orders were the same in 1876; and in abject terror some few unfortunate Bulgarians did join the ranks of the many ruffians that gathered in the hope of plunder, and we know the sad result."

Against this statement we may put the testimony of a correspondent of the London Times, who was with the Russian advance when it entered Tirnova. "The poor people," he says, "literally wept, prayed, and hung upon the necks of their deliverers, who were almost smothered in flowers. One saw rough cuirassiers of the guard and dirty dragoons grinning with delight as they carried armfuls of flowers, as much as they could possibly manage, and had their hands seized and kissed by pretty girls. Everything that was done came evidently and directly from the heart, — the heart relieved from an unendurable yoke and a great and immediate danger." The correspondent has a good deal more to say about what he saw and heard concerning the sickening brutality of the "humane and gentle" Turkish soldier; and the Times, remarking editorially on this letter and the letters of other correspondents at the seat of war, says, "It is a terrible commentary on Turkish rule that wherever the invader comes he is received by the Christians with enthusiasm."

Colonel Baker's idea that the mass of the Mussulman population is well disposed towards the Christians, and that the disturbing element, apart from Russian interference, is caused by the exactions of a corrupt administration, is altogether at variance with the representations usually made on behalf of the Turks. The notorious failure of the Turkish government to carry out the reforms which were promised in connection with the treaty of Paris, as well as the failure to carry out measures promised and promulgated since then for ameliorating the condition of its Christian subjects, has been excused on the ground that the Mussulman population in the country were violently opposed to the liberal policy proposed by the government, and that they were determined to resist, as contrary to the teachings of the Koran, the granting any privileges to the Christians. The plea of those who uphold Turkish rule is that we shall have patience yet a little while to enable the government to educate its Mussulman subjects up to its own high standard of tolerance and liberality. If Colonel Baker is right, the representations of the English government have been quite at fault in the excuses which they have hitherto made for the short-comings of the porte.

The author's feeling against Russia is so strong that he gives credence to a story that the Russians stirred up a rebellion in Bulgaria in 1867–68, with the intention, if it rose to formidable proportions, to furnish Russian troops for the purpose of quelling it! That there is a strong feeling among the Russian people in favor of driving the

Turks out of Europe, that individuals, both in private life and in subordinate positions connected with the government, have been concerned in disreputable schemes to propagate rebellion among the Christian subjects of the Ottoman power, is well known; but that these men have been backed by the Russian government, that that government has been engaged in petty intrigues with the Bulgarian peasantry to promote a revolt with the intention of afterwards getting a hold upon the Turkish government by assisting it to put down the revolt, will not be generally believed until more trustworthy evidence is furnished than we find in the statements of the ingenious story-tellers who stand fast by the ancient of Islam.

It should not be understood from the space here given to the subject that the book is wholly, or in great part, devoted to a discussion of the Eastern Question. That question forms but a small portion, and, when properly estimated, the least valuable portion, of the contents. There is much interesting matter in relation to the early history of the Bulgarians, the Turks, the Ottoman slaves, the Albanians, and the Crimean Tartars, and some original and valuable observations upon agriculture and Turkey as a field for emigration. By means of machinery and good farming, Colonel Baker thinks Turkey can compete successfully with America in the great European markets. But the great difficulty heretofore has been in getting the machinery set up, and in obtaining laborers who could operate it.

— During the year since Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co. projected their pretty series of miniature reprints, the Vest-Pocket Series [1] (a name to which some of us who do not like to call a waistcoat a vest must always object), the numbers have increased to nearly a hundred, with an ever-increasing public favor, and with an equally increasing claim to it. The little volumes are not in any sense to be reviewed, but they fulfill so well a literary purpose that criticism cannot quite ignore them. Their range is wide, and they offer in their extremely portable and convenient shape an extraordinarily judicious selection of the best English and American literature. Some thirty-two of the series are devoted to American authors: six are given to Emerson's essays, the detachable character of which singularly suits them to this form of publication; Longfellow has three; Lowell, four; Aldrich, three; Whittier, two; Hawthorne, four; and the rest are distributed among the best authors published by Messrs. Osgood & Co. Among English writers are Tennyson, Dickens, Mrs. Browning, Goldsmith, Dr. John Brown, Coleridge, Keats, Gray, Browning, Carlyle, Pope, Macaulay, Milton, Cowper, Burns, Kingsley, Shakespeare, Shelley, Moore, Southey, Scott, Collins, Herrick, Byron, Campbell, and Bloomfield; and many of these names, which so fairly strike the liking of the vast average of readers, are represented by selections of "favorite poems," which are again surprisingly fortunate guesses at the general taste. There are twenty-five volumes of favorite poems, and on the whole we do not see how they could have been better chosen or indeed how the whole series could be improved. The form is one in which all who love literature will be glad to read again the things that have often pleased them; and we cannot help believing that it will render a signal service to letters by lightly bringing to many vacant minds the intellectual occupation they would never seek. It is in compact and available shape a sort of introductory library to the best English literature, — a collection to be kept on work-tables and window-seats, where all the household may readily find and use it at any odd half hour.

— That Lass o' Lowrie's [2] is perhaps not a book to arrest all readers at the first glance; the Lancashire dialect so freely used and a certain air of artificial impressiveness will possibly strike some persons unfavorably. But whatever disadvantage there may be in these things is only superficial. The conventional contrasts, if we may call them so, between the brutish miners and the intelligent, excellent engineer too obviously named Derrick; between the timid and sincere curate Grace and the self-confident rector; and again between Anice, the rector's daughter, and Joan Lowrie, are almost inevitable. An author of more experience, or with a taste for more subtile distinctions and more intricate relations, might have mitigated the sharpness of these oppositions, which tend to diminish rather than heighten the color of the characters; but it is evidently a part of Mrs. Burnett's

[1] *Vest-Pocket Series.* Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1877.

[2] *That Lass o' Lowrie's.* By FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT. Illustrated by ALFRED FREDERICKS. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1877.

remarkable gift to fix everything firmly in black and white, and simplify her outlines; and it must be admitted that she produces by her method a vigorous, most powerful effect. Derrick, Grace, and Mr. Barholm are, we think, a little too simply conveyed; the three women are drawn with a much more intimate knowledge and sympathy, — especially poor "Liz," whose wavering, errant, querulous yet appealing nature, combined with her hapless beauty, is put before us with touches more delicate than the other portraits receive. But whatever differences there may be among the several representations, there is nothing to be denied in the whole work: all is true in its degree. The dialect, too, which we are sure will have prejudiced some readers at the start, is admirably managed. It never runs to excess, as George Macdonald's Scotch patois does; and as the ear becomes used to it, there arises a new zest from the uncouth talk. The range of peculiar words is extremely small, yet Mrs. Burnett draws from it various effects, from the broadly comic to the pathetic. But the story is hardly one to be discussed on the level of mere literary technics. It contains art enough, for it contains the substance of all art in its deep insight into human suffering and aspiration; and though the narrative is not carried on from chapter to chapter as closely as one would wish, there is not a superfluous sentence in the book · the characters, at least, evolve themselves in a purely dramatic way. We shall not be surprised to find Mrs. Burnett, in the future, taking a place — not on just the same grounds, but by virtue of merits of her own — with Charlotte Brontë and Mrs. Gaskell among the few eminent women novelists whom we distinguish from good masculine novelists only that we may pay them an added reverence.

— Canolles[1] is an old-fashioned story of the Revolutionary period. To veteran novel-readers, accustomed to elaborate plots and subtle delineations of character, Mr. Cooke's art will not be entirely satisfying. They will smell the *dénoûment* afar off; and they will smile, perhaps, instead of tremble when, after the failure of all imaginable efforts to relieve him, the hero is led out to be shot. They know that there is to be a rescue or a reprieve just as the weeping lieutenant is about to give the last and fatal order; and they know that, although there are insuperable obstacles in the way of a union between the brave partisan and his lovely sweetheart, the union will take place, and the last page will give assurances that the heroic stock is in a fair way of being perpetuated. But even to such knowing readers the story will not be without interest. It will remind them of their school-days, when the favorite novelist's heroes were all gallant and handsome, and could jump further, ride faster, and shoot straighter than any of their fellows; and the heroines were always "jolly," and performed marvelous feats in the way of dancing and of riding horseback. With all its shortcomings the story is thoroughly healthy and hearty; and it will be quite sure to interest the boys who are fond of Cooper, Kennedy, and Gilmore Simms.

Captain Canolles is the leader of a company of rough-riders operating in Virginia during the presence of the British troops in that State in the last years of the war. The captain is a man of mystery, with a bad reputation. He holds no commission in the American army, and is supposed to fight for plunder alone, and to take from the invader and the invaded alike. His coolness and courage under the most trying circumstances are beyond those of Cooper's braves. He has a sense of honor as high as that of the Chevalier Bayard. Why does he pursue a course which brands him as a freebooter and a desperado? After the reader has puzzled over this for a sufficient length of time, and has been properly tantalized by having the explanation almost within his grasp, he is told that Canolles is the son of an F. F. V. His father supported Patrick Henry in opposing taxation without representation, and was afterwards a delegate from Virginia to the Continental Congress at Philadelphia. He was nevertheless opposed to a separation from Great Britain, and when independence was declared he mortgaged his estate, took the proceeds, and went to England, leaving his two sons, who were indisposed to desert their native State in such a crisis. The elder son, Canolles, espoused his father's quarrel so far as to refuse to accept a commission from the Continental Congress; and during the early part of the war he sat sulking at home, like Achilles in his tent. His brother, who possesses a more ardent temperament, does not hesitate to lead a company of cavalry into the continental service. When the British invade Virginia, Canolles sees his duty. He changes his

[1] *Canolles: The Fortunes of a Partisan of '81.* By John Esten Cooke. Detroit: E. B. Smith & Co.

name, raises a company of men in his neighborhood, establishes his headquarters in the great morass known as White Oak Swamp, and sallies forth to harass the invader and help drive him from the State. His refusal to accept a commission, coupled with repeated captures of the money chests accompanying the British forces, and his failure to account for the treasure taken, subjects him to the imputation of being a mere marauder. It afterwards appears that the money is used to pay off the mortgage raised on the family estate by the father when he fled to Europe. That being accomplished, and the foe being on the retreat to Yorktown, where they finally surrendered, Captain Hartley Canolles Cartaret — for that is his true name — disbands his rough-riders, and is about to retire to Europe to hide a broken, or at least a fractured heart, when he learns that Miss Fanny Talbot, the object of his affection, has discarded her former lover and is languishing for him. The conclusion is obvious. Mr. Cooke would perhaps claim that his novel has a purpose, namely, the cultivation of a States rights spirit. But no federalist and no believer in Mr. Boutwell's theory of subordinating the State to the United States authorities need fear its influence in a political way.

— St. Thomas of Canterbury impressed the imaginations of men in his own and in succeeding days as few men have ever done. Before the century in which he lived was gone out, the poets had written the story of his romantic career, and many times since he has been forced to sit to versifiers of every degree of merit for an heroic portrait. We confess with some reluctance that the earlier are more to our taste than the more modern versions of his life. In Garnier de Pont Sainte Maxence, for instance, notwithstanding his prosiness, the dreariness of his theology, his long-windedness, and like faults, there is a sense of reality, the vigor of strenuous and abundant life, the Middle Age flesh and blood, the pulse of things real in their day, which we miss in later authors.

The book before us[1] is throughout more or less an anachronism; the sentiment has caught the modern pallor; the finger of a new time has touched the story, the breath of a new spirit blows through it. It is not merely that here and there a single verse is out of tune, as when the world-worn Empress Matilda is made to say, —

> "Life, my child,
> In times barbaric is a wilderness;
> In cultured times a street or wrangling mart:
> We bear it, for we must,"

a sentiment which smacks of the London gentleman too much. Our author does not present to us the man Thomas à Becket, full of energy and passion, whose youthful lance had sent

> "That French knight, Engelramme de Trie,
> Upon the red field rolling."

The object on which his eye is fixed is not the fierce struggle between the unyielding archbishop and King Henry, so much as the spiritual transformation of Becket from the impatient chancellor of the world into the meek martyr; and thus it happens that fervent piety rather than dramatic power characterizes his poem. It is the steadfast, majestic, eternal church which claims his highest poetic feeling. When the hour of the great martyrdom approaches, and John of Salisbury, whose heart is with the fate of Becket, feels the "earth shiver as ship in storm," and "the ground earthquake-shaken" and "shadows vast far flung, and whence we know not, o'er it sweep," the author's heart is with the monk Herbert, who sees meantime "the church" which

> "Nor hastes, nor halts, nor frets, nor is amazed,"

but,

> "A smile upon her lips,
> She stands with eyes close fixed upon her Lord,
> Nay, on his sacred vestments' lowest hem,
> To see where next he moves."

It is when he shows the power of the church for support and healing, as in the nun Idonea, or for the peace which comes of exalted mysticism, as in the monk Herbert, or when he is setting forth the claim of the church to a place of large, if not controlling, influence in the state, as in the meeting of Becket and Henry, that he is most in earnest and most moved.

It is in harmony with this treatment that while he has taken most of his incidents and motives from the old chroniclers, he has excluded much of the fierce passions and free speech of the Middle Ages which make the old story so vivid and so real. At the council of Northampton, when the primate, deserted by the bishops and his knights, worn with sickness, and racked by the conflict of his duty to the church and his fealty and love to the king, in danger of imprisonment and death, bears in his own hand for protection the archiepiscopal cross, the chroniclers tell us of bishops who stood

[1] *St. Thomas of Canterbury.* A Dramatic Poem. By Aubrey de Vere. London. Henry S. King & Co. 1876.

weeping, and how Thomas himself could hardly maintain the dignity of his office, so strong and violent was his grief; and amid this his great enemy, the bishop of London, urged him to lay down the cross, and when he refused actually laid hold of it and tried to wrench it from his hands.

"Des meins la li voleit par vive force oster"

says Garnier. Such scenes as this are robbed of their violent incidents, we suppose, as being inconsistent with the dignity of the poem; so in the scene of the martyrdom, the hurry and terror of the accompanying incidents are left out. It is not because this is a sin against exact realism — which we would not cry out at — that we are sorry for the omission, but because these things convey the spirit of the real drama. We think, too, that the author has not caught the workings of the great passions which made the heart of the struggle. The sincere and simple devotion of Becket to the church and of Henry to the state, while through all his anger Henry loved Becket and through all his injuries Becket loved Henry; the counter-currents of the two great ideas of government which each served and of which they were only the momentary and transitory champions and defenders, by the compelling fate of which nevertheless their human affections and lives were riven, — this it is which was the core of the real drama then enacted, and this our author has inadequately presented.

If we do not look for more than our author has to give us, however, — a descriptive poem in dialogue inspired by deep piety toward the church of Rome, — we shall find much pleasure and many excellences. The story of St. Thomas has a charm wherever and whenever told, whether by friends or enemies; and here we have a noble figure in the saint and many interesting figures in his friends. Across the scene of monastic treachery and intrigue flash the sunshine and civilization of Queen Eleanor's fair Guienne, where are

"Swift southern springs, that with a flame of flowers
In one day light the earth;"

and men who say the church's cap is

"A fool's cap on a palsy-stricken head."

Very impressive is the dying Empress Matilda with her ill-spent life and horrid dreams, and the courtier bishop of Lisieux is interesting, although, like others in the poem, drawn in too few lines to be much individualized. The love of the young prince for Becket, the scene of Becket's life at Pontigny, the joy of the people in his return to England, heighten and calm the interest of the reader; and he lays down the book, feeling that it is good, if not the best work, and very welcome in these days of heated, unripe, confused, or gentlemanly commonplace poetry.

— Among the many American humorists, as they are generically called, Josh Billings has always held a high place, not only on account of his humor, which he shares with many, but also on account of his wisdom, which is an even rarer quality. In this slender volume,[1] printed on bluish paper, are to be found several brief sayings, with their truth and eternal aptness half hidden beneath bad spelling. There are also longer paragraphs, never running over a page, on various subjects, the subjects being of but slight importance, for the book is not an encyclopædia but a collection of witty sayings. The chapters on Grand Pa and The Skool Boy are characteristic examples of his style. Short as they are, they are too long to quote, especially since the apothegms are so good examples of American humor, which in unprofessional mouths, at least, is generally the quiet, almost arid expression of some unexpected truth. For instance: —

"When i hear a man bragging what he dun last year, and what he iz a going to do next year, I kan tell pretty near what he iz to work at now."

"Enny man who kan swop horses, or ketch fish, and not lie about it, is just about as pious az men ever git to be in this world."

"It iz very eazy to manage our nabors' bizziness, but our own sometimes bothers us."

"We all of us beleave that we are the espeshall favorites ov fortune, but fortune don't beleave any sutch thing."

"I notiss that when a man runs hiz hed aginst a post, he cusses the post fust, all kreashun next, and sumthing else last, and never thinks ov cussing himself."

Here is a remark which is probably the result of a good deal of experience: —

"Thare is grate risk in being a comik philosopher: nine tenths ov the world will keep both eyes on the monkey, and lose sight entirely ov the philosophy."

[1] *Josh Billings' Trump Kards.* Blue Glass Philosophy. With Illustrations in Natural History, by F. S. Church. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co. 1877.

French and German.[1]

A new novel by Cherbuliez by no means arouses so much interest now as it did only a few years ago, and for this the author is more justly to be held to account than is the wavering taste of the public. There is this to be said: that every successful novelist is his own worst rival; his readers will be making invidious comparisons between what he does now and what he did formerly, without making proper allowance for the sense of agreeable surprise which novelty alone can give, and can of course give but once. Then, too, we have the feeling about every living author that he is capable of change, and that if he would but listen to wiser counsels — our own, for instance — he would straightway win the fame he sighs after. Moreover, we demand rigidly a steady advance, and faults once venial appear incorrigible on frequent repetition. In the present case [2] Cherbuliez is as brilliant a writer as ever. He uses epigrams as freely as other writers use points of punctuation, and for about the same purpose: he has invented a mystifying plot, and he tells the story in such a way that the reader never knows what new thing is coming; but yet, after it is read, one finds that no very satisfactory impression is made upon him by all the intellectual fire-works that have been set off for his benefit. Cherbuliez can be amusing, but there is something depressing in the sight of a man of such undeniable ability who devotes all his energy to the flimsiest entertainment of an idle generation of novel-readers. The entertainment may be called flimsy, because it is nothing more than what one gets from hearing an anecdote well told. There is nothing else in the book, not an atom of seriousness, so that the novel seems trivial, especially when we remember how Cherbuliez, when younger, gave promise of better things. This is the real cause of regret: that a man who began with the brilliancy and refinement of Le Prince Vitale and Un Cheval de Phidias should thus turn into a sort of professional mountebank before the public, and regard every human emotion and passion merely as moves in the game which his characters play with as much real feeling in their souls as there is of ecclesiastical fervor in a bishop on the chess-board, — that a man who once did so well and promised so much better should sink to this is indeed disappointing. The amusement of the public is of course the first duty of a writer of novels, and it may be as fair as the epigrammatic form of expression allows fairness to say that instruction should be the last; but there are varieties of amusement, and Cherbuliez puts before his readers, with so much cleverness, such an imitation of real feeling that the reader, although interested, is filled with regret. In this story, for instance, a German Jew named Brohl has assumed the name and personality of a Polish count whom he has known, who has died in great poverty, and under this disguise the Jew has won the love of a very charming French girl. All of our author's heroines are attractive and life-like; this one is no exception, but there is something odious in the way in which Cherbuliez, of late years, at least, persistently maltreats them. In this story the young woman gives her heart to this fascinating reptile, and the novel describes the net-work of intrigue spun by him and by those who suspect him of being the adventurer he really is. It is enough to say that Cherbuliez has written this to make it perfectly plain that the book holds the reader's attention fast, and that he is a bold man who can say at any given chapter that he knows what is coming next; all he can be sure of is that it will be something very clever. But all the cleverness in the world will not make up for the tone of the book, which is undeniably depressing. The hero is a most odious villain, the girl's feelings are dangled before the public in a painful way, and one cannot help a sort of shame at reading a story which, if true, ought to be kept from the public out of respect for the victims. But yet it is entertaining.

— Mr. Hillebrand has a good subject before him in his contribution to the series of histories of European States,[3] a collection which is appearing at Gotha under the supervision of A. H. L. Heeren, Ukert, and U. von Giesebrecht. It contains already seventy-seven volumes, which have gone over the ground very thoroughly, and there is not much left for future writers to do in

[1] All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter St., Boston, Mass.

[2] *Samuel Brohl et Cie.* Par Victor Cherbuliez. Paris: Charpentier. 1877.

[3] *Geschichte der Europäischen Staaten.* Herausgegeben von A. H. L. Heeren, F. A. Ukert, und U. v. Giesebrecht. *Geschichte Frankreichs.* (1830–1871.) Von Karl Hillebrand. Erster Theil. Gotha: Perthes. 1877.

order to bring the work down to the present date. Mr. Hillebrand's share is writing the history of France for the forty years between the accession of Louis Philippe and the fall of the empire of Napoleon III. This is a period of which the early part is comparatively unknown, because it has hardly found its way into histories as yet, while only the later years are written in the memories of men. There is this advantage, however, that the records are numerous, and obscure points can have light thrown upon them by some of the men who were the actors in the events described in the books. Mr. Hillebrand has evidently made thorough studies for his book, and certainly, in view of the abundance of material, choice must have been a difficult task. Moreover, there were so many different kinds of thought agitating men's minds — especially many in France and in this century — that much space is needed for bringing all the actors, with their different *rôles*, upon the stage. In this volume we find the unadorned record of the first seven or eight years of the reign of Louis Philippe, and in succeeding volumes we are promised full details of the influence of socialism and St. Simonism upon events, the history of their rise, etc. This cannot fail to be very interesting: Mr. Hillebrand doubtless knows his subject well, and he has seen enough of the practical working of fine theories to make this part of his history entertaining and instructive reading. A full account of the performances of Napoleon III. will be of service to the public, especially one written by a man who has seen so much of modern French life with his own eyes as this writer has done. The present volume is the fruit of much patient labor. We are so accustomed of late years to picturesque histories that this one will seem to have rather the character of a blue-book than that of an artistic and delightful arrangement of the facts that shall deeply impress and charm the reader. Then, too, the fact that most histories have been written by human beings with decided feelings about the things they have described causes the impartiality of this one to appear strange and unattractive. The author takes no side in the matters he has to record; he seems to feel a sort of contemptuous dislike for Louis Philippe, but it is nowhere precisely expressed, although the book certainly leaves on the reader no favorable impression of that king.

What is the merit of this book is the simple, readable, and apparently trustworthy way in which is told the story of what happened in France forty years ago. It is not an attractive period, and there is something monotonous in the way that French discontent showed itself at that time, in a sullen opposition varied by disgraceful attempts at assassination. The whole matter is to be found narrated in these pages, with references to the authorities for most of the statements, and with such further illustration as serves to make obscure points clear. We look forward with eagerness to the succeeding volumes, especially because this opening volume concerns itself mainly with the politics and the diplomatic relations of France at the time it covers. The history of the current of French thought and of the doings of Napoleon III. will be of greater interest.

— Those who care for lighter works in German literature will welcome Wilhelm Jensen's new novel, Fluth und Ebbe.[1] The author is an admired novelist, whose writings, so far as we know, have not been translated into English. This is by no means a trustworthy verdict about their merits, for poorer stories than his have been introduced in their own language to English readers. The present one cannot be very warmly commended to the attention of translators. It is intolerably long-winded, and, what is even worse, the mystery which blinds the eyes of so many of the characters is transparent to those who are familiar with novels; so that he who has any doubt whether the shipwrecked sailor is to return before the end of the second and last volume has the capacity of receiving a good deal of enjoyment from dull stories. The slowness with which the plot is unraveled is somewhat wearying. But apart from these local peculiarities there is a good deal of merit in the story. The scene is laid in a sea-port town in Northern Germany, and throughout the book there are to be found rhapsodical descriptions of the sea which are of real beauty. What is of even more importance to a novel, the development and management of the characters is marked by a certain crudity and simplicity, as if the writing of fiction was still in its infancy. The wicked person, the Consul Assmann, had sent to sea an unsound ship containing a worthless cargo, which had been enormously insured, that he might get profit from its disappearance. It went down as he had arranged, but of course there were surviv-

[1] *Fluth und Ebbe.* Ein Roman. Von Wilhelm Jensen. 2 Bnde. Mitau: Behre. 1877.

ors who appeared at an unwelcome moment before their would-be murderer. There are other characters, too, more or less intimately connected with these personages, and they are, on the whole, well described, although the way they are brought before the reader is not the most artistic. One man, for instance, is the editor of a daily paper, who is designed for a pompous bore, and he is indeed just that, but with such intensity that he becomes a real infliction upon the reader. Moreover, the way in which the alleged English lord watches the conduct of the Assmann family through a telescope in a neighboring house is more ingenious than life-like or imaginative. But apart from this tendency to show life in a succession of pictures rather than in a gliding panorama, the book may be read with satisfaction by those who are anxious to lay their hands on a new German novel. It is a novel, so to speak, with good instincts, with fine characters in it; like Hattenbach, the old scholar, betrothed all the best years of his life to the woman he was too poor to marry, and like the sailor's wife with her starving children. There is feeling enough in the book, and it is evidently the work of a man who is sensitive to emotions, so that he escapes the deadly fault of being commonplace; but the action is so slow and casts such long shadows beforehand that the jaded reader who is anxious only to be thrilled will not care for it. It should be said in its praise that the book is well printed, and that the leaves have the advantage, rare in a German book, of being stitched and not merely placed in order, to the confusion of the first person opening the book, who will find the leaves flying over space.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

D. Appleton & Co., New York: Sévard's Marriage. By Andre Thenriet.

Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, New York: The Life of Christ. Parts 9, 10, 11, and 12. By F. W. Farrar, D. D.

Geo. De Colagne & Co., New York: The Preservation of Beauty. By Dr. Lo.

Congregational Publishing Society, Boston: Woman and her Savior in Persia. By a Returned Missionary. — Glimpses of Christ. By Thomas Laurie, D. D.

Dodd, Mead, & Co., New York: The Cooking Manual of Practical Directons for Economical, Every-Day Cookery. By Juliet Corson, Superintendent of the New York Cooking School.

Geo. H. Ellis: History of the Town of Peterborough, N. H. By Alfred Smith, M. D., LL. D.

Estes and Lauriat, Boston: What think ye of Christ? — My Bonnie Lass. By Mrs. Hamilton. — Jack. By Mary Neal Sherwood.

Alex. Gardner, Paisley (Scotland): The Poems and Literary Prose of Alexander Wilson, the American Ornithologist. By the Rev. Alexander B. Grosart. Vols I. and II. — The Poems of Allan Ramsay. With Glossary, Life of the Author, and Remarks on his Poems. Vols. I. and II. — A History of the Witches of Renfrewshire. A New Edition with an Introduction. — A Rollicking Irish Tour, by Rag, Tag, and Bobtail. With Free and Easy Sketches. By A. R. A.

Ginn and Heath, Boston: A Latin Grammar, founded on Comparative Grammar. By J. H. Allen and J. B. Greenough. — A Course in Scientific German. Prepared by Harry Blake Hodges.

Hardwicke and Bogue, London: Poems, Lyrics, Songs, and Sonnets. By Francis Bennoch, F. S. A.

Sam'l Harris & Co., London: Poems. By Jane Budge.

Henry S. King & Co., London: Russian Romance. Translated by Mrs. Telfer. — Crimea and Transcaucasia. By Commander J. B. Telfer. — The Fall of Rora, and Other Poems. By Aubrey de Vere. — A Discourse on Truth. By Richard Shute, M. A.

Lee and Shepard, Boston: Reminiscences of Friedrich Froebel. By B. von Marenholy Bulow.

J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia: Memoirs of John Quincy Adams. By Charles Francis Adams. — Olivia Raleigh. By W. W. Follett Lynge. — Dante. By Mrs. Oliphant. — Aristotle. By Sir Alex Grant.

Loring, Boston: Two Kisses. By Hawley Smart. — Beautiful Edith, the Child Woman. — Four Irrepressibles, or the Tribe of Benjamin. — The New Schoolma'am; or, A Summer in North Sparta.

Macmillan & Co., London: A Handbook to the Public Picture Galleries of Europe. With a brief Sketch of the History of the Various Schools of Painting from the Thirteenth Century to the Eighteenth inclusive. By Kate Thompson. — Epistle of St. Barnabas. By Rev. William Cunningham.

My Summer in Porkopolis, and Other Papers. By Esel Dorf.

Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh: The Schools of Forestry in Europe. By John Crombie Brown, LL. D.

Jas. R. Osgood & Co., Boston: The Physical Basis of Mind. Being the Second Series of Problems of Life and Mind. With Illustrations. By Geo. Henry Lewes. — Asia Minor and the Caucasus. By Sir Randal Roberts. — Village Improvements. By Geo. E. Waring. — Traps baited with Orphan; or, What is the Matter with Life Insurance? By Elizur Wright. — History of Materialism. By Ernest Chester Thomas. — Tom Bailey's Adventures. By T. B. Aldrich. — Poems of Places. Switzerland and Austria. Edited by Henry W. Longfellow. — Hillside and Seaside in Poetry. A Companion to Roadside Poems. Edited by Lucy Larcom. — The Tent on the Beach. By John G. Whittier. Illustrated. — Miss Mehetabel's Son. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Illustrated. — A Virtuoso's Collection, and Other Tales. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. — An Essay on Man. By Alexander Pope. — Spring. By James Thomson. Illustrated. — Thackeray: His Literary Career. By John Brown, M. D. — Cromwell. By Thomas Carlyle. — Lord Byron. By Lord Macaulay. — John Milton. By Lord Macaulay. — A Rivermouth Romance. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. — Locksley Hall. By Alfred Tennyson. — In Memoriam. By Alfred Tennyson. — Songs of Servia. By Owen Meredith. — The Princess. By Alfred Ten-

nyson. My Nightingale's Diary. By Charles Dickens. — Autumn. By James Thomson. — The Story of Iris. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. — The Lay of the Bell. By Schiller. — Winter. By James Thomson. — Favorite Poems. By Percy Bysshe Shelley. — Favorite Poems. By Thomas Moore. — Favorite Poems. By Samuel Taylor Coleridge. — Favorite Poems. By Lord Byron. — Favorite Poems. By Owen Meredith. — Favorite Poems. By Robert Burns. — Favorite Poems. By Charles Kingsley. — Favorite Poems. By Robert Southey. — Favorite Poems. By Sir Walter Scott. — Favorite Poems. By Geo. Herbert. — Favorite Poems. Translated from the German of Schiller by Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, Bart. — Health. By Dr. John Brown. — John Leech. By Dr. John Brown. — Maud. By Alfred Tennyson. — The Tale. Translated from the German of Goethe by Thomas Carlyle. — Elizabeth Barrett Browning. By E. C. Stedman. — The Pleasures of Hope. By Thomas Campbell. — Sonnets. By Shakespeare. — Horatius and Virginia. By Lord Macaulay. — Lake Regillus, Ivry, and Other Lays. By Lord Macaulay. — A True Story, and The Recent Carnival of Crime. By Mark Twain. — The Farmer's Boy. By Robert Bloomfield. — A Midnight Fantasy, and The Little Violinist. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. — Natural Law. By Edith Simcox. — Household Education. By Harriet Martineau. — Christianity and Humanity: A Series of Sermons by Thomas Starr King. Edited, with a Memoir, by Edwin P. Whipple. — The Poetical Works of Oliver Wendell Holmes. Household Edition. — Pasco, a Cuban Tale, and Other Poems. By R. Rutland Manners.

Porter and Coates, Philadelphia: Until the Day Breaks. By Mrs. J. M. D. Bartlett.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York: The Way of Life. A Service Book for Sunday Schools. Compiled by Frederick L. Hosmer. — The Question of Labour and Capital. By John B. Jervis. — A New Star Atlas. For the Library, the School, and the Observatory. By Richard A. Proctor. — A Manual of Inorganic Chemistry. Vol. II. The Metals. By T. E. Thorpe, Ph. D. — His Grandmothers. A Summer Salad. — My Three Conversations with Miss Chester. By Fred. Beecher Perkins. — The Jukes. By R. L. Dugdale. — Other People's Children. By the Author of Helen's Babies. — Handbook for Hospital Visitors. — The Question of Rest for Women. By Mary Putnam-Jacobi, M. D.

Rand, McNalley, & Co., New York: The Locust Plague. By Charles V. Riley.

Roberts Bros., Boston: Hetty's Strange History. — The Wonderful Adventures of a Pullman. By E. E. Hale.

Scribner, Armstrong, & Co., New York: Nicholas Minturn. A Study in a Story. By J. G. Holland. — The Religious Feeling. A Study for Faith. By Newman Smyth. — The Age of Anne. By Edward E. Morris, M. A. With Maps and Plans.

Trübner & Co., London: Shakespeare. The Man and the Book. Being a Collection of Occasional Papers on the Bard and his Writings. Part I. By C. W. Ingleby, M. A., LL. D.

D. Van Nostrand, New York: The Sanitary Condition of City and Country Dwelling Houses. By George E. Waring, Jr.

A. Williams & Co., Boston: Gretchen's Joys and Sorrows. Translated from the German of Clementine Helm by Helen M. Dunbar Slack. — Disease of the Mind. By Charles Folsom, M. D. — Unwritten Law. By Thomas Francis Bayard.

EDUCATION.

The Harvard Examinations for Women are an attempt to create and bring to bear upon schools and courses of study for girls influences similar to those already exercised upon the schools for boys by the supervision of the colleges. That these college influences are indirect makes them none the less powerful. And it has long been the opinion of careful observers of the education of girls that some well-recognized standard to work up to could be made as useful for them as for boys.

It is plainly indispensable that the authority which sets the standard should be one widely known and esteemed. For this reason the Woman's Education Association of Boston, in their efforts to secure higher qualifications and more thorough training among teachers, and more genuine work in the schools for girls, applied to Harvard University for help.

A precedent already existed in the Higher Examinations for Women by the universities of London, Edinburgh, Dublin, and Cambridge. Even a short experiment in England had demonstrated that young women were glad to submit to exact tests of ability, and, what is more important for the practical influence of the work upon schools in general, the certificates of proficiency awarded by the universities attained at once a market value, securing for their holders more desirable positions as teachers and better salaries. "No one would think now of employing a governess who had not a university certificate," is the remark of Miss Yonge.

The New England plan really owes not

much more to the English one than that general suggestiveness in which so much comes from the Old World to the New.

Our public-school system has made the idea of examinations of some kind familiar to girls, while in England, until the recent government inspections, they were almost unknown. But an examination of a whole school in classes, by a visiting committee, is an entirely different thing from the voluntary choice of a young woman to devote herself to a specified course of study, and then to offer herself for a thorough testing of her work.

Merely to have duplicated the high-school examinations would hardly have been worth while, nor would it have attained the desired end. The high-schools are of necessity planned to meet the average wants of a large number of pupils. Their standard must be set for the capacity of the average, which always proves far below the ability of at least one quarter of a large class. The very effort of the schools to make the work thorough under the difficulties of irregular attendance and insufficient preparation makes it narrow and cramped. The schools which fit boys for college demand so much special labor from the teachers in the few studies required for the entrance examinations that in the girls' side of the schools the subjects the study of which is necessary to fit them for intelligent women in ordinary life must be neglected. To put it in other words, the girls, who can at best take only a four years' course of study beyond the grammar-schools, are obliged to put up with what is merely the preparatory work of a course intended to last nine or ten. The extreme disparity of standard between school and school has also been a serious barrier to progress.

With these considerations in view, after a careful survey of the work actually prescribed in a large number of high-schools, academies, and private schools, the course of study now required by the Harvard Examinations was marked out.

The papers and the examiners are provided by Harvard University, and the certificates of success are signed by the president.

The expense of the work is borne by local associations, who assume all the labor of advertising, giving information, and making suitable provision for the young women at the time of the examination. The work at Cambridge, Massachusetts, is under the auspices of the Woman's Education Association of Boston. That in New York is under a local committee. Examinations will be held at other centres as soon as there is a demand for them and competent persons are ready to undertake the local supervision.[1]

The examinations are of two classes, — preliminary and advanced. The first may be divided into two parts at the option of the candidate, with the reservation that the examiners must be satisfied in at least three subjects at the earlier examination. Candidates must not be less than seventeen years of age to receive the preliminary certificate, and no one will be admitted to the advanced examination who has not passed the preliminary. In this respect it differs from all the English plans except that of London University. That alone requires all the subjects before granting the certificate. The others require only three or four, and the candidate's choice among the given subjects is almost unrestricted.

In the advanced work the study may be confined to branches of one subject, — mathematics, language, history, or literature. But for the preliminary examination the candidate must be prepared in arithmetic, algebra, geometry, physical geography, botany (or physics as an elective), French with either Latin or German, English and American history, and English literature.

The variety, or we might say the many-sidedness, of this course of study, together with the condition that all this preliminary work must be satisfactorily done before attempting further special study, indicates very clearly the character of the whole undertaking. It is not to encourage or multiply specialists, but to enforce the importance of thorough elementary work as the indispensable foundation for a liberal education. It does not aim at professional training, not even for teachers, but seeks first to secure that general discipline and furnishing of the mind on which must be based, with equal necessity, both that higher education which is to give us cultivated women in ordinary life and the special study which fits for a profession.

As to the amount or the quality of the work to be done, whether in the single subjects or as a whole, it is difficult to make a satisfactory statement without a literal repetition of the official requirements. It is not too much to claim that the preliminary examination will serve as "a test of elementary education of a liberal order."

[1] There will be centres at Philadelphia and Cincinnati in 1878.

"The best work of the best high-schools" was the original interpretation of the standard, but the experience of five years goes to prove that the schools are few which pursue a course of study of such breadth as this, or which insist upon the requisite thoroughness. The public schools, as we have already hinted, lack in breadth. It may be a useful education; it is not a *liberal* one.

The private schools (we mean the term to include all schools not free) are likely to fail in the drill and discipline which develop power in mind and character. The reasons why would furnish material for a whole article. The interference of parents renders any systematic plan almost impossible. The preference among the mothers for showy accomplishments sacrifices reality to appearance; and to sum all in one word, the entire ignorance among our wealthy and leisurely class of the indispensable need of rigorous training for success in social life defeats the endeavors of the most skillful teachers.

Yet it is a fact that so far the candidates who have succeeded best have come from private schools. This is partly accounted for, on the one side, by the possession of means sufficient to secure special instruction; and on the other, by the greater freedom of private schools to adopt, if they will, new plans of study. Superintendents and committees move slowly. And, moreover, there is a natural reluctance on the part of the already burdened high-school teachers to add anything to the work already required of them. As we said before, the girls are sacrificed to the boys. It is not improbable that we may have to wait before seeing very large numbers of candidates until, as it were, a new generation of teachers and committees arise who can see that in education, as in building, one must plan the end from the beginning. A four years' course of study becomes an absurdity if it is identical with the first four years of a course intended to cover eight or nine years.

We ought not to omit in our sketch the stimulus and the help which such examinations may give to solitary study. There is a good deal of idle young ladyhood, the result simply of not knowing what to do. Only the true "scholar" can work without external aid, but the love of books and the habit of study can often be fostered by well-made paths and definite points to mark the way, such as examinations may furnish.

We would not be understood in all this as mistaking examinations for a means of education. We approve them only as a test — the best, perhaps, which our imperfect methods have yet reached — to show what use has been made of the true means of education. Of their effect upon girls, when conducted as these are, without the element of competition, we quote a letter from a school-mistress in England who has had much experience of the university examinations: "So far as they bear upon the characters of pupils, we have nothing to complain of, but everything to encourage us. We find that they frequently strike a most effectual blow at sentimentality and conceit, and they lead to habits of order, economy of time, and interest in study, and to more sympathy with those who are engaged in the graver business of life."

There is a small but hopeful band of enthusiasts who will answer every word thus said by insisting that all girls should be fitted for college, and that college education is the universal panacea. Such sanguine spirits are hard to convince, but cooler judgments and more practical eyes will see that it will be long before any considerable proportion of young women go to college. The wherefore is beyond our present purpose, but it must be evident that the work to be done for the immense majority of young women must be accomplished within or near the limits of school life.

Such a plan as the Harvard Examinations for Women traverses no one's special theories. It leaves the college question entirely open, and at the most it professes to be only one way of helping toward the better education of women in a field which offers but too many opportunities for patient effort.

Some breath has been rather idly spent in reproaching Harvard for offering examinations without instruction, as if it were the shadow without the substance; but whoever makes such a suggestion seriously must have little knowledge of the actual work of great universities. A large part of it has always consisted of just such labor. Our people are so unfamiliar with any sort of examination outside the old narrow school-committee interpretation of the term that it is scarcely strange that the good of them should be questioned. But in older communities the probable superiority of the tried or tested man or woman is rarely denied.

The necessity for independence in the

examiners has led many persons even to maintain as a distinct theory that it is a decided gain *not* to have the instructing and the examining body one and the same. Without insisting upon this view of the matter, we cannot do better than to call the attention of these objectors to the great prominence which was given to this very point in the discussions upon university reform in England fifteen years ago, — discussions of which these very Higher Examinations for Women were a direct result.

It is not, its friends said, solely the instruction of the university that is of such value to society, but it is the guaranty that is put upon the work done by the student. Other work equally good is no doubt done elsewhere, but there is no stamp to distinguish it from the worthless. Let us have the same guaranty outside the walls of the university, and its usefulness will be vastly widened. The various local examinations throughout Great Britain and Ireland were the result of this demand.

Without claiming for Harvard any such position as that of the Old World universities, and even admitting her influence to be in some aspects a local one, there is no authority on this side the water more widely recognized, and no verdict more highly esteemed, than hers.

It is this wide recognition and general acknowledgment of the competency and impartiality of the verdict that will make the plan so useful in determining the worth of teachers. As we have already said, the university certificates in England from the outset had a market value. From the very first the demand for teachers holding them exceeded the supply, and still continues to do so, although hundreds now pass each year.

The female teachers of our country number about two hundred thousand. Accepting as colleges all the institutions that claim the name, we do not find that they send out even two or three thousand graduates yearly. The normal-schools do not graduate as many. In 1874 the number going from them to teach of *both* sexes was under fourteen hundred. The vast majority must then have received, with the rarest exceptions, only the ordinary school education. But to discriminate between the schools from which they come or the abilities they have, there have been no means whatever that could have any force outside each separate community. Each superintendent, supervisor, or committee sets his own standard, and oftener than not refuses to acknowledge the existence of any other.

"The regulations respecting the examination of teachers appear to be responsible, to some extent, for the frequent changes which occur, and which form a special blot upon the American system. . . . An annual examination must be insufferable. . . . The want of uniformity must work prejudicially. Teachers who are rejected by one set of examiners are passed by another. In one county of Ohio ninety-seven per cent. of those examined passed and received certificates; in another fifty-five per cent. of the candidates were rejected. This instance alone is sufficient to prove the necessity for some definite standard of qualification and uniform method of examination."[1] No experience is so disheartening to the young teacher as this passing from one set of examiners to another; while so long as this variety of standard exists, the public has no protection against the clever pretenses of the shallow or the ignorant, and no defense against the piteous pleading of genteel necessity.

The success of the three years' work at Harvard is not to be measured by the number of candidates, for it has been emphatically seed-time. It must take years for the mere knowledge of such a scheme to reach those for whom it is intended. The correspondence of the committees in charge represents every State in the Union, every variety of school, and all classes of teachers.

It is plain that the study cannot be taken up at the last moment except by girls of unusual natural power or of specially fortunate instruction. It must grow with their growth. The girls in the grammar-schools now are to be the candidates of the next decade.

It is to this element of permanence that the scheme will owe its success. Any short experiments in education are worse than money thrown away, and time lost. The association is determined that there shall be a fair trial, and, if need be, the university is ready with yet longer patience.

A pamphlet containing requirements, lists of books, specimen examination papers, etc., will be forwarded on application to the secretaries, 114 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts, or 65 Fifth Avenue, New York.

[1] The Free School System of the United States. F. Adams. England.

OSGOOD'S LITERARY BULLETIN

JAMES R. OSGOOD AND COMPANY, Publishers, Winthrop Square, BOSTON.

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*** *The Books named in this Bulletin will be sent to any address in the United States, on receipt of the price, by the Publishers,* MESSRS. JAMES R. OSGOOD & Co., Winthrop Square, Boston. *Prices are given on the fourth page.*

Miss Phelps's Novel, "The Story of Avis," has excited an unusual kind and degree of anticipatory interest. Its subject has been guessed at and guessed wrongly; its time and mode of publication have been the burden of many newspaper paragraphs, as if in some way the publication of it in whole or in sections might be hastened. This popular interest is altogether natural. Who has forgotten the "Tenth of January," in which the story of the fall of the Pemberton Mills was told with such marvellous vividness; or "The Gates Ajar," through which the hearts of hundreds of thousands of bereaved ones caught delightful glimpses of the satisfying reunions and joys of the world to come; or "Hedged In," portraying so effectively the terrible evil of social degradation and the restorative power of tender, thoughtful, Christian kindness; or "The Silent Partner," depicting the alienation between capital and labor, and the simplest, because the most humane and sympathetic, mode in which employers and employed may be brought into harmonious relations? These stories have been read with the deepest interest by large numbers, and they have prepared the public to expect from Miss Phelps no common stories. They have also prepared Miss Phelps for yet better work, and her present novel, "The Story of Avis," is the natural successor of the notable stories she has already written. In range and maturity of thought, in development of plot, and in literary excellence, this novel is a manifest advance upon her previous tales. It is no ephemeral story, to be read for an hour's amusement, but a noble novel as well as deeply interesting, a stimulating, vigorous, *red-letter* novel; in short, a novel to be read by all intelligent people, such as read George Eliot, Mrs. Oliphant, Mrs. Stowe, and other novelists of like renown.

Holmes's Poems Illustrated. — The new Household Edition of Dr. Holmes's Poems has been received by the press and the public with remarkable cordiality. Critics speak of the poetry with hearty admiration, and of the poet with affectionate personal regard. The Boston *Advertiser* says:

> Of Dr. Holmes's poetry it is needless to say anything in praise. For nearly half a century he has delighted his countrymen by his genius, and has long been recognized as in the first rank of Americans whom the Muse has honored with her favor. Everybody hopes that when there are no more poems to come from that joyous heart, it will be discovered that the volume of his complete works will contain more than twice as much as the one before us. One thing seems certain, that the more he writes the more we shall regret him when he has written "the end."

An Illustrated Library Edition of Dr. Holmes's Poems, uniform with the Illustrated editions of Whittier, Lowell, Longfellow, etc., and containing many full-page illustrations, is nearly ready. This will be peculiarly welcome to lovers of Dr. Holmes's poetry, and a choice gift-volume in the approaching holiday season.

"Tears for the Little Ones" is a collection of poems and brief passages in prose inspired by the loss of children. It is edited by Mrs. Helen Kendrick Johnson, who has gathered, from a great variety of sources, longer or shorter pieces that are of a character to bring comfort to those who have experienced this special grief. In explanation of her book and the service it can render, she says:

> We all know, alas! too much of the anguish that belongs to the physical aspect of the departure of our little ones; while the brightness of the world they enter can be seen only by the uplifted radiance of innocent eyes like theirs or through the vistaed gaze of our dim faith. So we need everything that can strengthen our vision of unseen things, and assure us of future meetings which involve no separations. . . . . There is a real comfort which we may take to our hearts, and to assist in giving it this little book of consolation has been compiled.

Prepared in this spirit by a lady so competent to select what was best suited to her object, this book cannot fail to be a fountain of comfort and hope to thousands on thousands of those who mourn the loss of their little ones.

The "Scarlet Letter" Illustrated. — The multitude of Hawthorne's admirers, especially those who count "The Scarlet Letter" on the whole the most perfect expression of his rare genius, will be gratified to learn that this great romance has been illustrated. Various attempts, and some of them quite successful, have been made before to depict single scenes in the absorbing drama; but the whole story has never yet been illuminated by an artist who adequately combined force, grace, tenderness, and variety of expression. This has now been done by Mrs. Mary Hal-

lock Foote, whose illustrations of "The Skeleton in Armor," "Mabel Martin," and "The Hanging of the Crane" gave abundant proof of the wide scope and rare quality of her artistic skill. For years she has wished to illustrate "The Scarlet Letter"; she could not resist the fascination of its characters, incidents, and dramatic scenes. Roger Chillingworth, Hester Prynne, Little Pearl, Arthur Dimmesdale, became to her intensely real persons; the tragedy of their lives was no fancy, but a very positive fact; and though the passion, remorse, revenge, and pharisaism which characterized it were unlovely enough, they were yet frequently picturesque, and were lighted up by the buoyancy of childhood, the peculiar beauty of penitence, and the varied charms of nature. Mrs. Foote's pencil has reproduced in pictures the great story which Hawthorne's magic pen put in words, and the result cannot fail to delight those who are fascinated by the story and who can appreciate the designs Mrs. Foote has made. These have been engraved with the finest skill by Mr. A. V. S. Anthony, whose taste and touch in wood-engraving are marvellously true, as all lovers of art well know.

Starr King's Lectures. — Starr King was in his time one of the most successful of lyceum lecturers. Delighted audiences in many States listened to his lectures on "Substance and Show," "The Laws of Disorder," "Socrates," "Goethe," and others hardly less popular. He had the great art of making any theme attractive. "He could write about a broomstick" even more felicitously than Dean Swift. His subjects, however, were not "broomstick" subjects, but large topics affording free range for the exercise of his talent for philosophic inquiry, his noble and pure imagination, his ready humor, his descriptive art, and that mastery of language which made words do his bidding with rare and exquisite effect. Mr. E. P. Whipple, who selected the Sermons by Mr. King recently published, and already recognized as a most valuable and welcome addition to the best religious literature, has selected from Mr. King's lectures enough to fill a volume, which J. R. Osgood & Co. will soon publish. It will be entitled "Substance and Show, and other Lectures," and will be one of the choicest and, in the best sense, popular books of this season, and of many seasons. His sermons, entitled "Christianity and Humanity," are, as the Providence *Journal* remarks:

> Unfading transcripts of the purity, spirituality, religious fervor and persuasive eloquence of one whose life was a blessing to the race.

Mr. Piatt's Poems have had the good fortune to win the favor of the best judges of poetry in England and America. In choice of themes, in truth to nature and to life, and in thoroughly poetic treatment of both, he has fully proved his title as poet, and has charmed many by the simple beauty of his lyrics. The new editions of "Western Windows" and "Landmarks" will invite public attention afresh to his pure and sincere tones, and cannot fail to make him more widely and justly known.

"Hawthorne, and other Poems" is the title of a new volume by Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman. The leading poem is the noble ode recited at Harvard last Commencement, in which the genius of Hawthorne, its fostering influences, its work, and its unique character were described so accurately and with so genuine imaginative power and charm. The other pieces in the volume comprise poems printed in magazines and literary journals since the issue of his collected Poems. All of these bear the impress of a master's hand, and will be recognized, when the volume appears, as among the best short poems in American literature.

Dr. J. P. Thompson's Lectures on the Centennial of American Independence, just published by J. R. Osgood & Co., were delivered last year in Berlin, Dresden, Florence, Paris, and London. They were attended by highly intelligent audiences, and uniformly elicited expressions of the warmest admiration and gratitude. The Berlin *Kunst-Correspondenz* remarked:

> The lectures exhibit a fulness and depth of historical study, and are rich in philosophical reflections and intellectual comparisons of different nations and of the founders of political systems. The lecturer — a patriot of the New World in the finest sense of the word — is thoroughly penetrated with the historical spirit, and is especially fair toward the rich cycle of events in Germany.

At the close of the course in Florence, Prof. P. Villari, a member of the Italian Parliament, moved the thanks of the assembly to Dr. Thompson "for his appreciative recognition of Italy in her relations to the progress of liberty, learning, and art, as well as for his clear, learned, and impartial analysis of American freedom."

Prof. Legge of Oxford University said his "ideas about America had, for the first time, gained coherence through these lectures," and added, "they ought to be published for the million."

These lectures, which awakened so much interest and admiration in Europe, will doubtless be found equally potent to make clearer our own knowledge and appreciation of our institutions, and to kindle our patriotic enthusiasm afresh.

Le Parnasse Français. — Mr. James Parton has collected "A Book of French Poetry, from A. D. 1550 to the present Time," which will shortly be published in a volume uniform with the popular *Household* editions of Longfellow, Whittier, Tennyson, by J. R. Osgood & Co. It contains over 500 double-column pages, and includes selections from almost every known French poet of the last three centuries. Mr. Parton has carefully excluded everything which would render the book unsuitable for reading in American families and schools, and has sought to make this volume as truly and fully representative of French poetry as Mr. Emerson's "Parnassus" and Mr. Whittier's "Songs of Three Centuries" are of English poetry.

In his interesting preface Mr. Parton says:

> In this volume will be found a larger collection of the poetry of France than has been accessible among us hitherto in a single publication. . . . . At the end of the work will be found a list of the poets represented, with a sentence or two upon each, designed merely to afford an intimation of some fact or facts in their lives necessary to be known for the understanding of their works. I have endeavored also to ascertain the date of each poem; if not the very year of its production, at least the year of its publication.

This book will be very serviceable in schools where French is taught intelligently, and cannot fail to be highly acceptable to all who read and enjoy the finest French literature.

An Architect's Journey. — The London *Academy* noticing Narjoux's "Notes and Sketches of an Architect," just ready for publication by J. R. Osgood & Co., remarks:

This is one of the pleasantest books of light reading which we have met with for some time. M. Narjoux is a French architect of the school of M. Viollet-le-Duc, and is already known as the author of several professional works. He here gives us an account of a journey through Holland, the northwest corner of Germany, and Denmark. Unlike our English architects, who, though they travel much, rarely seem to look at anything except mediæval churches and town-halls, he seeks information wherever it may be found, and gives us descriptions and illustrations of hospitals, theatres, hotels, farm-buildings, museums, market-houses, bridges, and other works, besides sketches of antiquities and costumes, and anything else which happens to interest or amuse him. The illustrations, which number over two hundred, are slight but generally good, and the text is written in an easy lively style.

Artist Biographies. — The design of this series, successfully initiated by the lives of Raphael and Titian, is to give the large and rapidly growing public which takes an interest in art and its great masters, authentic, attractive, and inexpensive biographies of those artists who have gained world-wide celebrity. They are intended to be not only contributions to biographical literature, which is almost universally acceptable, but in addition to this to furnish, in a popular form, a great deal of information concerning the origin, founders, and distinctive features of the various schools of art; to enable readers to gain a more definite conception of the noteworthy characteristics of celebrated painters and sculptors, and thus to hold them in more just and clear relations to one another and to the history of art. The biographies are written with the utmost care to secure accuracy of statement, with free use of all the best authorities, and with the dominant purpose to make them at once reliable, attractive, and full of information. Each volume contains a list of the artist's works, with date of production as nearly as can be ascertained, and the present location of the more famous pictures or statues; also, a full index, to facilitate reference. The subjects of the next volumes will be Albert Dürer and Murillo.

Household Education. — Miss Martineau's admirable book on the training of children is most cordially welcomed. The Boston *Transcript* says "it should be read by all parents, as well as by those who have charge of the education of the young." The *Advertiser* calls it "one of the wisest and most helpful books ever written on the subject." The Cincinnati *Gazette* finds it "full of admirable suggestions, enforced by pertinent anecdotes and illustrations." The Worcester *Spy* pronounces it "extremely readable and helpful to all who have the care and training of the young." The Providence *Journal* says "all who have the training of young people will find it brimful of sensible and practical suggestions." Mr. Murray's *Golden Rule* declares it "a book for every home"; and the Philadelphia *Press* reaches the climax, saying, in italics, that "*it is worth its weight in gold, a thousand times over, to parents and all who have to bring up children.*"

Mr. Aldrich's German reputation is growing rapidly. Indeed it seems already assured. The September issue of the *Illustrirte Deutsche Monatschrift* contains a portrait of Mr. Aldrich, and a very judicious critique from the pen of Mr. Karl Braun. He pronounces the author of "Tom Bailey" and "Prudence Palfrey" "the most charming of American humorists," and after giving an outline of these two delightful stories, he remarks that "with Aldrich not the tale, but its treatment, is the important matter. He tells a story with the quiet humor of a man who sincerely loves humankind, and he has a marvellous gift for details." Perhaps he will make his praise yet stronger after reading Mr. Aldrich's new story, "The Queen of Sheba," which is nearly ready for publication. Its monthly chapters in the *Atlantic* have been eagerly welcomed by a host of readers. Mr. Aldrich has not forgotten the art of puzzling and surprising those who follow his stories, and the charm of his style is a constant delight.

Mormonism. — The death of Brigham Young recalls public attention to the creed of the Mormons and the early history of the sect. Those who are specially interested in this, and all who appreciate the dramatic and picturesque representation of historic facts and ideas which in wider or narrower range have had positive influence, will find Mr. Bayard Taylor's noble tragedy, "The Prophet," very timely and satisfactory. Its enduring merits entitle it to hearty recognition at any time, and its Mormon theme lends it peculiar interest just now.

Mr. Fields's new book, "Underbrush," pleases everybody. The London *Academy* prophesies that

It will more than maintain his reputation, for it is touched by fine fancy, and shows more humor than his former books had prepared us for. "Getting Home Again" is as delicate as "How to Rough it" is practical in suggestion; and, as could hardly fail to be the case, we have charming glimpses of some favorite authors.

Christmastide. — Under this holiday title are grouped into a gift volume four well-known poems by four famous American poets, namely, "Excelsior," by Mr. Longfellow; "The River Path," by Mr. Whittier; "The Rose," by Mr. Lowell; and "Baby Bell," by Mr. Aldrich. To the embellishment of these poems many of the most eminent American artists have contributed. Beautiful and characteristic designs by McEntee, Moran, Gifford, Waud, Homer, Colman, Hart, Appleton Brown, Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote (who, as Miss Hallock, drew the exquisite designs for Mr. Longfellow's "Skeleton in Armor" and "The Hanging of the Crane," and Mr. Whittier's "Mabel Martin"), Miss Curtis, and others, have been engraved by Mr. Anthony in the finished and perfect style for which he is celebrated.

The various picturesque scenes and the noble or striking or tender imagery of these poems have been represented with admirable skill and grace by designers and engraver, so that the result is a highly diversified yet artistically harmonious work.

that cannot fail to gratify the taste of the large number of cultivated persons who desire for the holiday season a book in which the best of poetry is wedded to the best of art.

The four poems which are grouped to form "Christmastide" will also be published separately, each with its illustrations. So, if any person wishes but one of the poems, or a less expensive gift-book than "Christmastide," the separate publication of these charming poems will offer in miniature four perfect works of art.

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Choice Autobiographies. — Two of these works, under the judicious editorship of Mr. Howells, are already issued, — the "Memoirs of Frederica Sophia Wilhelmina," sister of Frederic the Great, in two "Little Classic" volumes; and the "Life of Thomas Ellwood" and the "Life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury" in one volume. To each of these Mr. Howells has prefixed an essay containing supplementary information, into which he has woven with consummate skill pictures of the period and subtle or humorous reflections, that render his introductory chapters equally instructive and delightful. The next volumes in the series will be devoted to Alfieri and Goldoni.

Mr. Cook's Monday Lectures on "Biology" just issued in a volume, promise to be as popular with the large circle of intelligent American readers as they were with the limited number of thousands to whom they were first addressed. Rev. Dr. Thomas Hill, ex-president of Harvard, said of them:

These lectures have been a general topic of conversation and of newspaper comment. There is a great interest in the subjects which he handles, and in his powerful presentation of them. His lectures are crowded so full of knowledge, of thought, of argument, illumined with such passages of eloquence and power, spiced so frequently with deep-cutting though good-natured irony, that I could make no abstract of them without utterly mutilating them.

Mr. Howells's latest Comedy, "A Counterfeit Presentment," according to the New York *Commercial Advertiser*,

"proves to be as graceful a production as any Mr. Howells has thus far brought forth. The skill he has recently developed in writing comediettas and their graceful finish are beyond praise. If they play half so well as they read they would be enchanting on the stage."

Mr. Lawrence Barrett, the eminent actor, having purchased of Mr. Howells the right to put this comedy on the stage, will doubtless prove that it is no less delightful there than when read.

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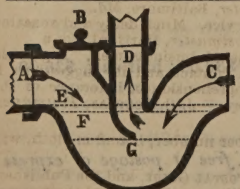

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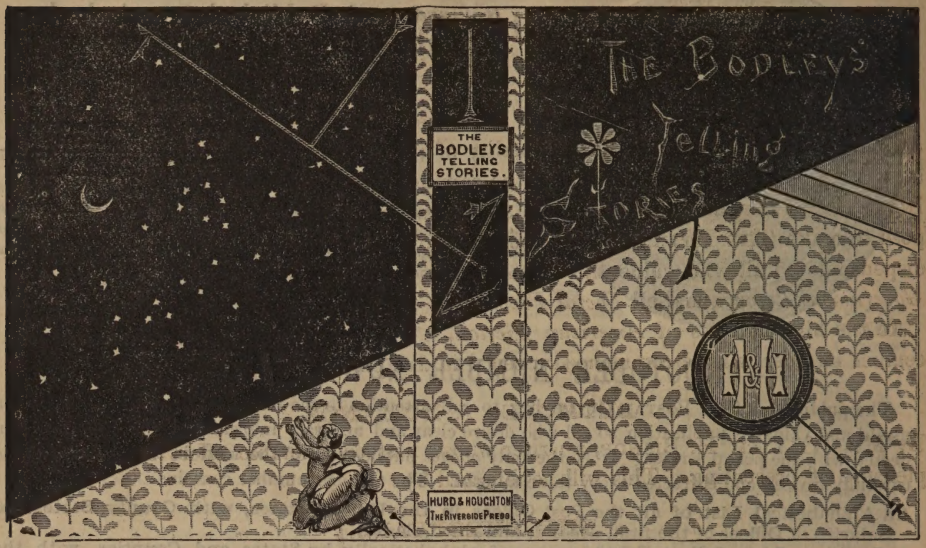

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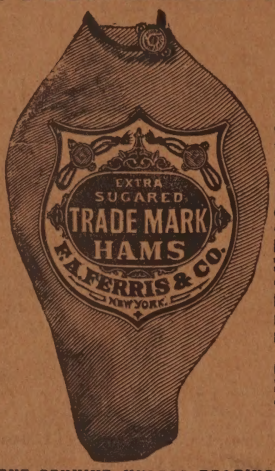

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THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

VOLUME XL.—NUMBER 242

DECEMBER, 1877

CONTENTS

	Page
Can Herculaneum be Excavated? *Robert A. McLeod*	641
Anticipation	651
Washington Society	652
Portugal and the Portuguese. II. *S. G. W. Benjamin*	659
Beneath her Window. *Charles H. Shinn*	668
Modern Shoemaking. *T. A. D.*	669
What They Said. *Mary A. King*	675
The Sermon. *Frank Sewall*	688
Crude and Curious Inventions at the Centennial Exhibition. VIII. *Edward H. Knight*	689
The San Francisco Vigilance Committee. *Thomas G. Cary*	702
Asters. *Edgar Fawcett*	709
Three Boston Painters	710
Some Rambling Notes of an Idle Excursion. III. *Mark Twain*	718
How to Change the North American Climate. *N. S. Shaler*	724
Wapentake. To Alfred Tennyson. *Henry W. Longfellow*	731
Detmold: A Romance. I. *W. H. Bishop*	732
The Contributors' Club	744
Travelers' Tales. — The Funeral of Thiers. — Origin of Skedaddle. — Ancestral Preëxistence. — Art and Life. — Good Things in Mr. Walt Whitman's Poetry. — Preacher and Listener.	
Recent Literature	752
Cook's The House Beautiful. — Hawthorne's The Scarlet Letter. — Avery's Californian Pictures. — Unger's Etchings after the Old Masters. — Racinet's Le Costume Historique. — L'Art. — Narjoux's A Journey of an Architect in the Northwest of Europe. — Jacquemart's History of the Ceramic Art. — McLaughlin's China Painting. — Sprague and Goodale's The Wild Flowers of America. — Doings of the Bodley Family in Town and Country. — The Bodleys Telling Stories. — Warner's Being a Boy. — Werner's Vineta, the Phantom City.	

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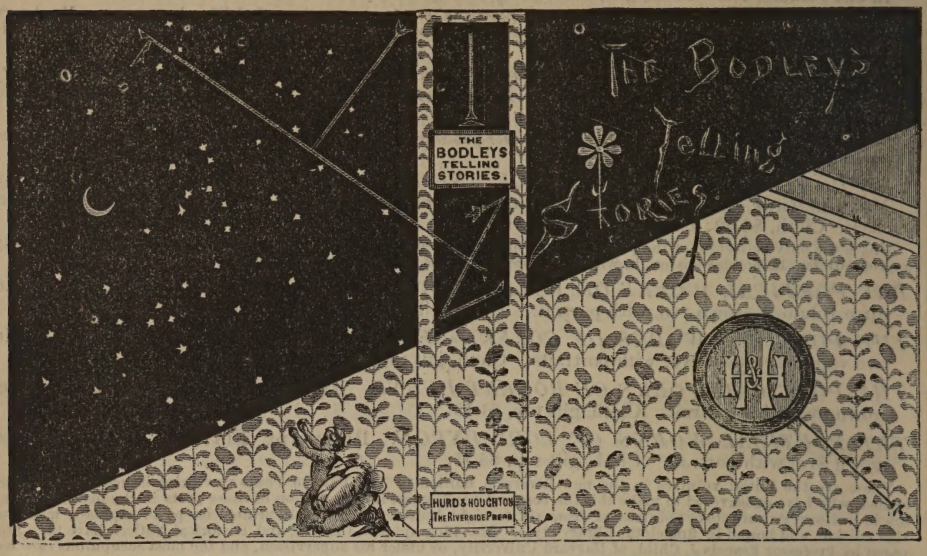

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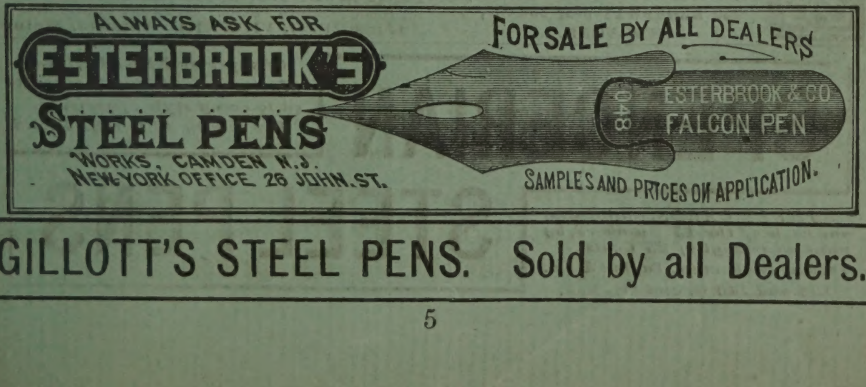

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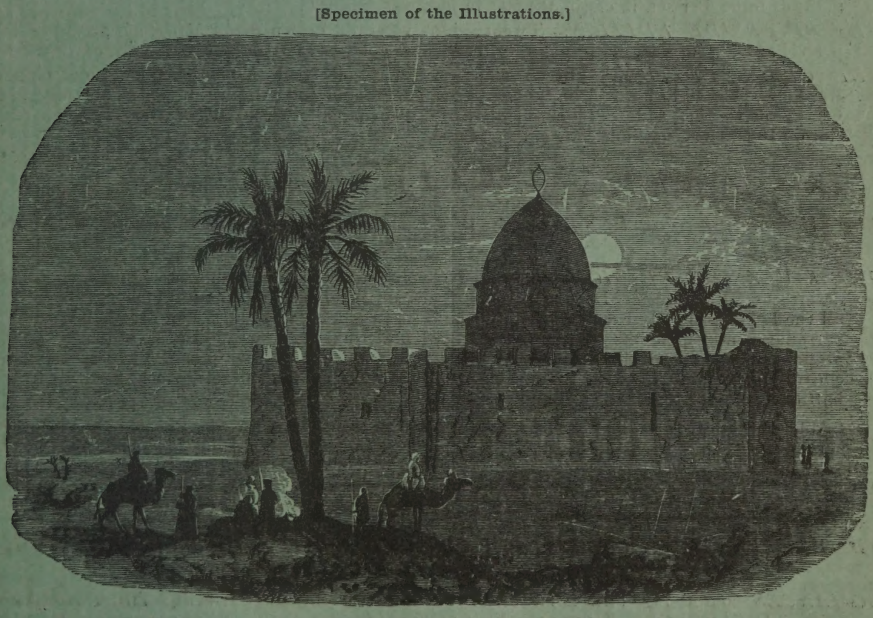

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THE

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CAN HERCULANEUM BE EXCAVATED?

OUR sources of information in regard to the ancient world are fortunately no longer confined to books. The spade of the excavator has done more of late to illustrate the classics, to extend our knowledge of the details of ancient life, and to settle doubtful points in ancient history than all the commentaries of the scholiasts. And that there is to-day a lively interest felt in archæological researches is amply shown by the costly excavations recently undertaken at Ephesus and Troy, in Crete and Assyria, as well as those steadily going on in Italy. At the same time, the magnificent engineering enterprises lately accomplished or still in progress in various parts of the world indicate that we have reached a period when the mere vastness of a project is no longer an insuperable bar to its being taken into consideration and calmly judged of. It appears, then, to me the proper moment for calling attention to a fact that seems practically forgotten, that the wealthy city of Herculaneum, which has already yielded us the richest spoils of antiquity that we possess, still lies buried and for the most part unexplored, and for discussing the possibility of laying it open to the light of day and availing ourselves of its remaining treasures.

The names of Herculaneum and Pompeii are so intimately associated in history as victims of the same appalling catastrophe, and so frequently connected in speaking of ancient works of art, that one who has never been on the spot is likely to think that these two cities have had a common fortune in their resuscitation as in their overthrow. But it is quite otherwise. At Pompeii a surface of fifty-five acres, or about one third of the whole city, is completely excavated; and the visitor may walk about its streets, enter hundreds of its houses, and study its architecture, inscriptions, and mural paintings at his ease. At Herculaneum, on the other hand, not over one acre has been uncovered. The theatre, which is the only other place that one can visit, has never been disencumbered of the volcanic matter that fills and covers it. To explore it, you must descend underground and grope your way, by the dim light of tapers, through narrow and tortuous passages like the galleries of a mine. Water trickling constantly from the porous mass above makes it slippery underfoot, and so charges the air with moisture as to make breathing difficult. The guide conducts you through the labyrinth to various points, which he names; but of the general plan of the building you see nothing.

The modern town of Resina, underneath which a part of the ancient city is buried, lies at the foot of Vesuvius, six

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miles from Naples and half a mile from the shore of the bay. It is known that Herculaneum was injured by an earthquake, A. D. 63; but when or in what manner it became covered by the immense mass of earth that now lies over it cannot be certainly stated. The commonly received opinion is that, together with Pompeii, it was overwhelmed by the famous eruption of Vesuvius, in the year 79. Modern scientific investigations, however, throw great doubt on this statement, and it must be confessed that the historical account rests on very insufficient evidence. Pliny the younger, who describes with great minuteness the above-mentioned eruption, in which his uncle lost his life, says not a word about the destruction of the two cities. In fact, there is no contemporary authority whatever for the story, but it is first found in much later authors, and garnished with tales of accompanying prodigies and wonders. Early in the present century the Naples Academy of Science was occupied for several years with this interesting question. Lippi and Tondi, the only geologists in their number, concluded not only that Herculaneum and Pompeii were not buried at the same time, but that water had more to do with their loss than fire. They observed that the country for many miles around bears all the marks of alluvial deposit. In and above the theatre of Herculaneum they found nine different kinds of *tufa* in horizontal strata. Imbedded in certain portions of the tufa were bits of limestone and other non-volcanic stones as well as snail-shells, and between some of the strata were thin layers of vegetable earth. All this establishes beyond doubt that the covering of the city was the work of successive occurrences. The tremendous showers that often accompany and follow volcanic eruptions are quite capable of having washed these deposits into their present position. On the other hand, even a geologist's eye could not easily distinguish between a stratum made by a shower of volcanic matter, such as occurred in the year 79, and one of the same material deposited by water. That the first burial of these cities was sudden and violent is evident from the number of valuable articles left behind by the inhabitants in their flight, and from the skeletons of the many who were unable to escape. It seems, on the whole, most likely that while some of the layers were deposited by the action of water, others, and especially the first, were the result of a shower of *rapilli* and ashes from the volcano.

However that may be, the buried cities were, in the course of time, entirely forgotten by the common people, although the learned, by means of the old records, were of course aware of their former existence. Herculaneum is mentioned in the geographical dictionaries of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, and in inscriptions of the same period, but its exact site was unknown until a most singular circumstance led to its discovery.

A certain Prince d'Elbœuf came to Naples in 1707, and two years later he bought a country-house on the shore of the bay not far from Resina; he learned that it was no uncommon thing for his neighbors to find bits of colored marble in digging their wells, and he used to buy such pieces as were brought to him, to use in adorning his villa. A peasant, whose house stood on the main street of Resina, was then digging a well in his garden, and came, at the depth of sixty-five feet, upon a flat, rectangular stone which proved to be the cover of an ancient well, carefully constructed, with excellent water at a further depth of twenty-five feet. Such a piece of good fortune was, of course, much talked of, and soon reached the ears of the prince. He rightly conjectured that the well cover marked the former level of the soil; so he descended to that point and began making lateral excavations. As this ancient well lay within the theatre of Herculaneum, just behind the stage, the prince soon came on portions of that building, which, however, he mistook for a temple. Finding many statues, he was encouraged to continue his explorations for several years, but they were at last ended by the interference of the Austrian viceroy, then ruling the country,

who looked with a jealous eye on the treasures found by the prince, and compelled him to give up the greater part of them to the government.

No further explorations were made till the accession to the Neapolitan throne of the Bourbon Charles III. In 1738, Alicuhiarra, a Spanish architect who was constructing the royal palace at Portici, near Resina, informed the king of the former important discoveries, and the latter ordered the excavations to be resumed. An inscription was now found which showed that the supposed temple was really the theatre of Herculaneum. The king took such a lively interest in the progress of the works that he visited the site daily, and it was on account of his convenience that the entrance passage, which is still in use to-day, was cut. Alicuhiarra proved to be but an indifferent archæologist, and the manner in which he performed his task may be judged of from the fact that on one occasion, having found an inscription in bronze letters, he did not think it worth while to copy it, but detached the letters and sent them in a box to his master. He was fortunately soon promoted to a higher position, and was succeeded at Herculaneum by a more competent superintendent, a Swiss named Weber. With a force of fifty laborers the explorations were now pushed into different parts of the buried city, and a multitude of beautiful paintings and statues were brought to light.

The king, wishing to give to the world an account of these discoveries as they were made, induced a savant named Bayard to come from Rome and write a description of the antiquities of Herculaneum. The result was a ponderous work in many quarto volumes, — a very *chef-d'œuvre* of learned pedantry. The author could not, of course, neglect to say something of Hercules, the supposed founder of the city, and at the end of eleven hundred pages that hero has not yet returned from the lower world. The fourth volume opens with the remark, "I am drawing near to Herculaneum, but am not yet there!" It is not surprising that after eight years of these laborious but useless researches the king dispensed with Bayard's services.

In 1750, a pleasure villa, known since as the House of the Papyri, was accidentally discovered in the digging of another well, and several years were devoted to rifling it of its treasures. This is by far the most elegant Roman dwelling-house that has been found anywhere, and the large number of exquisite works of art taken from it attest the wealth and taste of its owner. Besides 1756 rolls of manuscripts, numerous mosaics and mural paintings, over fifty statues and busts in bronze, and thirteen in marble, were here found. The dancing and sleeping fauns, the two runners, the six dancing-girls, and the famous bust of Demosthenes, all came from this house. In 1755, the Accademia Ercolanese was founded, — an association of learned men charged with the task of reproducing, by means of engravings, the works of art of the buried city, and of superintending further search. The first part of its duty was most ably performed, and the publication of the Antichita di Ercolano made a great sensation in the artistic world.

Herculaneum was unfortunately considered from the moment of its discovery, simply as a mine from which plunder was to be extracted. No thought of determining its size, of uncovering it, or of preserving its monuments *in situ* and intact seems ever to have been entertained. Accordingly, these early explorations, which were continued till 1770, were made only by means of *curriculi*, small, under-ground passages, which were carried along in any direction where the yield of works of art seemed promising. The main passages were protected by boards, to prevent the earth falling in, and from them other passages branched off into the buildings that were searched. Each house, as soon as it was deemed sufficiently explored, was filled up again with the rubbish taken out of the next, and thus the work proceeded, if not in the best manner, at least with considerable economy of labor. About sixteen acres were visited in this cursory way, including the theatre, nine blocks of

dwelling-houses, three temples, a basilica, and part of the forum.

The work remained suspended, or only occasionally prosecuted, from 1770 until 1827, when chance, which would seem to have been the presiding deity of these explorations, determined their renewal. The ground fell in at a certain spot in a vineyard, and disclosed ancient buildings quite near the surface. About an acre of the ground was at once bought by the government, and most of it has since been carefully excavated. This, as I have said before, is the only part, besides the theatre, now open to inspection. As this portion of the city was previously visited by the curriculi, the yield of art treasures has been small. A silver bust of Galba, of life size, was found here in September, 1875.

The labors of the academy threw a good deal of light upon the ancient topography of the country around Herculaneum. By a careful examination of all the wells in the neighborhood, and of the various strata through which they pass, the ancient shore was found to lie from one to five hundred yards inside of the present sea line, and to have two considerable indentations. Two river-courses were likewise found, of which there is at present no trace, as they have been completely filled up by successive eruptions. These discoveries explain and confirm those passages of ancient writers which describe Herculaneum as having more than one port, and as situated on a hill between two rivers and partly on a tongue of land running out into the sea. The changes since caused by the action of Vesuvius and by the general upheaving of the continent have been such that to-day not one of the features of this description can be recognized. It is not strange, then, if, before the discovery of the theatre, archæologists were thrown off the scent in their search for the site of the buried city, for they necessarily followed these indications of the ancient geographers.

The academicians were less successful in determining the size of Herculaneum; or rather it must be said that this appears to have formed no part of their plan. Perhaps the limited means at their disposal put it out of their power. They have left us, however, an accurate map of the part of the city explored. This consists of the nine blocks of houses and of the public buildings that I have mentioned, and covers about sixteen acres, or one tenth of the space occupied by Pompeii. To call this a map of Herculaneum, implying that it represents the *whole* city, is very incorrect, and was evidently not intended to be so understood, although this is nowadays often taken for granted. The most obvious proof that the city had a greater extension than appears on the map is that it is known from ancient writings to have been surrounded by a wall. No part of this was reached by the explorers, except that the very thick walls of certain magazines facing the sea are conjectured, without great probability, to have formed part of it. The author of the Disertazio Isagogica, the official report of the result of the academy's labors, as if in apology for the meagreness of the map, argues that Herculaneum was a small city, because, in the first place, Dionysius of Halicarnassus relates that Hercules founded a πολίχνη, or *small city;* and, in the second place, Strabo calls Herculaneum a φρούριον, or *fortified place*, a term which he thinks would not have been applied to a large city. Yet a city, even if small when founded, would have had ample time to grow, from the days of Hercules to the reign of Titus; and φρούριον is a term with which it is hard to connect any definite notion of size, the word's most obvious meaning seeming rather to invite explorers not to stop before reaching the walls which made Herculaneum a "fortified place."

In the absence of certain information, there is great diversity of opinion among archæologists as to the size of this ancient city. There are enthusiasts who speak of it as being many times larger than Pompeii, and others who are almost inclined to stand by the academy's map as containing the whole truth. The best help, perhaps, that we have towards a solution of this question is the size of the theatre as compared with that of Pom-

peii. Signor Fiorelli, the director of the excavations, computes the population of Pompeii, as shown by its sleeping accommodations, to have been about twelve thousand; and it is precisely this number of persons that the amphitheatre will comfortably seat. The learned director calls especial attention to this coincidence, which indeed one might expect to find, since the shows of the amphitheatre were intended to be witnessed by the whole people. The size of a tragic theatre is undeniably a less sure criterion of the population of an ancient town than is that of its amphitheatre; nevertheless, when we find, as in the present case, the tragic theatres of two towns differing sufficiently in their details to show that they were not constructed by any blind rule, and yet of nearly the same size, it seems not unreasonable to infer that the towns themselves had about the same number of inhabitants and possessed about the same area. We must pardon to the enthusiasm awakened by the first discovery of Herculaneum the enormous overestimates of the capacity of its theatre made in the last century. Winckelmann stated that it would hold thirty-five thousand persons. Modern guide-books modestly reduce the number to ten thousand. I have found by taking such measurements as are possible that there is barely room for three thousand to be seated. As to the theatre of Pompeii, it is commonly said to have had seats for five thousand persons, but it is certain that three thousand spectators would have constituted a most uncomfortably full house.

The superior construction of the buildings of Herculaneum as compared with those of Pompeii, and particularly the greater elegance of the works of art as well as of the utensils of ordinary every-day life, shows that of the two cities Herculaneum was the wealthier and the farther advanced in the arts of life. Being especially exposed to the southwest wind, from which Pompeii was cut off by the promontory of Sorrento, Herculaneum had, as we are told by Strabo, an uncommonly salubrious climate, and on this account it was much frequented by the wealthy Roman nobility. Servilia, the sister of Cato of Utica and the mother of Brutus, is known to have had a villa there, as well as Agrippina, the mother of Caligula. It is precisely in these villas of the nobility that our best hope lies of finding those inestimable treasures of antiquity, the rolls of papyrus which constituted their libraries. Such a villa was undoubtedly the famous House of the Papyri. In similar elegant pleasure-houses at Stabiæ several papyrus rolls were found, while in the whole of Pompeii only one has as yet come to light.

It is worthy of especial notice that the things found in Herculaneum are in general much better preserved than those in Pompeii. The bronzes from the former city are as clean as on the day they came from the founder's hand, while those from the latter are always coated with green. The mural paintings of Herculaneum had, when first discovered, a freshness and vividness unequaled by those from Pompeii, except that in a few cases the same cause that was constantly at work there occasioned here also perfect preservation of the colors. That cause was simply the exclusion of the air. The lowest layer of volcanic matter that covers Pompeii consists of loose and porous rapilli or pumice-stones, through which air readily circulates. As this city stands on a hill, probably the summit of an extinct crater, its excellent drainage has kept the subsoil, in great part, in this dry and porous condition. Whatever air, therefore, enters through crevices in the surface layer of vegetable mold soon finds its way to the objects that are buried beneath the rapilli, and slowly but surely oxidizes and destroys them. The first covering of Herculaneum, on the other hand, though composed partly of rapilli, has been so affected by the rain-water which has filtered in from the surface that its component parts have become disintegrated and compacted into a firm and solid mass, forming, in fact, the light stone called tufa. A better preserver of the buried city could not have been devised than this natural cement. While it has effectually excluded the

destructive agency of the air, it is so easily cut as to oppose no difficulty to the work of excavation. It must also have taken excellent molds of the bodies of men and animals overwhelmed by the catastrophe, and of such other objects as perished not suddenly but gradually. Even the loose soil of Pompeii occasionally furnishes molds like those I speak of. Where some man, for example, overcome by the fiery shower, fell down in the street to die, the ashes soon closed around and above him. Decomposition of the body succeeding quietly and slowly, the ashes did not fall in to fill the cavity thus left, but by the aid of the moisture absorbed from the body itself became hardened into a perfect mold of the vanished form. Hundreds of these most interesting relics were thoughtlessly destroyed at Pompeii until quite lately, when Signor Fiorelli had the happy inspiration to fill them, whenever found, with plaster of Paris. The success of this process has been marvelous. Recently, the form of a young woman was thus reproduced, — a form of great beauty, and as cleanly cut as if by the chisel of a soulptor. The details of her person and attire are rendered with surprising minuteness; the arrangement of her hair is distinctly visible, as well as the folds and even the texture of her scanty garments. It is most touching to look at these statues modeled by the hand of Death, bearing an impression of convulsive anguish or calm resignation such as can only be faintly imitated in the productions of art.

Another circumstance worth noticing is that as Herculaneum lay much nearer to Vesuvius than Pompeii did, it was probably covered, in the first instance, to a much greater depth. At any rate, it is certain that more difficulty was experienced at the former city than at the latter by those of the inhabitants who escaped and afterwards may have wished to recover the riches of their buried homes. That such attempts were occasionally, though rarely, made in both places is beyond doubt. The house of the quæstor at Pompeii was visited by some one who had a perfect knowledge of the locality, and a large chest was robbed of its treasure of gold. At Herculaneum, both the theatre and the House of the Papyri bore evidences of unsuccessful efforts made at a remote period to reach their interiors.

The volcanic matter which covers Herculaneum may be conveniently grouped into three classes. First, there is what is called by the natives *terra vecchia* or *pappamonte*. This is commonly believed to have come from the eruption of 79, and also from other subsequent and similar ones. It is a conglomeration of rapilli, for the most part disintegrated, and ashes, which, wherever left undisturbed, has hardened into a soft tufa. When broken up on the surface, it becomes an exceedingly fertile soil. In many places this material is from forty to sixty feet deep, and is the only covering of the buried city. It is intersected at various depths by thin layers of vegetable mold, which accumulated in the intervals of the successive eruptions. Secondly, there is the *terra di fuoco*. There is a thin stratum of loose bits of *breccia*, tufa, and the scoriæ of lava, some as small as a pea, others of twenty pounds' weight, which were washed into their present position by the torrents of water that either issued from Vesuvius during the eruption of 1631, or resulted from the copious rains that followed it. For the purposes of excavation it is unnecessary to distinguish this material from the former, as the difficulty of removing it is practically the same. Thirdly, there is the real lava, an exceedingly hard rock, which flowed molten from Vesuvius at a heat several hundred times greater than that of boiling water, and ran down like a river to its present position. This exists, fortunately, in small quantities, and lies on or near the surface. There is a wide-spread but unfounded notion that it was this molten rock, the only substance properly bearing the name of lava, which originally overwhelmed Herculaneum. Had this been the case, it would, of course, be useless to talk of excavation. This mistake seems to have arisen from the circumstance that the ignorant natives, from whom most travel-

ers get their information, call everything that comes out of the volcano lava, without distinction. The real lava is known to them as *montagna*.

The depth at which Herculaneum lies buried has been strangely exaggerated. Little discrepancy exists as to the distance of the pavement of the theatre below the surface, which is actually twenty and one half metres, or about sixty-seven feet. But the statement of the guide-books, that a part of the city is a hundred and twenty feet under-ground, is false. This blunder was first made by an early writer, who gives this as the depth *towards the sea*, the very portion where, in fact, it is only from twenty-six to thirty-six feet, and his figures have since been blindly copied. The respective quantities of lava and of tufa that cover Herculaneum can be estimated only approximately, as the exact limits of the city are unknown. The depth of the entire overlying mass increases regularly as we recede from the ancient sea-shore; but as the lava lies in separate and irregular streams, more or less of it must be included in the estimate, according to the assumed position of the city. Supposing Herculaneum to be as large as Pompeii, I find that the mean of the amounts of lava that would lie over it, in the three most probable positions that can be assigned to it, would be about half a million cubic metres; and under the most favorable circumstances it could hardly be less than a half of this amount. The average depth of the lava currents, as I have determined by repeated observations, does not exceed six metres.

If a line be drawn through the theatre parallel to the ancient sea-shore, the belt of land thus marked off will be a third of a mile wide. It is not unreasonable to surmise that this belt will contain at least one half and probably more of Herculaneum, since that city lay close to the sea; as, indeed, it contains all of it that has yet been visited. The average depth of the overlying mass in this belt is fifteen metres. As to the rest of the city, which I suppose to lie between the theatre and Vesuvius, I think that twenty-one metres may fairly be set down as the average amount of earth covering it. For it must be remembered that the present Vesuvius is only a comparatively small cone that has arisen in modern times in the centre of the much larger ancient crater. Before the eruption of 79, the entire wall of that ancient and lofty crater was standing. That part of it which faced Herculaneum and the sea has since been broken down, and the semicircular ridge still remaining is now called Monte Somma. As long as this crater stood complete, the mountain was, so to speak, nearer to Herculaneum than at present, and the slope from it down to that city must have been at least as steep as we find it now. There is reason, then, to believe that no part of Herculaneum lies much deeper than the theatre; and eighteen metres, or the mean between fifteen and twenty-one metres, may be safely taken as the average depth of the overlying mass.

The published results of many years' work at Pompeii give us a ready means of calculating the cost of removing this amount of matter. Pompeii is buried at a depth of seven and a half metres, and the earth that has been removed has been carried, on an average, eighty-seven metres in baskets on men's shoulders, and five hundred and thirty-five metres in cars running on an iron track and moved either by hand or by the impulse of an artificial slope. The cost of this labor, together with that of all necessary materials, restorations, the mending of walls, etc., reproductions for the museum, books and furniture for the school of archæology, in fact of everything except the wages of the superintendents, is thirty cents and six mills per cubic metre of matter removed. For the removal, then, of the lowest seven and a half metres of the covering of Herculaneum, we may assume the same cost. For the remaining ten and a half metres, twenty cents per cubic metre will be an ample allowance, as the above extra expenses will not have to be incurred. Half a million cubic metres, at this last price, must be deducted for the lava, which is to form a separate item. Assuming, then, as before, that the su-

perficial extent of Herculaneum is the same as that of Pompeii, namely, 646,826 metres, we have for the excavation of the city, omitting the lava, the expense of $2,742,800. As the theatre is only half a mile from the sea, and as the slope of the ground towards the latter is considerable, it would be very easy to dispose of the earth removed.

Half a million cubic metres of hard lava to be got rid of seems at first a formidable difficulty, and, indeed, if no use could be made of it, it would cost ninety cents per cubic metre simply to blast it out and throw it into the sea. But, fortunately, the very hardness of the lava makes it extremely useful for many constructions requiring a durable material, especially for paving-stones, and, in a limited quantity, it has a considerable market value. It is quarried extensively all through this region, and cargoes of it are sent as far as to Alexandria in Egypt. Quarries near the sea-shore are let by the proprietors at a rent equivalent to a charge of forty cents per cubic metre of stone taken out. The horizontal and vertical fissures that generally occur in it increase the ease of extracting it. The quarry-man, after working it up into flag-stones, gets from $1.50 to $4 per cubic metre for it, and as much as $11 for massive blocks without a flaw. About 17,500 cubic metres are annually taken from the quarries in the immediate neighborhood of Resina. At this rate our half a million cubic metres would not be absorbed by the market in less than thirty years. The quarry-man would indeed have to work in a less favorable position than he does on the sea-shore; still, there are now quarries far inland, and they always yield some rent, though a small one. If the rock were given away, there would certainly be found men to take it. But if Herculaneum were to be excavated, the whole undertaking ought to be finished in at least ten years. In that time, just one third of the lava could be sold. It would be worth to the quarry-man the expense of taking it out, and its removal would therefore cost the excavators nothing. If a second third had to be removed in the same time, it would be worth to the quarry-man only half of the cost of extraction, since the value of money doubles in about ten years, and the other half of the expense would have to be borne by the excavators. In like manner, three fourths of the cost of removing the last third, in the same time, would fall on the excavators. Hence, the expense of getting rid of all the lava in ten years would be five fourths of the cost of removing one third of it, or $187,500. The waste fragments of lava could, at a small charge, be applied to completing and extending the breakwaters of the harbor of Portici, a most desirable object, in view of the dangerous storms which occur in that bay.

A third element of expense would be the value of the land and buildings above the buried city. The commune or district of Resina, which lies above Herculaneum, derives its name from Retina, one of the ancient ports of that city. It extends a mile along the shore and inland as far as Vesuvius, but the land ceases to be fit for cultivation about two miles from the sea. The population of this district is given by the official returns as a little over twelve thousand, but it is supposed really to reach fourteen thousand. It is chiefly gathered into the town of Resina, which begins over the middle of the already explored part of Herculaneum and extends thence towards Vesuvius, covering about thirty-two acres. Besides this, a long street that traverses the commune, sensibly parallel to the sea and passing directly over the theatre, is built up more or less on both sides. One third of the part of Herculaneum already visited is covered by houses, and it is not unlikely that, to excavate the city entirely, three fourths of all the buildings of the commune of Resina would have to be removed. This is certainly a most liberal estimate. As the entire value of these building is, according to the official returns of 1874, $613,334, we have, as the value of those to be destroyed, $460,000. The cost of their demolition would be balanced by the value of the materials, which could be used for other constructions.

The land of the commune lying near the sea is extremely fertile, and the very best of it, used for vineyards and kitchen-gardens, is worth $400 a *moggio*, or $2240 an acre; but most of it can be bought for three fourths of that price. As to that part of the land wanted, which is now covered by the town of Resina, it might at first seem necessary to estimate it at the advanced price which town land always bears. But if Resina were to be demolished, another town would have to be built up, for the accommodation of its inhabitants, between its present site and the sea, and the high-road would have to be diverted in that direction. And it is evident that if the excavators should first purchase the vineyards now lying there, the increase in the value of this land, when built upon, would compensate for the extra price to be paid for the present town land, and the site of Herculaneum would finally cost only its value as vineyard land. Such an enterprise could, of course, be successfully carried out only by means of an assessment made by the Italian government. We have, then, as the outlay required for the site of the buried city, estimating the land at its highest value, $369,300.

At Pompeii, it is found that, besides doing the requisite accessory work, one man does not remove quite two cubic metres of earth in a day. At this rate, it would require two thousand laborers to excavate Herculaneum in ten years. The cost of the *personale* needed to direct this large body of men would not exceed $30,000 a year. The income that would be derived from visitors, during these ten years, may safely be put down at what it actually is at Pompeii, $7000 a year.

Summing up these various items, it appears that the entire expense of excavating Herculaneum would be —

Removing the earth,	$2,742,800
" " lava,	187,500
Cost of the land,	369,300
" " " buildings,	460,000
" " superintendence,	300,000
	$4,059,600
Deduct income from visitors,	70,000
Total,	$3,989,600

or, in round numbers, four million dollars.

If the excavation of Pompeii goes on at the present rate, it will take over seventy years more to finish it, and, making no deduction for the income received from visitors, it will have cost little less than three million dollars. There is a marked disproportion between the number of the laborers and that of the overseers and officials employed there. On an average, there are only eighty-one of the former, while there are no less than fifty-five of the latter. It is not surprising, then, if the cost of superintendence amounts to seven ninths of that of the laborers and materials.

In return for the above outlay of four millions, we should have a city laid open to the light of day whose buildings, in partial ruin, while proclaiming aloud the great catastrophe which overwhelmed them, would speak no less eloquently to us of the period when they sheltered thousands of families and when the forum was daily thronged with busy life. Every detail of architecture and decoration, every public monument, every work of art or household object found, every inscription or chance scribbling on the walls, would throw some light on the political or religious customs of this people, or on their domestic life; and this light would be reflected on all general questions of the same kind. The income from visitors would much more than suffice to keep the recovered city in good order, and it would be handed down to posterity, a better text-book than any dictionary of antiquities, for the instruction of youth in the manners and customs of the ancients. With due care this precious heritage could be preserved for many centuries, unless, indeed, it should become, a second time, the victim of Vesuvius. For now, as in the days of Statius, —

> . . . "necdum lethale minari
> Cessat apex."

We should have also an immense number of mural paintings, mosaics, statues, and other works of art, as well as of utensils and implements, of the material value of which it would not be unreason-

able to say that, if sold to the highest bidders, they would yield enough to cover the entire cost of the excavation. But the Italian government would never allow such a disposition to be made of them, nor could any genuine lover of antiquity desire it. They would most properly be collected into one museum, and be kept in the country whose past history and customs they would so amply illustrate. Such being the destination of these objects, it would certainly seem best that the government should undertake their excavation. But unhappily, in the present unfortunate state of Italian finances, and at a time when so many important projects of reform are making urgent calls upon the public purse, it is useless to expect more to be given to archæological purposes than the pittance of $22,000 a year, the fund with which the Museum of Naples and the works at Pompeii are now carried on. If, however, enough foreign capital could be found to carry the enterprise through, there is no doubt that the Italian government would encourage and aid it, and would be willing afterwards to acquire the objects found, either by paying their market value or by bearing the expenses of the excavation.

The past of Italy embraced a civilization of which we are heirs in as great a degree as the Italians. When the sword of the northern barbarian overthrew the political power of Rome, the language, laws, and institutions of the empire won a no less signal victory over those of its conquerors. From this mutual conquest have sprung such intimate relations between the ancient and modern civilizations that we must be acquainted with the former before we can understand the development of the latter. Nothing, then, is without interest to us that can throw light upon Roman history or upon the institutions and the manners of the peoples under Roman sway. As Pompeii is likely to be one day thoroughly excavated, it may be thought that the possession of another ancient city would be of little importance. Regarded as a mere object of curiosity, the interest of Herculaneum would doubtless lose something by the fact of the existence of Pompeii. The careless traveler, remarking merely their similar features, would perhaps see in one only a repetition of the other; but the student, comparing the two cities, would detect their differences, and eliminating their peculiarities would arrive at broader and surer conceptions of the objects of his study.

Especially, the chance of finding books at Herculaneum is, as I have said previously, much greater than at Pompeii, because, in the first place, the former was the wealthier of the two cities and the residence of more men of culture; and in the second, its compact and deep covering has proved a better preserver of the buried objects than the loose and slight covering of Pompeii. In fact, nowhere else in the world have fragile and perishable articles of equal age been found in such good condition as at Herculaneum. Wood and all other vegetable substances buried there are, indeed, for the most part, blackened and completely carbonized, and such would be the condition of any books that might be discovered. But this carbonization, whether it is the effect of the heat of the material that first overwhelmed the city, which is the view of those who stand by the historical account of the catastrophe, or whether, as is the opinion of modern Italian geologists, it has resulted from those same agencies which have elsewhere converted the primeval forests into coal-beds, it has certainly merely modified and not by any means destroyed the texture of the articles it has affected. Such books as might be found would run no risk of being wantonly ruined by ignorant workmen, as very many were in the last century, but they would be carefully collected, and the delicate apparatus now at work in the Naples Museum unrolling the papyri would enable us to read them.

Any one conversant with ancient literature can call to mind many lost literary treasures, both in Greek and Latin, which were extant at the time of Herculaneum's overthrow, and some of which might reasonably be expected to be found there. What price could we not afford to pay

for the recovery of the poems of Sappho, "the pride of Hellas," "the tenth muse," whose lyrics were acknowledged by the ancients to be as perfect productions as the great epic of Homer! What light would be shed upon a hundred dark passages in Roman history if only the missing books of Tacitus or Livy could be found, or the works of the early Roman historians, or copies of certain laws and treaties, or the Annales Maximi, in which the Pontifex Maximus recorded annually the chief events of the year! We should have no inconsiderable prize if only a *fabula togata* should fall into our hands, or the works of Varro, or the orations of the Gracchi and their contemporaries.

Each of my readers may now, with the facts and figures that I have given before him, judge for himself whether the undertaking of excavating Herculaneum is worth the trouble and expense. Many even of those who view the enterprise most favorably will doubtless think it unfit for foreign capital to embark in, and decide that the project must await, for its execution, the return of financial prosperity to Italy. There is, however, one most important preliminary step that might be taken at once and is within the compass of moderate means, and I would suggest it to certain enterprising newspaper proprietors, who may be looking about for new fields of archæological exploration. I mean the determination of the exact limits of Herculaneum. This could be effected at a cost of from five to ten thousand dollars, by means of an under-ground passage starting from the part already excavated, following one of the main streets to a gate, and thence making the circuit of the walls.

Volcanic eruptions are among the most interesting and instructive of natural phenomena, and not the least remarkable of their minor functions is that of preserving intact to later ages the perishable monuments of the human race. The fertility of the soil around volcanoes attracts a numerous population; the suddenness of an eruption compels the people to abandon their homes and leave everything behind; the immense quantity of matter ejected covers the buildings and their contents, and effectually prevents their recovery by their owners; finally, the earthy shroud that envelops these objects gradually hardens, and secures them against the ravages of time. Together with Herculaneum and Pompeii, the town of Stabiæ and several villages were covered by Vesuvius, and it is not improbable that, far beneath the level on which those places stood, there are imbedded in the soil the dwellings and other monuments of earlier races, overwhelmed by previous eruptions.

Robert A. McLeod.

ANTICIPATION.

SLANTING across the fields of snow,
The westering sun makes haste to go;
This day, I know, is tried and sweet,
To-morrow tires my lagging feet.

With many a pause of happy rest
I 've journeyed with To-Day, my guest;
His stranger brother cannot be,
Methinks, as goodly company, —

Holding in his mysterious hand
Gifts that will bless or blight my land!
Tarry yet longer, fair To-Day,
That boding step an hour delay.

What songs have told my spirit's cheer,
What sunlight warmed the glowing year,
What dear companions round me hung,
While life, and love, and hope were young!

These with to-morrow fade apace,
Like bloom from a belovèd face;
And trusting half, yet half with dread,
I question, "What shall be instead?"

The sun drops deeper, night is chill;
The oracles I seek are still;
Yon herald star which glitters low
Seems beckoning on the way I go.

To-morrow? Ah, that door doth ope
A new celestial path to Hope.
More than I ask or dream must be,
In God's to-morrow kept for me!

WASHINGTON SOCIETY.

AMERICA is the country of artificial capitals. With the exception of Boston and New Orleans there are hardly any large cities in the United States in which the head-quarters of trade and wealth and the head-quarters of politics are united. It would be curious to trace the connection between this fact — which has no parallel in the countries most like our own in civilization and manners — and our political institutions. It is probably a natural result of a new society in which universal suffrage prevails. As each new State has been peopled and organized, it has been necessary to fix on some point for the meeting of the legislature and the transaction of the business of the various offices of the government. In an unsettled State, the particular point selected seems at first of little consequence. But in many of them, as population has increased and business developed, the place so selected has lost its importance and dwindled from a town of the first order to complete insignificance. Meanwhile, other interests have sprung up elsewhere; new towns and cities have forced themselves on public attention, and the "shriek of locality" is heard in each. If the capital of the State is to be changed, the change requires a majority vote; and how can that majority be obtained in favor of any one place, when each one of half a dozen places pretends to equal claims? Hence, it becomes easier to silence all of them at once by retaining the existing capital than by moving. In other countries,

where governments have not been organized in advance of society, but have grown up gradually, they have naturally centred where the other social forces, wealth and intelligence, have made their strongest appearance. It can hardly be doubted that if it were possible in the United States to revert to this older natural system, it would be better for us. The complication and intricacy of our politics, great as they are in any case, are heightened by the continual multiplication of artificial capitals, distant very often from the real centres of social growth, and consequently beyond the reach of the best social influences. If the capital of the State of New York were to be "located" now, no sane man can doubt that, wherever it might be placed, it would not be at Albany, — a small town, not only removed by a long distance from the commercial and social capital of the State, but shorn of all its importance by the growth of that capital. The latter and its suburbs contain nearly half the population and more than half of the wealth in the whole State, and three quarters of the work of the legislature directly concerns this enormous population and wealth. Were the work done in the city itself, there would be some chance that the influence of the best and most public-spirited classes might be brought to bear upon it, and that the public might be spared the annual farce of the debates over the "charter," an instrument which historically signifies a grant of corporate powers, but in New York means usually their withdrawal or nullification.

The great artificial capital of the country is Washington, and a more artificial one could not well be imagined. Without trade, or commerce, or manufactures, or even that great desideratum of American existence, a "live" newspaper, it has been built up simply by the continual expansion of the government and the steady increase of the office-holding class. Without its political population Washington would cease to exist. There have been, within the past few years, distant mutterings of attacks upon it. The centre of population is now in the West, and the capital ought to be where population is. Why it should be is not explained, but the explanation is easy. The question is to be determined, as in every other case, by numbers; and if it is more convenient for the majority to have congress and the supreme court and the departments and the White House in St. Louis, it will certainly have them there. That it is for the best interests of the country that the position of the capital should not be solely determined by the drift of population makes no difference. But there will always be the difficulty in the way to which we have alluded; to abandon Washington requires a union upon some other spot, and this implies much local shrieking and heart-burning, which is most likely to end in inaction. It seems probable, therefore, that Washington is destined to remain for an indefinite time the capital of the country; and as long as this is so it will stand at the head of the artificial capitals of the world. It may be interesting to glance at a few of the features of life in such a place. And let us premise that we do not mean to enter into any deep sociological inquiries, but to glance at the lighter and less serious side of life as it exists there.

Society, then, in Washington strikes different people in different ways. It is usually spoken of in warm terms for its "simplicity," and yet externally simplicity is the last epithet one would think of applying to it. To a stranger its machinery is as artificial as the society of which it is the product. The great central fact of social life in Washington is what are known as "receptions." This of itself is a peculiar and novel thing, for nowhere else (in this country, certainly) is this form of entertainment the pivot on which society turns. But in Washington, if receptions were left out, though there might be a great many pleasant dinners and parties, society as it exists would come to an end. In the first place, there is a regular day on which the president receives; another on which the members of the cabinet receive; another when the senators are at home; another for the judges; and though the house of

representatives is too numerous and democratic a body to have a day reserved for it, there are certain members of it who have their "days" also. Besides this, the residents of the city have their days, and as many of them in the same street are apt to fix on the same day, a new complication arises in the fact that there are also "H Street" days, "I Street" days, and so on through the alphabet. It should not be forgotten, either, that members of the diplomatic corps have days of their own, which are not related in any visible or intelligible way to any other people's days.

Receptions consist invariably of the same sort of entertainment the world over, — you go in at one door and out at another; and as during the greater part of the time in the short Washington season receptions are going on in every quarter, the general effect, on a winter's afternoon, is that of a city in which everybody is making a hurried examination of his fellow-citizens' houses, with a view to purchasing or hiring for a term of years. It is impossible for the least curious stranger not to speculate on the probable causes of this phenomenon, and of course the first that suggests itself is the comparative cheapness of this form of social entertainment. Economical heads of families have long recognized the fact that the "kettle-drum" (which is simply a modified form of reception, after all) has great advantages for those who wish to entertain without wasting their substance; and this, without any reflection upon the hospitality of the place (which is unbounded), is the desire of the prudent householder in Washington. Considering the subject in all its bearings, he sees that while balls and dinners are good in their way, there is nothing which goes farther and covers more ground than a reception. It may unquestionably be said that for a given amount of money any family which wants to have a couple of months' society in the winter can have more of it, and on the whole of a better kind, in Washington than it can anywhere else in the country. In the United States, with our constantly fluctuating incomes and our lavish and ostentatious habits, we have not yet given much thought to the subject of living with the greatest possible amount of comfort and taste on a given sum of money; but every year the class of persons living on fixed incomes increases, and as the country becomes more and more like other countries, no doubt we shall become as expert in this matter as our enlightened cousins on the other side of the Atlantic; and with the cultivation of this interesting branch of humane knowledge, Washington will probably become a more and more attractive winter capital. The development of luxury and extravagance as they have been developed in commercial capitals like London or New York is in Washington out of the question, from the very circumstances of the case. Of the hundred and odd thousand people who make up the population of the city, three quarters are dependent, directly or indirectly, for their livelihood on the government, and, roughly speaking, society is made up of salaried people and their families. Now, as the highest salary, after the president, paid to anybody connected with the government is ten thousand dollars, and by far the greater part of the salaries are not a quarter of that, it is obvious that the scale of living must be fixed on an entirely different level from that in capitals where incomes of ten thousand dollars are not noticed, and incomes of thirty thousand dollars common. Hence, lavish display in Washington is not merely a needless waste of money; it is in a measure resented as inviting odious comparisons.

Every now and then the newspapers in New York are filled with accounts of some tremendous *fête* or entertainment, given by a *nouveau riche* (or rather they used to be, when there were more *nouveaux riches* and fewer *nouveaux pauvres* than now) to get himself into society. For some reason or other it is the fashion for the society which is about to admit him in consideration of his effort to hold up its hands in horror over the extravagance which insures its success. But he knows very well what he is about. It is an investment of money from which

he expects and gets solid returns. In a modern commercial capital, owing to the general scale of living, the amount required in the way of an initiation fee is very large. In Washington it is very small. In fact, it may be said hardly to exist. There is only one species of extravagance which is common, and that is expenditure for purposes of locomotion. Because of the great distances, everybody rides. But it would be imprudent to assume that the multitude of carriages which throng the streets, in a way to suggest a city of at least the pretensions of New York, are the property of the persons who ride in them. Fortunately, it is not necessary for everybody who wishes to ride to own his carriage, — though what arrangement it is possible to make for an economical renting of a vehicle and coachman is a matter belonging to the arcana of social life into which it is best not to penetrate here. Suffice it to sum up the whole matter by saying that there are for the prudent householder who wishes to invest a certain sum of money in the pleasures of a winter at Washington, the pursuit of political knowledge, and an admission to that world-wide masonic order known in Washington, as elsewhere, as "good society," four requisites: he must have a roof over his head, and in Washington a stated sum of money will give a family more extensive and better shelter than in other places; his wife must have "receptions" once a week, at which, if he follows the customs of the place, there will be provided for the guests, not champagne, vulgarized by its association with disorderly wealth, gambling, and waste, but a beverage of the simplest character, endeared to the whole human race by a thousand memories treasured in song and story, — in other words, punch; in the third place, he must have servants and breakfasts and dinners, which are all neither more nor less expensive than they are in other places; and lastly, he must have, or appear to have, a carriage.

Such being the conditions of life in Washington, what are the best means of leading it in the most intelligent and enlightened way? This is a question which will be answered differently by different people: it is no more possible to lay down unalterable rules for the conduct of life in this or any other place than it is for the game of whist. But to get the most the life is capable of affording, there can be little doubt that the true theory (as well as the established practice) points to the combination of society with politics. Indeed, the combination is already made, and to sever the two would be a matter of difficulty. Washington is in fact the only capital in the United States in which society is made up and managed — to a great extent — by political people. In New York, and almost all the larger cities which are in any sense centres of wealth, every one knows that the divorce between the two, effected by the causes to which we a little while ago adverted, is complete. The place is naturally a social head-quarters. Not being also a political head-quarters, its politics are petty, local, and degraded. The social and political classes are as distinct as if they inhabited different places, communicating, perhaps, by a railway at the distance of a day's journey. You *may* see members of the political class in good society, and you *may* see members of the latter class in municipal politics; but you do not expect it, and your first sensation in either case is simply one of surprised amusement. Of course, the first impulse of every right-minded American on meeting a statement of this kind is to exclaim at once, "But this ought not to be so. This evil ought to be remedied by the members of the class which you call good society, that is, people of wealth, position, and education, etc. These people should not allow politics to remain in the hands of what you call the 'political class,' that is, the demagogic or unprincipled, shifty, ignorant, and venal leaders of the mob. Let gentlemen attend to their political duties, go to primaries, caucuses, and conventions, and lift politics to a higher level." But this is beside the point. In considering Washington life we assume the attitude of neither moralists nor reformers,

but simply that of unaffected votaries of social enjoyment; and if you will only admit the fact that in ordinary American city life politics and society are completely divorced, and that it is a great evil, you shall reform it either by getting gentlemen to go to ward meetings, or by getting politicians to stay away from them, or by bestowing prizes for distinguished political virtue, or in any other way you please. First, admit the fact and all its deplorable consequences. These are twofold: first, its effect on politics; and second, its effect on society. How and in what direction politics have been affected may be best tested by comparing the tone of the political class as it exists to-day with the tone of the governing class a hundred years ago, while suffrage was still restricted to owners of property, and the political class was consequently representative of property, intelligence, taste, cultivation, and therefore incidentally made up society. It is, however, the effect of the change on society that is of most significance to us. This change may be put in a single word: it has emasculated society; it has deprived society of its best motive for existence, and robbed it of the common ground on which it could meet other human interests. Nothing could better illustrate the nature of the slough in which we wallow than the fact that what was formerly regarded as one of the noblest of ambitions, an ambition to be cultivated for the common good, — that of a public career, — has now become a doubtful if not disreputable calling, and the man who attempts it in good faith, and serves his country well in it, is sooner or later branded as an "office-seeker." Not having politics any longer open to them, people of wealth and leisure and culture fall back on society. But a society made up of people who are practically members of a proscribed class is very different from a society which is made up of members of a governing class. It rapidly loses sight of all general interests, gradually loses its political traditions, learns to look upon politics as an unclean thing, concentrates its attention upon the petty gossip and scandal of its own life, upon matters of form rather than substance, and ends in weakness, frivolity, and inanity. This danger of society is peculiar to our country. In every other country, of whatever form of government, the people who make up what is called society are the same people as those most closely connected with the government, and consequently society has in its keeping all the great interests which are bound up in governments. It is made to think, and to think intelligently, of affairs of state, of the general condition of the world, of the motives which influence the march of public events, and of course it talks about what it thinks about. It has solid public interests.

The difference is shown in the minutest details.

One striking effect of the divorce between politics and society has been the withdrawal of the old and mature people, who really have a solid and wide interest in public affairs, from all participation in it. People in the full maturity of their powers are not naturally unsociable. They enjoy meeting their friends and acquaintance no less and perhaps more than do younger persons. But with society as it commonly exists in this country they have now little or nothing in common. Accordingly, they have gradually withdrawn from it, and turned it over for the most part to boys just out of college and girls just out of frocks, who in their turn leave it, after two or three years of rather rapid enjoyment, to other boys and girls. A generation or so ago, elderly men and women were always to be seen in society; now it is rather dangerous to the reputation of a man much over forty to be seen going about in society, — and justly so. Without taking the late Mr. Mill's view of society, that it is every one's duty to resolve never to enter without improving it, and looking upon it simply as a means to an end, and that end enjoyment, it is almost melancholy to compare society in this degraded condition with society in the form it is perfectly capable of being made to take; to compare it as it exists in the commercial

capital of the country with a society — not by any means an ideal society — made up of grown men and women engaged in liberalizing pursuits, and whose very jealousies and rivalries and gossip borrow a dignity from the largeness of their possible effects.

The peculiarity of Washington is that in it society and politics are not divorced; the same class which is engaged in the world of government makes up to a great extent the substance of society. The affairs which concern one concern the other also. The great attractiveness which this gives to life there can be easily imagined. Conversation is not confined to a number of hackneyed subjects, in which there is a conventional assumption of general interest, entirely unfounded in fact, but is forced into channels of real importance. The general facts of politics, the game of parties, the character of leading men, their motives, purposes, and strong and weak points, are not, as elsewhere, matters of infrequent and rather remote speculation, but of common knowledge and discussion. The members of the cabinet, and the chief senators and representatives, and the judges of the supreme court are not mere names, but actual, living, moving and breathing men; men possessed of power, and using it; men loved, honored, respected, feared, hated, detested.

It is here that the half dozen men who really control the two great political machines direct the movements which ruin the hopes of one candidate for office or seal with success the efforts of another. It is here, too, that the great commercial interests of the country are protected or assaulted by legislation; and it is here that the private wires are pulled which affect such legislation. It is here that all the sinister assaults and all the public movements which affect the destiny of a great nation centre, and the contending forces of good and evil work out the result which produces general misery or general happiness. One to whom such a perpetual drama, with all its exits, entrances, scene-shifting, "effects," and *dénoûments*, is no cause of concern or entertainment must be either very much above or very much below the level of ordinary human sympathy.

Of course, in the present condition of politics, its introduction into society is not an unmixed blessing. To have a society in which perfect ease and comfort prevail it is necessary that the classes which compose it shall be nearly on a level; shall have the same general ideas, tastes, prejudices, likes, and dislikes. It cannot be said that these prevail at Washington. Its society is compounded of elements more heterogeneous than any other in the country. Not that the life depicted in The Mighty Dollar or The Gilded Age is a true delineation of it; but there is something in it which furnishes a basis for such burlesques. It must be confessed that the developments and exposures of the last few years have brought to light in the United States what it is not unfair to call a close connection between politics and crime. Every one recognizes this in the large cities, but it cannot exist in New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago without showing itself also in Washington; and while in other cities the divorce between politics and society enables the latter to protect itself from the invasion of the criminal or suspected classes, this invasion is rendered easier in Washington by the very union which we have mentioned of politics (including its criminal branches) with society. It is difficult to go into the details of this part of our subject as they deserve without making allusions to persons, living or dead, in jail or out of it, which might be painful. Everybody has been amused at Tweed's reply to the question addressed to him at his entrance into prison as to his occupation, when he declared himself to be a "statesman." Since then, however, several statesmen at Washington have found themselves uncomfortably near being compelled to give a similar reply in equally unpleasant surroundings. There are certain sorts of sins to which society is lenient, others to which it can never afford to be. That a man has killed another in a duel is, socially, nothing against him, and in fact may be a positive recommendation; but forgery,

obtaining money under false pretenses, embezzlement, perjury, and breach of trust are offenses which necessarily prevent the perpetrators of them from being pleasant company. Good society is made up on the assumption that its members do not commit these crimes. But in politics the commission of them is by no means uncommon. Many a leading statesman of both parties has made his way to high station by their aid, and consequently the exposure of the means by which he has risen places society in a very embarrassing position. Shall he be discarded on account of the exposure, or retained on account of his success? The question is said to have been solved with great discretion, last winter, by a lady who was thoroughly at home in Washington society, in the case of an eminent man, formerly a bright social ornament, but then unfortunately lying in jail on a charge of defrauding the government. This lady observed that whatever others might do, for her part she "drew the line at a felon."

It is proper to allude to one or two customs of the place which may be considered to illustrate the "simplicity" of the society, or the reverse. The rule in Washington is that all strangers pay visits first, — a rule which, like most social rules, is observed with strictness by foreigners, and with considerable laxity by natives. Not only this, but it is to a certain extent *de rigueur* for all the Washington magnates to return visits (by leaving a card) on all persons, known or unknown, who call on them. For instance, if the wife of the smallest tradesman in Washington takes it into her head that she would like to have the acquaintance of the wife of the secretary of state, all that is necessary for her to do is, after securing some passable costume (dressing in Washington need not be what it must in Paris or New York), to present herself on the regular "day" at the secretary's house. She will be admitted, will pay her respects, and the next day she will have the satisfaction of having left at her own door by the official footman a card bearing the official inscription, "The Secretary of State." Now, this tends to great complication rather than to simplicity, and if it could be given up would make life for the wives of high officials more endurable. An attempt was made during the last administration to break it up, but, like one or two other more serious reforms undertaken at that time, the attempt failed. The existence of such a custom tends to make society altogether too easy of entrance, and to foist upon it gradually many characters whom, if left to itself, it would not recognize. It exists nowhere but in Washington, and would not be tolerated for a moment anywhere else. It is, of course, regarded by everybody as very "democratic," and so it is; but it must be confessed that when democratic principles are carried so far as to permit strangers to force their acquaintance upon people who do not care for it, it is risking a good deal for the sake of political consistency. The custom is like that fabled to prevail along the Western frontier, which entitled any member of the community to force a stranger to drink with him or be shot. No such custom could prevail in a society which aimed at being "exclusive," and if a fault may be found with society in Washington, it is that of not being exclusive enough.

All this merely gives an inadequate and perhaps an erroneous impression of life in our artificial capital. To put the whole thing in two words, society in Washington is, certainly for a stranger, the most agreeable in the country. It is hospitable and it is interesting. A small place in itself, it is given, by being the political head-quarters of the country, a dignity which no other place of the size can dream of: it attracts to itself during the winter a large number of the people best worth seeing, — not merely natives, but foreigners as well; its artificialities and rules have just that degree of flexibility which most social laws have in America; and it is conspicuous for a good taste which has banished the display and ostentation that has elsewhere become a national reproach.

PORTUGAL AND THE PORTUGUESE.

II.

After Lisbon, Oporto is the most important place in Portugal, with a population of about ninety thousand, or nearly half that of the capital. It lies on the north bank of the Douro, near the mouth, in the province of Minho e Douro. This noble river, which for nearly five hundred miles winds a narrow, tortuous course through tremendous gorges and over dangerous rapids, separates the province of Beira from the two northernmost departments of the Minho and Tras os Montes. Port wine, *par excellence*, is all made in the district of the Alto Douro, in the southern part of Tras os Montes, along the banks of the Douro, down which the wine is eventually brought in boats to Oporto. The average yield is fifty thousand pipes, of which thirty-five thousand are exported to England, and the business is entirely controlled by the English. Old port in Oporto is something similar to nectar of the gods; few are the privileged mortals who ever taste anything equal to it beyond the confines of Portugal. To be really worth drinking, it must mellow at least ten or twelve years in the dark lodges or vaults at Gaia, opposite Oporto, where immense quantities of this "liquid sunshine" are stored. As it grows old it assumes a tint suggesting alternately ruby and molten gold, as the light happens to strike it. Many other wines, more or less good, bad, or indifferent, — collares, barcellos, tinta, vinho verde, and others, — are made in Portugal, but are chiefly for home consumption. Collares is a superior table wine, but loses its virtue when over four or five years old.

Oporto also exports to England ten thousand cattle annually, of the fine fawn-colored sort, with enormous horns, peculiar to the Minho district; and vast quantities of cork are shipped from this port. The imports are considerable, and the trade of the place is constantly growing. But no port of such importance was ever so lacking in a good harbor. In the course of ages a spit has been formed athwart the mouth of the river, which is but four miles from the city. The entrance is, therefore, barely two hundred and fifty yards, and across this lies a bar which has broken the back of many a good ship. Sometimes vessels wait five weeks for a chance to pass, and only those of moderate size can get over. Having crossed it twice, the writer can speak of its dangers from personal observation. Not a year goes by without the destruction of some ship on that bar, often with much loss of life. The river is also subject, during the winter and spring, to sudden freshets which rise forty feet and sweep vessels in the harbor from their moorings. The situation of Oporto, however, is superb, at the opening of a gorge, on an acclivity excessively steep and high, and so divided by a ravine as to offer some very effective massing of light and shade with delicate tints at sunrise and sunset. There is nearly the same lack of spires as at Lisbon, but the want is partially obviated by the magnificent tower of the Eggrego dos Clerigos, on the highest point of the southern portion of the city, sustaining its gilded cross nearly six hundred feet above the river. On the abrupt, pinnacle-like hill at the northern end of the city the towers of the cathedral and the bishop's palace, although in themselves not remarkable, contribute by their position to that general effect which makes Oporto from a distance one of the finest cities in Europe. The city, of great antiquity, has suffered to such a degree from earthquakes and wars that the greater part of it is now comparatively new; many of the streets are wide, though very steep, and the houses well built and exceedingly neat with their facing of *azulejos* or glazed figured tiles. The place has a much more thrifty air than Lisbon; the people are active, gen-

erally good-looking, and inclined to express discontent by revolts. Strangers will be struck with the elegant equipages common here as well as at Lisbon, and with the reckless speed with which they are driven down the steepest slopes. Another feature peculiar to Oporto, and worthy of imitation elsewhere, is the place where fresh milk is sold. It is a neat stable, into which the cows are driven each morning. In front is a counter, and when a customer requires a quart of milk it is drawn before his eyes; adulteration is avoided, while the condition of the cows shows that the quality of the milk must also be pure.

At Oporto I took the diligence for Braga and a trip through portions of the Minho district, which has the reputation of offering some of the most beautiful landscapes in Europe. I was not disappointed in what I saw. The diligence started at nine, and was drawn by six horses, three abreast, the common mode of harnessing horses in Portugal. As usual, the luggage and eight passengers were on the top. We started at full gallop, going at a rapid rate up the long slope leading out of the city. Crossing the Leço we came to Villanova, changed horses, and reached Braga towards night. The country increased in beauty with each mile, giving everywhere evidence of high culture. Vines were trained on trees as well as on trellises, adding luxuriance to the verdure; the villages were always neat and thrifty, and new houses were going up everywhere in the Minho, sufficient proof of the growing prosperity of the country. The landscape was very broken and the road was rarely level, sometimes winding up a long, steep ascent. Mountain ranges were to be seen on every side. Braga lies on a hill in the centre of a noble valley; its battlements and towers were visible a long distance, through embowering foliage, before we finally dashed up its narrow streets at a furious rate, amid a lively tarantara from the bugle of the postilion and a continuous volley from the long whip of our coachman. Every diligence driver in Portugal carries two whips, a short one for the wheel-horses, a heavy and fearful weapon, and a long lash for the leaders, which the driver cracks in a manner that may be ranked with the fine arts. Braga is a city of great antiquity, numbering sixteen thousand inhabitants. It was founded by the Romans 296 B. C., afterwards became the capital of the Suevi, and later an important place in the early history of Portugal. The archbishop of Braga disputes the primacy of the Spains with the archbishop of Toledo, and the claim is indicated by a cross with triple bars wherever a cross can be planted, besides weather-vanes on every spire, representing cherubs holding mitres, keys, crosiers, and the like; but as most of them have lost their gilding and are black with rust, they as often look like imps as like angels. The cathedral has a beautiful flamboyant porch with triple arch, and the exterior of the choir or apse is also highly ornate and elegant; but the interior has been improved and restored out of all character with the original. Braga is full of choice bits of antiquity: here an old tower, and there a mullioned window or quaint chapel. But the glory of the place is in its situation. One may allow his steps to wander at random in any direction and he will discover some beautiful prospect or idyllic nook. The chapel of St. John, in a vale near a brook spanned by two arched bridges close at hand, shaded by lime and cork trees, and musical with the singing of nightingales, or of girls washing their clothes, is a lovely spot morning and evening. Nostra Señora de Guadaloupe is situated in the midst of an inclosure on a knoll shaded by olive and cypress trees and stone-pines. The view in every direction is enchanting.

Two miles from Braga, on the summit of an eminence some eight hundred feet above the plain, is the church of Bom Jesus, one of the most beautiful and curious resorts in the kingdom. It is a pilgrimage shrine, and is reached by an excellent zigzag road densely shaded. But the devout pilgrim will prefer to climb the steep ascent by the elaborate stairway, that leads directly to the sacred spot and is provided at the land-

ings with chapels. These chapels are sixteen in number, square, with conical roof, and have a grating through which is visible in each a group of life-size figures representing some scene from the life of the Saviour. These groups are colored, and are, in some cases, not without merit. Near the summit the hill on each side the stair-way is most elaborately terraced and planted with flowers and cedars. The terrace expands to a semicircular platform before the church, and is surrounded by marble statues of the more noted characters who took part in the world's great tragedy. The church is of considerable size and has little pretension to beauty, but is, on the other hand, free from the vulgar tinsel work which cheapens so many Roman Catholic churches in Portugal and Southern Europe. The prospect from this terrace is one of the most beautiful in Portugal, at once lovely and sublime, commanding the silver line of the ocean, the verdure and the glory of the Minho valleys, and the grandeur of the sharply-formed and purple-hued pinnacles of the Gerez. Under the lime and plane trees adjoining is the place where pilgrims bake their bread in rude ovens in the open air. The hotel of Boa Vista, the best I met outside of the capital, is a stone's throw from the church. The spot affords many pleasing walks, and may be recommended to tourists or invalids as well as to pilgrims. I like the idea of the place better than that of most religious resorts, because no saint, mythical or otherwise, is obtruded; the shrine is dedicated to the founder of the Christian religion, and to him alone, and is more Christian than any Roman Catholic church I have seen elsewhere.

From Braga I went to Ponte do Lima, twenty-five miles distant, by way of Ponte Prado, a pretty village and bridge on the Cavado, where the Miguelites were defeated in 1826 after a severe battle. The ride, after crossing the ridge on the descent to the Lima, is of extraordinary beauty. Ponte do Lima itself is a town of two thousand inhabitants, full of the remains of antiquity, and abounding in shady, rustic lanes. The river is crossed by an ancient and picturesque bridge of twenty-four arches. The Lima was reputed by some to be the Lethe of mythology, for which reason Lucius Brutus had great difficulty in persuading his army to cross. Many Portuguese poets have celebrated the charms of the Lima. Indeed, this spot is considered the most beautiful in Portugal. As my expectations were great, the quiet character of the landscape at first failed wholly to realize my anticipations. There is nothing about it to make a vivid impression at a glance. But the longer I gazed the more my rapture grew, until I was able to see that it is not on any one feature that Ponte do Lima depends for the subtle influence it weaves over the soul, but on a happy combination of mountain, grove, and river, hoary bridge and ivied battlement, in a harmonious whole. As one looks from the bridge, on either side a picture is presented so calm, so beautiful, so majestic, so satisfying, that it seems impossible for the highest art to add to the felicitous arrangement.

I returned to Braga by way of Ponte Novo and Palmiera. The *vendas* or wayside pot-houses, and the *estalagems* or inns are always known by a bush hung over the door in the Minho e Douro, and generally through Portugal; hence the proverb, "Good wine needs no bush." The road was often blocked with ox-carts of the most primitive character, consisting of two solid wheels and a round axle, the whole turning; the cart rests in a groove on the axle, and is kept in place merely by its own weight. Nothing simpler could be devised. The cart is drawn by a band of hide attached to the horns of the oxen, sometimes to their foreheads. The yoke, which plays quite a subordinate part, is often over a foot broad, of oak elaborately carved, and hung with tassels. Some of these yokes are very old, dating even four centuries back. The enormous horns of the oxen give a very picturesque effect to one of these rustic turn-outs, although nothing quite so foolish ever was seen as the expression of young bullocks with their prodigious appendages. The carts

of Portugal are gifted with an almost incredible power of sound. This is kept in view in their construction. The sound is alternately a squeak and a groan long drawn out, and so loud that it may be heard nearly a mile on a quiet day. The chorus from a train of carts is deafening. The noise was devised, it is said, to frighten away the wolves, which are still abundant in the mountains. It is certainly hideous enough to accomplish the desired end, and would doubtless fill a legion of demons with unqualified dismay.

Four coaches started out of Braga at six A. M., sharp, for Guimaraens, from the street of San Marcos, — which, by the way, is quaint enough with its projecting stories and balconies, gaudy colors, and trumpet-like spouts. We went at a gallop much of the way, the drivers endeavoring to pass each other, although we had to climb and descend the Falaperra range. A sharp angle in the road suddenly disclosed Guimaraens, embosomed in foliage, on a gentle slope in a hollow of the mountains, and crowned by a mediæval castle. This place was the first capital of Portugal. Alfonso Henriques was born here, and built the castle, which is scarcely injured by "Time's effacing fingers." The stately keep, the pointed battlements common in the old fortresses of the country, all are there as of old. The palace first occupied by the sovereigns of Portugal is close to the castle, — a quadrangle in good preservation, in three sides of which troops are quartered. The streets of Guimaraens were the most quaint and picturesque I saw in Portugal, narrow, with projecting eaves and balconies, and marvelous water-spouts of many fantastic forms.

Having "done" Guimaraens, I took an outside passage for Oporto, *via* Santo Thyrso, one of the most charming and delicious little rural towns imaginable. From the summit of the high mountain which separates it from Oporto, a third of Portugal may be seen. The Minho and the Beira districts lie spread out as on a map, bounded by the Atlantic. In the extreme north rises Gaviarra or Outiro Major, the highest mountain in the kingdom, soaring eight thousand feet; in the south the rugged range of the Estrella which is nearly as lofty. We approached Oporto towards night, and the road was thronged with peasants returning home from market in holiday attire: the women in black felt hats over a red or blue handkerchief, often with a load on the head, and with massive ear-rings and breastpins — one might almost call them breast-plates — of the yellow filigree gold for which Oporto is famous; the men with red sashes, and thrumming a guitar. The coachman, a galliard blade, was able to guide his long team through the mingled masses of carts, unruly bullocks, unmanageable kids and pigs, and sparking swains and lasses, and at the same time find leisure to wind his whip within half a hair of the eyes of some gaping urchin, or drop a bit of honeyed flattery into the ear of some giggling damsel, or fling jokes or epithets, sometimes of the broadest character, at this or that swaggering gallant. On reaching the barrier our baggage was examined, the invariable rule in Portugal. The contents of the tin chest of one of our passengers excited considerable mirth. An orange, a pair of slippers, a night-cap, and a brandy bottle only served to display the emptiness of a large trunk. As he was "a lean and slippered pantaloon," with red nose and eyes, who had been drinking all the way, the empty bottle evoked almost as much laughter as if it had been full.

Returning from Oporto to Pombal by rail, I took the coach for Leiria, three hours' ride, in the department of Estramadura, westward of the Tagus. The day after my arrival was a *festa*, and the praça exhibited a lively and characteristic spectacle. Early in the morning every road leading to the town was thronged with peasants on their way to the fair. Extensive rows of booths exhibited stuffs likely to tempt the rustic eye, ranged in masses of brilliant colors, scarlet, blue, green, and orange, with all the effect of flat tints; and homely as were the goods, the bazar of Leiria was gorgeous. Pottery was also arranged on

the ground, according to its color, outside the tents. The women were dressed in kirtles of black with broad blue border, or blue with scarlet or orange border; the bodice was gray, blue, or brilliant check; the head-dress was a scarlet handkerchief under the not unpleasing fringed, low-crowned black hat of the Portuguese peasantry. The men were girt with scarlet sashes, and wore pointed blue caps with tassels. The glossy raven hair and warm, brown complexion set off these costumes in a most effective manner. A multitude of horses, mules, and donkeys, the latter in a large majority, and fully aware of their consequence, added spirit to the scene with their various manœuvres and discordant braying. Three bears dancing to the beat of the rebec and the tambourine attracted a large crowd and contributed to the grotesque mirth of the occasion. At Leiria I took a carriage to visit the celebrated churches of Alcobaça and Batalha. No public conveyance accommodates the traveler who desires to visit these interesting spots. Tourists generally go from Lisbon to Carregado by rail, thence to Caldas da Reinhas by diligence, and there take a private conveyance to these places. But, whatever route be adopted, Alcobaça should be seen first. The points are but ten miles apart, separated by the battle field of Aljubarrota, where in 1385, around the village of that name, João I., at the head of nine thousand men, met and routed the Spanish army numbering thirty-five thousand. It is one of the most magnificent episodes in Portuguese history. The massive helmet worn by Dom João on that day is still preserved at Batalha.

Alcobaça is both church and convent, and was erected in the twelfth century. It was of the Cistercian order, and the monastery was the largest in Europe, numbering for a long time nearly a thousand inmates. The church is in the French style of Gothic. There is neither triforium nor clear-story; the aisles are the same height as the nave and very narrow, while the twelve piers supporting the nave are so lofty, simple, and yet majestic that the effect, as one looks down the aisles from the entrance, is in the highest degree impressive, notwithstanding the moderate size of the building. The choir and chapels surrounding it, as well as the façade and towers, have unfortunately been Italianized. In a chapel adjoining the south transept are the tombs of Dom Pedro and Iñez de Castro, but unless the visitor makes some effort he will not be permitted to get beyond the grating, so little does the sacristan understand the purposes which attract the traveler to this spot. The French sadly defaced parts of these monuments, but enough remains to gratify the most enthusiastic. The tombs are upheld by *couchant* human-faced lions, and, contrary to the usual custom, are placed foot to foot, by Dom Pedro's command, in order that when the trump of the archangel summons the dead to rise, the first person to meet his eyes shall be Iñez, his beloved queen. In richness of design and exquisiteness of workmanship these tombs rival the celebrated gates of Ghiberti, and are probably the finest mortuary monuments in Christendom. There is no reason to doubt that each effigy is a correct portrait. Although somewhat injured, the face of Iñez retains marks of great beauty; the countenance of the king is severe, yet noble, and suggestive of powerful emotions. By the side of each effigy are six angels with half-spread wings, in the act of raising the dead who slumber there when the archangel calls. Under six straight-sided arches on each side of the tomb of the queen are scenes from sacred history: at the head is the crucifixion, and in a circle at the foot, formed like a rose-window, is represented the great doom. The faces do not exceed three quarters of an inch in length, yet the rising of the dead, the rapture of the redeemed as they pass to the abodes of glory, the agony of the condemned as they descend to the abodes of woe, are all engraved on the stone with singular power. In the circular compartment at the head of the king is represented in twelve parts the history of Iñez de Castro, from the cradle to the grave. It is full of pathetic beauty. The convent is

now entirely abandoned. There are two cloisters: those in the Italian style are the only ones shown to the traveler, unless he insists on seeing the others, which are in the richest style of Gothic art. The garden they inclose is overgrown with weeds, a picturesque solitude.

From Alcobaça I went to Batalha. This building, unfortunately, stands on low ground. It was left in its present state by Dom Manoel, and is the work of Portuguese architects. Mattheus Fernandez, who designed the cloisters and Capella Imperfeita, lies buried inside the church, near the door; he was the last Gothic architect — I had almost said the last great architect — the world has seen, for certainly nothing to equal those two masterpieces has been erected since he died. Batalha combines two essential qualities rarely found united, simplicity of form with richness of detail. The building consists of five parts, each entirely distinct, and yet joined in a perfect whole: the church, which was first built; the Capella do Fundador; the great cloisters; the monastery and smaller cloisters north of the great cloisters; and the Capella de Dom Manoel, called generally Capella Imperfeita, because it is the only portion never finished. The church was completed in 1416: it is cruciform; the brevity of the chancel is almost its only apparent fault. The interior length is two hundred and sixty-six feet; the height is ninety feet. The pier-arches have an altitude of sixty-five feet. There are many cathedrals much larger; there are none more impressive. The Capella do Fundador is the chapel where Dom João and his descendants of the house of Aviz are buried. It is square, crowned by a central octagonal lantern resting on eight elegant piers. The key-stone of the vault is nobly embossed with the arms of Portugal supported by angels. Immediately under it is the tomb of Dom João I., the founder, and his consort Dona Philippa, surmounted by their effigies. Around the chapel are magnificent recessed and canopied tombs, of the same general design. The greater cloisters are entered by way of the sacristy and chapter-house. The vaulting of the latter is one of the most exquisite things of many that on every side fill one with rapture and amazement. The cloisters are one hundred and eighty feet square. Christendom can offer nothing to surpass the beauty of these or that of the Capella Imperfeita. It is a mockery to undertake to give in these brief pages any description of the two poems in which the imagination of one of the greatest poets of the ages has reveled at will. No two windows are the same: each suggests a different fancy, but in all is seen the armillary sphere, common in Portugal; the monials present a variety as boundless as the tracery, — voluted, checky, or filleted; here the fir cone, there wreaths of pine, or grotesque lizards winding under interweaving ivy or oak. At the northwest angle two bays project inward; the square net-work of carven stone incloses a fountain that once spouted silver rain. The subtle beauty, the astonishing wealth of imagination, the conscientiousness of the carving, defy description. The exterior of the building and every minutest detail are finished in the most complete manner, with that fidelity and truth which belong to true genius and indicate profound love for his art on the part of the artist. The Capella do Fundador was formerly surmounted by a spire, which was overthrown by the great earthquake. The spire at the northwest end, struck down by lightning, has been restored entirely like the original, as may be said of all the restorations at Batalha. The fine-grained limestone used in constructing the building has assumed a warm, golden hue, greatly adding to the magnificent effect of cloisters and rose-windows, statues and tombs, of carven battlements, buttresses, pinnacles, gargoyles, and finials, — all contributing harmoniously in turn an epic, a lyric, an elegy, and embodying in stone the poetical dreams of the poets of a great nation at the zenith of her glory.

Returning to Lisbon by way of Chao de Maças, I took a trip to Evora, in the Alemtejo, going by rail from Barreiro, directly opposite Lisbon, on the Tagus. For some distance the road lay by beau-

tiful clumps of stately stone-pines, and picturesque villages. Palmela, belonging to the dukes of that name, a town and castle on a site formerly occupied by the Moors, was visible for a long distance on the right, crowning a lofty eminence. But at Pegoes we entered the entirely flat, apparently limitless plains of Alemtejo, the largest province of Portugal, although the most thinly peopled. Long tracts were passed without a village or a house in sight; nothing but a slightly undulating waste, skirted in the dim distance by here and there a faint blue range of mountains. But these moors were covered with rank herbage, cistus, heath, and wild flowers; the prevailing tint was soft russet-gray, most satisfying to the eye, full of harmony and sentiment. Closer observation revealed numberless royal hues, wild flowers forming a mass resembling rich, dark Persian stuffs with vague patterns interwoven in a sort of poetic license, — fancy run wild in arabesques of silk. It is said the Alemtejo was, in former ages, a vast granary, yielding abundant crops of cereals. Such must have been the case to explain the existence in those remote times of places like Beja or Evora, now occupying positions isolated and otherwise almost inexplicable. Evora stands on a gentle eminence sloping to the plain like a cape extending into the ocean, its white walls partially concealed by the only foliage which is to be seen for many a mile. I saw no other place in Portugal that gave such numerous evidences of great age as Evora, which at present numbers some ten thousand inhabitants. The city already boasted a hoar antiquity when taken by Sertorius and made his headquarters, 80 B. C. He adorned it with many edifices, and a Roman tower attributed to him remains in good preservation in the heart of the city. A street and square are also named after Sertorius. Fourteen columns of the temple of Diana are standing in tolerable preservation near the cathedral, and have been divested of the unsightly rubble walls that in later ages marred their beauty. The temple, although small, was an elegant structure, after the best Roman art. An aqueduct, twelve hundred paces long, dates from the same period. At its termination, near the church of San Francisco, a tower stood until recently, which is said to have been of rare beauty, of the Ionic order. But within two or three years it has fallen, a shapeless mass of ruins. In the porch of the tower hall are some very graceful Doric columns, relics of an ancient, unknown building. On the face wall of the lower story some Latin and Arabic marbles, with inscriptions, are preserved, and one can hardly turn a corner without seeing a porch supported by a row of Roman columns, or some other fragment that has survived the wreck of ages. The small Roman pillars in the upper porch of Morgado Salema's house, placed there in 1816, are very elegant. The cloisters of the convent of Madre de Deos are composed of a considerable number of Doric pillars. The last three antiquities I have seen mentioned nowhere, and their existence, therefore, doubtless escapes the attention of most tourists. The cathedral is a very fine structure, imposing and elegant. It was erected in 1186, and is excellently preserved, having suffered but little from Italian restorations. The exterior of the church is also impressive and picturesque. The library of the archbishop's palace includes a gallery of paintings containing several small works by Rubens and other masters, and some by Morgado de Setubal, indicating talent and a close study of nature, but with no idea of composition and a Chinese disregard of perspective. The church of San Francisco, founded by João II., although not erring on the side of richness, is yet a pleasing edifice, in capital condition. The porch is simple and beautiful, somewhat after the Saracenic. A few small paintings, attributed to Gran Vasco, are shown here; they merit careful study. Adjoining the church is the charnel-house, — the only one of the sort now in existence, it is believed. It occupies a chapel sixty-six feet long. The piers and walls are completely covered with a coating of skulls and bones set in cement with a certain

attempt at grotesque designs. It is a ghastly place. It is worthy of mention that Evora contained twenty-five convents, fortunately all suppressed now. Close to the church of San Francisco is the beautiful public garden, surrounded on the exterior side by the old city walls. The palace of Dom Manoel is within the grounds, and is judiciously protected from the ravages of time. It seems to have been originally a pleasure-house of the Moors, and Dom Manoel, in altering and rebuilding, retained much of the first edifice. Although not comparable either in size or beauty with the better works of Saracenic and Portuguese architects, it is still very interesting and poetical, especially when the moon shines through the delicate Moorish arches, and throws a pale light over the pavement of the pavilions once trod by royalty and beauty.

Flying back to Lisbon at the frightful rate of twelve or fourteen miles per hour, I made an excursion to Cintra and Mafra. As these are within eighteen and thirty miles, respectively, from Lisbon, they are visited by all tourists who make a pretense of seeing anything in Portugal; they have been rendered famous for readers of English in the poetic prose of Beckford and the verse of Byron. But neither familiarity nor comparison can detract from their natural and artistic attractions. Cintra clusters around the needle-like pinnacles of a granitic range, which crops out for four or five miles and soars nearly three thousand feet above the sea. During the summer it is the resort of many wealthy families. The ancient palace of the kings of Portugal, originally a Moorish *serai*, stands in the centre of the town, on the edge of a natural terrace, which plunges abruptly to the plain below. It is a straggling structure of no external beauty, but remarkable for the two conical chimneys side by side, nearly one hundred feet high, resembling a huge opera-glass, and hollow throughout. The interior is an indescribable blending of the Portuguese and Saracenic orders, inextricably interwoven, — courts, fountains, horseshoe arches, arabesque and Gothic tracery, and terraced gardens. The Sala das Armas or Sala dos Cervos is a large hall built by Dom Manoel, who was an accurate herald: he caused the vaulted ceiling to be painted with stags in two concentric rows. From the head of each stag is suspended a shield bearing the arms of one of the seventy-four noble Portuguese families. To point to his arms in this hall is the highest armorial honor of which a Portuguese can boast. The escutcheon of the dukes of Aveiro and Tavora were effaced on account of their attempt to assassinate João V. Here is shown the chamber where Alfonso VI. was confined for eight years following his deposition. Also a marble pavilion perforated on all sides; without warning, water from innumerable secret ducts shoots forth in a dense shower. In the audience chamber of Dom Sebastian is the seat he occupied at the last audience he gave before his ill-starred expedition to Africa; the crown at that time fell from his head, an omen of fearful import. Magnificent avenues of ancient trees and sumptuous gardens hug the lower slopes of the crags, while at a dizzy height, hundreds of feet above the town, the turrets of the Moorish castle and the Penha convent are perched on the apex of pointed peaks. From the former a stone might be dropped nearly one thousand feet on the roofs below. The latter was originally a Jeronymite convent, grafted possibly on a Moorish ruin. Dom Fernando, the father of the king, is the present owner. He has made some changes and additions, and there is probably in Europe no palace more picturesquely and magnificently situated. The Saracenic is the prevailing style, with fine specimens of the Manoelite Gothic. Every crag and splinter of rock, every coigne of vantage, has been seized for a pavilion or a turret. The contrast between the flat plains of the Alemtejo and the rest of Portugal is especially noteworthy. The Tagus divides the two by an inflexible line; on the north, mountains; on the south, the Alemtejo stretching away till it is lost in the haze of the offing, purple and emerald-blue fading into impalpable gray, so much like the

ocean when seen from a great height that at first I took it for part of the Atlantic, which is here spread over near half the prospect commanded from the matchless heights of Cintra. Montserrat is another of the spots which every visitor to Cintra is expected to see. It was formerly the residence of Mr. Beckford. But little if any of the original building now remains. It is owned by an English gentleman, Mr. Cook, created Viscount Montserrat by the king of Portugal. The gardens are elaborately beautiful. The villa, although not very extensive, is of the most sumptuous character, and built of marble in the Saracenic style; the exquisite execution of its colonnades, porches, and door-ways, literally stone filigree, in the highest degree delicate and fanciful, indicates that the talent for stone-work displayed at Mafra and Batalha is not yet extinct in Portugal. Various other interesting objects are to be seen in and around Cintra, but it is a place to visit at leisure, and the diverting little donkeys, which are the usual mode of conveyance, enable one to look about as the mood for sauntering may seize him.

Mafra is visible from Cintra, flanked by the famous lines of Torres Vedras. There is a village of the same name, but when Mafra is mentioned the palace is generally understood. Palace, convent, and barracks are included in this vast pile, which was erected to gratify a pious whim of João V., the prodigal king at whose feet Brazil laid her riches only to be squandered on mistresses, and on palaces and churches erected where they could be of little use. He made a vow to change the poorest convent in the kingdom into the richest, if Heaven would grant him a son. The son arrived, and Mafra was built. The position is not such as might be selected in so beautiful a country as Portugal, but, excepting its distance from the capital, it is tolerable, overlooking the ocean two or three miles away, and the undulating verdure of Estremadura. Fabulous sums were expended in its construction. Forty thousand men were employed towards the close, hurrying it to completion. It forms a parallelogram seven hundred and seventy feet square, the palace occupying the entire front on each side of the church; the convent, with cells for three hundred and fifty monks, is in the centre, and the quarters for a battalion of guards in the lower story. A tower terminates each angle of the palace, and the two belfries of the church spring two hundred and fifty feet from the ground in the centre of the façade, flanked by the elegant dome of the transept. But the general effect of the exterior is disappointing, for the windows are closed with faded red shutters, and the remaining three sides of the building are very plain. However, the magnitude of the design grows on the imagination, and a survey of the whole plan from the roof is very impressive. The interior is entirely destitute of furniture, excepting one hall left exactly as in the days when the whole palace was furnished in the Louis Quatorze style. But there are two objects at Mafra that more than compensate for whatever disappointment one may feel on first seeing this enormous structure: these are the church and the chimes of bells in its towers. Ludovici, the architect, may be content to rest his fame on this church, which places him in the very first rank of Renaissance architects. It is of but moderate size, in the form of a cross, with a dome over the transept, and six collateral chapels. The entire interior is incrusted with colored marbles, cut and polished to the last degree. The dome can only be alluded to: its wreaths of white palm-branches encircling roses of red marble are superb. The lantern, which is one hundred and eighty-five feet from the floor, is roofed by a single block of marble. Every portion of the building, inside and out, from the pavement to the cross at the apex, will bear the closest inspection. No expense, no labor, was spared to bring it to perfection. I do not admire the Italian style of architecture; it seems cold and too purely intellectual. But it must be confessed that the beauty, the harmony, the majesty of the church at Mafra cannot fail to im-

press even those who are least in sympathy with the Renaissance. The chimes number one hundred and fourteen bells; they are exquisitely modulated, and are the finest in Europe. They were made in Holland, and cost a sum equal in our day to at least three millions of dollars.

In leaving Portugal, it may be worth while to say that Murray's Hand-Book is generally conscientious and correct, and gives considerable information about most of the objects and places of interest. But an occasional error may be found, and the tourist must always search about independently, and in this way he will often discover something not mentioned in the guide-book. Bradshaw cannot be recommended. Macedo's Guide to Lisbon, including Cintra and Mafra, is valuable, but some of its statements are weakened by the too evident Jesuitical bias of the author. The minute description of Mafra by Gomez is indispensable if one can read Portuguese. Unless the traveler can speak the language a little he should not undertake a trip through Portugal without an interpreter, as, of course, those who speak anything but Portuguese are to be met only casually, and their aid cannot be relied upon. Portugal should be visited in the spring.

S. G. W. Benjamin.

BENEATH HER WINDOW.

Maiden, down the moonlit vines
Let thy whisper softly creep,
Sweet as midnight's breath of pines,
Pure as lilies grouped asleep.
All the fervors of the deep
Yearn and falter in my soul;
The revealing, secret things,
Buried under Memphian wings,
Move me with a weird control.

All of dreamland hidden lies
In the rapture of thine eyes;
And what olden empires fret
Ceaseless chords of memory,
Or what happy ripples wet
Thy rich garments, by the sea,
In some cloudland, wide and free,
Is not whispered, is not said,
By the wise stars overhead.

Dost remember when the beech
Round thy perfect limbs did reach,
Ere thy days of human speech?
Ah! I doubt not Dian's kiss,
When the fair youth dreamed of bliss,
Just a flicker in the shade
Of your modest branches made;

And you heard the crimpled fern
In its mossy hollows turn,
As the goddess, half afraid,
Fled across the moony glade.
Wast thou queen of Plato's isle,
Lapt in summer's endless smile?
All the training of a queen
Lingers yet in step and mien;
And the graceful, tingling beech
Wavers in your airy speech;
And your motions, quickly, slowly,
Are the woodland naiad's wholly.

Maiden of unwhispered lore,
Hast thou never loved before?
Did no former ages fold
Lover's kiss and rapture bold?
Then you have not sounded clearly
All the age's essence nearly.
Yet thou seem'st a simple woman,
Warm and mortal, bright and human;
Let a dewy rosebud slide,
And the starlit night divide,
Then my soul will understand
You forget the cloudy land,
And your olden spells resign
For the sake of love divine.

Charles H. Shinn.

MODERN SHOEMAKING.

Few persons know that the shoe and leather interest of the United States is next in value and importance to the agricultural, largely exceeding the iron, coal, woolen, or even cotton interests. The annual sales of shoes and leather approach two hundred and fifty millions of dollars. The production of shoes is chiefly centred in New England, Massachusetts having three quarters of the trade; and were it not for this industry, the State would have lost much of her trade, and the last twenty years would have seen New England distanced in the commercial race by the West.

Until twenty years ago, the entire work of manufacturing shoes was done by hand. Since then, machinery has superseded hand labor in almost every manipulation. The shoe manufacturer used to buy his stock, cut it up, and fit it in his own factory, and then send it out, a few cases here and there, to men who did the greater part of the work in groups of six or eight, or often in the family circle, and returned the finished article ready for sale. But to-day the whole work is assembled under one roof, where are conducted all the numerous processes which convert the rough hide into the salable shoe.

Some of the most notable inventions

of the day are in machines for manufacturing shoes. Many millions of money have been spent in devising new means of cheapening their production. Comparatively few of the ingenious men whose toil has lain in this direction have benefited themselves, but the public has reaped the harvest. Taking the value of money to-day and twenty years ago, and allowing that much fancy work is now put on shoes that has nothing to do with their wearing qualities, we shall find that by means of inventions in tanning, leather dressing, and shoe machinery at least forty per cent. has been taken off the cost of an article similar in style and quality to the old hand-wrought shoe, and that, moreover, much has been added on the score of comfortable fit and skillful adaptation to specific wants.

Putting aside the preparation of the leather or cloth of which the shoe is made, let us follow the manufacture of a few cases in one of the factories making use of the best facilities.

The upper of a shoe is made of several pieces stitched together, though recently some ingenious man has cut out a low shoe, like an Oxford tie, of one flat piece, leaving a hole for the foot, which being properly crimped over a last is made to conform to the requisite shape, and forms a shoe absolutely without seam, — a costly process, which only novelty recommends. That part of the upper covering the instep is called the top; that from the instep to the toe, the vamp; the parts running around the heel, the quarters; that above the quarters, the back. In a long-legged boot, the vamp and quarters run up into the leg.

The vamp must be of the nicest piece of leather, to resist the cracking that would otherwise follow the bending of the foot. The quarters are less good. All these pieces are cut in the "cutting-room," by an experienced and high-paid hand, from the sides. The cobbler of old used a paper pattern, varied by his eye and judgment, and a knife. Our cutter of to-day uses preferably a die and mallet. The die is expensive, but in cutting in large quantities it vastly cheapens the labor, as one blow produces a perfect piece. The best mallet is made of rawhide. Some cutters use tin patterns, especially for exceptional styles; and there are wonderfully ingenious patterns adjustable for the various sizes. In cutting there is more chance for saving or extravagance than in any other manipulation; and strict calculation as to the quality of the different parts of the hide, and the number of pieces that can best be cut from it, is essential. A perfect cutter is rare.

The upper leather having been cut and a lining added, the pieces are sent to the stitching-room, each size and kind in a separate pile. This room is usually the largest and lightest in the factory, and is filled with benches on which sewing-machines, operated by power, are running at a speed of from five hundred to two thousand revolutions a minute. Each machine is run by a girl, whose skill is often astonishing. She does not stop her machine when she reaches the edge of any piece, but runs one upper in as the other comes out, thus producing a string of finished uppers, which she cuts apart whenever a straight seam gives her hands an instant's freedom.

The mechanical history of the sewing-machine is curious enough. An ingenious old mechanic in England patented there in 1790 a sewing-machine, coupled with a number of other devices. It was an odd contrivance, this sewing-machine of Thomas Saint's, and it anticipated Howe's by many years; but it was as far ahead of his times as a flying-machine is of ours. It had a crutch needle that shoved the thread through a previously punctured hole, and a looper that caught the thread and held it until a new piece was engaged with it to form a loop. In studying over the drawings and specifications of this patent, I have never seen how the machine could make the third, although it would interlock the first with the second stitch. Either it fell short of the requirements of a good machine, or else the necessities of the time gave the inventor no inducement to go ahead with it. But Howe fell upon times when his sewing-machine was demanded by the lack of labor at reasonable rates,

and the result revolutionizes one great branch of the hand-work of the world.

After Saint came, in 1804, one Duncan, with a crocheting-machine, which was capable of making stitches continuously. The next machine I know of was Howe's.

When machines are employed upon leather work, they use a barbed instead of an eye needle, and a waxed thread. No machine has yet been made to sew successfully with an eye needle and a waxed thread, as this will not run freely through the eye.

There may be several kinds of sewing on the uppers of shoes, useful and ornamental. There are new ways constantly devised of making seams in awkward places or where strength is needed. The goring in a congress gaiter has to be handled expertly to be put in smoothly, and is often pasted in before sewing, to insure this result. The zigzag stitch often seen on uppers is made by the automatic feed of the machine, and not by the operator.

From the stitching-room the uppers are sent down in piles to the bottoming-room, where the soles are put on. These are prepared and operated on while "in temper," that is, thoroughly soaked, so as to be perfectly pliable. They are cut in some factories by a large machine from the whole hide, which has been rolled under heavy pressure to compact the grain, and not without a shrewd eye to the fact that much is thereby added to the superficies. In others the hide is first "stripped," or cut into strips the breadth of which is the length of the sole; the strip is then "blocked," or cut out into pieces like a large, square-cornered sole; and the block is then cut by a die into the proper-shaped sole, each operation being performed by appropriate machines. Sole-leather often has to be split, and sometimes upper-leather; and splitting-machines are made so true that they will split a hide into two sheets without a variation of the hundredth part of an inch.

If the soles are to be sewed upon the uppers, they are channeled to receive the stitches, so that these may be sunk out of sight. This channel is usually a flap cut from the edge and turned back, with a groove cut below it in which the row of stitch loops lies. The channel is afterwards pasted down. The "English channel" that has been so extensively advertised is cut like the path of a plow, from the surface, without a flap. A tap-sole may now be tacked on if the shoe is to be double-soled, and shape is given to the whole by molding in a machine, which compresses each sole in a mere fraction of the time it used to take with lapstone and hammer; after which it, too, goes to the bottoming-room.

Here, in a circle, around shelves containing implements, lasts, uppers, and soles, sit the lasters. If the work is cloth or light leather, the lasters are generally women; if heavy leather, men. This is the one operation of shoe manufacturing still done entirely by hand. No satisfactory lasting-machine has yet been made, though several have nearly enough succeeded to keep the lasters moderate in their demands for pay. The laster first selects his last and upper of corresponding size, — an easy thing, as the same sizes lie contiguous in the piles of uppers; then, after inserting a heel stiffening between the lining and upper, he lays the last into the upper, with its iron face up, draws the heel of the upper into position, and fastens it with a large-headed tack, to be afterwards withdrawn. He next lays upon the last an inner-sole, which has been prepared like the sole, but of commoner material and a size smaller. He then uses his pincers, beginning at the toe, and draws the upper over the in-sole, stretching it as tightly as he can, with more or less nicety, according to the quality of the shoe, so as to make it conform accurately to the shape of the last; for this has been made with great care to fit the average well-shaped human foot of similar size, and of the style desired by the manufacturer. As the laster stretches each part over the last and brings its edge upon the in-sole, he confines it there by a tack which he seizes quickly from the reservoir held, for convenience of delivery, in his mouth, and drives with his ham-

mer-headed pincers through upper and in-sole, and clinches upon the iron face of the last. It is these tacks that are afterwards apt to vex the wearer of the shoe.

Having fastened the upper securely down upon the in-sole, the laster now finds the out-sole of proper size, and places both ready for the "sole-layer," who stands in the pen made by the circle of eight or ten lasters. This workman picks up shoes in rotation, and carefully centring the out-sole holds the shoe up to a nail-driving machine called a "tacker," and inserts half a dozen nails in the corner of the channel, to keep the out-sole in place while it is being permanently sewed to the upper; having done which he lays the shoe back, and the laster completes the operation by drawing out the last, leaving the shoe all tacked together, ready for its final fastening, and possessing the accurate form of the last.

A laster can do from ten to one hundred pairs a day, according to the kind, the heavier or nicer, the fewer.

The old-fashioned method of hand sewing is as follows: the upper having been drawn over the last and properly secured upon the in-sole, a welt, which is an inch-wide strip of leather, thick at one edge and tapering to a thin edge at the other, is also temporarily secured by tacks around the shoe from heel to heel, so that its thick edge shall be about even with the proposed edge of the outer-sole when the shoe is sewed. The stitcher then takes a curved awl and a waxed end, — this being a waxed thread with a stiff bristle in each end, — and makes a curved hole which dips into the surface of the in-sole and goes through the upper and welt. Through this hole the waxed end is thrust, and an equal amount of thread left in either side. Then another similar awl hole is made, and, each bristle being thrust through from opposite sides, the waxed end is drawn through with that jerk peculiar to cordwainers. A series of stitches is thus made with infinite toil, the shoe being held on the operator's knee by a strap passing over it and under his foot. The welt and upper having been secured to the in-sole, the out-sole is sewed to the welt, where it projects beyond the upper, by another series of stitches. Of shoes with these two seams, from two to six pairs can be sewed in a day. The occupation is very unhealthy from the cramped position it necessitates.

The first shoe-sewing machine ever attempted in New England made its appearance about 1850, and, though having no outward similarity, was in effect nothing but a cast-iron cobbler, even to the *jerk*. The invention was wonderful enough, but as it needed a machine-shop and master-machinist to keep it going, it amounted to nothing. Its failure is attributable to the cause that renders many ingenious contrivances of no avail, to wit, trying to perform a mechanical operation *in the same manner* as it is done by hand. No sewing-machine would ever have existed if the problem had been to draw the end of the thread through the parts and seize it again, as in hand sewing. But when it was narrowed down to so arranging one or two threads that mechanical devices could lay them, and that they would hold together pieces of fabric, then the problem was solved.

This applies to the machine for sewing the soles to the uppers of shoes that is to-day used on some forty million pairs a year. Lyman R. Blake, the inventor, had never seen shoes sewed by hand, but had seen them pegged, and had seen sewing-machines; and by constructing the shoe like a pegged shoe, and putting a seam in the place of the pegs, he accomplished a vast result. Had he made ever so good a machine for sewing shoes on the old welted plan, his success would have been quite small.

The machine in question, now called the McKay sewing-machine, stands about head-high, with the sewing mechanism at the top, and a swinging horn at the height of the breast. This horn has a tip small enough to go into the toe of the smallest size of shoe, and carries a waxed thread, which is kept flexible by a gas or alcohol flame heating the horn. The shoe is opened by the operator and

thrust upon the horn so as to be supported by it. As the machine is started, a hooked needle descends through the sole, upper, and in-sole, tacked together as above explained, and into a hole in the tip of the horn. Here a little whirl throws the thread across the hook, so that in ascending the needle will carry up a loop. This loop is retained in the hook by a little slide covering it and called the "cast-off;" and after the needle is fairly out of the work, the shoe is fed forward so that the needle will go down again in a new place. As it goes down, the loop, which has been released from the hook by the cast-off, is so held by it that the needle must pass through it; and when it again ascends, the second loop is drawn through the first, and so on as the sewing proceeds, — the tension being drawn tight by the ascent of the needle, and the work being held in place by a suitable presser-foot and fed forward by a feed-point, each acting in its proper time. The only thing the operator has to do is to guide the seam in the channel, so that it will lie in the groove prepared for its reception, and to swing the horn so as most readily to turn the corners at toe and heel. From three hundred to a thousand pairs can be sewed in a day, a single shoe in ten or twelve seconds. The saving of labor averages about twenty-five cents a pair, or on the present production some ten million dollars a year.

The shoe being sewed passes into the hands of a man who pastes down the lip of the channel and closes it so as to conceal the stitches. The shoe is then "beaten out." This used to be done with the hammer, but is now done by a machine, which compresses the shoe, still in temper, and gives it the final shape that, after drying, it is intended to retain.

The edge of the sole is then trimmed by hand, a sufficiently easy operation to make machinery of no great aid, though there are such machines used.

The heel is next attached by a ponderous contrivance which nails it on and trims it at the rate of several hundred pairs a day. Lately atmospheric pressure has been used as its motive power, the receiver being kept charged by a little pump worked by a belt from any convenient shaft. Boys are employed to pile up the heels from lifts "died" out of scraps left from sole-cutting, and to fasten them together with one or two nails. A pricking-machine then punctures the heel, and the holes are loaded with nails. The heel and shoe are then centred in the heeling-machine, the operator opens a valve, and a blow from the four or five atmospheres in the receiver nails the heel securely on, clinching each nail; and another valve being opened, a knife, guided in suitable ways, travels instantly about the heel, and shaves it so clean and smooth that it requires only a little sand-papering on a revolving wheel to fit it for blacking and burnishing. The atmospheric pressure is very rapid in action, and withal so elastic that in this very heavy work it is less liable to break the machinery than cam motions.

The heel is now blacked and subjected to the friction of a gas-heated steel tool in a rapidly-working machine, which quickly imparts to it a mirror-like brightness, as the tool passes to and fro over its surface, after which there remains but to "buff" the face of the sole, burnish the shank and edge of the sole by hand, and generally furbish up the shoe, when it is ready to be put in a case for sale.

In lieu of the sewing the sole may be either pegged or nailed on. One of the earliest machines in the manufacture of shoes was the pegger, and many hundred million pairs have been bottomed upon it. A strip of peg wood, like a ribbon, is fed into the machine, the grain of the wood running across the strip, which is cut from the log like veneering. The shoe, lasted as for sewing, being presented to the pegging mechanism on a "jack" or holder, sole uppermost, an awl punctures a hole, and moves the shoe forward so that this hole shall come under a driver. A peg, severed from the ribbon, is fed into a tube over this hole, and the driver descends and thrusts it through the punctured parts. Pegs are

driven at the rate of nearly a thousand a minute; for it requires the momentum of great speed to drive the peg without breaking it. A nailing-machine is a pegger so modified as to cut successive nails from a wire that is fed into the machine. The "cable screw wire" machine is thus organized, the wire being twisted into screw form, and turning as it goes into the sole. Machines for thus nailing are destined to do a great deal of work in the future; but the perfect nailer is not yet in the market.

All these operations, and many minor ones, are conducted under one roof, at the rate of from one case of sixty pairs to five thousand pairs a day, each factory making, as a rule, but one class of shoes, but each class having many subdivisions.

There is but one class of shoes now manufactured outside of the factories, excepting, of course, the comparatively few that are made to order. These are turned shoes, so called because they are sewed wrong side out and then turned. Even these are now largely made by machines, but most of them are sewed by hand in New England farmers' and fishermen's families during the long winter months, when there is little to do; and to earn a couple of dollars a week for each working member of a family is to pay expenses till the busier season arrives. These shoes have but a single sole, are lasted wrong side out, and sewed by a dip stitch that goes through the upper and a shoulder or flap cut around the inside of the sole near the edge; and the shoe being turned right side out is finished in the usual manner. Manufacturers buy the stock, cut it up and fit it, and then send it "down country" by the few cases to men who distribute the work to the families who sew and finish the shoes, often for less than ten cents a pair.

Women's shoes used always to be made as turns before Blake's machine sewed double-soled shoes at cheap rates, and the much-commended fashion of wearing thicker shoes followed immediately upon its introduction; a double-soled shoe can be made on it with less labor than the turn can be sewed by hand, whereas the old hand-sewed welted shoe was costly.

The cost of shoes is much less than is generally supposed; though when the jobber and retailer add their considerable profit to the very modest one of the manufacturer (often only one or two cents a pair), the consumer pays a considerable price. Many women's gaiters, of fair quality and excellent style, cost not more than eighty-five or ninety cents a pair. Good slippers are produced for from thirty-five to fifty cents; but when we come to the better class of women's shoes, or to the heavier men's wear, the cost rapidly advances.

There are over one hundred million pairs of boots and shoes made annually in this country. There is some exportation to South America, — not much, — and no importation of consequence. Of these one hundred millions, about forty millions are machine sewed; as many pegged and nailed; some twenty million pairs are turns; and a few hand-made ones, for those who have exceptionally peculiar feet or are exceptionally particular. By the introduction of machinery the manufacture of this article has been so improved that almost every one *buys* where before he *ordered* his foot gear; and there is no room for doubt that the average manufactured shoe is of much better quality, style, and fit than the one made to order. Any fault to be found with it is referable more to the necessary cheapening which always follows easy production and consequent competition.

T. A. D.

WHAT THEY SAID.

(*Kitty Caxton to Belle Pearson.*)

IDALIA, *June 28, 18—.*

MY DEAREST BELLE, — I received your letter three days ago, and it 's a perfect shame that I have n't answered it before; but the time is so much occupied with parties and pleasure excursions of various kinds that I really have n't found a moment to myself until this afternoon.

We are having a perfectly lovely time. Everything is *perfectly elegant* around the house and inside, and Mrs. Putnam is just as stylish as she can be!

Then, at a little distance from the Putnams lives the Adonis of the place, Mr. Edgar Stuyvesant, and as luck will have it *Frank Hendley* is visiting him at this very time. Is n't it funny how things will happen? When Frank bade me such a mournful adieu a month ago, who could have said that we should come to the same place to visit?

Well, it was n't of my seeking, at any rate. *I* can manage to exist without the young gentleman, and I hope he 'll find it out after a while.

I had quite an adventure coming here. You know that when I started from your house it was so hot that I packed my thick shawl in my trunk, supposing, of course, I would n't need it before I reached Idalia; but that night it was so cold that I really suffered.

As I had to change cars at four, I did n't take a sleeping berth, and endeavored to make myself comfortable in the corner of the seat, without much success. At last I dropped asleep, shivering, and waked up when the cars stopped at a station to find to my surprise that some one had spread a heavy shawl over me. It was a gentleman's gray traveling shawl, evidently; and after a short inspection of the nodding heads around me I decided that no one of them was the owner, and dropped off again. About three o'clock I felt some one taking it up very carefully, and looking I saw a handsome young gentleman — *just my ideal*, Belle — folding it up. I should have thanked him, but he did n't perceive that I was awake, and just then the train stopped and every one rushed from their seats, and somehow I lost sight of him.

Perhaps it was quite as well that it happened so, for it never improves my looks to lose my rest, and besides, Belle, the mysterious stranger came straight on to Idalia, and is at present stopping at this very house. What do you think of that? And he 's perfectly splendid, and ever so smart, they say; but please don't say anything about the adventure of the shawl, for I think our friend Angie is turning languishing eyes in that direction. What she wants him for, I can't see; he 's not particularly well off, and Angie never is satisfied unless she has everything a little larger and better than any one else. But it 's a clear case of "smite," and she is n't smart enough to do anything but purr around all the time in a way that 's *perfectly disgusting*. I never could see how girls could go on so. It 's "Oh, Mr. Raymond, are you fond of this?" and "Walter, are you fond of that?" and "Don't you enjoy Mrs. Browning's poems?" (you know how likely *she* is to enjoy them), without giving any one else a chance to say anything at all. I fancy *I* understand the duties of a hostess rather better than that.

But the joke of it is to see the poor fellow escape when he gets a chance! And as that happens whenever Frank or Mr. Stuyvesant comes over, it 's not seldom that we go down with Frank and Frank Seabury for a row on the river or a walk in the shrubbery, while Angie and Marion are singing with Stuyvesant or lounging on the steps.

Oh, we 're having a delightful time, and you may be sure I shall tell you every single thing that happens. It 's

such fun to have these little romances occur in real life. *Frank*'s just as hateful as he can be.

Do write soon. I 'm positively *pining* to hear from you. Yours ever,

KITTY CAXTON.

(*Frank Seabury to her Mother.*)

IDALIA, *July 1, 18—*.

DEAR MOTHER, — Well, here we are at last, safe and sound after our journey, and not at all tired, enjoying ourselves every moment of the time.

Angie lives in a large, handsome house standing in a kind of park, with other houses near it, and the grounds are *so* lovely! I can't give you any idea of how beautiful they were the first night we were here; and we girls sat out on the steps in the moonlight and talked until Mr. Putnam called down-stairs and said we must come in and go to bed. He is very pleasant; I like him rather better than Mrs. Putnam; but you know I always had a fancy for old gentlemen. The house is furnished very handsomely, and Marion Hallett and I sleep together, while Kitty Caxton rooms with Angie, and the way we girls cut up is a caution. You 'd think it was seminary days come back again, and all the teachers struck dumb.

Well, to begin at the beginning: on the first day after breakfast we all went for a drive in Angie's phaeton; that is, Kitty and I rode in the phaeton, and Marion and Angie rode on horseback. Marion rides well, as she does everything else, and looks very handsome on horseback.

Somebody else perceived that fact, — a gentleman who was loitering along the path in the shrubbery. His name is Stuyvesant, and his mother owns the next house to the Putnams, so that Angie knows him quite well.

He is quite like a hero, — tall and so handsome, — and they made a very pretty picture as he stopped to fix Angie's saddle, the two girls, both so fair, in their beautiful riding dresses, with this dark stranger, who looks like an Italian prince, stooping before them so gracefully, the variegated colors of the parterre beside them, the green trees waving in the background, and the blue sky stretching overhead. Oh, mother, what art can reproduce the sublime thing it is *to be*, — to live with every pulse thrilling with glad young life, to be beautiful and gracious and have every one look pleased to see you, as though you brought gladness in your very presence, just as they do at Marion Hallett!

I 'm getting very well acquainted with her, and like her much better than I thought I should. There 's considerable twisting and turning done by fashionable people, I imagine, as well as by us who don't make any pretensions.

No one would ever think, to look at the elegant Miss Hallett as she sweeps into the drawing-room in her handsome black silk, that it has been made over *three* times, turned upside down, ripped and turned wrong side out, sponged with logwood, and finally made up with black velvet where the silk did n't hold out. Yet such is the case, as she confessed to me in a moment of confidence when I was taking down her back hair for her last night.

Oh, I must tell you what a good deed she did for me the second night after our arrival. Angie had invited a little company for us, a dozen couples, perhaps; and remembering how a stranger is always looked at and criticised I went with great thankfulness to my new grenadine, fresh from the hands of the dressmaker, which I had hung up in the most secure corner of the wardrobe. But woe to me! Kitty had been there before me and overturned a bottle from the shelf, containing some mysterious preparation, right on my cherished dress. Not on the underskirt, — that would have been bad enough, — but the overskirt, and the front breadth at that, was covered with white spots of a most dreadful description. I felt ready to cry. You, of all others, dear mother, know how scanty my wardrobe is beside those of the other girls, and to have my only really new dress spoiled at one fell swoop seemed to take away from me all the fortitude I had.

Just at this juncture, in walks Miss Marion. The dress and my mournful face told the story, and she came to the rescue at once. "Let 's try ammonia." And ammonia took out the spots, but failed to bring back the color. We left it to dry by the window until after supper, but all in vain; and I was trying to make up my mind to a muslin, when Marion was struck by a bright idea, and proposed *French polish.* We put it on, and you never would suspect that there was ever a spot on the dress in the world. Was n't it cute of her?

But it is getting late and I must stop. I hope you 'll write soon and tell me all the home news, for sometimes I feel as though I could n't stand it away from you so long.

Give my love to the girls and everybody, and keep a great deal of it yourself. Your loving child,

FRANK SEABURY.

(*Marion Hallett to Fred White.*)

IDALIA, *July 1, 18—.*

DEAR FRED, — You will see from the heading of this letter that I am once more a bird of passage.

Mamma having gone to Saratoga with Sue, I am making a short visit to Angie Putnam, who you will remember was at school with me at Miss Saxon's in those blissful times when you boarded at cousin Kenneth's and I used occasionally to be invited there to tea.

Yes, you importunate fellow, I *did* miss you dreadfully at first. I nearly drove Sue frantic by walking about at all hours of night, and ate so little that mamma began to talk of port-wine and the sea-side.

But I have got through all that, and can eat as much as is expected of any well-bred young lady, and laugh and dance as well as ever.

I have gone to five parties and one German since you left, and have had the attendance of no less a person than Mr. Edgar Stuyvesant on numberless rides and walks.

I hope you know who Mr. Stuyvesant is, Fred. He is the richest and handsomest young gentleman in Idalia, and very fastidious, "they say."

But I have n't paid any attention at all to my Lord Lofty, — do you understand, sir? — *none whatever.* However, he comes over quite often with Frank Hendley, who is likewise visiting here.

Frank is nearly crazy over that little witch of a Kitty Caxton.

There is a handsome young gentleman by the name of Raymond who is visiting Angie, and who I doubt not would be welcomed by the powers that be as a son-in-law. He, on the contrary, if I mistake not, cherishes a secret but most profound admiration for Frank Seabury, while to complicate matters still further Miss Kitty, from pure mischief, has engaged him in a most desperate flirtation for the Christian purpose of annoying master Frank.

This renders us a terribly disjointed concern; for though we are all very polite, and we would n't — no, not for worlds — lose our tempers, yet Angie is very apt to propose a walk, where a slight change of partners can be effected, which Miss Kitty, enjoying herself to her heart's content in the parlor, is equally certain to veto.

Then, of course, Angie subsides into silence, from which it takes my most skillful strategy to rouse her; and as Frank Seabury never talks very much, the burden of the conversation falls on Mr. Stuyvesant and me, with the accompaniment of Kitty's mellow tones from the deep window-seat, where she and Mr. Raymond are comfortably ensconced.

All this makes Frank Hendley about as pleasant and comfortable a companion as a young hedgehog; and I have several times been forced to remonstrate with him privately with regard to his behavior, but all to no purpose. It seems a great pity when they might be so happy that such little jealousies should come up to spoil everything.

Yesterday afternoon we expected to be left to our own devices, for the gentlemen had gone off on a masculine fishing-party and were to return on the seven o'clock train. Mrs. Putnam and

Angie had gone out in the carriage to make some calls, and Kitty and I were comfortably settled in the library, when in comes Master Frank. He had broken his fishing-rod early in the afternoon, he explained, and as his chance of sport for the day was over had taken advantage of the afternoon train to return.

Here was a grand chance for reconciliation! And as I was tolerably certain that both parties were longing for it, I immediately bethought myself of a way to rid them of my undesirable society.

I knew that if I left the room one of them, from pure perverseness, would be sure to follow. So I suggested to Kitty, in my most persuasive manner, that it must be positively delightful on the river this afternoon, and would n't it be fun to go down to the bend after water-lilies.

Kitty assented, and then, before she had time to think, I turned and asked Frank if he would n't go along. And as the reward of my disinterested endeavors I had the pleasure of seeing the young couple walk slowly away from the house together, while I ran up-stairs to get my hat. You can probably imagine how long it took me to find that hat; and when I had discovered it one of the strings was insecure and required fastening. This done, I walked leisurely down to the boat-house, with all possible care not to disturb a possible *tête-à-tête*, and found — Kitty alone! Can you imagine anything more provoking! And when I asked her where Frank was, she replied feelingly that she did n't know and did n't care; that the gardener had taken the boat down the river, and Frank, after discovering the fact, had with great gallantry decamped.

I was almost out of patience with her, for I was nearly certain that he never would have left her in that unhandsome fashion if she had n't done something hateful; but I knew it would never do to scold her, so we silently retraced our steps, considerably out of temper, if such an expression can be applied to the lovely and angelic creation that men call woman.

Well, after supper, as we sat on the steps and verandas enjoying the sunset, I managed to draw Frank a little aside, and remonstrated with him in the most elder-sisterly fashion I could.

At first my lord was most obdurate and uncomprehending, — did n't know what I meant, could n't understand whom I was talking about, etc.; but I persevered, and at last brought the young man to see the error of his ways. I talked very plainly, for you remember I have known Frank ever since we were little children, and no one can know better than I what a noble, true-hearted person he is; and I could n't bear to sit by and see him deliberately making himself unhappy without at least an effort to prevent it.

"Consider," said I, "that such quarrels and jealousies would do very well if you were children and no particular consequences were to result from them; but you are man and woman grown, and the step that you take will seriously affect your after-life. Of course she might feel bound by her position as a guest not to break with you here, but, let me tell you, there are not many girls as high-spirited as Kitty Caxton who would be treated as you have already treated her since you have been here, and ever forgive it."

"Darned comforting!" rejoined the victim, chewing the end of a straw, despairingly. I wanted to laugh at the involuntary confession from my Lord Francis, who had been so very high and mighty when we first began, but after all it was too pathetic. Frank's great dark eyes were a trifle misty as he faltered out his troubles, how he had been nearly beside himself with jealousy ever since Raymond had appeared on the scene and eclipsed him so completely.

"What she can find to admire in him, I don't see," remarked Master Frank, with pardonable rancor; "a straight nose and good enough eyes, but I never thought Kitty was such a fool!"

"I don't think she is," I replied; "but no girl cares to fling herself at a man's head, if she 's ever so fond of him."

"Except your hostess," remarked Frank, amiably.

"Why, Frank, for shame!" said I; but I could n't help laughing, for between you and me poor Angie is n't very deep, and her manœuvres always come to the surface. Well, the result of it was that I consoled Frank to the best of my ability, exhorted him to patience and politeness, and went up-stairs that night resolved to pour out all my vials of wrath upon Miss Kitty.

That was yesterday evening, and I got up at four o'clock this morning to write this long letter to you. I hope you will appreciate the fact and return the compliment accordingly.

I have laid away the Texan flowers that you sent me in a little casket where I keep a few other souvenirs known only to myself, — a faded geranium, a tiny sprig of heliotrope, and the note that *some one* sent with it.

While I am away from mamma there will be no danger of discovery, so do write often, for I get positively frantic when I don't hear from you.

I have nothing to comfort me but the memory of that last evening we spent at uncle Huntley's, sitting together under the elms, with the delicate, mysterious perfume of the grape blossoms floating around us, and the moon casting long shafts of light between the leafy aisles. I came upon a withered cluster of grape blossoms a few days ago, and as I lifted it the fleeting perfume recalled the scene with such vividness that for a moment I fancied I could hear again a beloved voice beside me and feel again your last kiss on my cheek.

Oh, Fred, for my sake at least, if not for your own, take care of yourself. Remember that there is some one waiting and praying at home for this dreadful suspense to be over, and think of her.

Yours forever, MARION.

(*Kitty Caxton to Belle Pearson.*)

IDALIA, *July 6, 18—.*

DEAREST BELLE, — I received your letter only last night, and hasten to answer it, for I know how provoking it is to be waiting for worsteds to be matched, and I hope this will suit you.

How sudden the death of Mr. Huntley was! And how nice it will be for Marion to have a fortune, for, although they lived nicely, it never seemed to me that they were particularly well off. She left here very suddenly. When the telegram came for her it was only fifteen minutes before the train started for the West, and you can imagine the bustle that followed, one girl cramming her valise with all the essentials we could think of, another buttoning her shoes, and the elegant Mr. Stuyvesant so excited by all this as actually to *run* to the stables to order the carriage.

The *Adonis* is quite as inconsolable as is allowable in a polite young gentleman. If *somebody* does n't have an invitation to take possession of the Stuyvesant mansion after the proper time for mourning has expired, then I lose my guess. Mr. Stuyvesant would n't for the world violate any of the proprieties of life, but he could n't by any possibility make allowances for anything beyond them.

I wonder whether Marion will take him. I used to think that Fred White was *pretty* fond of her, and she of him; but Fred 's off in Texas, and a girl can't be expected to stand that kind of thing forever. Marrying Mr. Stuyvesant, with his wealth and position, would be a very different thing from waiting four or five years for Fred White to be able to support her, and running the gauntlet every day of her life from Mrs. Hallet and Sue. I feel so sorry for Fred. If there ever *was* any one that deserved a good wife it was he, and to have Marion mislead him in this way would be cruelly false. Well, I hope she 'll think better of it.

We 're rather a glum party just now besides Mr. Stuyvesant, for Angie has the neuralgia and is horrid cross, — when the gentlemen are not around; Frank Hendley is afflicted with a great depression of spirits, — I 'm sure I don't see what 's the matter with *him;* and Frank Seabury always was a little mouse; so that Mr. Raymond and I have to keep up our spirits for all the rest.

And really, Belle, though it 's very nice to be talented, and all that, I begin to think that it 's better to have two grains of wits down handy, where you can use it, than to have several pounds of the article stowed away somewhere under the rafters.

I like a man who can talk with me sensibly sometimes, and who can pay me a compliment occasionally, or tease me a little, — I would n't even object to quarreling with him once in a while; but Heaven defend me from one where I have to be continually crawling up a mental step-ladder to get at him.

I don't see what Angie would do with him after she got him; for, although I know but precious little, my stock of brains is considerably larger than hers is. She 'd have to put him in the library, labeled, like the specimens no one knows anything about, " Vir Americanus, species poeticus et scientificus."

But mamma Putnam would n't say anything about its being " obtained with great care and expense," would she?

Please give my love to Marion, and tell her we are very dull without her. I hope she will come back, if only for a few days. Tell her *Mr. Stuyvesant is perfectly heart-broken.* And in about a week more, you may think of me as taking leave of Idalia and its inhabitants, and going home. Yours most truly,

KITTY.

(*Marion to Fred.*)

IDALIA, *July 12, 18—.*

DEAR FRED, — I have just received your last letter, and, late as it is, cannot rest until I have answered your unjust reproaches.

Yes, it is true that I like Frank. I will go farther and tell the truth: I am *very fond* of Frank, and have come back to Idalia for the express purpose of seeing him. But oh, Fred, how can you be so unreasonable as to think that any girl could fall in love with any one whom she had played with ever since she was in pinafores! How could you be so insane as to suppose that even the evil spirit for flirtation, which I am aware is one of my besetting sins, could *ever* lead me in ever so slight a way toward Frank Hendley, when I might have you! There! any one who was n't appeased by such a compliment as that must be insatiable indeed.

After such unjust suspicions as have been entertained against me, I don't think it 's fair that some one should be told how at sunset, — the time when we promised to think of each other, — when the great, golden orb of day has slowly departed, carrying with it all the plans for work and pleasure that have filled the time; when the rose-colored light slowly dies out of the air and the water, and going seems to leave everything suddenly desolate, — how then I think of some one alone, away out on the Texan prairies, with such unutterable longing that it seems as though I could give all that I ever possessed to be by his side.

And now to accuse me of flirting! But trust me, please, Fred, for beyond you, now that my uncle is dead, I have very few to rely on.

I can't tell you exactly the position in which I have stood at home; it would seem neither honorable nor filial. It was not because I was ashamed of my lover that I asked for a secret engagement, not exactly because I doubted my own courage, but from a mixture of motives that you may perhaps understand when you are better acquainted with the family.

However that may be, all necessity for concealment now is past. I have enough for both now, Fred, and if you are to marry an heiress, it is necessary that you should get her before the lawyers spend all the money.

Mamma is bent on going to Europe next month, but I won't start before October at the earliest. Don't you think it is your duty to come north before that? We shall be at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York, and all letters addressed to that point will reach us. If you can't trust your betrothed, the only thing that remains to you, poor unfortunate, is to come up and see to her yourself.

Yours most truly,

MARION HALLETT.

(*Kitty Caxton to Belle Pearson.*)

IDALIA, *July 13, 18—.*

DEAREST BELLE, — I must tell you all that has happened, or burst. I 'm so mad! Marion and I have had an awful fuss, — perfectly awful! I 've said all the mean things to her that I could think of, and the only thing I 'm sorry for is that I did n't slap her in the face.

It came about like this. This morning Angie and I were sitting on the piazza, and the other girls had gone to the post-office. Angie was sewing, and her spool of silk rolled down off the piazza, and into the grass. She went to get it, and I did n't notice her particularly until she said in a queer way, —

"Kitty, come here."

I looked, and she was holding in her hand what seemed to be a piece of tissue paper. I ran down the steps to her side, and saw it was a loose leaf from one of those blotting-books, which had been closed on some manuscript where the ink was so fresh as to leave the impression. It was quite faint, but Angie slowly read: "I like Frank — I am very fond of Frank, and have come back to — [that word we could n't make out] for the express purpose of seeing her" — We looked at each other.

"It 's Walter Raymond's writing," said Angie, and she began to cry.

"Let me have it," said I. The moment I looked at it, I recognized Marion Hallett's bold handwriting, — more like a man's than a woman's; but what was the use of saying anything about it? I had never seen Raymond's writing and Angie had, so how could I say it was n't his? But I knew better, for the last word that Angie called *her* I knew was *him*.

If Marion Hallett had been there at that moment, I believe I should have annihilated her. Everything that had happened came up before me like a flash. All the walking and singing together, that night before she went away when they sat off by themselves and never spoke to any one else all the evening, and various little attempts she used to make to bring Frank and *me* together when every one was around and she could n't have him to herself, all came upon me with such force that for a moment I thought I should die. But I did n't; I was too mad.

"Here," said I to Angie, who was still crying, "give me that paper. We don't want any one else to see it."

"No-o-o!" said poor Angie, with a fresh burst of sobs.

"And no one need know anything about it if we don't tell. I had just as soon not have any one know that we had been reading his blotting-book, had n't you?"

"Ye-s-s," choked Angie.

"Then let 's cut up-stairs quick, for the girls are coming up the avenue and they 'll ask what you 're crying about."

Once safe in our room, I exhorted my unknowing confederate to dignity and silence. I sympathized with her on the fickleness of man, and assured her that for my part, although I was very much taken with Walter Raymond at first, I found him tiresome on longer acquaintance; but I thought he would do very well for a domestic little thing like Frank Seabury, all ears and no tongue. And so well did I succeed that Angie (partly, no doubt, on the principle which made the grapes sour) was pleased to come to my way of thinking, bathe her swollen eyes, and make herself presentable for lunch. For on this day of all others, Mrs. Putnam had decided to depart from the usual country hours and give a grand dinner party at six o'clock.

Frank and Raymond, who had been playing croquet with the girls, came in to lunch, and I felt obliged to be rather attentive to Raymond to cover up Angie's deficiencies in that direction, and I don't suppose that *was* particularly polite to Frank. After they had gone, I went up-stairs again, and presently Marion came in. I felt that the moment had arrived. She began very mildly by saying how fond she was of her friends, and how anxious she was to help them out of trouble, and that sometimes she was afraid she might be thought to be meddling with what did not concern her. Then she began to talk about

Frank; what a noble fellow he was, so true-hearted and faithful. She could n't bear to have his heart thrown away by one that did n't know the worth of it.

Then I turned on her, and said that if his heart *was* thrown away, I guessed there was some one else that would be precious glad to get the leavings. She said she did n't know what I could possibly mean; that it was evident to every one that he would be devoted to me if I would only let him.

"As devoted as *you* would let him," I said.

"Kitty Caxton," said she, "what on earth do you mean?"

"What do I mean! That I know a little more of your plans than you think I do. You 've played a pretty smart game, getting people to think you were going to take Ed Stuyvesant, just to cover your designs in another direction."

"Kitty, how dare you say that!" And her eyes began to flash. "How dare you so misconstrue simple civilities to Mr. Stuyvesant after the way in which you have trifled with Raymond! Poor Frank! this is a worthy reward for all his devotion. To be accepted only to be dropped for the next fancy!"

"*Poor Frank!* Why don't you spend a little of your pity on Fred White, that you 've sent down to Texas to work out his life for you, so that you can have full swing here? It 's so convenient to keep a lot of fellows in a row, like a string of dried apples, ready to pick off the one that looks the most promising. I used to think you were a little more honorable than the rest of the family, Marion Hallett, but I 've come to the conclusion that you 're the very worst. But you have n't fooled so many as you may think, for all the people at home know about Stuyvesant, and of course Jennie White will tell Fred."

"I don't believe that they ever heard the name of Stuyvesant."

"Belle wrote about it in her last letter," I replied. (Don't you breathe a word of how *you* came to hear, miss.) "You seem to judge other people by yourself. It is n't every one that can stoop to such low manœuvres for a miserable fellow like Frank Hendley. If I *was* once teased into something like a half engagement with him, thank goodness, I 've come to my senses, and resign him to you with pleasure. Here 's the ring he gave me; *you 'd* better wear it; it would be of a piece with your other performances. But after you 've got Frank and Stuyvesant safely landed, and on the string along with Ainslie and White and the little lawyer at home, you 'd better look about before you decide. Perhaps you can find *another* young man to wheedle and coax and cajole until he thinks you are the most perfect creature in the universe. Of all the meanest, despicable girls I ever saw, I think you are the worst."

With that I flung Frank's ring across the room and ran out. I listened downstairs for some time, and I should think it was nearly half an hour before I heard her come out and go slowly down the hall to her own room and go in, locking the door after her.

Well, after this scene, just imagine me having to dress for dinner and make conversation to a silent young man through eight courses. I think *I* ought to have the credit of being a pretty good actress, for I would defy any one to have told from my manner anything of the exciting times I had been having upstairs.

It 's all over now, I thank my stars, the company gone, and Angie has been sleeping off her troubles for two hours. I was so nervous and excited that I thought I would write to you and see if I could n't get it off my mind; but I don't seem to succeed, so I must put out my light and go to bed.

Yours in tribulation, KITTY.

P. S. I forgot to tell you, I found Frank's ring lying in my jewelry box.

(*Frank Seabury to her Mother.*)

IDALIA, *July 15, 18—.*

DEAREST MOTHER, — This letter is to be strictly private, devoted to your eyes alone, and I shall only permit you to extract such bits for the public as

have no connection with what I have to reveal.

In the first place, as Marion leaves in two days for New York, it was deemed advisable that we should celebrate by joining with our friends in a picnic at the Glen, a lovely, romantic spot a few miles above here, where the river tumbles over the rocks in cascades, and after winding among green hills and peaceful meadows turns suddenly into one of the wildest bits of scenery that can well be imagined.

Frank Hendley and Marion, Mr. Stuyvesant and Kitty, drove up in single carriages, while the large carriage brought Mrs. Putnam, Walter Raymond, Angie, and me. We had a delightful drive, but I have seen enough beautiful scenery to keep me talking for a week when I get home, so I won't stop to describe it here. And when we arrived at the Glen, of course no one felt exactly in his right mind until we had eaten our dinner. This took some time, for it was quite elaborate, and we could n't find dry, level ground for the whole party, so that part of us were encamped on the hill-side, wedged in behind rocks and bushes, and it was a long time before all were served. You should have seen Walter Raymond going around with an ice-cream freezer in his hand and a white apron tied about his waist; and Frank Hendley making a flying leap from a rock above us and landing in the centre of the group with a basket of strawberries.

Mr. Stuyvesant and Kitty had eaten in another group and were straying about long before we had finished. We were just going down the hill, when we heard screams and shouts below, and looking down saw Kitty sitting in a little boat that had grounded on a rock at the verge of the rapids. Frank Hendley succeeded in getting to the rock and rescuing the dripping damsel, but of course both the rescuer and the rescued were in no condition to enjoy "a stroll in the green grass," and were accordingly sent home post-haste, Mr. Stuyvesant engaging to take charge of Frank's lady, as Frank had relieved him of his.

When the picnic broke up, and Walter and Mr. Stuyvesant had gone to arrange the carriages, Marion drew me a little aside and said, "Frank, I want you to do something for me, — the greatest favor that any one could possibly confer upon me just now, — and I 'll never forget it, the longest day I live!"

"What is it?" said I.

"Ride home with Mr. Stuyvesant and let me have your place in the carriage."

"But how can I, when everything is all arranged?"

"That 's easy enough. Admire his horse and say you wish you could ride after it, and I 'll manage the rest."

"But I never could have the face. What will he think of me, when it has all been settled the other way?"

"Oh, no man sees anything very criminal in admiring himself or his horse," said Marion, with a smile; "and if he comes in to spend the evening and you will entertain him, you have no idea, Frank, what an abyss of misery you may save me from."

What could I do after that but promise? So I went down to the carriages, feeling like a deep and desperate politician, and proceeded to admire Mr. Stuyvesant's horse. It is a fine creature, only I should never have thought of telling him so.

"You ought to ride after him fully to appreciate Selim," said Marion, drawing on her gloves.

"Oh, how I wish I could!" I exclaimed.

"If Mr. Stuyvesant will excuse me, I will exchange places with you," said Marion, "as my head aches badly, and the motion of the carriage is much easier." So of course Mr. Stuyvesant had to take me, and I devoted myself to his entertainment most assiduously, both during the ride and during the interval when he was waiting in the parlor to learn how Kitty was.

Just imagine *me*, if you can, mother, selected to help in deep and dangerous plots, and tremble at the result of sending your daughter into society!

After Stuyvesant had gone we went up-stairs together, and as I stopped at

my door Marion turned and took me in her arms, and kissed me passionately. Then she said, "I 'm coming into your room soon, if I may, for I have something to tell you."

Then we separated, and I went in to see Kitty for a moment. I found her rather excited, but very amiable, — a decided contrast, I must say, to what she has been for the last two days, — and she asked if she could see Marion.

"Marion has gone to bed with a headache, my dear," said Mrs. Putnam, with a look at us girls to keep us quiet; "and you really must take this powder that the doctor left, and go to sleep, or you will be ill. You shall see Marion in the morning."

So Kitty submitted, kissed us all round, told us we were every one of us perfect angels, and then resigned herself to the soothing effects of the medicine.

In a few minutes Marion knocked at my door; for since her return, in honor to her altered position as an heiress, another and more elegant room has been assigned to her. So you must imagine Marion sitting in her white dressing-gown by the window, the moonbeams lighting up her golden hair and deepening the mysterious shadows of her dark eyes, with your daughter on a hassock beside her, listening intently to Marion's story.

"To begin with," said she, "I have no need to tell you that I am so different from mamma and Sue that on many subjects we cannot possibly comprehend each other's motives, or appreciate them. This has made me very much alone when I have been at home, and sometimes I have been very unhappy. My uncle Huntley used often to invite me to his house, and there I met Fred White. About six months ago I promised to be his wife; but I asked him to let our engagement remain a secret for the present, and he consented. It was n't altogether because I was too cowardly to face my mother and Sue, but I knew that the storm of ridicule would come upon him, too, — and — well, it seems horrible to say such things of one's own family, but I knew that we should be far apart and something might happen, where no explanations could be made, to keep us apart forever. If there was nothing to sever, then there could be no attempt, I thought."

"I think you were wise," I said.

"I 'm afraid not. I told my uncle, and though he poohed at the idea of such a long engagement, he promised to keep my secret, and, I think, was the means of getting Fred's appointment. He was always kind to me. But now, when we might be so happy together, comes the worst trouble of all. Fred is very jealous, — I can't say that my previous career has been such as to make him anything else, — and has even been so crazy as to be concerned about my friendship for poor Frank Hendley, who he knows is engaged to Kitty; so I have been continually in terror, either of attracting mamma's suspicions by avoiding attentions, or of rousing Fred's ire by accepting them. I had a long talk with Kitty yesterday, at first about Frank; but she grew very angry, accused me of drawing Frank away, and told me that every one knew I had been flirting with Stuyvesant, that he had proposed to me, and a great deal more that it makes me sick to think of. Now, have I treated Mr. Stuyvesant in any other way than the merest courtesy demanded?"

"Certainly not," said I.

"But if Fred hears the story, told as Kitty told it, it seems to me that I should die, Frank."

"Let us hope for the best," said I. "If Kitty was angry when she said it, perhaps she exaggerated the report, and it will be very easy to contradict it. You are going away so soon, too."

"Yes, but Mr. Stuyvesant and his mother intend to make the grand tour with mamma, and I don't know what would happen to me off there by myself."

"Kitty wants to see you in the morning," said I. "She asked for you tonight, but Mrs. Putnam wished her to go to sleep."

"I hope she and Frank are at peace once more. It seems as though there

must be some strange fatality about me that makes every one unhappy with whom I have to do. I warn you beforehand, Frank, what will come of being my friend."

"And I am so little afraid of your warning that I am going to invite you to sleep with me to-night. Come, let me take down your hair. You know you won't sleep if you go off by yourself."

"I have n't for the last two nights," she said, with a heavy sigh. "Night before last I wrote to Fred, and worried about his angry letter until morning; and last night, what Kitty had told me haunted me like the ghost of a murdered man. If I could only cry," — with a great, tearless sob, — "but I can't. I felt while Kitty was talking as though her words were slowly turning me to stone, and I should sit there, without power to escape from the torture, forever and ever. And then, having to go down to dinner and talk to a grinning idiot in a white tie, while my heart was breaking! I was so afraid Fred would get tired of me, — find out how little there really was of all that he fancied in me. And now" —

She began to cry at last. If any one had told me that I should see Marion care so much for any one, I should never have believed them. Marion, with all her wit and brilliancy, completely a slave to some one's jealous suspicions, while Kitty Caxton, with not half her powers, rides over her lover's heart rough-shod.

"You don't know how hard it has been," said poor Marion, "whenever I 've gone to a party and come home with Fred, to have Sue immediately report the fact, and mamma look at me through her glasses in that sharp way that I felt was looking down into my very soul, and say, 'You must manage better next time, Marion.' And then, when next time I had to tell Fred he must n't talk to me, he would look so surprised and hurt, and half suspicious, too, for he has n't any idea of what mamma is, and I 'm sure I have n't the heart to tell him!"

"I have," said I; "and I 'll do it, too, if it 's necessary."

"It won't do any good now." She began to cry again, and of course that relieved her. Then I coaxed her to sleep with me, and after an hour's soothing and petting had the satisfaction of knowing from her regular breathing that she had fallen asleep. I lay for some time revolving wild plans for smothering Mrs. Hallett and Sue, half resolved to write to Fred myself, and at last dropped asleep, too.

Marion went in to see Kitty in the morning, and they had a long talk together, but I don't know anything about it, except that they are good friends again. Kitty came down-stairs in the afternoon, and was uncommonly entertaining and agreeable. Walter Raymond remarked to me that after this he should always believe in the improving effects of immersion.

But, dear me, what will the post-office department say to such a letter! They 'll suspect you of writing for the papers and having your rejected manuscripts returned, and I 'll stop, to spare your character as much as possible.

Yours lovingly, FRANK.

(*Kitty Caxton to Belle Pearson.*)

IDALIA, *July 15, 18—.*

DEAREST BELLE, — I can't rest until I write and tell you that if ever there was an angel on earth, it is Marion Hallett! We 've made it all up now, and I feel awfully ashamed of myself whenever I think how I treated her. And if you want to bring me to my knees before you in tears of gratitude, just please mention to every one that you can (and bring it in handy, you know) that, although Edgar Stuyvesant has been very attentive to her, quite adores her in fact, she does n't seem to value his attentions at all, nor care a picayune for him; and that 's the real truth this time, *and I know it*, but I can't tell you just yet, though I think that if you 're a good girl you 'll probably be invited to be bridesmaid to somebody before very long; but mind, *don't you tell!*

And now I think I must tell you how Frank and I made up. We were at a

picnic at the Glen, a place where the river is very swift on account of the rapids below. You know that I am pretty strong in my arms and have rowed a good deal, and as I have been on the water so much by myself I thought there was no harm in pulling out to an enticing little island and racing to shore with one of the gentlemen.

Well, I got out there first, and waited some time for him to come (I found afterward his boat leaked so that he did n't dare to use it), and I thought I would row around the island and start back. But as I got around the point, the current took the boat with such fury that I could n't make any headway against it, and carried me down to the edge of the rapids, where, as luck would have it, we lodged against a big rock, and there we stayed, the boat tilted up on the side, threatening to turn over at any moment, and I half in the water, hanging on for dear life, waiting for whatever should happen next. The first thing I knew, Frank Hendley was hauling me up on the rock and proceeding to tie a rope around me. There was barely room enough for two, and after I had nearly tumbled off once and he had caught me, he asked me to take hold of him while he tied the rope. I thought of Marion Hallett and the quarrel and all the mean things I had said about him. I felt I had rather die than have him help me out, and said valiantly, "I won't!"

Frank looked at me a moment in astonishment, as if I must be taking leave of my senses, and then said sternly, "Do as I tell you, you little goose."

What was I to do? There we were perched up together on a little point of rock, for all the world like two drenched rats. I never supposed that a rescue could possibly be so unromantic. But I took hold.

I hardly know how we got on shore, but I know that Frank must have kept me from the rocks at the risk of his own life, for he is horribly bruised, and so lame and sore that he can hardly get about to-day.

Of course they made a great outcry over us, and as we had to go home, and no one wanted to ride with two such dripping creatures, they bundled us up and sent us off together.

We rode along for some time very comfortably, for you can't snub a fellow that has just saved your life, you know, even if he has been making a fool of himself; and as the horse struck a long stretch of level ground, Frank asked me if I knew what I said when we were on the rock, and I responded that I did, perfectly. Then he asked me what on earth made me say it, and I told him I'd sooner die than live. Then he asked me, if I felt that way, how did I suppose he felt; and I told him he had better go and get Marion to comfort him; and he said he 'd rather go to some other place, — very improper indeed, — and asked me what had become of my ring. I told him that I had taken it off.

"To have room for *Raymond's*, I suppose!" said Frank, savagely.

"I thought Marion had the best right to it," said I.

"What the deuce do you mean about Marion?"

I was pretty well wrought up by this time, and was getting very chilly besides, and in spite of my best efforts I began to cry. And then I don't know exactly what I said. Frank said that I told him I loved him better than any one else in the world, but I don't believe it.

However, *he* confessed that he had been very foolish and unreasonable, and when I told him that if I did n't die from my drenching I should certainly get up and sing a duet with Mr. Raymond to-morrow morning, he responded with great amiability and elegance that he did n't care a darn, and altogether was reduced to such a degree of subjection that I feared for his health.

Oh, well, I think you 'll have to imagine the rest. I really can't tell you every *single* thing we said, but everything is all right now between Frank and me, and Marion really was trying to get us to make up when I talked so to her. Was n't it a shame! If Fred White does n't think she 's an angel, he ought to be

hung and quartered! Marion wants me to come and stay with her after she comes back from New York, so you 'll soon see the bad penny returning; and then, my dear, I have such *perfect loads* to tell! Till then, good-by. From yours ever, KITTY CAXTON.

(*Angie Putnam to Belle Pearson.*)

IDALIA, *September 1, 18—.*

MY DEAREST BELLE, — I was very much surprised to learn from your letter of the double wedding that is so soon to take place, especially after what happened during the girls' visit here this summer. But between you and me, Marion would have liked very well to have stood in my shoes if she could only have managed it; and it 's my opinion that when she saw it was impossible to win Edgar's affections, she was so mad that she made up her mind to be married to whomever she could lay hands on. It was pretty smart of her to keep Fred White on hand for so long! I remember how he used to beau her as long ago as when we were at school together, and afterward, when we had come out, at Mr. Huntley's. But Marion's is such an odd style, — not a bit feminine, you know; and I think that has made her more anxious to secure what she could. In spite of all people have said about her success in society, I don't think any one admires her after they get to know her. I am sure there 's at least one person who does n't, and that 's Edgar Stuyvesant, because I asked him.

Of course you are curious to know how our engagement came about, for really, after all, it happened very unexpectedly. You know that we have been intimate for a long time, and Edgar was always the most devoted escort that I had, but I never dreamed of anything more until our summer visitors arrived. I think it was the sight of the other gentlemen's attentions, especially Raymond's, that brought him to see that I was the one most necessary to his happiness. Anyhow, just a little while after the girls went away, he proposed. The poor fellow was *dreadfully* gloomy all the time until then, and I had n't the *least* idea what was the matter! I suppose he had heard the report about Raymond's being engaged to me that you spoke of, and feared to try his fate. I don't see how you could have got the idea that Raymond had proposed to me from anything that I ever told you, for I 've always been as careful not to reveal any such little secrets as I have not to consider that a gentleman ever *meant anything* until he really proposed. Anything but this undisguised seeking for attention which some girls display! It makes me blush for them!

Now, of course I would n't say anything against Kitty Caxton for all the world, but she made mamma and me fairly ashamed to have her act so with Raymond! I was positively delighted when I discovered that he liked Frank Seabury, for I thought it served Kitty just right. It was only the fit punishment for such unwomanliness; but it cut her up awfully when she found it out. She hardly spoke a word to any one after it until that picnic when Frank Hendley rescued her from the water, and then she was ready to make up to him with all the sweetness she had lavished on Raymond. How a girl can transfer her affections in that way, I can't see. But then, Kitty always *was* a *flirt.*

I think she is so foolish to be married in white satin; it 's very trying to any but the most delicate complexions. It 's odd that we should all three fix on the same material.

Do persuade Marion out of having Frank Seabury for bridesmaid, if you can. She 's a little dowdy; not a particle of style about her, and never will have, and I know when it comes to the last minute all you girls will be dreadfully ashamed of her. The *least thing shows so at a wedding. We* have taken pains to see to everything, even the minutest details.

I am so sorry that you can't be here to attend our nuptials, but of course if you promised the girls first, and to be bridesmaid, too, you could n't disappoint them.

I wish you could see my engagement ring, — a lovely thing, eight diamonds in the cluster and a large one in the centre. Have you seen that cluster at Tiffany's that every one admires so? Well, it 's a great deal handsomer than that, and much more expensive. Edgar had it made express for the occasion from a new design, so that there are no others like it.

We are to have waiters and cooks from Delmonico's come down to prepare the refreshments, so that I know everything will be *recherché*. It 's such a comfort to know that everything will go off just right without your worrying about it. Then, too, my trousseau, which is ordered direct from Paris, will be done without any trouble on my part; the only thing is to foot the bill, and papa is used to that, already.

How I pity Kitty and Marion who are running hither and thither to do their shopping and see to their dress-making, while I, with all my work done for me, am having such delightful times with Edgar! Such lovely rides as we have after his black horse Selim! Such delicious evenings in the parlor singing together, and if every other amusement is exhausted we can always talk. I really think he is a born poet, and if circumstances had only conspired as they do over some people, that the whole world would have acknowledged it. He certainly has said more sweet things to me just to-day than that Raymond did during all the time he stayed here; and he is considered quite a poet, you know. I often tell Edgar that if he would only print all the pretty things he says, he would be renowned from Maine to Georgia; but he says his greatest honor is to lay them at my feet. Is n't that just as sweet as it can be!

Well, Belle, I hope some day you will be as happy as I am. Give my love to the girls, and say I hope we shall meet in Paris. Probably this is the last time I shall write to you and bear my present name, but believe me, I shall always be as true a friend to you as I was when

ANGIE PUTNAM.

P. S. Be sure you don't breathe a word of what I have told you about Kitty and Marion, for of course they would be dreadfully angry. I 'm sure I hope they may be happy, but I don't see how girls who do such things can hope to be respected as wives.

And don't forget to write me just what you heard about Raymond and me, and who told you. I think it must have come originally from something that the girls have told. I should just like to know *what they said!* A. P.

Mary A. King.

THE SERMON.

ONE summer morn in the village church,
Where all is cool and dim,
Gathered the poor and aged folk,
And sang a solemn hymn.

And dim and feeble are the eyes
That on the preacher look;
Wrinkled and trembling is the hand
That holds the singing-book.

Now, when the solemn song is done,
The preacher takes his stand
And tells of what the prophet saith,—
"The day of the Lord at hand."

A youth goes with them from the church,
Firm 'mid their tread is his;
They thinking of that day to come,
He of the day that is.

Frank Sewall.

CRUDE AND CURIOUS INVENTIONS AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

VIII.

III. BASKETS AND BASKET WORK.

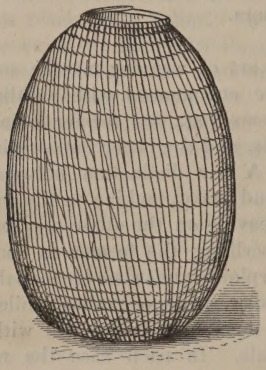
As soon as man became the owner of miscellaneous personal property, or lived upon other food than that obtained in the chase, he must needs have a basket. It must be a sterile country indeed that does not afford grass, rushes, withes, or pliable branches that may be interlaced in order to form a carrying receptacle. Some nations, chiefly in northern and southern regions, have the material for receptacles ready at hand in birch bark and plantain leaves respectively. Bark has numerous uses among tribes of limited acquirements, and in fact no better material is to be anywhere found on an emergency than the birch bark of Canada or the gum bark of Australia. A shelter, a canoe, a bucket, may be had at a few minutes' notice. In other lands bark supplies fibre for all the uses of thread, cord, and mats; elsewhere it is beaten to make robes and wrappings of elegant appearance; in some countries it yields paper. The granary of the Badéma tribe on the Zambesi is a cylindrical vessel made of the bitter bark of a tree to which monkeys and mice have a great antipathy. The bark is cut from the tree by girdling in two places, making one longitudinal incision, and severing it from the trunk. It is then turned inside out to expose the bitter *liber*, is sewn into cylindrical shape, and buried in holes in the ground or hidden in clefts of the rocks, to protect it from predatory neighbors.

The art of weaving may be supposed to have commenced with wattling and basket-making, the former being used for huts, and the latter for carrying-vessels. A fair distinction between wattling and basket-making on the one hand and weaving on the other may be made by describing the former as consisting of interplaiting untwisted materials, such as willows, grass, or rushes, while weaving is done in a frame and with spun materials. In each case the rods or withes passing in one direction are interlaced by the wands or strips laid in the other direction, in and out; answering, when sufficiently open, to the celebrated Johnsonian definition, "reticulated or decussated, with interstices between the intersections." The making of mats is, or may be, a modified form of weaving.

The wattle or hurdle is made by interweaving a row of parallel stakes with withes or wands, such as willow, hazel, elm, oak, or other straight and pliable

saplings as may be convenient. *Wattle and daub*, as the phrase goes, was the house of the ancient Britons in the time of the Cæsars, as it now is of the Kafirs. The descriptions by Diodorus Siculus and Strabo, and the representations upon the Antonine column, might stand for the kraals of the Basutos of South Africa. The houses of the Britons were of stakes wattled with withes and grass, daubed with clay, and with thatch of reeds and rushes; similarly, the Kafir drives half a dozen stakes into the ground, bends them over into dome shape, and weaves withes in and around; their fowl-houses are also wattled basket structures daubed with clay.

The same plan is followed in Africa for granaries. Grain of various kinds is the principal subsistence throughout the land. The Bechuana granary is a jar of plaited twigs wattled upon stakes thrust into the ground, and daubed inside and out with clay. The bottom of the basket is some distance from the ground, and the bare portions of the



(Fig. 193.) Wattled Basket of California Indians. National Museum Exhibit.

stakes form supports like legs. The jars are six feet high and three in diameter. The Gani of Central Africa build a granary on a platform supported by a circle of upright stones. The receptacle is a large cylinder of basket-work plastered with clay, and has a roof of bamboo thatched with grass.

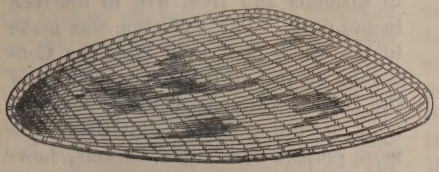
Crossing the whole width of the Indian Ocean, Polynesia, and the Pacific, we find the same methods. The dome-shaped granary of the Gila Punos of California is made of stakes bent over, wattled with straw and rushes, and daubed with mud. The baskets, made of straw-rope sewed, are similar to the African, of which we shall speak presently, and are placed in these huts to hold the corn and wheat. Figure 193 shows the wattled osier basket of the McCloud and Hoopah Indians of California; and Figure 194 shows the structure more in detail. The basket is used for holding berries, salmon eggs, and other dainties, which are bruised up together and form a part of their winter store. The osiers are unpeeled and are bound two in a bunch, and then three where the basket contracts at the neck. The San Diego basket for storing acorns is four feet in diameter, and is made of wattled bunches of willow bands worked in spirally in an ingenious manner.

(Fig. 194.) Wattle Work.

The same plan of wattling is found in the roasting trays of the Pi-Utes and other Southwest tribes; the tray is made of wattled osiers, and is used in cooking grass seeds, grasshoppers, crickets, and various kinds of larvæ. The mode of using the tray is to put live coals along with grass seeds and insects into the tray and shake them up together. The osier wands are gathered together in a bunch to form the handle: the tray is also used in fanning grass seeds to remove the chaff. The acorn harvest and the grasshopper harvest are the two principal seasons of plenty and provision with some tribes of North American Indians.

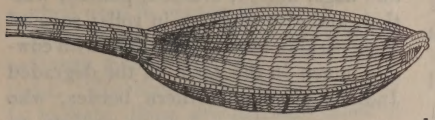
Without baskets, what should people do who have no boards and no bricks? From the Zambesi to the Nubian Nile, Africa is dotted with isolated elevated structures to hold store of grain. The hippopotamus-hunters of the Zambesi store their maize in baskets so large that they are plaited by men standing inside. The Wanyamuezi raise upon legs a structure of the shape of a haystack; or the threshed grain is made into bundles

around a standing pole; or the package is suspended from the branch of a tree. The Dyoor (Upper Nile) granary



(Fig. 195.) Roasting Tray of the Pi-Utes. National Museum Exhibit.

is a bottle-shaped basket of wicker-work, six or seven feet high, inside the hut. It is daubed with clay on the outside to



(Fig. 196.) Roasting Tray of the Gros Ventres. National Museum Exhibit.

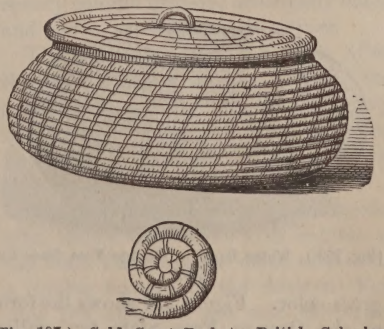
keep out the rats. The Kredy tribe (of the Upper Nile also) have large wicker baskets on platforms elevated so high that four women may grind grain at as many stones beneath. These are arranged on the four sides of a central basin into which the grain falls. The thatched roof rests on posts, over all. The baskets of the Sehre tribe are of a goblet shape, with artistic moldings and a central pedestal.

Even the poor Andamaner has a basket of wicker-work, which the woman carries on her hip.

For the purpose of the present series of articles Africa has been the most prolific of the continents of the world: nowhere else can the primitive conditions of mankind be so advantageously studied under different circumstances; not the most extreme variations, indeed, for Africa has no excessive cold, but still a wonderful variety, for the whole continent is savage in different degrees.

The basket-work of Africa is peculiar. While it cannot be said that no other type exists on the continent, nor that the African type is found nowhere else, we find the established method of manufacture in examples from Central Africa, the Gold Coast, Angola, Mozambique, Orange Free State, and the Cape of Good Hope. A long roll of grass is made, the stalks being laid up straight and the bundle preserving an even size, being bound at intervals, so as to make a smooth round cord usually about half an inch in diameter. Sometimes this is merely bound to hold it in shape, but in other instances it is wrapped, or, as the sailors term it, *served*, with grass previously dyed in colors, red, yellow, and black, alternating with bands retaining the natural color. The basket is commenced at the bottom, as shown in the lower part of Figure 197, and the layers are tightly bound or sewed together as the coil proceeds round and round. The plaiting or binding material is grass, rattan, or roof fibre; the latter is used by the Basuto Kafirs, being obtained from the *ficus capensis*, — which is the ordinary thread of these people, except for sewing furs together to form *karosses*, when sinew is used. The Basuto basket (Figure 198) is one foot in diameter; the rolls of long, dry, and tough grass as the coiling proceeds are sewed very tightly with a flat grass binding. The grass is threaded through a needle with two eyes.

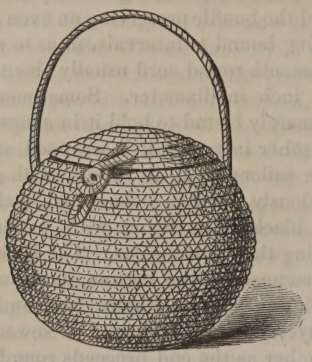
In this mode the typical basket-work is abandoned, and instead of laying down



(Fig. 197.) Gold Coast Basket. British Colonies Exhibit.

a skeleton of radiating ribs which stand as a warp, — the comparison may be allowed, — the ribs being subsequently interlaced with another set of wands or strands answering to the woof, the bundle of fibres is coiled around spirally and the basket is built up into the shape

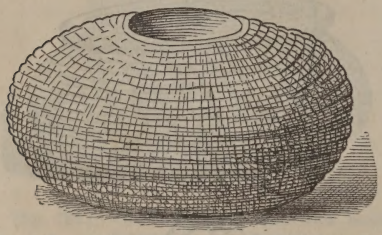
required, each coil being firmly bound or sewed to the preceding one, so tightly,



(Fig. 198.) Basuto Grass Basket. Cape of Good Hope Exhibit.

indeed, that when completed and well wetted it will hold water perfectly.

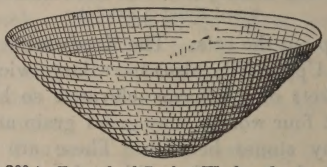
When the colored wrapping of the bundle is so close as to hide the original color of the grass, the sewing of the coils is not prominent; but in some cases the binding of the coils is by colored grass laid over so closely that no other coloring is required, and this ornamentation is done in patterns showing considerable taste. In the case of the closest work of all, from the Orange Free State (Figures 199 and 200) nothing is sacrificed to show, and the vessels are of their natural



(Fig. 199.) Water Basket. Orange Free State Exhibit.

grass color. Figure 199 shows the form of the Orange Free State ten-gallon water basket, and Figure 200 is a funnel made in like manner and used for filling the vessel. Besides the baskets and funnel shown in Figures 197–200, bowls, lids, mortars, and shields of various sizes are similarly made, the red, yellow, black, and white colors in variegation being the wrapping of the coil or the sewing by which the coil is built up. The baskets from the Gold Coast are from fifteen to twenty-four inches in diameter and from five to fourteen inches deep. The collection was made in the colony, and went from the Centennial to the ethnological collection of the British Museum; it was one of the most interesting in the Exhibition. The most perfect and largest baskets, however, were those from the Orange Free State, some being capable of containing ten gallons of water and holding full to the brim.

The ancient Egyptians made baskets and bags, netted, braided, plaited, wattled, and also of grass in rolls: some of their baskets were ornamented with cowries, much in the taste of the degraded Indians on our northern border, who



(Fig. 200.) Funnel of Basket Work. Orange Free State Exhibit.

ornament moccasins, pincushions, and toilet-mats with tawdry beads, bugles, and stained porcupine quills.

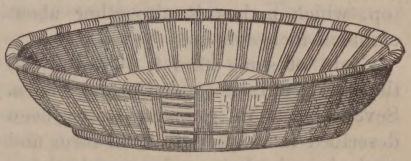
As has been stated above, the grass-roll mode of basket-making is not exclusively African, but is also found among the New Zealanders and some of the California Indians, and has even been discovered among the remains of the Switzerland lake-dwellers. It is, as it has been found in such far-distant parts of the world and at periods some scores of centuries removed, a good illustration not alone of the power of circumstances and opportunities in molding methods, but also of persistence in methods acquired. It is not to be supposed, however, that the use, which to us seems singular, of baskets for containing water, beer, and milk is occasioned by the lack of materials or skill to make vessels of wood or of clay. The Kafirs are skillful in making both of the latter, and this introduces another remarkable feature, which will be more particularly re-

ferred to and illustrated elsewhere, that both the wooden and earthenware jars of the Kafirs are made in imitation of the basket: the wooden vessel is carved on the outside with bands or moldings representing the coils of the basket; the earthenware vessel is made by building up what may be called a rope of clay, coil upon coil, which closely resembles the mode of making the basket; and the likeness is still more increased by markings with knife or thumb nail upon the plastic clay. So the basket may be assumed to be the original, and to afford another instance of the persistence of method even in ornamentation.

Baskets laid up by interweaving in the ordinary manner are also made watertight. The Kafir keeps his beer or milk in baskets: these are carefully made of grass, each row being beaten down with an instrument like a paper-knife. They are well soaked before being filled with liquid. Baskets in Zulu-land are made of grass stems and leaves, rushes, flags, reeds, bark, or osiers. Those made by natives of Lake Chia, near the Nyassa country, are woven so closely as to hold beer, like those of the Kafirs one thousand miles distant. Those of the Pimo Indians of the Gila are made of willow twigs, and are so closely plaited as to be impervious to water; the large, basin-shaped form is the most common. They are ornamented with black geometrical figures.

The granary of the Basutos of South Africa is an enormous basket made in the typical African manner by coiling cylindrical intertwisted bands of grass around and around, preserving the shape required, and sewing each layer with a needle having an eye at either end. The granary has a dome top and is waterproof. These granaries contain maize principally; it is shelled by making a heap of ears on the floor of a hut and pounding them with their *knob kerries*, the native club. Maize, an American plant, is now the staff of life to the Kafir; mush and milk form his principal diet. His beloved cows furnish occasional beef, but he kills them with reluctance. Millet, pumpkins, and *imphee*, allied to the sorghum, are also raised in Zulu-land. The use of corn is spreading over Africa, from the coast inward; in many regions it is not yet known. It is an important crop in Mediterranean countries; also at the Cape of Good Hope and the Orange River country, as we have said. Green ears and the meal of the ripe grain are highly esteemed on the Zambesi; Livingstone says it is there worth three cents per basket, but omits to state the capacity of the latter. Maize may be seen in all stages of growth, the year round, on the Zambesi. Corn is also grown in Ceylon. We learn from Bertolacci that in 1812 the Singhalese had not yet discovered that it could be made into bread, but roasted the grains.

Figure 201 is a tray-basket from Angola, of grass, and about eighteen inches



(Fig. 201.) Basket Tray of Angola. Portuguese Colonies Exhibit.

in diameter. The body of the basket follows the African type in being made of rolls of grass laid up spirally. Variously colored grasses, principally black and white, are laid over in stripes.

The Australian basket is made after the same manner as the African, the grass or reeds being formed into a long bunch which is wrapped spirally, laid up in coils, and secured by strong fibrous threads of chewed bulrush root.

The baskets and trays of Mesopotamia, shown in the Turkish exhibit in the Main Building, are made of coils in a similar manner to the African: Figures 202 and 203 are two examples. Mesopotamia, Persia, and the parts adjacent have been supplied with slaves from Africa by way of the Red Sea and Zanzibar for thousands of years past, and the typical African method may have been thus spread over Southwestern Asia.

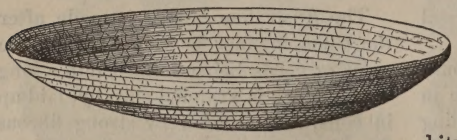
Figure 204 is the meal-bag of Africa. It is of plaited grass with a covering of

leathern strips and braided grass. The sling is of braided leathern cord, to suspend it from the shoulder or from the

(Fig. 202.) Mesopotamian Basket. Turkish Exhibit.

saddle of the camel. It has a leathern top, which makes it altogether about eighteen inches deep.

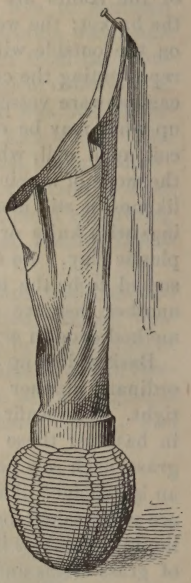
Grain of some kind is stored by all the natives of inhabitable Central Africa. Several sorts of granaries have been described in relation to their form and method as baskets, and several others, which are mainly of clay, will naturally be included in another article. Besides these mere receptacles they have some other modes of preservation: as, for instances, the Batoka tie up their maize



(Fig. 203.) Mesopotamian Tray. Turkish Exhibit.

in bundles of grass, plaster them with clay, and hide them in the sand of the low islands of the Zambesi; the Bawe, a Zambesi tribe also, swathe their grain in oblong grass parcels, and stack these in wooden frames; the Fans of the Gaboon pack pumpkin seeds in leaves and hang them in the smoke of their fires to ward off the attacks of insects: the seeds are boiled, the skins removed, the kernels macerated in oil and cooked.

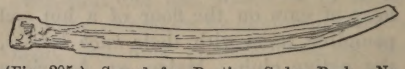
The baskets of Madagascar might be expected to resemble those of the adjacent continent, but it seems to be otherwise. They are of rushes and grass, are in shape round or square, and generally have a cover. They appear to be made by plaiting in the material in what is technically known as basket-work, and not with spiral rolls sewed together, the prevailing African form. Malagasy industries and methods are more closely allied to the Malay than the African.



(Fig. 204.) Meal Bag of Sandan. Egyptian Exhibit.

The granary baskets of the Gila Indians of California consist of wheaten straw ropes three inches thick, coiled up into vase shape, and sewed together in African style. The wheat or corn is stored in these granaries, which are capable of holding from ten to fifteen bushels each.

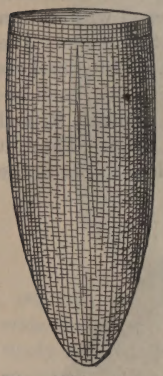
The baskets of the Makal Indians of Washington Territory are made from spruce roots split into fine fibres by being broken across the edge of a paddle and plaited. The small baskets are so tightly wrought that they will hold water, and are colored with chewed salmon eggs ground with bituminous coal or vermilion, for a black or red color respectively. Larger baskets, for carrying loads, are of a wedge shape, are plaited open and of spruce roots. Common baskets, for holding dried fish or blankets, are made of splits from the liber of the cedar. Figure 205



(Fig. 205.) Sword for Beating Cedar Bark. National Museum Exhibit.

is a bone knife made from the rib of a whale and exhumed from a grave on Santa Barbara Island, off the coast of California. It is presumed to have been

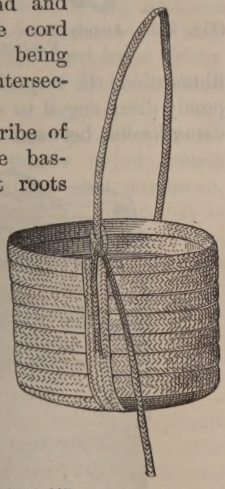
used in beating cedar bark to obtain fibre for baskets, mats, and cordage: the age of the graves is not known, and no natives survive who are able to help any hypothesis. The antiquity of the present processes is, however, distinctly indicated. Another basket of the Pacific coast is made of a species of dwarf cypress. The strands are woven so tightly as to hold water; a conical basket of this kind forms a water bowl, a vessel for grasshopper soup or acorn dough, or a cap. Food is even boiled in it.



(Fig. 206.) Gourd Sling. South Australian Exhibit.

A water-gourd sling from the South Australian exhibit is shown in Figure 206. It is a bag made of a fibre obtained by chewing the bulrush root to separate the filaments, which are rolled into a string between the hand and the thigh. The cord is then netted, being knotted at the intersections.

The Banyeti tribe of Africa also make baskets of the split roots of a certain tree.



(Fig. 207.) Bahama Basket. English Colonies Exhibit.

The Bahama collection exhibited, like many others, the extensive use of the palm leaf in domestic life. The basket in Figure 207 is made of a wide plait of palm leaf sewed up with a thread of bark or grass. The basket is fourteen inches in diameter, and the cord is a plaited tube of the same leaf.

The Uaupé Indians of Brazil use chests of plaited palm leaves to keep their feather ornaments in, and also make saucer-shaped baskets of palm leaf, much esteemed lower down on the Amazon.

The baskets of Fiji are plaited from the leaves of the dwarf pandanus (*pandanus odoratissimus*), from rushes, cocoanut leaves, sennit made from the coir of the cocoa-nut, from bamboo, and other of the abundant materials at hand. They are sometimes made double, and are occasionally edged with sennit of coir.

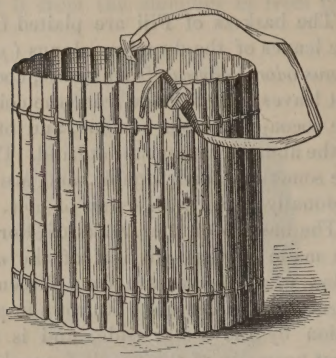
The baskets of the Dyaks of Borneo are made of the split leaf of the *nipa* palm, whose leaves are from fifteen to twenty feet in length. It grows in profusion by the water-side, and is the great necessity of the people for making baskets, mats, thatch, and sails. The strips for basket-making are about one twelfth of an inch wide, are stained in different colors, and are plaited in various geometrical patterns. The corners, as well as the top and bottom and the lid, are reinforced by strips of wood which are lashed to the basket with rattan, as with the Siamese basket (Figure 216) and several of the Chinese examples. These baskets have a combined strength and elasticity which wicker-work of osiers cannot command. The willow in any event is inferior in strength, toughness, and suppleness to the rattan, and fails as much in possessing the stiffness and strength of the bamboo strip.

The Shir women of the Upper Nile are skillful basket-makers, using the leaf of the *doum*-palm.

We have referred to several basket-making materials, grouping them together and considering in turn bark, leaves, withes, willows, rushes, grass, straw, leathern strips, roots, and palm-leaf splits, and now come to the best materials of all, which are tropical productions, the rattan (Malay, *rotan*) and bamboo.

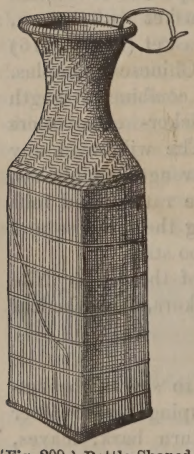
We may first dispose of a somewhat exceptional case, a bucket-shaped berry receptacle (Figure 208), which is made of split sections of cane (*aurundinaria maczosperma*) wattled together with strips of bark. It was made by a Yaquima Indian at Sonora, Mexico.

The Roman bee-hive (*alveare*) was of conoidal form, and made of strips of cork



(Fig. 208.) Cane Berry Basket. Sonora, Mexico. National Museum Exhibit.

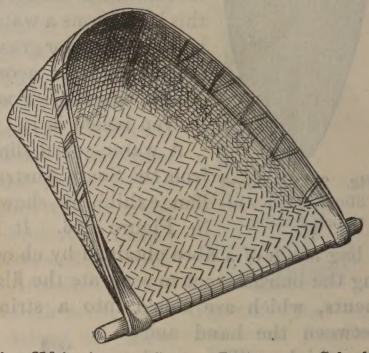
or stalks of fennel sewed together. Figure 211 is a rough affair, and very unlike Figure 209, which is an extremely light, bottle-shaped basket from Angola. The vertical splints of cane run throughout, and are plaited together to form the square bottom. The splints at the side are wattled with double thread, and they are plaited on the neck with circumferential splints. The basket is twenty inches high, and is evidently made by an ingenious African who had seen and admired some bottle imported by the Portuguese traders.



(Fig. 209.) Bottle-Shaped Basket of Angola. Portuguese Colonies Exhibit.

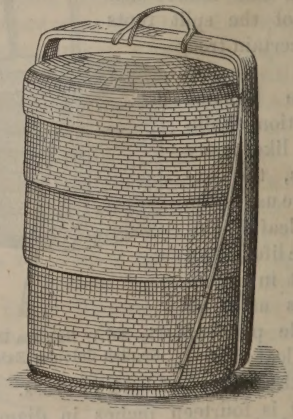
The scoops and trays of Angola are made from plaited bamboo strips. That shown in Figure 210 is ten inches wide, and the form agrees perfectly with the rice scoop of China shown in a previous article. Without absolute connection or acquaintance, there is a tendency among peoples having the same materials to use to run into the same forms, as we have previously had occasion to notice.

The Chinese and Japanese are very ingenious with rattan and bamboo, whole or split. The whole bamboo is used for very many purposes, but does not concern us here; the splits are used for baskets. Rattan, whole or split, is the common material, however. Figure 211 is a basket of rattan coils, fastened with rattan splints, and in a frame of the same. The height is sixteen inches. Three baskets are superimposed in the frame, each being a cover to the one beneath it, and the upper one having a lid. They fit much more accurately than shown in the



(Fig. 210.) Angola Scoop. Portuguese Colonies Exhibit.

illustration, the trays having been purposely disarranged to show the lines of demarkation between them. They are



(Fig. 211.) Rattan Basket. Chinese Exhibit.

used for carrying provisions or other things requiring separation.

Figure 212 has a bamboo frame bound with rattan and holding two baskets, each

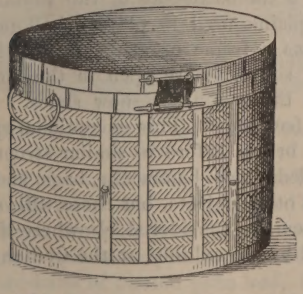
eighteen inches in diameter and eight inches deep. The baskets are made of

(Fig. 212.) Nest of Baskets. Chinese Exhibit.

wide strips of bamboo interlaced with finely split strips of the same, passing round and round and in and out of the flat pieces, which may be denominated the ribs.

Figure 213 is a Chinese basket made of thin bamboo splints in a frame of thicker and wider bamboo strips. The hinges consist each of a ring and two staples. A hasp in front has a loop which coincides with two loops driven into the basket frame. It holds about two bushels.

Figure 214 is a Siamese basket known to that curious people as *ta kraang dauk pekun*, — whatever that may mean, — and holds about three pecks. It is made with rattan rings and frame, plaited with split bamboo. The sides are



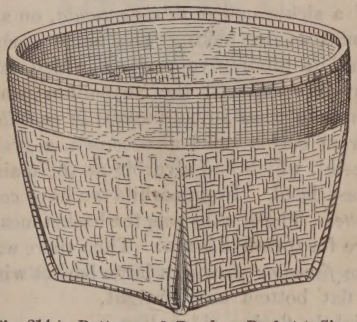
(Fig. 213.) Bamboo Basket. Chinese Exhibit.

made in four sections, and the square bottom forms another; these are very neatly sewn together, at the angles and to the frame, with strings of rattan.

The baskets of the Monbuttoo tribe of Central Africa are of rattan plaited. The Manganjas use split bamboo. The Bongos of the Upper Nile are remarkable for their attention to basket-work, using bamboos and leaves.

The seed *golahs* for storing indigo seed in Bengal are circular buildings of mat and bamboo, covered with a thickly thatched conical roof, the whole resting on a well-raised and arched foundation and floor of brick. The basket is universal in India, but a list of the kinds would not add materially to the previous statement.

We have several times already had occasion to compare the appliances of ancient Europe with those of modern Asia and Africa, and to advert to the fact that while advanced civilization has



(Fig. 214.) Rattan and Bamboo Basket. Siamese Exhibit.

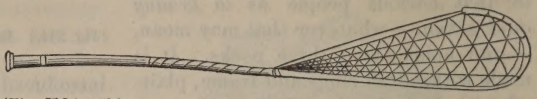
introduced new tools and methods, those of the continents last named have practically remained stationary; the same is also true, in the main, of Europe on the Mediterranean. There are some things, however, made from material ready at hand and with but slight previous preparation, in which we may institute comparisons between ancient and modern Europe without finding much diversity. Take baskets, for instance: in neither variety of size, shape, nor material do the moderns greatly differ from or excel the ancients. The word "basket" is derived from the Welsh *basgawd*, which became the *bascauda* of the Romans and passed from the Latin into modern European languages, reappearing in Britain in its slightly modified form.

The baskets of the Britons were imported into Rome and carried their name with them, but the language was already rich in technical terms belonging to certain kinds, sizes, and shapes of wicker-work. The *æro* was a sand basket of osiers or rushes, used by the Roman soldiers in making earth-works and excavating ditches. The *scirpea* was a large willow or withe basket which was placed on a cart (*plaustrum*) to carry produce or manure. The *scirpicula* was its diminutive, and was an agricultural basket for ordinary purposes. The *corbis* had quite a range of usefulness, and was acorn-shaped, with a bow handle. The *corbis messoria* was used for measuring grain in the ear, the heads (*spicæ*) being reaped with as little straw as convenient by means of a sickle called *falx denticula*, on account of its teeth. The name corbis had its diminutive *corbula*, which still survives amongst the Neapolitan peasantry in their bread-basket, *la corbella*. From corbis came also *corbita*, a grain vessel, which had a corbis at the main-mast head. From corbita we have *corvette*. The *modius* was the basket measure for threshed grain. Then there was the *fiscus* or *fiscina*, a large basket with a flat bottom and straight, slightly flaring sides, like a tumbler. It was made of brown or unpeeled osiers, and used for common work on a farm or in stores; its diminutive *fiscella* was a more delicate basket of smaller size.

Besides these there were flat, tray-shaped baskets, the *cophinus* and *canistrum;* a handsome, tall, open-work basket for ladies' sewing, the *calathus;* a basket strainer of osiers, rushes, or bast, the *colum;* the *cavea viminea* or osier tray on which the Roman fullers exposed their cloth to the action of sulphur fumes; the *corbis constricta* or basket muzzle for horses when vicious, or to prevent their browsing the vines when plowing among them. We hardly possess as clearly definitive titles for the kinds of baskets in present use. The *bisaccium* was the double sack or pannier for throwing across the pack-saddle (*clitellæ*) of an animal. Now as of old time it is made of such material as comes handy: the Spanish broom (*spartium*) so often referred to by Pliny; the osiers (*salix vimenalis*) which grew so abundantly on the river bottoms and in the wet places everywhere; the rushes and grasses of the same spots. Figure 215 shows Spanish panniers of plaited rushes. They are shown with the effect of packing upon them, but when in use the shape is modified by suspension across the back of the animal and the pressure of the contents. The pannier is also used in India upon the backs of oxen.

(Fig. 215.) Mule Panniers. Spanish Exhibit.

Allied by structure but divided by purpose is the battledore of the Indians of the plains, used in playing ball games. It has a frame of ash with interlaced deer sinews, more open in the meshes than those of their snow shoes. It is five feet long. This exceptional specimen brings before us similar structures for sleds, nets, hammocks, bags, and various other objects, but these will, some of them, be considered elsewhere if justified by the exhibits at the Centennial.

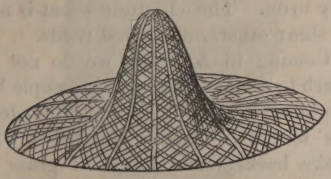


(Fig. 216.) Chippewa Battledore for Ball Games. Canadian Exhibit.

The Oriental hat is of basket-work. Shade and ventilation are the great needs, not warmth. The Chinese hat, for instance (Figure 217), is of bamboo splints, inside and out, inclosing leaves

of the bamboo; the diameter of the brim is eighteen inches.

Figure 218 is a Siamese hat, — *gnaup*, in their language. It is eighteen inches



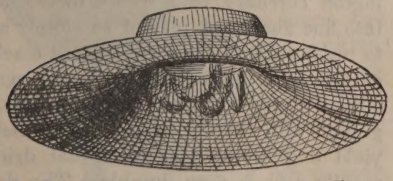
(Fig. 217.) Hat of Bamboo Splints. Chinese Exhibit.

in diameter, and is of plantain or bamboo leaf on a frame of rattan. The skeleton head-piece is lashed by rattan to the inside of the crown, and does not allow the head to touch the surface of the hat, thus securing perfect ventilation all round.

The Bornabi man of the Caroline Archipelago makes a sun-shade of leaves, which he ties around his head.

The Fiji turban consists of a delicate bark cloth (*masi*), perfectly white and six feet in length, fastened with a bow on the forehead or on top of the head. A water-proof cloak is made by them of a young banana leaf heated over a fire, which forms an elastic, thin, transparent garment, impervious to moisture and resembling oiled silk.

The hats of the Dyaks of Borneo are made from the gigantic leaves of the nipa palm, which grows in great abun-



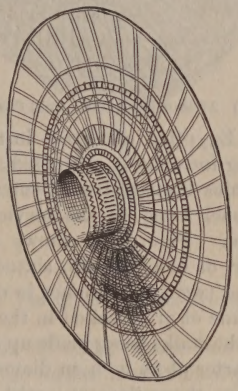
(Fig. 218.) Hat of Rattan and Leaves. Siamese Exhibit.

dance at the water's edge and has been previously referred to. The conical hats of Borneo are plaited of narrow strips of rattan, stained red, yellow, and black. A head-band of plaited palm leaf, fastened inside the hat, slips over the head.

The hat of the Bubes of Fernando Po is a flat, circular piece of wicker-work covered with monkey skin and used as a protection against tree snakes; the only additional dress is a closely fitting coat of palm-oil. The dress of the women is exactly the same, minus the hat.

Figure 219 is an umbrella hat of India, made of palm leaves laid upon a rattan frame. The hat is ornamented beneath with white paper, red cloth, mica, and green beetle-wing covers; also with pendants of mica and beads. The head-band is cylindrical, and is also of palm leaf with cloth binding. The brim is thirty-six inches in diameter, and bears the *palm* for size among Asiatic hats.

An umbrella hat (*chápeng*) worn by the common people of Java is of bamboo,



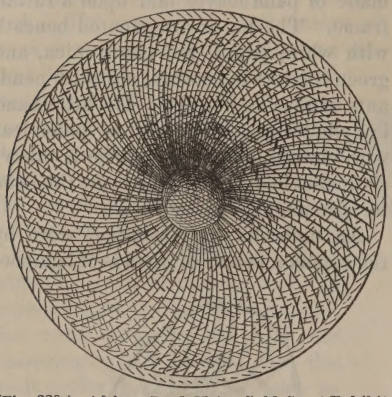
(Fig. 219.) Umbrella Hat of India. English Colonies Exhibit.

dyed in various colors and varnished, and has the shape of a reversed wash bowl.

The East Indian hats (*sola topee*) are made of the pith of a marsh plant, the *phool sola*, or light sponge wood. They are of various forms: helmet, pudding-crown, wide-awake, etc., and are worn by army officers and gentlemen of the civil service, as well as by the opulent natives.

Passing by one step to Africa we find three hats represented. Figure 220 is one from the Gold Coast; it might easily be mistaken for a shield, viewing either the original or the illustration. It is made of coarse rushes plaited from the centre in the regular manner of the palm-leaf hat. It is forty-two inches in diameter. In this instance the rushes are turned over on the edge and laid flat,

but in another hat in the same collection a fringe of rushes is made by allowing one set to project all round, the other set being laid back and fastened.



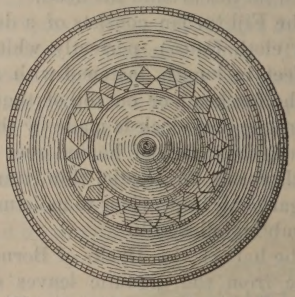
(Fig. 220.) African Rush Hat. Gold Coast Exhibit.

The Egyptian collection in the Main Building fortunately contained a number of trophies brought from Central Africa by Colonel Long, in the service of the Khedive. Figure 221 shows a hat of Darfoor, of conical form, sixteen inches high and twenty-six inches in diameter. It is made of grass coiled in the African mode, the stalks being made up into rolls one quarter of an inch in diameter, and *served*, as the sailors say, with gay-colored dyed grass. The colors being laid on according to a scheme, the effect when laid up into a hat is to make a very showy head-dress.

(Fig. 221.) Hat of Darfoor. Egyptian Collection.

Figure 222 is a hat from Senaar, also in the Egyptian collection. It is smaller and much flatter than the hat last shown, though made in the same way. It is sixteen inches in diameter, and, as was remarked of Figure 220, it might easily be mistaken for a shield, and in fact might be used as one upon occasion against weapons at long range, though it would not stop one of the Bongo spears or Niam-niam *trumbashes*. The hat of the Niam-niams is cylindrical without any brim. The chieftain's hat is made of skin; others, of plaited reeds.

Coming to America, we do not find much to remark; the savage people have abundant heads of hair, and prefer feathers to hats. Among the tribes which make baskets and bowls of grass and reeds, there exists a practice of using the same shallow basket-tray for mixing acorn dough, holding water, gathering berries, or covering the head. There were bowls in plenty in the National Museum exhibit, but they do not differ materially from those already shown, and either of them might be a hat upon occasion. Conical hats are made by the Makah Indians of Cape Flattery, Washington Territory, from spruce roots split into fine fibres and plaited so closely as to resist water. They are colored black or red, with bituminous coal and vermilion respectively, the pigment being ground with chewed salmon eggs, which yield a glutinous substance that dries readily and is very durable. The designs are drawn with brushes made of chewed sticks or bunches of human hair.

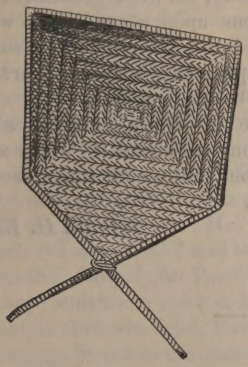


(Fig. 222.) Hat of Senaar. Egyptian Exhibit.

The helmet-shaped hat of the Apache is of deer-skin, fitting closely to the head and covered on the top with a bunch of feathers. It is strangely like a Grecian helmet.

One more subject illustrating the art of plaiting, and we close this article. Figure 223 is a Trinidad fan of cane

splints, so plaited that the natural yellow outside color of the cane is contrasted by alternation with the light color of



(Fig. 223.) Cane Splint Fan. Trinidad Exhibit.

the split side. The fan is twelve inches across the side. The sticks are bundles of the same splints.

The Uaupé Indians of Rio dos Uaupé in Brazil use plaited fans for blowing the fire and turning the mandioca cakes. The common palm-leaf fan of our country is made in the East and West Indies from a portion of the leaf and stalk, the leaf being bound on the edges with strips and thread. The Japanese fan is of bamboo and paper: a stalk of bamboo forms the handle, and is divided into a number of splints which are displayed in fan shape and fastened in position, while paper is applied on each side. The Chinese fan is a number of slips which are covered with paper, folding up in the familiar manner. Other nations make use of leaves simply. With the finer and ornate we have no special concern here.

(Fig. 224.) Angola Fan. Portuguese Colonies Exhibit.

The fan of sticks and cloth, to open and shut, is not strictly modern nor exclusively Chinese. It was used by the Romans; they also had round fans on handles, some made of lotus leaves, and others graceful or barbaric with peacock's feathers and other materials. The Egyptian and Assyrian remains also exhibit gorgeous fans and fly brushes.

The fans of Fiji are made from the leaf of the dwarf pandanus, from coir, or from rushes, and display great taste in shape and texture.

(Fig. 225.) Fan of Angola. Portuguese Colonies Exhibit.

Figures 224 and 225 are fans of Angola. The former is of plaited plantain

(Fig. 226.) Gold Coast Fan. British Colonies Exhibit.

leaf, and has a handle of wood plaited over with the same. Figure 225 has circular and radial strips of bamboo in-

closing a thin mat of fine roots laid promiscuously.

The Gold Coast showed fans of goat-skin with the hair on, and varying from eight to fifteen inches in diameter. The handles are plaited with black and green leathern strips, and the fans themselves are ornamented with red and blue flannel patches and strips, sewed on with green leathern strings. Figure 226 shows a fan of this description.

The list, so far as the present article is concerned, terminates at this point. There are various other applications of plaiting, spinning, braiding, weaving, and netting, but these generally embrace operations upon a small fibre which is twisted into a yarn and then subjected to the processes which convert it into a cord, braid, or web.

These involve a different series of operations from basket-work, and will form the subject of some succeeding articles.

Edward H. Knight.

THE SAN FRANCISCO VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.

THE association of citizens known as the vigilance committee, which was organized in San Francisco on the 15th of May, 1856, has had such an influence on the growth and prosperity of that city that now, at the end of twenty-one years, a true account of the origin and subsequent action of that association will be read with interest.

For some time the corruption in the courts of law, the insecurity of the ballot-box at elections, and the infamous character of many of the public officials had been the subject of complaint, not only in San Francisco, but throughout the State of California.

It was evident to the honest and respectable citizens of San Francisco that if the vote by ballot was no longer to be an indication of the will of the people, and if the trial by jury was not to be a protection to the individual, it would become the duty of the people to protect themselves by reforming the courts of law, and by taking the ballot-box from the hands of greedy and unprincipled politicians. In such cases it is easier to see the necessity than it is to provide the means of reform.

Although the vigilance committee, in the summer of 1851, had done much good, and its beneficial effects had been proved by time, yet the members of that association who were still living in San Francisco did not wish again to have recourse to so dangerous a remedy, if there were any other means of correcting the evils which had become almost insupportable.

There were two newspapers in San Francisco which represented the two parties thus opposed to each other: the people were represented by the Evening Bulletin, and the politicians by the Sunday Times. The Evening Bulletin was edited by James King, better known in San Francisco as James King of William. Mr. King had been a resident of San Francisco since the early days of gold, and had become a journalist in 1855, after going through the vicissitudes of a business life as banker, financial agent, etc. He was a man of good education, and much respected.

The editor of the Sunday Times was James P. Casey. Mr. Casey was well fitted to act as champion of the political gamblers in San Francisco, for he had spent two years in Sing Sing prison before coming to California, and he had the reputation of being the most accomplished stuffer of ballot-boxes in the city of San Francisco.

There was war between the Sunday

Times and the Evening Bulletin, and Casey, finding himself no match for Mr. King with the pen, had recourse to the pistol.

On the afternoon of Wednesday, May 14, 1856, Mr. King left his office, about five o'clock, with the intention of going home to dinner. Casey was watching for him, and as King crossed the street at the intersection of Montgomery and Washington streets, Casey confronted him, and presenting a pistol shot him in the left breast. Mr. King exclaimed, "I am shot!" and was assisted into the office of the Pacific Express Company, which was close at hand. As soon as the shot was fired, Casey ran up Washington Street to the station-house, where he delivered himself into the hands of the police. The latter, knowing that Casey could easily be taken from them if a serious attack should be made on the station-house, were anxious to remove him to the county jail on Broadway. A carriage was brought to the entrance of Dunbar's Alley on Washington Street, and Casey came from the rear of the station-house, attended by the city marshal and followed by a party of police. The carriage moved slowly on, and Casey with his escort came after, not wishing to attract attention by entering the carriage while in view of the crowd who were collected on the scene of the affray. Their movements were observed, however, and there was a rush of people from Montgomery Street in pursuit. The officers immediately hurried Casey into the coach, which was driven at full speed through Kearney Street to Broadway. The crowd on foot were quickly outstripped, and in a few minutes Casey was inside the jail.

The numerous incidents of this eventful afternoon, the shooting of Mr. King, the flight of Casey to the station-house, and his subsequent escape, had followed each other with such rapidity that it was yet daylight when the crowd surrounded the jail. The excitement was intense. It had been rumored that a large armed force was collecting for the purpose of taking Casey from the hands of the officers; when, therefore, a party of men with muskets and bayonets made their appearance, the crowd hailed them with enthusiasm, but they proved to be volunteers coming to protect the jail, and the popular tone changed at once.

Mr. Van Ness, the mayor of the city, addressed the crowd, warning them that their conduct was illegal. He told them that no action of theirs could lead to any good, but that it might lead to occurrences which they would all regret. He also assured them that the prisoner was safe, and that justice would be done.

While this was going on in front of the jail, Mr. King was lying in the office of the express company. The wound had been examined, and it was found that the ball had entered the left breast, had passed upward underneath the clavicle, and had gone out at the back of the shoulder. The surgeons could not say whether the wound would prove fatal.

Throughout the city there was great excitement; a number of violent speeches were made in the streets, and a meeting was held in the Plaza between nine and ten o'clock, but no leaders came forward. A large concourse of people remained in the vicinity of the jail. Several volunteer companies, mounted and on foot, came on the ground prepared to stand guard for the night. The crowd gradually dispersed, and by one o'clock in the morning the streets were perfectly quiet.

During the evening some of the members of the vigilance committee of 1851 came together for the purpose of reorganizing and forming another committee. The next day (the 15th) a set of rules and regulations was drawn up, which each member was obliged to sign. The committee took spacious rooms, and all citizens of San Francisco having the welfare of the city at heart were invited to join the association. Several thousands enrolled themselves in a few days.

The governor of California at this time was Mr. J. Neely Johnson; he lived at Sacramento, the seat of government. The major-general of the second division of state militia (which included the city and county of San Francisco) was Mr. William T. Sherman, who had resigned his commission in the United States

army and had become a partner in the banking house of Lucas, Turner, & Co., in San Francisco. He had accepted the appointment as major-general at the urgent request of Governor Johnson.

Governor Johnson left Sacramento as soon as he heard of the shooting of Mr. King, and arrived in San Francisco on Thursday evening (the 15th); he was received at the wharf by General Sherman and one or two friends. They went first to a hotel, where they discussed the existing state of affairs, and then to the place where the vigilance committee were in session. The governor sent a message to the president of the committee, Mr. William T. Coleman, requesting an interview. After some delay Mr. Coleman appeared. It was not easy for the leader of a vigilance committee and the chief magistrate of the State to agree, but at last they came to an understanding which was satisfactory to Governor Johnson and his friends. The next day the anti-vigilance party were very indignant with the governor for "stooping to make terms with rebels," and the vigilance committee said Mr. Coleman had no right to make important concessions without consulting the executive committee, so that matters remained very much as they were beforehand.

General Sherman had given orders to the police to take all the muskets of the volunteer companies from the armories and to put them in the guard-rooms of the court-house and jail. This was a most ill-advised measure and was resented by the volunteers, who secured such arms and ammunition as they could, and then disbanding they joined the vigilance committee. The sheriff, finding himself left without assistance, issued a call for aid, addressed to all citizens of San Francisco. To this call nearly one hundred persons responded; they went with the sheriff to the jail, and were supplied by him with arms and ammunition taken from the armories.

Saturday (the 17th) was a very quiet day. Mr. King's wound was said to be not necessarily fatal. The vigilance committee had received many new members, but the selected few of the executive committee alone knew what course would be taken.

The members of the vigilance committee were divided into companies of one hundred, each company having a captain. Early on Sunday (the 18th) orders were sent to the different captains to appear with their companies ready for duty at the head-quarters of the committee, in Sacramento Street, at nine o'clock. When all the companies had arrived, they were formed into one body, in all about two thousand men. Sixty picked men were selected as a guard for the executive committee. At half-past eleven the whole force moved in the direction of the jail. A large number of spectators had collected, but there was no confusion, no noise. They marched through the city to Broadway, and there formed in the open space before the jail. After the different companies had been placed in the positions assigned to them, the houses opposite the jail were searched for men and arms secreted there, the committee wishing to prevent any chance of a collision which might lead to bloodshed. A cannon was then brought forward and placed in front of the jail, the muzzle pointed at the door. The executive committee were standing near the jail with their guard. Three of this committee ascended the steps of the jail, and addressing the sheriff through the wicket told him they had come for James Casey. The sheriff went to Casey's cell and told him the vigilance committee had come for him, and that he had not force enough to resist them. At first Casey refused to be taken away, but the president of the committee having promised him that he should be treated with kindness and should have a fair trial, he consented, and was taken to a carriage in front of the jail.

Charles Cora was at this time confined in the jail on a charge of murder. Cora had killed Mr. Richardson, the United States marshal, on the 7th of November, 1855. He had been tried once, but the jury disagreed, and he was now waiting a second trial. The committee requested the sheriff to deliver Cora into their hands. He refused, and they

gave him an hour to think of it. In the mean time Casey was taken to the rooms of the committee, and after much delay Cora was given up and was removed to Sacramento Street. Casey and Cora were placed in comfortable rooms prepared for them in the committee building, and the important work of the day being finished the members who were under arms were permitted to go, a sufficient guard being retained for the protection of the building.

The condition of Mr. King had been favorable, and there were hopes of his recovery until Monday night, when he began to sink rapidly, and on Tuesday, the 20th of May, he died. The announcement of his death produced a profound sensation in San Francisco, and every one wished to know what the committee would do.

Thursday the 22d was appointed as the day for the funeral of Mr. King. The committee had intended to execute Casey and Cora on Friday, both men having been tried and convicted of murder and sentenced to be hanged. But information had been received of an intended attack upon the committee rooms during the funeral of Mr. King, when it was supposed that many of the members would be absent and the building would be only partially guarded. Orders were given, therefore, for full attendance on Thursday. The committee came together in the morning, nearly three thousand strong. The streets in the vicinity of the building were cleared, and a strong guard was placed to protect all approaches to the rooms.

Preparations had been made for hanging the prisoners from the front of the building on Sacramento Street. Casey and Cora were Catholics, and were attended by the Reverend Father Gallagher, a most worthy and excellent man. Shortly after one o'clock the prisoners came upon the platform, and were told that if they wished to make any statements time would be given them. Casey was very much agitated, and spoke for some time, exclaiming that he was not a murderer. Cora, on the contrary, was perfectly calm and did not utter a word, merely shaking his head when asked if he wished to say anything. After Casey stopped speaking, Father Gallagher said a few words to the prisoners, the fatal signal was given, and the two men died with scarcely a struggle.

This very decided action on the part of the committee quite disconcerted their opponents. The executive committee finding that the power they held was perfectly under control, and that there was no danger of any popular excesses, determined to continue their work and rid the country of the gang of ruffians which had for so long a time managed elections in San Francisco and its vicinity. These men were all well known, and were ordered to leave San Francisco. Many went away. Those who refused to go were arrested and taken to the rooms of the committee, where they were confined until opportunities offered for shipping them out of the country.

General Sherman has given his recollections of the vigilance committee of 1856 in a letter addressed to Judge Stephen J. Field of the supreme court at Washington, and published in the Overland Monthly of February, 1874. He says: "Everybody supposed that when this funeral was over [that is, the funeral of Mr. King] the matter was at an end; but to our surprise the vigilance committee maintained its organization, erected a silly fort in front of their rooms, kept a sentinel on the top of their buildings, and undertook the great task of reforming things generally. They notified a good many people to leave the country, and used force, when necessary, to give effect to their decrees. The same influence began to work inside their organization which perverts and poisons all our political organizations. While the better elements of society were at work intent on their own personal affairs, the idle and vagabond sought the power in existence for an easy support, and through the vigilance committee they became what our ward politicians are at all times. Even Sydney convicts became judges and constables."[1]

[1] See Overland Monthly for February, 1874, volume xii., page 111

That a graduate of West Point should sneer at a party of merchants trying to make efficient troops out of a few thousand men who were almost entirely ignorant of military discipline is as natural as that a well-educated merchant should smile at the blunders of a retired captain of artillery who was trying to carry on an extensive banking business. General Sherman was no banker, but simply from the payment of his household bills or the settlement of his mess accounts he should have learned enough of the value of money to know that men of business, who had leagued together for the avowed purpose of driving the idle and the vicious from their midst, would not keep up at a great expense an establishment like the committee rooms as a lounging place for political vagabonds. Nor, when they had bound themselves by oath to risk their lives and fortunes in endeavoring to purify the courts of law and in checking the corruption of the police, would they deliberately appoint Sydney convicts to be their judges and constables.

Toward the end of May, Governor Johnson, who had returned to Sacramento, appealed to General Sherman for advice and assistance in putting a stop to the vigilance committee. At this time General Wool was in command of the United States troops, and Commodore Farragut had charge of the navy yard. Both were stationed at Benicia. General Sherman met the governor by appointment at Benicia, and on the 31st of May they applied to Commodore Farragut for a vessel of war to be anchored off San Francisco. The commodore refused, because the orders of the navy forbade his using a national vessel in any local trouble. They also applied to General Wool for arms and ammunition from the United States arsenal. General Sherman describes his visit to Benicia, and says that General Wool promised to supply arms and ammunition should they be required after Governor Johnson had endeavored to induce the vigilance committee to disband. General Wool denied having made any such promise, and said that he could not lend property of the United States without orders from Washington.

When Governor Johnson returned to Sacramento, a writ was issued, at his request, by Judge Terry of the supreme court, commanding the sheriff of San Francisco to bring before him one William Mulligan, who was then in the hands of the vigilance committee. This writ was presented at the committee rooms, but the deputy-sheriff who tried to serve it was refused admittance. Such a refusal had been expected, and Governor Johnson sent an order to General Sherman to call upon the militia and volunteer companies of his division to assist in enforcing the laws. On the 3d of June, the governor issued a proclamation declaring the city of San Francisco in a state of insurrection. On the 5th of June, General Sherman issued a general order to those subject to military duty, calling on them to enroll themselves according to law, and promising to provide them with arms and ammunition. He shortly afterward went to Benicia to see General Wool about the supply of arms, etc. General Wool handed him a sealed letter. "It was inconclusive. He did not therein, in terms, deny having made the promise; but he referred to some old law and army regulation forbidding the issue of government arms to citizens without the orders of the war department. After this interview I returned to Governor Johnson's room, and gave it as my opinion that it would be useless to attempt to move General Wool from his resolve not to help us with arms. I sat down, wrote my resignation, which he accepted, and he immediately appointed to my place Volney E. Howard, then present."[1]

General Howard went on with the enrollment of militia, already begun by General Sherman, and obtained a number of recruits, who were drilled in the different armories in San Francisco.

It was well known that Governor Johnson and his friends at Sacramento were trying to remedy the refusal of General Wool by obtaining a supply of arms and ammunition elsewhere. About the mid-

[1] Letter to Judge Field, in Overland Monthly

dle of June, the vigilance committee received notice that a quantity of arms would be sent to San Francisco by orders of the governor and General Howard. It was supposed that these arms were on board the schooner Mariposa, and the committee sent a small vessel in charge of a member named Durkee, with instructions to seize the arms if possible. On the night of June 20th, Mr. Durkee overhauled the Mariposa, and removed all the arms and ammunition to his own vessel. The Mariposa was in charge of a man named Reuben Maloney, who had with him some men to work the vessel. As Durkee had no instructions concerning prisoners, he allowed Maloney and his men to go their way, and in a few hours both vessels were at the wharf in San Francisco.

When the executive committee came together on Saturday morning (June 21st) and heard what had happened during the night, they decided to have Maloney up for examination, as they wished to know who had employed him to bring these weapons to San Francisco. One of the vigilance police, named Sterling A. Hopkins, was sent to look for Maloney. He was at the office of Dr. Richard Ashe, the United States navy agent. Hopkins, with two others of the committee, went to the office at about three o'clock in the afternoon, and there they met not only Dr. Ashe and Maloney, but Judge Terry and several of his friends.

When Hopkins announced his intention to arrest Maloney, Dr. Ashe said he would not permit him to take Maloney from the room, and Judge Terry said he would not allow any arrest to be made in his presence. Hopkins, who was determined to make the arrest, went away to obtain more force. As soon as he left the room, Judge Terry and the others, taking such weapons as they could find, left the house with the intention of conducting Maloney for safe-keeping to an armory at the corner of Dupont and Jackson streets. As they went up Jackson Street, they were followed by Hopkins and his party. Dr. Ashe and Judge Terry, who brought up the rear, leveled their muskets and bade the vigilance men keep back. Hopkins sprang forward to seize Terry's musket. Terry had his finger on the trigger, when another vigilance man caught his hand. Terry immediately dropped the musket, and drawing a large knife he stabbed Hopkins in the neck. They all then ran to the armory, where they were admitted.

Hopkins was carried into the Pennsylvania engine house close by, and a physician was sent for, who pronounced the wound dangerous.

News of the affray was at once carried to the committee rooms. The signal for a general meeting under arms was sounded, and in a short time fifteen hundred men were reported ready for duty. In an hour four thousand men were under arms and prepared to act against the so-called law-and-order party, who were collected in force at the different armories.

These armories were surrounded; sentries were placed around the building where Judge Terry and his friends had taken refuge, with orders to let no one in or out until the will of the executive committee could be ascertained. In a short time two members of the executive committee came to the door and officially demanded the persons of Judge Terry and of Reuben Maloney. Carriages were brought, and Terry, Ashe, and Maloney were taken to the committee rooms, after which all the arms and ammunition were carried to Sacramento Street. The other armories were treated in the same manner.

In this way was settled the question of power between the vigilance committee, who wished to restore order and were working to establish an honest judiciary and a pure ballot, and their opponents, the law-and-order party, who wished to uphold the dignity of the law by means of a butcher's knife in the hands of a judge of the supreme court.

Although the committee were masters in San Francisco, their position was made more precarious by the very fact of their having disarmed their opponents. The attention of the whole Union was attracted to the state of things in California, and it was rumored that instruc-

tions had been sent from Washington to all the United States vessels in the Pacific to proceed at once to San Francisco; and that orders were on the way, placing the United States military force in California at the disposal of Governor Johnson.

The committee went on steadily with their work, of which it is not necessary to give a detailed account. All the important changes which they had undertaken had been carried out successfully, and they would gladly have given up the responsibility they had assumed had it not been for the case of Judge Terry.

Hopkins, the man who had been stabbed, remained in a very critical condition, and until he was out of danger they could not release Terry.

It was a most perplexing position. Should Hopkins die, it would be impossible for the committee to avoid hanging Judge Terry. If Hopkins recovered and Terry were released, no one could say what he would do in revenge; and to retain him in custody would be a sufficient excuse for his friend Governor Johnson to bombard the city.

At last the physicians announced that Hopkins was out of danger, and on the 7th of August Judge Terry was released. He returned immediately to Sacramento, but did not resume his seat on the supreme bench until after the vigilance committee had disbanded.

Having got rid of Judge Terry, the committee prepared to bring their labors to a close, and on the 18th of August the whole association, numbering over five thousand men, after marching through the principal streets of San Francisco, returned to their head-quarters in Sacramento Street, where after delivering up their arms they were relieved from further duty. This parade was spoken of by the opponents of the committee as "insolent display," "foolish braggadocio," "defiance of the existing authorities," etc., but in reality it was merely an act of precaution on the part of the committee for their future protection. The men who took the arms from the schooner Mariposa were under heavy bail, waiting their trial for piracy; and who could tell what other arrests would be made, or what suits might be brought?

The committee as a body had undoubtedly acted contrary to law, and could be legally proved guilty of grave offenses. Of course, five thousand men could not be arrested and tried for these offenses; but the executive committee were men of mark and well known in San Francisco, and any one of them was liable to arrest and trial for false imprisonment, and even murder, unless it could be shown that the responsibility for his acts would be assumed by five thousand men ready and able to protect him.

This was considered to be a formal disbanding of the association. On the 18th of May, Casey and Cora were taken from the county jail, and for three months the members of the committee of vigilance had held themselves in readiness to come together at a moment's warning, at any hour of the day or night, and obey the orders of the little band of resolute men whom they had selected as their leaders.

In the following November there was an election of city and county officers. Everything went off very quietly. A "people's ticket," bearing the names of thoroughly trustworthy citizens, irrespective of party, was elected by a large majority, and for the last twenty years San Francisco has had the reputation of being one of the best-governed cities in the United States.

Among other benefits derived from the action of the vigilance committee was the settlement of the title to real estate in the city and county of San Francisco. Suits had been brought before the United States land commissioners to prove the validity of two Mexican grants, one of which was in favor of José Limantour, and the other in favor of a person named Santillan. These two grants covered the whole city of San Francisco, except such portion as was built on made land along the water front; so that Limantour, for instance, could claim one half of a large warehouse, while the other half would belong to the owner who had filled in and built upon a water lot. The Limantour claim was confirmed by the

land commissioners in February, 1856, and the Santillan claim was still under examination, when, early in May, the owners of real estate in San Francisco were startled by a statement made by Mr. Alfred A. Green, to the effect that he was in possession of original Mexican title-deeds which would prove the distinct secularization and establishment of the present site of San Francisco as a pueblo or incorporated town. If these papers were genuine, then the claims of Limantour and Santillan were fraudulent. A public meeting was held, and a committee was appointed to examine the papers and report as to their genuineness and actual value. The committee reported that the papers were undoubtedly genuine and were of great importance, because, in connection with other documents already known, the boundaries of San Francisco could be established beyond a doubt. When Mr. Green was asked to name a price for these papers, he demanded fifty thousand dollars, which was considered exorbitant. While the subject was still under discussion, there came the murder of Mr. King and the action of the vigilance committee. In the course of their investigations the committee had reason to think that these papers had not come into Green's hands in a legitimate manner, but had been obtained either by force or fraud from one Tiburcio Vasquez, who had been an official of the pueblo in former times. Mr. Green and his two brothers were therefore requested to appear at the committee rooms, where it was represented to them that some irregularities of theirs might get them into trouble, and that they had much better take a reasonable sum for the "pueblo papers" or they might be wanted for something more disagreeable than receiving money. On the 27th of September the vigilance committee paid twelve thousand dollars for these papers, and presented them to the city, thus settling a dispute which would have led to endless litigation, and have made all titles to real estate insecure. Limantour was afterward tried for forgery and found guilty, but he forfeited his bail and left the country.

Thomas G. Cary.

ASTERS.

Hued like the wild grapes in their yellowing bowers,
Like these you are children of no fervid skies,
Yet wear the deep rich color of hot Julys,
Of days when the cattle pant, the blue storm lowers.
But now, in the mellow lull of dreamy hours,
Or when to its random bourne the red leaf flies,
Your stars, in delicate clusters, gently rise
On the autumn's lovely firmament of flowers!

You are bathed in dying summer's purple haze,
Yet rigorous breezes to your blooms are dear,
And silvery glimmers of cold sunset lights;
And where you group in sweet fortuitous ways,
To watch your feathery beauty is to hear
The plaintive katydid plead through sharp moist nights!

Edgar Fawcett.

THREE BOSTON PAINTERS.

Boston has no annual exhibition like those of London, Paris, and New York, in which, theoretically at least, the best work of the year in art is brought together. The Boston Art Club does indeed give two or three exhibitions each year, but, like those of the old Athenæum and of the short-lived Allston Club, these are largely composed of pictures loaned by their proprietors and the work of non-residents and foreigners. There has never been in the New England metropolis a regular recurrence of artistic tournaments, like those of the English Royal Academy and the French Salon, to which living artists are invited to send their own works in open competition with their contemporaries.

In default of the comprehensive view afforded by these great art fairs, he who would inform himself of the condition of contemporary art in Boston must take advantage of the lesser opportunities of which there is an almost constant succession. The Art Club, as already mentioned, occasionally opens its doors to the public the receptions of the Palette Club afford to the favored few specially invited an interesting study of the work of students and amateurs, interspersed with frequent contributions of painters of established reputation; but the chief resource must be the galleries of the principal art dealers, where beside the constantly changing stock of works on sale there are frequently to be seen special collections of pictures by resident artists.

Of the many such collections exhibited during the past year, some of which have been noticed in the Art department of this magazine, none were more important or more interesting than those of Messrs. W. M. Hunt, George Fuller, and J. Appleton Brown.

Whatever differences exist between these three painters, — and they are many and great, — they have at least this in common: that there is in all their works an element of poetry, whether of incident, or of suggestion, or, more fundamentally important than either, that strictly pictorial kind of poetry which is the expression of the artist's intense appreciation of the beauty of form, of color, of the effects of light and shade, which he finds in his subject and which become the *motive* of his picture, the *reason why* he paints it, its inspiration.

A striking instance of this last kind of poetry is to be found in a small sketch, or study, though most certainly a picture, which was on the whole the most attractive feature of Mr. Hunt's exhibition. The subject is a very simple one. Two youths have come to bathe at evening in a secluded pool, shut in by a dense screen of foliage. One of them has waded out into the water until it has reached his armpits, bearing his companion upon his shoulders. The latter has raised himself to an erect position and stands with outstretched arms, preparing himself for the plunge which is evidently to follow. Both turn their backs to the spectator and their faces are invisible. The clear pearly white of the bathers' naked flesh, relieved against the dark green background, together with the beauty of the unclothed youthful figures, hesitating between action and repose, motionless yet full of movement, constitutes the whole picture, one which has all its attractiveness, all its charm, all its poetry, within itself, and owes nothing to suggestions from without.

It is to be regretted that a wider publicity could not be given to this charming sketch than that resulting from its too brief exhibition; that it could not, for instance, be reproduced in etching, that most fascinating form of art now so popular in France and England, and to which it seems to be admirably adapted.

In another of Mr. Hunt's works there is also a group of bathers, but instead of being the principal feature they are accessory to the landscape, which, in this

case, constitutes the picture. The hour is shortly after sunset. Near the horizon the cloudy sky is faintly streaked with red, while a ruddy glow, feebly contending with the prevailing gray, flushes the heavens and is repeated in the glassy surface of the stream. Less effective or less striking pictorially, less a picture in itself than the other, at least at the first glance, it has a charm of suggestiveness not felt and not needed in that, and may be taken as a good instance of another way in which a picture may be said to be poetical: namely, when it inspires in the sympathetic beholder poetic thoughts not arising directly from the artistic or poetical treatment of form, light and shade, and color. The theme, the motive, is evening; the moment when —

> "fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
> And all the air a solemn stillness holds," —

a solemn stillness that seems, indeed, to be the prevailing sentiment of the picture; a stillness made only more marked by the fancied sound of shouts and laughter and of plashing water coming faintly from the distant group of bathers.

In yet another of Mr. Hunt's pictures may be found an instance of a third kind of poetical interest which may attach to a work of art, the poetry of incident.

The scene here represented is again sunset or early twilight, the after-glow of a November day. A russet rather than a rosy light still lingers in the sky, and a few faint crimson streaks mark the spot where the sun has just gone down behind the steep hill-side, which occupies the greater part of the canvas and at whose foot the spectator is supposed to be placed. Just beyond the crest of the hill we see, as we look up, an ox-cart, and two men at work gathering in corn-stalks from the pyramidal heaps in which they had been left to dry after the corn itself was harvested. A few *stooks*, only, are still standing, rising dark above the line of the hill-top against the evening sky, which, though warm in color, is suggestive of cold, — the harbinger of a frosty night. One of the men on the top of the load, already piled high, stoops to arrange in due order the bundles of stalks which the other lifts to him on the point of his fork. On the right, in a depression between the hills, a line of apple-trees closes the vista. The foreground, dimly seen in the gathering dusk, is a rough, plowed field, in which the lines of stubble, the half-effaced "hills" where once the corn stood in rows, with here and there a few scattered leaves and withered stalks, are felt rather than discerned.

Though this picture is by no means wanting in strictly pictorial poetry, — the purely artistic attractiveness which makes it a picture, — nor in the poetry of suggestiveness, these are both made subordinate to the poetry of incident, the story proper which the artist had chiefly in his mind to tell: that sad, pathetic story of the hard, laborious, joyless life of the small farmer in New England, — a life of which, for the most part, we have had, in painting at least, only caricatures, but which contains, when rightly seen, as many elements of poetry as that of the French peasants whom Millet has made immortal.

In this picture, as in the study of the two bathers, the purely pictorial effect is dependent upon the opposition of dark and light. But the terms are reversed. Here it is the background which is light, while the principal figures are dark. This change imparts at once a different character to the scene, and invests the group around which the interest centres with a sombreness in accord with the pathos of the story. Nor is the contrast so vivid. There is nothing to recall the brilliant contrast of the bathers' white flesh and the dark mystery of the green trees. The twilight sky glows, indeed, but does not sparkle; while the group of the cart, the oxen, and the men, though counting as dark against the sky, is steeped, as it were, in the subdued light with which the ambient air is filled, — an effect no less true to nature than conducive to the poetical charm. Equally with the other picture it has its purely pictorial melody, but a melody played lower in the gamut and in a minor key. Nor is it any longer a simple melody. It is pressed into

the service of the poetry of incident and becomes the accompaniment of the song, not the song itself.

As for the poetry of suggestiveness in this picture, it is difficult to separate it from the poetry of the story, which is not told solely by the action of the men around the cart. Each portion of the picture takes up the tale in turn, or rather in concert; every inch of the canvas has its part to play in the drama. And how well do these subordinate characters, as we may call them, play their parts! They speak the lines set down for them, and nothing more; not interpolating irrelevant matter to attract attention to themselves and to mar the unity of the play, as bad actors often do on the stage. The plowed field, with its half-effaced corn-hills, records the past labors of the husbandman and the successive stages of the growing crop; the sky says plainly that autumn has come and the long imprisonment of winter is near. It is no mere imitation of nature that we have before us. No photograph, no pre-Raphaelite rendering of sticks and stones, could give this impression, could have this suggestiveness. It is not a portrait of the field as it actually was, but as it appeared to the quick sense of the poet-painter.

But admirably, on the whole, as the story is told, effectively as every part of the picture is made to help in the telling, Mr. Hunt has not quite succeeded in giving it, in the genuine Yankee dialect, with a strong flavor of the soil about it, as Burns or Millet would have done had they been born in New England. Neither the men, nor the oxen, nor even the apple-trees, are of the pure Yankee type; and the whole picture has something of a foreign air. There is a want of that perfection of local coloring which we can never hope to see fully realized in the portraiture of the rural life of New England until some youth, "native here, and to the manner born," shall, as Millet did, quit the plow handle and the scythe for the palette and brush, and — profiting by the means of art education now beginning to be so abundantly offered — qualify himself to render a tardy justice to the race from which he sprang.

One ought not, however, to insist too strongly upon this defect in Mr. Hunt's picture. Burns and Millet have drawn the farm laborer as seen from within Tennyson, and Mr. Hunt must, of necessity, paint it as seen from without; but this does not in the least prevent their being true poets.

Whatever want of localization there may be in this episode of New England farm life, no fault of the sort can be found in the two large landscapes which plainly represent no other than New England woodland scenes. Not the damp, sunless depths of the primeval forest, where the wayfarer, if he quit for a moment the beaten trail, sinks knee-deep in moss and rotting wood, and where the chill air, redolent of decay, makes it dangerous to linger; but the neglected woodlands to be found in the neighborhood of almost every New England village where, since the introduction of coal as fuel, the wood is not cut so regularly as it once was, and where, here and there, singly or in groups, a few stately oaks or beeches have been allowed to attain a length of years and fullness of growth usually denied them. Here, amid ruin caused by neglect or wanton destruction, forcing our way through the high and tangled underbrush that too often hides from view the "dim vaults" and "winding aisles" of "God's first temples," we occasionally come upon a remote and secluded spot, spared alike by the woodman's axe and the forest fires, where the nibbling sheep have kept down the rank luxuriance of the wild grape and of the beautiful but destructive smilax, and where we are vaguely reminded of the stately majesty of the *Bas-Bréau*, that crowning sylvan glory of Fontainebleau.

In some such favored corner of a New England "wood lot" Mr. Hunt seems to have found the subjects of his two pictures. Grand old trees spread abroad their gnarled and knotted branches darkly against the translucent, sun-illumined green of the foliage, their "immovable stems" fast anchored in the

soil by the muscular grasp of their strong roots; while, impudently intruding on their venerable privacy, a group of upstarts of lesser growth here and there assert the New England character of the place, which is again marked by the low wall, long disused and half fallen, loosely built of large, unhewn, and lichen-covered stones. Subjects of this class ought to be especially dear to American landscape painters, as they have ever been to him who, of all American poets, has best described and most fully entered into the spirit of American scenery. Few who have tried to reproduce on canvas the sort of scenery which inspires Bryant have seemed to recognize the sort of poetry which he found in it, and which is indeed there; but in Mr. Hunt's pictures we have a strong impression of the —

> "Stilly twilight of the place;"[1]
>
> . . . "the solemn shade,
> Verdure, and gloom, where many branches meet,
> So grateful when the noon of summer made
> The valleys sick with heat;"[2]

In spite of the bold and sketchy execution, the great masses of color, though laid on as with a trowel, are yet so carefully selected and skillfully placed that they have a harmony, a tenderness and delicacy so characteristic of sylvan scenery, and giving to the woods so much of their tranquillizing and consoling influence.

If it be among the objects of the new Art Museum in Boston, as it undoubtedly should be, to form by degrees a gallery of American art, these two pictures, so thoroughly American in subject and in feeling, and the work of one long recognized as at the head of his profession in Boston, should at once take their permanent place on its walls.

In all the landscapes and landscape studies which formed so large a part of Mr. Hunt's two exhibitions will be recognized the power to see rightly and the ability to express briefly and strikingly. The union of these two qualities constitutes what is called strength in art. United with this there will also be found in all Mr. Hunt's work, however rough and unfinished, a refinement which is always the concomitant of true strength, and without which strength becomes mere brute force, repulsive and vulgar. As an example of the pervading presence of this characteristic even in what, materially considered, may be called his coarsest painting, one may take the yellow backgrounds of his unfinished portraits. Made up as they are of great splashes and blotches of different shades and colors, see how exquisitely they blend into one harmonious whole, — passing through infinite imperceptible gradations from their highest light to their deepest shadow, — and how the quality of the color thus produced is throughout as far as possible removed from coarseness and vulgarity!

Mr. Hunt rarely, if ever, makes color alone the motive of a picture. Even in the Boy with a Mandolin, perhaps the most brilliant example of color lately exhibited by him, you are less attracted by the rich Giorgione-like tones of the flesh, the iridescent sheen of the drapery of shot silk, the brilliant contrast of the white turban and whiter teeth with the dark skin, than by the roguish archness of the boy's face, the *naïve* delight with which he listens to the twanging string. The color is subordinate to the thought of the picture.

So it is with all. If there were time to go through the list, we should find that something beside the color, or the form, or the chiaro-oscuro, something more than the mere material, was the real motive which, with perhaps one or two exceptions, led to the painting of each picture. In the landscapes it is the solemn twilight, the almost sacred calm of the woods, the boisterous exhilaration of a breezy day, the awful majesty of towering clouds, the tender freshness of spring, the sultry glow of summer; in the portraits it is the pensiveness of one, the eager animation in another, the proud indifference of a third, and, in the head of Sumner, the man weary and worn in the public service, that one sees first of all.

One of the great difficulties of the technical part of art is that its business

[1] Forest Hymn. [2] Autumn Woods.

is not to reproduce with literal fidelity the forms and colors of visible nature, but to convey to the beholder the artistic or poetical impression produced by these on the artist-painter. To distinguish what features of the scene before him produce the impression he feels is by no means easy; and having once found them it is equally difficult to keep them resolutely in view, shutting the eye to everything else. The temptation is strong to put into the picture what a public more wedded than it suspects to certain conventionalities of treatment expects to find there: on the one hand to represent what is not seen, though it is known to exist; and on the other to dwell upon parts which, though plainly enough seen if one looks for them, have no influence in producing the general impression, but, on the contrary, if made too conspicuous, diminish its force.

This difficulty — which each of our three artists combats in his own way — Mr. Hunt seems to attack more boldly than the others, and by a method implying greater vigor and impetuosity of conception, or of impression, as well as of execution. Judging by his more recent productions, his present mode of working would seem to be to dash at once upon the canvas an abstract, as it were, of the actual appearance of things as they present themselves to his eye in the impassioned moment when his subject first captivates his imagination. The whole picture is there from the first, but so broadly and expeditiously indicated as to be hardly intelligible except to the artist himself. It is a poem in shorthand; the mass of clay that is one day to be a statue, but has, as yet, only a rude resemblance to the human form. The life, the movement, is there, but obscured, impeded, and hampered by the grossness of the material. All the subsequent work is a process of refining; it only remains, as the French say, to *dégrossir* the statue. We may regret that in some of Mr. Hunt's work the refining process has not been carried further; we may long to scrape away the great masses of what is too visibly paint and which almost prevent our seeing the picture, — as the shapeless lumps of clay hide the statue that is to be, — but it is impossible to avoid the conviction that, after all, the picture is there.

The question of the truthfulness of the character given to a portrait is one with which the critic has no concern, — at least, where the subject is a private person. It is sufficient for him if the portrait has a character of some sort, whether it be the right one or not. It is this impress of character that raises the painter's work above the mechanical fidelity of the photograph, and makes it art; and it is this even more than their pictorial and technical excellence which peculiarly distinguishes Mr. Hunt's latest exhibited portraits.

The one which perhaps attracted most attention was that of a lady seated, her figure turned toward the left of the canvas, but the face looking directly toward the spectator. The subject is young, of fair complexion, and has a placid expression, thoughtful, if not sad. Across her lap lies a guitar of antique pattern, the neck of the instrument retreating into the canvas, — a marvel of foreshortening and perspective. The lady's left hand rests lightly across the sounding-board, with a soft, caressing touch, — a movement of ineffable grace and tenderness, — while the right grasps loosely the neck of the instrument, the fingers absently pressing the strings. She is not playing (were she doing so the position of the hands would be reversed); she has finished her song, and sits gazing dreamily with the sentiment of the melody still lingering in her face. The picture was marked "unfinished;" but indeed there seemed nothing to be added, unless it were the strings of the mandolin, and even the absence of these was scarcely noticed.

Another portrait, a young girl in a riding habit, also marked "unfinished," more nearly than the first justified the designation. But if those who may have imagined that the two or three daubs of paint which for the time did duty as a hand were laid on at hap-hazard had looked at them from a little distance, they might have seen how com-

pletely these daubs expressed the movement, the very look, of a hand lifting a curtain. Rough and unfinished as it was, the hand was there.

The pictures of Mr. George Fuller, exhibited at the gallery of Messrs. Doll and Richards during the past summer, have a certain quaint, old-fashioned air which is far from displeasing. There is nothing modern about them; none of the new French fashions so much decried by some and so eagerly and unintelligently run after by others. They awaken reminiscences of the works of the old masters, especially those of the Dutch school; and the relationship which they seem to claim with these must be traced, one would say, if at all, through English rather than French channels.

Very differently from Mr. Hunt, Mr. Fuller appears to approach the technical difficulties of his art with extreme caution, and to begin by enveloping his subject in a sort of misty obscurity, from which he gradually evolves (this seems to be his method of working) such parts of it as interest him and in which he seeks to interest us. One can imagine a picture growing gradually under his hands out of a mere flat mass of shadow: a head slowly assuming rotundity; the modeling, step by step, carried further; the illuminated portions receiving, touch by touch, a higher pitch of light and color; all done slowly, deliberately, tentatively, with many a backward step and fresh beginning, with constant reference to the ideal model, — the picture existing from the first in the painter's mind, — till, at last, the limit of art is reached, or the painter's hand tires and he is forced to confess that he can carry the process no further. But how successful it often is as far as it goes, and how little seems wanting!

The poetry of incident, in the few canvases in his exhibition which profess to tell a story, is of the most simple and tender kind. Its heroes and heroines are almost always children, for whom he seems to have as great a love as Edouard Frère, whom he at times resembles in treatment as well as in subject. One picture, especially, reminds one of Frère. It is a winter scene, in which a group of children are drawing a sled, loaded with their younger playmates, down a slight descent over the dry, crisp snow which covers the ground and which the wind whirls in a fine dust about their feet. This effect, so often noticeable in our coldest weather, is admirably rendered. No less successful is the winter sunset, seen through the slender trunks of young oak-trees that border the road and to whose branches cling the withered and ice-incrusted leaves. There is no tinge of the morbid melancholy so apt to be associated with winter by artists who attempt to *put* poetry into winter scenery instead of finding it there. The children are enjoying themselves heartily, and the beholder instinctively shares with them the healthy exhilaration of the keen and frosty air.

The greater part of the canvases in Mr. Fuller's collection were, however, studies of heads and portraits. Some of the studies had only partially emerged from their first nebulous state. Two heads of young women in this misty, vague, and shadowy condition are remarkable for the delicate and refined treatment of the hair, which in one is combed back from the forehead and falls in long loose tresses behind, resting on the shoulder, and in the other is gathered in a knot on the top of the head.

Stronger and deeper in tone and more positive in color are two nearly half-length studies of young girls, each with a wooded background. One of the girls has twined a wreath of leaves and wild flowers around her straw hat; the other has adorned in the same way her own dark hair. This last study is a marvel of rich, ruddy, and golden color, of which it is no exaggeration to say that it is Rembrandtesque.

But the most satisfactory, upon the whole, of these studies of heads is that of a boy, whose light hair, rebellious to the brush, bristles over his forehead and short round face, and whose serious gray eyes, looking straight out from the canvas, have that dreamy, vacant gaze, susceptible of various interpretations, according to the mood of the beholder,

which so often in portraits by the old masters — in those of Rembrandt especially — lends the charm of a certain mystery and unfathomableness to the expression.

In all these studies Mr. Fuller has evidently been trying experiments, particularly in the rendering of hair. In some the means employed are more obvious than the result is satisfactory; but it is by trying these experiments that the artist has learned to succeed so well as he has done in the last-mentioned head of a boy, in the young woman with long loose tresses, and perhaps best of all in the portrait of a gentleman, in which the white hair and beard have a silvery sheen and an apparent softness to the touch which are truly admirable.

These studies are also essays in modes of rendering flesh, though in truth Mr. Fuller's method is in all more or less the same. All his work is in *impasto*, and reminds one as to color as well as texture of the rich cream which some English painter recommended to his pupils as the standard of consistence for the pigments to be employed in flesh painting. This use of impasto gives to Mr. Fuller's heads an air of solidity very striking when they are compared with Mr. Longfellow's head of a monk, which was hung near them, painted in the thin manner of Couture, — in which only the lights are in body color, while the darks are rendered by transparent glazings. This head, though an admirable study when seen by itself, had, in juxtaposition with Mr. Fuller's solidly painted canvases, almost the air of a transparency. Fortunately, art is, or should be, broad as well as long, and all roads are good that lead to Rome.

The poetry in the pictures of Mr. J. Appleton Brown is in some respects quite different from that which characterizes the works of Messrs. Hunt and Fuller. In the poetry of incident, that is, of human incident, they are wholly wanting. No one of the thirty canvases in his recent exhibition professes in the least to tell a story in which any human being plays a part. The few figures introduced occupy very subordinate positions; trees, clouds, hill-sides, the wild waves, the running brooks, — these are his only subjects; it is of these only that he has a story to tell. Man and his works are almost wholly ignored: not a house, not even a distant spire, is allowed to intrude into the unaccompanied presence of nature; we have barely a glimpse, now and then, of a boat, a traveled road, or an artist's sketching umbrella left to itself on the edge of a wood.

Nor have Mr. Brown's paintings precisely that kind of purely pictorial poetry which lends so great a charm to the works of the old Dutch masters. Like some recent poets who have rebelled against the melodious jingle that charmed the ears of our grandfathers, he professes to care more for the substance of poetry than for the poetic form; and though that is not in truth wanting, it is a new form cast in a modern mold, and not at first recognized by those whose tastes have been shaped by study of the ancient models.

Mr. Brown's landscapes are indeed thoroughly modern. There is little in them that recalls the old masters, and scarcely more to remind one of the so-called romantic school of landscape, developed in France simultaneously with the romantic school of literature, and whose leaders, Rousseau, Troyon, Dupré, Diaz, have until lately been regarded as the standards of excellence by those of our artists who have studied abroad. Mr. Brown's sympathies are with a later school of French landscape painters, whose best known names are, or were, Corot and Daubigny, — a school which, neglecting the strong effects in which their predecessors delighted, make the interest, the poetry of their pictures to consist in the reproduction of the physiognomy, the inherent character of each particular scene, and in harmonies of color rather than in oppositions of light and shade. They exult in the fresh greenness of meadows, the tender verdure of woods in spring, the thin foliage and tall, silvery stems of birches, the glassy surface of still water, the delicate grays and diffused light of a cloudy sky, the mists of early morning. They are in

full sympathy with that very tender love of Nature which enters so largely into much of the poetry of to-day, and which tends more and more to centre about her simpler and less obtrusive aspects.

That Mr. Brown has indeed studied Corot might be suspected from the fondness which he shares with him for quiet river-side scenes, and especially for those where the stream is bordered by long lines of nearly leafless trees. Such resemblances as this, were there nothing more, would be evidence of mere plagiarism; but Mr. Brown should have credit for having sought deeper into the mysteries of Corot's art. It has been truly said that what most distinguished Corot above all his contemporaries was his thorough appreciation of *values*. It is here, rather than in his tall and slender trees, that Mr. Brown is really like him. It is this thorough mastery of values which gives its charm to the picture he calls November. The scene, evidently in New England, is an open pasture, sere and yellow: in the middle distance, toward the left, is a large oak-tree with russet-brown foliage; toward the right and farther off, a solitary figure, dark amid the faded grass; and farther still, a thin fringe of leafless trees. Quaker-like in the modesty and simplicity of its color, with no obvious striving for effect of any sort, the picture is yet thoroughly effective from its apparent and approximative truthfulness. Every object, having its proper proportional value, keeps its place perfectly, and one can see exactly where it is, whether near or distant. As people stand in presence of the picture, it seems as though one might walk into it for miles.

It is a picture, too, full of the natural and healthy poetry of autumn, the season of long walks through pastures and along the hill-sides; a season the sadness of whose suggestions of decay is tempered by the inspiration of its clear air and its invigorating breezes. The values in the picture are not, indeed, absolutely true; they could not be. The tree, doubtless, came darker against the sky in nature; the difference in depth of tone between that and the withered grass was also greater in the real scene; and more than all there were greater variances between the several parts of each object. It is in the adjustment of these degrees of value to the limited means of art, as compared with those of nature, that the skill of the painter is shown. One of the chief means by which this adjustment is effected is by considering each object in the mass, and determining first of all its relation — as to depth of tone — to surrounding objects; only afterwards distinguishing its several parts from one another, and giving to each its proper relief and modeling, so far as this can be done without disturbing the relations of value already established.

Another point of resemblance which Mr. Brown has with Corot is that he is not in the least afraid, as occasion requires, of making his trees green. Curson's Woods and The Road to the Mill at Curson's, Newburyport, were the most striking instances of this. In both are dense masses of deep green foliage, with little or no sky visible; and how truly the impression of nature may confidently be left to any one to say who, during the late luxuriant summer, has walked or driven through the shaded lanes anywhere in Eastern Massachusetts.

The most remarkable picture in the collection was on the whole that called On the Artichoke, West Newbury. The season represented is autumn. In the foreground is a calm, sluggishly flowing stream and a line of bare trees with slender trunks. Behind these, in the middle distance, stretches a broad green meadow, through which, with many a serpentine curve, a brook flows toward the spectator, to join the larger stream; its waters now reflecting the blue sky, now flashing like molten silver in the noonday sun. One is always sure, in Mr. Brown's pictures, of the time of day and of the sun's place in the heavens. Beyond the meadow rises a line of upland, brown and gray with withered grass, along whose sides the shadows of the flying clouds chase one another, — one can almost see them move, — defining, as they glide along, the else unsus-

pected inequalities of the surface. On the top of the hill a few trees, touched with a master hand, show their delicate, impalpable outlines against the sky, while at the base a line of trees, nestling between the meadow and the hill, glow with the bright, but here unexaggerated tints of our New England autumns. The bright blue sky overhead is almost wholly covered with torn and ragged fragments of white cloud, streaming across the canvas from left to right, strongly suggestive of a brisk breeze. All in this picture seems admirable; but what is most remarkable is the rendering of the water in the immediate foreground. It would be difficult to find a more successful attempt to give at the same time the surface of water and the reflections seen in it. The sky as reflected in the stream seems to be immeasurably deep, — as far below us as the real sky is high above; while at the same time we can distinctly see that the water has a surface, a mere filmy nothing, too impalpable, seemingly, to have been really painted, and which one cannot but fancy was transferred to the canvas by a pure act of the will.

There may be those who will miss in Mr. Brown's pictures as well as in Mr. Hunt's later work the evidences of long, laborious, and patient application, and will thence infer the absence of that love which gives an indefinable charm to the works of those who put their heart into what they do. It is perhaps difficult to associate the humility of a true love of nature with rapid execution and profuse production. We are apt to think that only by lingering long over one's work, — caressing it, as the French say, adding fearfully and tremblingly one loving touch after another, — the true lover of nature and of art is shown. But true love is manly as well as humble, can be bold on occasion, is content to do the best it can rather than to be forever "sighing like a furnace" for the unattainable, and so degenerating into sentimentality. Rapidity of execution is by no means incompatible with tenderness of feeling. Witness the cloud shadows in Mr. Brown's picture mentioned above. Though done with one sweep of the brush, it would be hard to conceive how any subsequent caressing or tinkering could add an iota to their tender and evanescent loveliness. Their charm was surely none the less felt by the artist because felt at once and expressed as soon as felt.

SOME RAMBLING NOTES OF AN IDLE EXCURSION.

III.

So the Reverend and I had at last arrived at Hamilton, the principal town in the Bermuda Islands. A wonderfully white town; white as snow itself. White as marble; white as flour. Yet looking like none of these, exactly. Never mind, we said; we shall hit upon a figure by and by that will describe this peculiar white.

It was a town that was compacted together upon the sides and tops of a cluster of small hills. Its outlying borders fringed off and thinned away among the cedar forests, and there was no woody distance of curving coast, or leafy islet sleeping upon the dimpled, painted sea, but was flecked with shining white points, — half-concealed houses peeping out of the foliage. The architecture of the town was mainly Spanish, inherited from the colonists of two hundred and fifty years ago. Some ragged-topped cocoa-palms, glimpsed here and there, gave the land a tropical aspect.

There was an ample pier of heavy masonry; upon this, under shelter, were some thousands of barrels containing that product which has carried the fame of Bermuda to many lands, the potato. With here and there an onion. That last sentence is facetious; for they grow at least two onions in Bermuda to one potato. The onion is the pride and joy of Bermuda. It is her jewel, her gem of gems. In her conversation, her pulpit, her literature, it is her most frequent and eloquent figure. In Bermudian metaphor it stands for perfection, — perfection absolute.

The Bermudian weeping over the departed exhausts praise when he says, "He was an onion!" The Bermudian extolling the living hero bankrupts applause when he says, "He is an onion!" The Bermudian setting his son upon the stage of life to dare and do for himself climaxes all counsel, supplication, admonition, comprehends all ambition, when he says, "Be an onion!"

When parallel with the pier, and ten or fifteen steps outside it, we anchored. It was Sunday, bright and sunny. The groups upon the pier, — men, youths, and boys, — were whites and blacks in about equal proportion. All were well and neatly dressed, many of them nattily, a few of them very stylishly. One would have to travel far before he would find another town of twelve thousand inhabitants that could represent itself so respectably, in the matter of clothes, on a freight-pier, without premeditation or effort. The women and young girls, black and white, who occasionally passed by, were nicely clad, and many were elegantly and fashionably so. The men did not affect summer clothing much, but the girls and women did, and their white garments were good to look at, after so many months of familiarity with sombre colors.

Around one isolated potato barrel stood four young gentlemen, two black, two white, becomingly dressed, each with the head of a slender cane pressed against his teeth, and each with a foot propped up on the barrel. Another young gentleman came up, looked longingly at the barrel, but saw no rest for his foot there, and turned pensively away to seek another barrel. He wandered here and there, but without result. Nobody sat upon a barrel, as is the custom of the idle in other lands, yet all the isolated barrels were humanly occupied. Whosoever had a foot to spare put it on a barrel, if all the places on it were not already taken. The habits of all peoples are determined by their circumstances. The Bermudians lean upon barrels because of the scarcity of lamp-posts.

Many citizens came on board and spoke eagerly to the officers, — inquiring about the Turco-Russian war news, I supposed. However, by listening judiciously I found that this was not so. They said, "What is the price of onions?" or, "How 's onions?" Naturally enough this was their first interest; but they dropped into the war the moment it was satisfied.

We went ashore and found a novelty of a pleasant nature: there were no hackmen, hacks, or omnibuses on the pier or about it anywhere, and nobody offered his services to us, or molested us in any way. I said it was like being in heaven. The Reverend rebukingly and rather pointedly advised me to make the most of it, then. We knew of a boarding-house, and what we needed now was somebody to pilot us to it. Presently a little barefooted colored boy came along, whose raggedness was conspicuously un-Bermudian. His rear was so marvelously bepatched with colored squares and triangles that one was half persuaded he had got it out of an atlas. When the sun struck him right, he was as good to follow as a lightning-bug. We hired him and dropped into his wake. He piloted us through one picturesque street after another, and in due course deposited us where we belonged. He charged nothing for his map, and but a trifle for his services; so the Reverend doubled it. The little chap received the money with a beaming applause in his eye which plainly said, "This man 's an onion!"

We had brought no letters of intro-

duction; our names had been misspelt in the passenger list; nobody knew whether we were honest folk or otherwise. So we were expecting to have a good private time in case there was nothing in our general aspect to close boarding-house doors against us. We had no trouble. Bermuda has had but little experience of rascals, and is not suspicious. We got large, cool, well-lighted rooms on a second floor, overlooking a bloomy display of flowers and flowering shrubs, — calla and annunciation lilies, lantanas, heliotrope, jessamine, roses, pinks, double geraniums, oleanders, pomegranates, blue morning-glories of a great size, and many plants that were unknown to me.

We took a long afternoon walk, and soon found out that that exceedingly white town was built of blocks of white coral. Bermuda is a coral island, with a six-inch crust of soil on top of it, and every man has a quarry on his own premises. Everywhere you go you see square recesses cut into the hill-sides, with perpendicular walls unmarred by crack or crevice, and perhaps you fancy that a house grew out of the ground there, and has been removed in a single piece from the mold. If you do, you err. But the material for a house has been quarried there. They cut right down through the coral, to any depth that is convenient, — ten to twenty feet, — and take it out in great square blocks. This cutting is done with a chisel that has a handle twelve or fifteen feet long, and is used as one uses a crowbar when he is drilling a hole, or a dasher when he is churning. Thus soft is this stone. Then with a common handsaw they saw the great blocks into handsome, huge bricks that are two feet long, a foot wide, and about six inches thick. These stand loosely piled during a month to harden; then the work of building begins. The house is built of these blocks; it is roofed with broad coral slabs an inch thick, whose edges lap upon each other, so that the roof looks like a succession of shallow steps or terraces; the chimneys are built of the coral blocks and sawed into graceful and picturesque patterns; the ground-floor verandah is paved with coral blocks; also the walk to the gate; the fence is built of coral blocks, — built in massive panels, with broad cap-stones and heavy gate-posts, and the whole trimmed into easy lines and comely shape with the saw. Then they put a hard coat of whitewash, as thick as your thumb nail, on the fence and all over the house, roof, chimneys, and all; the sun comes out and shines on this spectacle, and it is time for you to shut your unaccustomed eyes, lest they be put out. It is the whitest white you can conceive of, and the blindingest. A Bermuda house does not look like marble; it is a much intenser white than that; and besides, there is a dainty, indefinable something else about its look that is not marble-like. We put in a great deal of solid talk and reflection over this matter of trying to find a figure that would describe the unique white of a Bermuda house, and we contrived to hit upon it at last. It is exactly the white of the icing of a cake, and has the same unemphasized and scarcely perceptible polish. The white of marble is modest and retiring compared with it.

After the house is cased in its hard scale of whitewash, not a crack, or sign of a seam, or joining of the blocks, is detectable, from base-stone to chimney-top; the building looks as if it had been carved from a single block of stone, and the doors and windows sawed out afterwards. A white marble house has a cold, tomb-like, unsociable look, and takes the conversation out of a body and depresses him. Not so with a Bermuda house. There is something exhilarating, even hilarious, about its vivid whiteness when the sun plays upon it. If it be of picturesque shape and graceful contour, — and many of the Bermudian dwellings are, — it will so fascinate you that you will keep your eyes on it until they ache. One of those clean-cut, fanciful chimneys, — too pure and white for this world, — with one side glowing in the sun and the other touched with a soft shadow, is an object that will charm one's gaze by the hour. I know of no other country that has chimneys worthy

to be gazed at and gloated over. One of those snowy houses half-concealed and half-glimpsed through green foliage is a pretty thing to see; and if it takes one by surprise and suddenly, as he turns a sharp corner of a country road, it will wring an exclamation from him, sure.

Wherever you go, in town or country, you find those snowy houses, and always with masses of bright-colored flowers about them, but with no vines climbing their walls; vines cannot take hold of the smooth, hard whitewash. Wherever you go, in the town or along the country roads, among little potato farms and patches or expensive country-seats, these stainless white dwellings, gleaming out from flowers and foliage, meet you at every turn. The least little bit of a cottage is as white and blemishless as the stateliest mansion. Nowhere is there dirt or stench, puddle or hog-wallow, neglect, disorder, or lack of trimness and neatness. The roads, the streets, the dwellings, the people, the clothes, — this neatness extends to everything that falls under the eye. It is the tidiest country in the world. And very much the tidiest, too.

Considering these things, the question came up, Where do the poor live? No answer was arrived at. Therefore, we agreed to leave this conundrum for future statesmen to wrangle over.

What a bright and startling spectacle one of those blazing white country palaces, with its brown-tinted window caps and ledges, and green shutters, and its wealth of caressing flowers and foliage, would be in black London! And what a gleaming surprise it would be in nearly any American city one could mention, too!

Bermuda roads are made by cutting down a few inches into the solid white coral — or a good many feet, where a hill intrudes itself — and smoothing off the surface of the road-bed. It is a simple and easy process. The grain of the coral is coarse and porous; the road-bed has the look of being made of coarse white sugar. Its excessive cleanness and whiteness are a trouble in one way: the sun is reflected into your eyes with such energy as you walk along that you want to sneeze all the time. Old Captain Tom Bowling found another difficulty. He joined us in our walk, but kept wandering unrestfully to the road-side. Finally he explained. Said he, "Well, I chew, you know, and the road 's so plaguy clean."

We walked several miles that afternoon in the bewildering glare of the sun, the white roads, and the white buildings. Our eyes got to paining us a good deal. By and by a soothing, blessed twilight spread its cool balm around. We looked up in pleased surprise and saw that it proceeded from an intensely black negro who was going by. We answered his military salute in the grateful gloom of his near presence, and then passed on into the pitiless white glare again.

The colored women whom we met usually bowed and spoke; so did the children. The colored men commonly gave the military salute. They borrow this fashion from the soldiers, no doubt; England has kept a garrison here for generations. The younger men's custom of carrying small canes is also borrowed from the soldiers, I suppose, who always carry a cane, in Bermuda as everywhere else in Britain's broad dominions.

The country roads curve and wind hither and thither in the delightfulest way, unfolding pretty surprises at every turn: billowy masses of oleander that seem to float out from behind distant projections like the pink cloud-banks of sunset; sudden plunges among cottages and gardens, life and activity, followed by as sudden plunges into the sombre twilight and stillness of the woods; flitting visions of white fortresses and beacon towers pictured against the sky on remote hill-tops; glimpses of shining green sea caught for a moment through opening headlands, then lost again; more woods and solitude; and by and by another turn lays bare, without warning, the full sweep of the inland ocean, enriched with its bars of soft color, and graced with its wandering sails.

Take any road you please, you may depend upon it you will not stay in it half a mile. Your road is everything

that a road ought to be: it is bordered with trees, and with strange plants and flowers; it is shady and pleasant, or sunny and still pleasant; it carries you by the prettiest and peacefulest and most home-like of homes, and through stretches of forest that lie in a deep hush sometimes, and sometimes are alive with the music of birds; it curves always, which is a continual promise, whereas straight roads reveal everything at a glance and kill interest. Your road is all this, and yet you will not stay in it half a mile, for the reason that little, seductive, mysterious roads are always branching out from it on either hand, and as these curve sharply also and hide what is beyond, you cannot resist the temptation to desert your own chosen road and explore them. You are usually paid for your trouble; consequently, your walk inland always turns out to be one of the most crooked, involved, purposeless, and interesting experiences a body can imagine. There is enough of variety. Sometimes you are in the level open, with marshes thick grown with flag-lances that are ten feet high on the one hand, and potato and onion orchards on the other; next, you are on a hill-top, with the ocean and the Islands spread around you; presently the road winds through a deep cut, shut in by perpendicular walls thirty or forty feet high, marked with the oddest and abruptest stratum lines, suggestive of sudden and eccentric old upheavals, and garnished with here and there a clinging adventurous flower, and here and there a dangling vine; and by and by your way is along the sea edge, and you may look down a fathom or two through the transparent water and watch the diamond-like flash and play of the light upon the rocks and sands on the bottom until you are tired of it, — if you are so constituted as to be able to get tired of it.

You may march the country roads in maiden meditation, fancy free, by field and farm, for no dog will plunge out at you from unsuspected gate, with breath-taking surprise of ferocious bark, notwithstanding it is a Christian land and a civilized. We saw upwards of a million cats in Bermuda, but the people are very abstemious in the matter of dogs. Two or three nights we prowled the country far and wide, and never once were accosted by a dog. It is a great privilege to visit such a land. The cats were no offense when properly distributed, but when piled they obstructed travel.

As we entered the edge of the town that Sunday afternoon, we stopped at a cottage to get a drink of water. The proprietor, a middle-aged man with a good face, asked us to sit down and rest. His dame brought chairs, and we grouped ourselves in the shade of the trees by the door. Mr. Smith — that was not his name, but it will answer — questioned us about ourselves and our country, and we answered him truthfully, as a general thing, and questioned him in return. It was all very simple and pleasant and sociable. Rural, too; for there was a pig and a small donkey and a hen anchored out, close at hand, by cords to their legs, on a spot that purported to be grassy. Presently, a woman passed along, and although she coldly said nothing she changed the drift of our talk. Said Smith: —

"She did n't look this way, you noticed? Well, she is our next neighbor on one side, and there 's another family that 's our next neighbors on the other side; but there 's a general coolness all around now, and we don't speak. Yet these three families, one generation and another, have lived here side by side and been as friendly as weavers for a hundred and fifty years, till about a year ago."

"Why, what calamity could have been powerful enough to break up so old a friendship?"

"Well, it was too bad, but it could n't be helped. It happened like this: About a year or more ago, the rats got to pestering my place a good deal, and I set up a steel-trap in the back yard. Both of these neighbors run considerable to cats, and so I warned them about the trap, because their cats were pretty sociable around here nights, and they might get into trouble without my in-

tending it. Well, they shut up their cats for a while, but you know how it is with people; they got careless, and sure enough one night the trap took Mrs. Jones's principal tomcat into camp, and finished him up. In the morning Mrs. Jones comes here with the corpse in her arms, and cries and takes on the same as if it was a child. It was a cat by the name of Yelverton, — Hector G. Yelverton, — a troublesome old rip, with no more principle than an Injun, though you could n't make *her* believe it. I said all a man could to comfort her, but no, nothing would do but I must pay for him. Finally, I said I warn't investing in cats now as much as I was, and with that she walked off in a huff, carrying the remains with her. That closed our intercourse with the Joneses. Mrs. Jones joined another church and took her tribe with her. She said she would not hold fellowship with assassins. Well, by and by comes Mrs. Brown's turn, — she that went by here a minute ago. She had a disgraceful old yellow cat that she thought as much of as if he was twins, and one night he tried that trap on his neck, and it fitted him so, and was so sort of satisfactory, that he laid down and curled up and stayed with it. Such was the end of Sir John Baldwin."

"Was that the name of the cat?"

"The same. There 's cats around here with names that would surprise you. Maria" (to his wife), "what was that cat's name that eat a keg of ratsbane by mistake over at Hooper's, and started home and got struck by lightning and took the blind staggers and fell in the well and was most drowned before they could fish him out?"

"That was that colored Deacon Jackson's cat. I only remember the last end of its name, which was To-Be-Or-Not-To-Be-That-Is-The-Question Jackson."

"Sho! that ain't the one. That 's the one that eat up an entire box of Seidlitz powders, and then had n't any more judgment than to go and take a drink. He was considered to be a great loss, but I never could see it. Well, no matter about the names. Mrs. Brown wanted to be reasonable, but Mrs. Jones would n't let her. She put her up to going to law for damages. So to law she went, and had the face to claim seven shillings and sixpence. It made a great stir. All the neighbors went to court. Everybody took sides. It got hotter and hotter, and broke up all the friendships for three hundred yards around — friendships that had lasted for generations and generations.

"Well, I proved by eleven witnesses that the cat was of a low character and very ornery, and warn't worth a canceled postage-stamp, any way, taking the average of cats here; but I lost the case. What could I expect? The system is all wrong here, and is bound to make revolution and bloodshed some day. You see, they give the magistrate a poor little starvation salary, and then turn him loose on the public to gouge for fees and costs to live on. What is the natural result? Why he never looks into the justice of a case, — never once. All he looks at is which client has got the money. So this one piled the fees and costs and everything on to me. I could pay specie, don't you see? and he knew mighty well that if he put the verdict on to Mrs. Brown, where it belonged, he 'd have to take his swag in currency."

"Currency? Why, has Bermuda a currency?"

"Yes, — onions. And they were forty per cent. discount, too, then, because the season had been over as much as three months. So I lost my case. I had to pay for that cat. But the general trouble the case made was the worst thing about it. Broke up so much good feeling. The neighbors don't speak to each other now. Mrs. Brown had named a child after me. But she changed its name right away. She is a Baptist. Well, in the course of baptizing it over again, it got drowned. I was hoping we might get to be friendly again some time or other, but of course this drowning the child knocked that all out of the question. It would have saved a world of heart-break and ill blood if she had named it dry."

I knew by the sigh that this was hon-

est. All this trouble and all this destruction of confidence in the purity of the bench on account of a seven-shilling lawsuit about a cat! Somehow, it seemed to "size" the country.

At this point we observed that an English flag had just been placed at half-mast on a building a hundred yards away. I and my friends were busy in an instant trying to imagine whose death, among the island dignitaries, could command such a mark of respect as this. Then a shudder shook them and me at the same moment, and I knew that we had jumped to one and the same conclusion: "The governor has gone to England; it is for the British admiral!"

At this moment Mr. Smith noticed the flag. He said with emotion:—

"That 's on a boarding-house. I judge there 's a boarder dead."

A dozen other flags within view went to half-mast.

"It 's a boarder, sure," said Smith.

"But would they half-mast the flags here for a boarder, Mr. Smith?"

"Why, certainly they would, if he was *dead*."

That seemed to size the country again.

Mark Twain.

HOW TO CHANGE THE NORTH AMERICAN CLIMATE.

EVERY one knows how widely the climate of North America differs from that enjoyed by our neighbors in the more favored lands of Europe. While our autumns and springs have for a little time a decent gentleness of behavior which makes the tender allegories of those seasons seem not altogether ironical, the times between are quite generally mere brutal exhibitions of unreasoning temperatures. Just after the gentle month of June there comes a rush of tropical savage powers, as relentless as an old Saracen invasion; and while the autumn is painting all sorts of affectionate remembrances on our hills and valleys, there comes a horde of invaders from about the pole, as ruthless as Huns, slaying and scalping all the creatures of summer like barbarians as they are. Our land is a perfect war-path of the contending north and south, without defenses of seas or mountains, entirely open to both forces.

It may not seem to add much to our present satisfaction to know that the conditions were not always thus; that there was a period when we were more favored than Europe now is. This period was not long ago, for our tulip-trees and sassafrases and other forest plants have but yesterday in the geological chronology held their own in the long night of the poles, and flourished greatly in the long day of their summer. On the shores of Greenland, within twelve degrees of the pole, we have buried forests which are much like those now flourishing on the banks of the Mississippi below the junction of the Ohio; the plants are so like those that now make up the vegetation of the southern half of the United States that these forests about the pole must have looked even more like those now found in Kentucky and Missouri than those of New England of to-day. This is but one thread in a strong line of evidence leading us to the conviction that the temperature of the north pole is far more rigorous now than in the immediate past; that at a time possibly not more remote than the age of the earliest human remains which have been found, the ice-wrapped lands of the north were bathed in a temperate and little-varied air, and so flowed over by perpetual streams of heat that even the long night of its winter could not bring as bitter cold as

comes each year to the shores of the Hudson and the Upper Ohio. In place of contending with the fleets of the icebergs, the overtopping glaciers that tear the mountains down and chain up the seas, a voyager of that age could have sailed through sombre forests and verdant mountains, and in the long summer's day found his unbroken way from the southern lands to the pole.

It is difficult to conceive how great must have been the difference in the climate of North America when its north winds came over endless forests in place of the vast fields of polar snow and ice; when even in the depth of winter the wind at its start could have been but little below the freezing-point in its bitterest season. Fancy the shores of Hudson's Bay and Great Slave Lake with a climate like the north of England; the whole of that great land north of the Laurentian Hills and the Saskatchewan — now dead for nine months of the year, and only faintly stirred by the breath of a brief summer which is but a spasm of life — with seasons which could have hardly been more rigorous than those of Ireland of to-day ! The north of Europe and of Asia must have been equally favored in that happily balanced time. Siberia could not have had its ever-frozen soil, on which vegetation clings as lichen on a rock, for the condition that brought forests to Northern Greenland could not have left any part of the northern continents under the strong bondage of cold.

Looking, amid the sulphuric air of a New England house furnace, out over a New England frozen earth and sky swept by a ruthless north wind as merciless as flame, we feel it impossible to be quite content with the order that sent us to this frozen heritage, where the fossil sunshine of the old coal banks makes poor amends for the vanished warmth of an earlier day. Some solace may, perhaps, be had from a study of the condition that made the differences between that day and this what they are. We may thereby see that the changes have been a part of great physical laws; that they are, moreover, results of the great forces that bring about the successions in the animate and inanimate world, and not the accidents of an unruled chance. It is perhaps easier to bear the inconveniences that come from a plan than to endure the results of mere vagrant forces. The causes which are at work in shaping the climatal conditions of North America are in a way remote, so that the reader will have to exercise some patience in following even in outline the workings of the great agents that determine the distribution of heat and cold over the surface of the earth. But there are no great mysteries about the matter, for the earth, however complex in details of structure, has in its general order the same simplicity which we find in the heavens.

When naturalists first became convinced that the earth had once borne vegetation of a luxuriant kind, semi-tropical in its character, within the arctic circle, and especially when it was found that at other times the glaciers had marched far to the south, there was a very common desire to look to mighty convulsions, to wandering comets that turned the earth away in her course, bringing poles where the equator was before, or to general outbreaks of internal fire that warmed the earth's surface from thousands of volcanic craters, to explain the perplexing changes. Slowly but with no backward course there has come the conviction that the even-minded earth has always in the past gone on much as at present, the changes of each day falling in with those of yesterday and to-morrow, and so building up revolutions from alterations which are each slight in themselves. This way of looking at the world has become the most important of the properties of our modern science, and is the slow-grown faith of a thousand years. Following its teachings the student of nature endeavors to find in the things at work about him to-day the key to the changes of the past, only accepting the intervention of forces which he does not see constantly at work when these permanent causes fail to explain the mystery he is exploring.

A little observation, even with eye and mind untrained, will show any one that the great machinery of the earth's move-

ments is all worked by the forces that come from the sun. Every stir in the air and sea, the sap in the trees and the blood in the animals, the falling rain and the rising mist, are made to move by the heat of the sun. These streams of power pour from the sun with nearly equal force in all directions; if they fell upon a plane surface the whole of it would receive equal shares, but on the earth, as is well known, its spherical form makes the distribution unequal: a square mile in the tropics receives far more than one in temperate latitudes; and within the arctic circles, where the surfaces look away from the sun and only see it askant, even for a part of the year, the amount of heat received is relatively small. If these volumes of power were like meteors, incapable of motion, they would heap up, and their effect would be practically ended where they fell; but owing to the simple law that bodies generally expand in becoming heated, there is a great system of movements created which result in carrying away about one third of all the heat that falls within the tropics to be used in regions beyond their boundaries.[1]

The principal elements of the machinery used in the carriage of heat can be easily illustrated : in any common room in the winter time, where there is a heated stove in the centre and cold walls on the borders, a little smoke will show that there is a constant motion of the air. It rises to the ceiling with rapidity, then courses more slowly towards the sides of the room; cooled by its contacts there it falls down, courses along the floor, and returns again to the stove, and so pursues an endless circle. Or if we take a line of greenhouses with a flue along the centre of the floor, we can see what is for our purposes an even better analogy: the air runs from either wall to the central flue, thence to the roof, and back to the point of starting. This heated strip in the centre of the house fairly represents the equatorial warm belt, and the colder roof and sides the cold of the upper air and the polar regions. As every one knows, the winds can carry a considerable amount of heat or cold, and at first it would seem as if the air currents were the great carriers of heat on the earth's surface; but though the winds are the most conspicuous agents of temperature distribution, it is not to them but to their products, the ocean currents, that we must look for the real work of carrying the solar force in the shape of heat from the over-favored tropics to the starving polar circles. We now know that the Gulf Stream is more potent in this work of warming than all the winds that sweep the earth. Left for their warmth to the winds alone, Europe would be uninhabitable by man, and a large part of North America would be the prey of lifeless cold. The tropics would have their temperature raised by several degrees, and the world would not be half as fit for life as it is at present. The way these rivers of the sea come to do their work may be easily understood by looking at any globe. The winds that come down to the equator from the poles, in the circuit caused by the tropical heat, start from their polar bounds straight away to the equator. If the earth did not revolve, they would take the shortest road thereto and meet its line at right angles; but as each particle of air borne by the trade-wind goes away from the pole, it continually passes into a region having a greater movement than that it left, and in all its path to the equatorial line is always in this condition. The reader who has ever jumped upon a car in motion has felt his body try to lag behind, just as the particle of air lags behind at every step on its journey from the pole to the equator. He can represent this motion to his own mind by walking in his imagination from the centre of a great revolving disk to its periphery; it would, as is easily seen, be impossible to make this course a straight line, but it would come down on to the outer line, meeting it obliquely. It is this action that causes the trade-winds to come to the equator from the northeast and from the southeast rather than

[1] This is the result of a general estimate based on temperatures of ocean streams, and cannot pretend to strict accuracy; for such calculations data are yet wanting.

just along the meridian. This peculiarity may seem unimportant, but in fact it is one of the most important links in the great chain of connection which has made our earth a fit place for the development of life. Every one who has lived by the sea or any large lake knows how a strong wind can urge the surface water before it, and so can picture to himself how the trade-winds drive along the waters they blow over. If these streams came down in vertical lines from the poles they would meet each other so as to make dead water; but meeting obliquely, the result is to cause a current setting from east to west, and filling a broad space, some hundreds of miles across, beneath the equator. In the far-off day when the lands were small, this current may well have gone on in a steady way encircling the earth in its unbroken course; but from the time that the continents came up to bar its way it was no longer a girdle around the earth in which each particle swam continually in the same latitude, but it became a set of great whirlpools. If the reader has grasped the cause of the oblique movement of the air from the poles to the equator, he will find little difficulty in picturing to himself how the waters of this great equatorial current, moving towards the poles at the rate of three thousand miles a month, would behave when turned to the right and left by an equatorial barrier such as South America now interposes against their course. Their constant passage to regions having greater movement by virtue of the earth's rotation led to the deflection of the trade-winds to the west as they came down to the equator; the reverse conditions affect the waters which are turned from the equator towards the poles. They are in this part of their course moving faster than the regions they are continually entering, and as a consequence they move more rapidly than the earth at each successive point at which they find themselves in their journey towards the poles, and so take paths leading to the northeast and to the southeast. The result is that practically no large part of the Atlantic equatorial stream escapes out of its basin, and each of the several oceans has its circulation kept to itself to a very great extent. When these vast whirlpool currents sweep away from the equator on their stately northward march, they take with them the temperature acquired in several months' exposure to the heat of a tropical sun. Waters which perhaps a year before were at the temperature of melting ice start again for the pole at the temperature of from eighty to eighty-five degrees Fahrenheit, moving in the case of the Gulf Stream with the speed of nearly five miles an hour. The momentum of its impact against the shore which turned it from its course deepens the tide of warm water in the Gulf Stream to a thousand feet or more; but generally these streams of warm water become shallower at each stage of their progress to the north, until they are but a few hundred feet deep. Although the streams lose a good deal of their heat on their road towards the pole, they still retain enough at their crossing of the arctic circle to make them inconceivably powerful in their effect on the temperature of the high northern regions. Mr. James Croll, in his admirable studies on this subject, has clearly shown that the Gulf Stream, or the Atlantic whirlpool, carries nearly as much heat into the arctic circle as is cast into that region by the rays of the sun. As shown by that distinguished physicist, the difference of the mean temperature of the equator and poles, now only eighty degrees Fahrenheit, would be as much as two hundred degrees Fahrenheit were there no ocean streams; the equator would then have a temperature of one hundred and thirty-five degrees above, and the poles eighty degrees below zero, the equator being fifty-five degrees warmer than at present, the poles eighty-three degrees colder. To annihilate the ocean currents would be to extinguish the organic life over a considerable district beneath the equator, and in all the territory beyond about forty-five degrees of latitude. The atmospheric contention which would arise from this wide difference between the poles and the equator would make the small part of the earth where organic

life could find a foot-hold a perfect battle-ground of the elements; so that even in the strip of twenty or thirty degrees of width where the temperature conditions would seem to permit life, it is questionable whether any considerable development of this life would be possible.

When we have once come to see that not only are the ocean currents powerful instruments of climatic correction, but that the very existence of organic life depends on their work, we are willing to look to the accidents of their course for the causes of great climatic changes. It is easily seen that if by geographical changes these ocean currents were excluded from their ancient tracts, or admitted to new fields, the world's climate could be greatly bettered. If, for example, the relatively shallow water between Iceland and Scandinavia were to be changed to dry land, so as to shut out the Gulf Stream from the Arctic Ocean, there is not the smallest doubt that the climate of Europe would suffer somewhat the same change as has come of late to North America. In place of a rather mild northern sea, the waters which lave the arctic shores of that continent and Northern Asia would be visited by an even deeper cold than now makes desolate the shores of the northernmost lands of our own continent, while Southern and Western Europe would receive more heat and moisture than now fall to their lot. If the reader will take a globe or a good world-map in hand, he will see that our greater and more easily conceived climatal variations can occur through very simple geographical modifications. He will see that while the arctic circle is wide open to the Atlantic, the Pacific shores draw close their lines in the north, giving but a narrow and a shallow strait to unite the Arctic and the Pacific waters. He will see that the Pacific gulf stream, the Kuru Sivo of the Japanese, possessing a current probably much greater in power than our Atlantic Gulf Stream, sweeps off the coast of Asia, and pours its waters into the great bay formed by the converging shores of Asia and America. Into this bay and along its shores the heat is discharged in great volume, but much of it finds its way back into tropical waters, unexpended. Perhaps not a hundredth part of it drifts through the difficult passage of Behring Strait into the polar sea. Yet even this slender thread of tropical water keeps a somewhat open sea in this section in the depth of the sunless winter. If the vast low-lying districts of Eastern Siberia and Western Alaska were sunk beneath the sea, even to the depth of a few hundred feet, a trifling change in the great mechanism of the continents, it would open wide the road of this vast ocean stream straightway to the pole. The immediate result of this change is in good part told us by the effects of the Atlantic Gulf Stream. The temperature of the interarctic region is now lifted at least as much as thirty degrees by the action of the Gulf Stream. An equal effect would be exercised by the Japanese current when the great gates were thrown wide open by the recurring geological changes. Thirty degrees is the least rise in the annual temperature of the region about the pole that would come from the action of this great Japanese current if it could make its way to the north as freely as does the Gulf Stream. Whenever the Alaskan gates to the pole are unbarred, the whole of the ice-cap of the circumpolar regions must at once melt away; all the plants of the northern continents, now kept in narrow bounds by the arctic cold, would begin their march towards the pole. The plants of the Ohio Valley would soon come again on to the Greenland shores. The Gulf Stream and the Pacific stream would bring not only their life-sustaining heat, but at the same time a great store of the seeds of the plants which would be candidates for the new places in the awakened lands. The Gulf Stream is every day taking a great quantity of seeds to the northern shores of Europe and America; trees stuck full of acorns and nuts by the busy woodpeckers and other seed-garnering animals are carried by the winter storms into the great rivers, and by them carried on into the Gulf of Mexico; in time they are borne, along with other seeds of plants, in great plenty, even as far as

Iceland and Scandinavia, and to the shores of Greenland. Thus this current is through the ages continually making an offering of life to the frozen fields of the north. Wherever the changes are such as to make these germs welcome, they plant the life of the Mississippi borders in these far northern regions. Generally they fall on sterile soil, but the times come now and then when they meet climates suited to them, and take their place as makers of the forests. It may be to this that we owe the curious relations between the old forests of Europe and those of the Mississippi Valley. With the coming of the Pacific stream to the arctic sea, we should have a climate in North America and Northern Asia exceedingly different from the present conditions in those countries. The climate of Southern Ireland would probably be the nearest approach to that which these countries would then enjoy: there would be no winter of killing frosts, or summer of burning heats; the lifting of the arctic temperature by thirty degrees would lower the equatorial heat by about five degrees in the mean annual, so that the tropics would profit by the change as well as the northern regions. The rainfall of the arctic regions and of all the high latitudes of the north would be considerably increased, for it depends largely on the mean temperature of any district. The rain-fall of northern North America and Northern Siberia is at the present time not over twenty inches, while that of the intertropical belt is probably over ninety inches in a year. It is not too much to say that the life-sustaining power of the lands north of forty degrees of latitude would be doubled by the breaking down of the barrier which cuts off the Japanese current from the pole. When we compare the fitness of the world for the uses of man, we are convinced that this trifling change would give us in effect a new earth, making the evils of equatorial heat far less than they are at present, and nearly doubling the area of the earth which is thoroughly habitable. To the student of nature the conditions of the moment are always made more bearable by the visions of the past and the hopes of the future. Beyond the most dismal accidents of to-day he can see the sunshine of the days that are gone or are to come, and feel that this clouding of the sun is but the fate of his individual moment of all time. If he is ground under the wheels of the vast machinery, it is much comfort to know that it is no car of Juggernaut dragged aimlessly by a mob of blind contending forces, but an engine that lifts life from darkness to light. This comfort we can get if we study the history of the little bar of land which shuts the world out from its best conditions, plunging half of its surface into a hopeless war with the evils of heat and cold.

Geology has not yet gone so far as to find the perfect clew to the movements of the continents; but it has fixed some points with an approximation to certainty. Among these are some which will serve to show us how the successive admission and exclusion of the Pacific stream are connected with the general machinery of our earth. It is a well-established fact that during the last glacial period the whole northern region was more or less depressed beneath the sea. Near New York the depression did not exceed twenty or thirty feet, but it increased to seventy or more at Boston, and so steadily became more and more important, until in Greenland the depression of the land certainly exceeded two thousand feet. It must not be supposed that during the time when the ice-cap lay about the pole this great depression which attended it was accompanied by an equal invasion of the sea over the surface of the lands; on the contrary, the ice made a new continental line, doubtless much further out to sea than the present shores of those regions. This could be proved by many things, but it is not necessary to discuss the evidence here. When the time came for the disappearance of this vast ice-sheet of the glacial time, the lands did not quickly recover from their sunken position, and so the sea ranged far over their surfaces, entering deeply into basins like Lake Champlain, for instance, and probably covering a large part of Labrador by its waves. As it

is certain that the depression extended along the Pacific shores, the melting ice would have left the gates to the pole wide open to the warm streams of the tropical waters, which now are barred out by the land of the peninsulas of Asia and of America. There would have been a considerable interval of time, even in a geological sense, while the rapidly rising lands were as yet submerged, when the current of warm water would have moved steadily on to the polar regions, so that the best climate the arctic circle ever saw must have followed immediately on the course of the retreating glacial streams. The time was probably short during which the Japanese current had a complete access to the pole, but something of its effects probably held down to the period of human history. Whoever will read the evidences of an extensive occupation of Greenland seven centuries ago, or will compare the climatal conditions of Iceland now and a thousand years back, will be convinced that there has been some refrigerating agent at work throughout that region. There is none more likely than this gradual lifting of the Pacific barrier between the tropics and the pole, diminishing that current which now is but a slender thread. It is with no small satisfaction that we see this work ended, and that there is little chance that the polar forces are to be any more favored in their battles than they are at present. The entire closing of Behring Strait would be quite without further effect. The damage is done, at that point, and the Gulf Stream of the Atlantic flows over deep seas that are not likely to be limited by barriers to its steady way. Any other changes that these hidden forces of the deeper earth have in store for us must be beneficent in their results rather than hurtful.

Whoever looks upon man as a creature led up from the slavery of physical forces to something like a mastery over his conditions, and actual possession of his inheritance, will be inclined to ask whether there is hope for the bettering of the climate of the earth through man's own exertions; whether it may not be possible to mend this matter of climate by the resources now or likely to be at the command of man. Is the amount of force that it would require to open an effective passage through the Alaskan peninsula so great that such a work is likely to be ever beyond the energies of our race? This is a difficult question to answer at the outset, but the enormous possibilities which it seems to open make it worth while to give it more than a passing consideration. Without troubling the reader with the reckoning, it may be said in general terms that the conditions are substantially these: an opening less than four hundred feet in depth, of which three hundred feet would be below the water-line, and one hundred miles wide cannot be expected to have a great effect on the arctic temperature. If through this opening there could be a current made, moving at the rate of one half a mile per hour, the effect would be considerable, for it would discharge each day three hundred and twenty-six cubic miles of Pacific Ocean water into the arctic sea. If this water be assumed to have a heating power equal to that of the Gulf Stream, — it is doubtless somewhat greater, — then the effect would be somewhere about one twentieth of what is computed by Mr. Croll to be the influence of the Gulf Stream on the temperature of the interarctic region. A rough reckoning of the magnitude of this work makes it plain that to complete it would probably require more than all the power which has hitherto been given to the great works of the world from the beginning of civilization. But it might be said that this is a bad measurement of the possibilities of human endeavor for the time to come. The resources of force available to man would not be seriously tasked in the extension of this channel over the area specified. Not counting the human force involved in the application of the power, there is little doubt that a part of the buried solar force stored in our coal seams would do all of the work necessary to open this gate to a good climate. If the world should ever make up its mind to use all of the life now wasted on things of even less immediate profit, on its armies and

prisons, and give the means lavished thereon to the support of its millions of men in this work, there would doubtless be something more than it now finds to its credit at the end of each century. The reader will himself remark that perhaps not the least of the gains would be found in the chance of getting a place where all the refuse of mankind could be ground up to some good purpose. Who will dare to say that the prophetic soul that led our government to an otherwise inexplicable purchase in Alaska of a dominion of ice and darkness may not have foreseen for his restless countrymen the need of some such penal if not profitable undertaking? It would be a praiseworthy example and a source of much national relief if we could use our political and other tramps in this distant enterprise. The worthless life of the world could in no other way be so well built into its future hope. Even if we acknowledge that this is but an air-drawn scheme which can never be brought to ground, as, indeed, it seems to be, — if it should be shown that the work of making a way for the tropical waters is definitely beyond complete attainment, or that if done the forces of nature would block the channel up again, — it would not be complete proof that it was not worth while to undertake it. The time is perhaps near at hand when great deeds — deeds that may arouse the strength of generations — will have to be sought for the occupation of men. As the old Faust, his exuberance of youth spent with all youth's spendthrift greed, comes at last to occupy his age in the great struggle to redeem the land from the sea, so man, whose history the poet meant, perhaps, to write in his poem, may well give his later years to a protest against the great wastes of our world, however imperfect the gain that his labor wins.

N. S. Shaler.

WAPENTAKE.

TO ALFRED TENNYSON.

POET! I come to touch thy lance with mine;
Not as a knight, who on the listed field
Of tourney touched his adversary's shield
In token of defiance, but in sign
Of homage to the mastery, which is thine
In English song; nor will I keep concealed,
And voiceless as a rivulet frost-congealed,
My admiration for thy verse divine.
Not of the howling dervishes of song,
Who craze the brain with their delirious dance,
Art thou, O sweet historian of the heart!
Therefore to thee the laurel-leaves belong,
To thee our love and our allegiance,
For thy allegiance to the poet's art.

Henry W. Longfellow.

DETMOLD: A ROMANCE.

PART I.

I.

A PLAY WITH REAL SCENERY.

THE late train from the westward arrives at Verona towards eleven o'clock. It is drawn by locomotives named the Titian, the Sansovino, or the Paul Veronese, yet if it be a sultry night the traveler hardly finds himself the more comfortable for these attractive designations. It was on a sultry night in the early part of June that a young gentleman alighted from this train and placed himself, almost the only passenger, in a long omnibus, which bore him away into the heart of the city.

His countenance wore a petulant expression, as though he felt that he had a right to complain at the discomforts to which he was being subjected. There was a white muslin scarf with barred ends twisted about his hat, a field glass was slung over his shoulder, and he had a general aspect of having lately come out of Switzerland, — as indeed he had, by way of the Simplon Pass.

The long omnibus crossed a bridge, rolled in and out of numerous dark streets and up the Corso to its narrowest part, and paused before the Torre d'Oro al Gran Parigi. The traveler made his arrangements hurriedly at the bureau of the hotel. He did not wait to be shown to his room, but grumbled at the heat and asked to be directed where he could get some cooling refreshment immediately. In the street he pushed his hat upon the back of his head with a breath of partial relief, and at the end of the block turned into a small passage which leads under a statue-crowned archway to the Café Dante, in the Piazza de' Signori.

Business for the night was nearly over at the Café Dante. Most of the little tables that usually stand upon the pavement had been taken in. There were still a few patrons sipping ices, or smoking and conversing in quiet tones. The new-comer threw himself into a chair, and a polite waiter snatched a napkin and ran out from the interior to know what the *signore* desired to command. The signore commanded a certain ice, which was exhausted for the evening. The substitute brought to him, whatever it was, did not appear to be to his liking. In an endeavor to obtain something else, which his slight acquaintance with the language did not enable him to make sufficiently clear, he was obliged to go to explain his demand to a more accomplished attendant within. While he did so he stood for some moments in a strong light. As he came out a gentleman who had been observing his movements with interest stepped forward to meet him.

"Pardon me if I am wrong," said he, "but I think you must be Morris Hyson."

"I certainly am," replied the other; "and dark as it is I have not the slightest difficulty in making out that you are Louis Detmold. I am extremely glad to see you. How in the world do you happen to be here? I had no idea that you were within six thousand miles of this out-of-the-way place. When did you leave Lakeport?"

"Only in March," answered Detmold. "I am taking a sort of course of study in my line, — drawing buildings, and so on. These Lombard cities are full of material. I find this one especially interesting. But let us sit down. Have you ordered? You seemed to have some difficulty."

"Yes, I did; but I think I have now made myself understood. I want some seltzer water, wine, and a little syrup and ice. I mix them together into a kind of imitation of our American soda-water.

I can recommend it as a tolerable beverage, at least when you are half parched to death with thirst, as I am at this very moment. I have just come, and am sticky and covered with dust. I did not stop an instant at my hotel. What a suffocating thing it is to drop down into this Italian country, after the Alps!"

"It is not so bad here after you are a little used to it, though I believe the weather is warmer than usual for the time of year," said Detmold.

The desired refreshment was brought; the two friends chose one of the tables remote from the door, and fell into easy conversation.

The Piazza de' Signori is a small paved court, oblong in shape, and surrounded by ancient buildings. One seems lowered into another century as if into a well. There are prisons and palaces on either hand, sombre walls dashed with color, arcades, balconies, and statues. Little bridges, with flowers hanging from their parapets, span the openings into it at the height of the third and fourth stories. At one side is a Renaissance palace, carved, gilded, and as fanciful amid the grave solidity of its surroundings as a piece of jewelry. A great battlemented tower of brick, with bands of marble interspaced, rises from the municipal buildings. In every adjacent nook is a curious arcaded staircase, or tomb, or shrine, or red marble well-curb with wrought-iron tackle. In front of the café is a fresh white marble statue of Dante, erected on the five hundredth anniversary of his birth. It has not yet the mellow tones of the place, but the grand severity of that hooded form and face make it congruous with any antiquity.

"The last time I saw you, Detmold," said Hyson, "you were working like a beaver for architectural customers, and, if my recollection is right, not getting very many. You gave me some account of the eccentricities of your Lakeport Crœsuses and your efforts to capture them. I judge that you have had better success in the mean time."

"Well, no, not much," said Detmold. "Still I have made a beginning. Lakeport does not exactly hunger and thirst after the fine arts. It likes a good deal of solid bricks and mortar and cast-iron, and considers one device in the way of ornament about as good as another. The Crœsuses are pretty hard to capture. I don't know whether I was too young, too high-priced, or too finical. They have come nearer capturing me. I have done things there that would drive my New York masters into convulsions."

"Such as what?"

"Oh, sham classic, — wooden pillars, and so on, sanded over to look like stone. I had to."

"That is pretty bad, I suppose."

"Execrable!"

"It is rough, is n't it?" said Hyson, sympathetically. "Now, you have got an immense taste for such things, you know. Why, you ought to be — you ought to be" — selecting the largest buildings he could think of as a measure of his appreciation of his friend's capability — "the architect of the capitol at Albany or the New York post-office."

"Thank you," said Detmold, laughing; "you are a most discriminating judge. Of course I have not given up entirely. I have got to go back and work for a living. But I had a little money that came to me unexpectedly, and I determined to come and make this trip — to which I have always been attracted — while I had some enthusiasm left. I can get considerable good out of it in the way of my profession, sketching and reading, but after all I suppose it is only a species of opium-eating."

"Opium-eating? Not at all; nothing of the sort," objected Hyson. "You are adding something continually to your business capital. All this picturesque trumpery will be money in your pocket some day."

"It makes a man bold, for one thing," said Detmold. "There is nothing in the way of design he ought to feel afraid to attempt after going back. Almost everything conceivable in shape and contrivance is to be found here, already in actual use. What do you think of

coupled columns tied up at the centre into a braided knot, as though they were flexible, the whole cut out of one piece of marble?"

"I should say they would be pretty stunning," said Hyson, apparently thinking that the feat was presented for his admiration.

"I do not fancy them myself," said Detmold, coolly, "but you can see such in the crypt at San Zeno."

"Then, another thing," said Hyson, continuing, "your Lakeport barbarians cannot remain so apathetic always; the tide of Eastern transit and fashion is continually sweeping through, and must have its effect sooner or later. But even if they should, you can pull up stakes and dig out, can't you? There is certainly room enough and taste enough and money enough in America for such a fellow as you to be furnished with opportunities to put his ideas in practice, no matter how high-toned they are."

"Yes," assented Detmold, hesitatingly, "I suppose that might be done; but I have had reasons why I rather wished to remain at Lakeport."

"Oh, you had reasons! It seems to me I recollect something further of them. Was it perhaps a blonde reason, with a sweet expression and a puzzling coolness of manners? I was inclined to think that a very good reason myself, the winter I spent at Lakeport. Miss Starfield — Miss Alice Starfield — her name was. And, now that I think of it and put this and that together, it occurs to me very forcibly that I made the excursion to Chamouny with her and her party not over two weeks ago. Perhaps our motives were a little mixed, — eh, Detmold? Perhaps it was something more than Lombard-Gothic chimney-pots, and nondescript columns that tie themselves up into double bow-knots, that brought us across several thousand leagues of land and sea."

"Perhaps it was," said Detmold, with a sigh.

"Probably it is no news that she and her party, her father, mother, and a rather oldish young lady, — Miss Lonsdale, or some such name, — are coming to this very place. They ought to be somewhere in the vicinity now."

Detmold remained silent.

"Mr. Starfield is concerning himself a good deal about the silk culture and manufacturing. It seems to me that he intends to go into it. I believe he has been made assignee or has bought an interest in some establishment that has not run very successfully hitherto. He thinks of bringing out workmen from here, and so on. I understood him to say that he had business with some Verona parties which might keep him here a month."

"With the Castelbarcos, most likely," said Detmold. "They are correspondents and old acquaintances of his. They have a large factory here, and another somewhere in the country. There are two of them in the business, and both have been in America. I used to go to school with Antonio, the son, at Wardham, where I prepared for college."

"That is well worth mentioning; I hope you cultivate him. An indigenous acquaintance like that is no trivial advantage here, I can tell you. It exasperates me beyond measure when I think of it, how we skim along through these countries, meeting nobody but truckling landlords, waiters, and grisettes, or some denationalized specimens who know more about other countries than their own; and we find out nothing at all of what the people who live here are like."

"Yes, I cultivate him a little. I have dined with him, and he has dined with me at my restaurant in the Piazza Brà. I have been through his factory and at his club and at his home. It is a very odd place, — the last."

"Old palace?"

"Old palace, of course. It has crests and armorial bearings in profusion. The family claim noble descent, and assert a legitimate title to it in some way, although it has only recently come into their hands by purchase, out of the profits of their business. The old lady, especially, is as stately as a marchioness, and thoroughly imbued with her aristocratic traditions."

"You can introduce me, I suppose,"

said Hyson. "I have no doubt I can get some assistance from them in my own pursuit."

"Have you a pursuit too?" said Detmold, in some surprise; "I had supposed you were simply one of the great army of pleasure-seekers."

"You do me wrong, my dear friend. You see before you one engaged in an enterprise of pith and moment. What is more, there is money in it. It is the Paradise Valley."

"The Paradise Valley?" said Detmold, with a strong rising inflection.

"How do you like the name? Wait till you see how settlers will flock in to a title like that. But do not be alarmed. It is not a 'New Eden.' Nobody is to be imposed upon. You will hear of no Paradise Valley farms in the market until the whole is made fully as good as its appellation. The Paradise Valley is to be irrigated."

"I do not yet understand."

"But you shall. I am opening the channels of my intelligence to the fullest head of information that can be run into them on the subject of irrigation, in order to improve my California property. I had even thought of taking a turn at the hydraulic university at Pavia, but the language is too strongly against me. I have seen already what there is in the south of France, and have spent a month looking over the canals of Piedmont."

He arose, stretched himself a little, and knocked the ashes off his cigar. A shambling *cicerone*, who had been hovering in the vicinity for some time, evidently considered the present as good an opportunity of offering his services as was likely to occur. He shuffled forward, and with a suggestive wave of his arm, intended to embrace the objects of interest in the vicinity, began, "Dante, Signori, molto bello. La Loggia, Signori" —

"No, for heaven's *sake!*" cried Hyson, impatiently. "At home," he resumed, sitting down, "I have never been credited with any great amount of original energy. I have tried various things, you see, since leaving college. For instance, I set up as a lawyer, but so few clients came that my office boy was ashamed of me and struck. But about a year ago I took a notion to run out to California and look at a piece of land my father left me, with other property. He took it for a debt, and none of us had ever seen it. I looked at it, and made up my mind about it immediately. The situation is one of the finest you can imagine, — a valley and tract of the foot-hills of the Sierra Nevada. About once in five years the country is beautiful, — luxuriant vegetation — climate — glorious view, everything. The rest of the time it is a perfect little Sahara. You plant your grain; it comes up, may be, six inches high, turns sickly and yellow, and that is the end of it. Sometimes there is not a living blade of grass, and yet the land is excellent. What does it want? Nothing but water. There is plenty of it, too, if it is only rightly managed. The mountains behind constitute a great natural reservoir; they are nine thousand feet high, and an average depth of fourteen feet of snow falls upon them. More than that, the mountains are full of gold and silver, scarcely touched. Why? No water, again. I propose to have a series of storage tanks arranged back in the mountain gorges to sluice my portion of this little Golconda, and then bring down the same water to support gardens, orchards, and vineyards below."

"It is a splendid project," said Detmold. "You will make a national reputation."

"I shall make a pile of money, which is more to the purpose. Do you know what irrigated land sells for? At Valencia, in Spain, it brings from seven hundred to nine hundred dollars an acre; near Murcia some has been sold for twenty-five hundred dollars an acre, dry land close by being worth only one hundred and fifty dollars. Look at the crops you get! The grass meadows at Milan yield seven times a year, and turn out sometimes seventy-five tons an acre. In California, where this thing has been tried a little already, you can get from fifty to eighty bushels of wheat and five

crops of grass. But you are not helping yourself. How do you like my mixture?"

"I believe I prefer the wine unmixed. They have given us Corvino, the best growth of this section. One can taste the perfume of grape blossoms in it. It is too good to adulterate."

"How do you stand this wine for breakfast, dinner, supper, and lunch, and between times?" asked Hyson. "When I first arrived it used to keep me in an exalted state all the time, like too much waltzing. Now I don't mind it. A convivial acquaintance of mine at home, named Shannon, has a theory that while people who go abroad think they are improved by history, the fine arts, and the contemplation of strange manners and institutions, in reality it is the generous wine they drink that constitutes the whole benefit. However, he is an incorrigible old toper himself, which creates a prejudice against his views. Where do you stop, here? At my hotel, perhaps?"

"No, I am economizing. I have an apartment in the third *piano* of a house near the Grazzini Palace, — indeed, in a wing of it, — and I dine where it suits me, from day to day."

"If they do not treat me well at this Tower of Gold or Tower of Babel, or whatever it is, I shall join you," said Hyson.

"You will remain at Verona for some time, then?"

"Until I have seen as much of Lombardy as of Piedmont. I understand that the canals in this locality are not as extensive or scientific as some others, but the conditions seem to me more like what I have at home, — foot-hills as well as plain, dry and wet cultivation mixed. For my purposes Verona is Hyson City, the Adige the King's River, and the Adriatic will do duty for Tulare Lake."

The deep bell of the Palazzo Vecchio tolled midnight. The white figure of Dante in front rose upon its pedestal like a ghost. The rays of a late-rising moon touched the row of statues upon the Loggia. The trailing flowers upon the little bridges were silhouetted against a sky full of stars. The last guests had strolled into the café to settle their reckoning.

"How like a theatre it is!" said Hyson. "I can hardly believe that it is real."

"Perfectly!" said Detmold. "It might be Booth's, or the Academy of Music."

"Here are all the properties, — flats, drops, wings, exits, and entrances. One half expects this to roll back on squeaking wheels and give place to the drawing-room scene; or to the garden scene, with its cabbage-roses sprawling over the terrace balustrade, and its verdant banks of green baize; or to the forest scene, with the foreground trees cut out and toppling whenever a draught comes through. This is the night scene. There ought to be gloomy rascals slouching about the archways, with poniards under their cloaks, or fellows in red and yellow cotton-velvet, and corked eyebrows, snorting about and fencing with each other. 'Minion, where is the juke? Hold back and let me look on thee again, Lorenzo.'"

In a whimsical mood he started to his feet and thrust about with his walking-stick as if it had been a rapier, or drew his shoulders well-nigh over his head to convey meanings of mysterious villainy. The hovering cicerone retreated in alarm.

"Nay, Barberigo, stay!" declaimed the young man, continuing his posturing. "These stones shall be me resting-place. Here shall me soul br-ood o'er its misery."

"Look out," said Detmold, laughing; "I don't know what kind of police we have here, but they will certainly not recognize the customs of their country as you portray them. They may make us trouble."

"Touch me not, prison miscreants! The illustrious Lady Foscari bids me to an audience."

"Stop, *stop*, Morris!" cried Detmold, who had arisen in some alarm, placing his hand upon his shoulder. "It will really not do to make such a disturbance."

"Away!" mouthed Hyson. "Me galley floats within a bow-shot of the Riva de' Schiavoni." Then, dropping his antics, he thrust his arm good-naturedly through Detmold's and drew him along. The few persons who remained in the café had begun to gather at the door in astonishment. Among them was a gentleman whom Detmold recognized and stopped to greet, as they passed, as the younger Castelbarco. He introduced Hyson, and the two were introduced in turn to Castelbarco's companion, a young officer in a handsome uniform of blue and silver. After an amount of ceremonious handshaking and touching of hats, the party separated. The Italians were scrupulously polite, but regarded Hyson with puzzled expressions.

"You are just as you used to be," said Detmold. "Advancing years have not got the upper hand of your old spirits."

"Oh, yes, they have, I assure you," answered the other. "I am usually as serious as a funeral. I have not cut so many capers before for an age."

Detmold accompanied his friend to the gate of his hotel. Before they parted it was arranged that he should return and breakfast with him in the morning.

"I suppose I ought to do a little sight-seeing before I settle down to business," said Hyson. "You must not let me interfere with your occupations, but you can tell me what is worth looking at, and I can go about by myself and take it in."

"We will take a little turn together, to-morrow," said Detmold; "I can spare you a day."

"And — by the way," observed Hyson, holding ajar one of the great doors of the *porte cochère*, the bolt of which had been drawn in answer to his ring, "I hope I was not offensive in my flippant mention of Miss Starfield. I flattered myself that I divined what your feelings were in that quarter at the time referred to."

"They are not very different now," said Detmold, in a gloomy tone. "How did she look when you saw her?" he continued, hesitatingly, poking the stones with his stick.

"As pretty as ever and a great deal more animated. Whether it was the general excitement of travel, or the mountain air, or the beneficent influence of the wine for breakfast, she had got rid of a good deal of that stiffness — whether haughtiness or timidity I never could tell — that used to make her so hard to comprehend. She laughed and sang, and made some Eton boys run races by the side of the diligence, while she conversed them out of breath. She even climbed short cuts for flowers with your humble servant. She is very charming, Detmold. If I were not so tough in these matters, and if I did not know what I do about your claims, there is no telling what a spectacle even I might be capable of making of myself there."

"I do not know that I have any particular claims," said Detmold; "she is her own property."

"I thought it was better than that."

"No, — but I will tell you about it some time. Good night." And he walked away, while the heavy doors of the Torre d'Oro clanged behind the new arrival.

II.

ALICE.

In Verona scarcely any streets are straight; none preserve a uniform width throughout; no two are parallel; hardly two blocks are of the same length. Irregular alleys, or *vicolos*, and smaller alleys still (*vicoletti*) bore their way into the thick mass of buildings. Over them project the eaves of low-pitched roofs, showing the scalloped edges of red earthen tiles. In these narrow streets are stuccoed palaces, frescoed outside in neutral tints. The flat wall simulates below perhaps a massive rusticated basement, with projecting quoins, in the Palladian style; above, pilasters, balconies, windows, and awnings, shaded in correct perspective from one point of view, but of course toppling and false from all others. This spurious gray and sepia embellishment, in which there is no illusion, is all that remains of a gorgeous

fashion that once covered domestic buildings with fanciful pictures and brilliant colors. A trace of the ancient style may still be seen in the Piazza Erbe. There last judgments and mythological scenes and figures, in tolerable preservation, some designed by no less a hand than Mantegna's, still ornament the tall façades. Many a famous artist did not disdain in this way to recompense his entertainers or show his regard for a friendly house.

At eight in the morning, after a couple of hours' work, Detmold put in his pocket the sketch-book which was his unfailing companion, and took his way to the Torre d'Oro. The sun was in an unclouded sky, and the protection of the strongly defined shadows beneath the buildings was already grateful. In the oblong, irregular Piazza Erbe a busy traffic was in progress. The market people and their goods were sheltered under white, tent-like umbrellas. A battered statue, the genius of the city, familiarly known as Madonna Verona, arose in their midst like a tutelary divinity. Below it a fountain, which has a history of a thousand years, splashed into a copious basin, at which they freshened their vegetables. The Maffei Palace, now the fashionable shopping-place of Verona, closes the piazza. In front of it is a tall pillar which once, like those in the Piazzetta at Venice, sustained the lion of St. Mark, as an emblem of Venetian domination.

Hyson had not yet risen when Detmold arrived. He came down complaining of want of sleep on account of the heat. His room opened on an interior court where jets of gas flamed all night. His first proceeding was to make the secretary assign him more endurable quarters. At breakfast an English commercial traveler, who dropped his h's, endeavored to enter into conversation with the young men. He assured them that he always made it a point to stop at the best hotels. He asked them what line they were in, as if they had been fellow tradesmen. Hyson laughed, and said that he was interested in fertilizers, and his friend largely in paint stuffs. The commercial traveler said it was a fine farming country, and that the Cadburys of Birmingham were the best makers of paint stuffs in the trade, and he knew them very well. But Detmold was disgusted, and recurred to this incident as they rode together in a hired cab on their tour of inspection. It was a kind of shock to him that persons should come to Verona on any business which was not largely one of sentiment.

"As for me," said Hyson, "I was disillusioned on my first trip. I came over the year of the Paris Exposition, you know. I had an idea that Europe was a kind of stem-winding panorama, moving to the music of a melodeon. The people I conceived as abstractions of burnt sienna, Chinese white, and cobalt, forever leaning up against vine-clad archways, or washing clothes under striped awnings in azure lakes. But in fact the sentimental element is in a small minority. People here have got to be hard, vulgar, calculating, and tricky, and scramble for their bread and butter like ourselves. They leave little patches of antiquity railed off here and there to be stared at by loungers, but it is not the business of *their* lives, by any means. Nothing is curious any longer. Everything is exported and imported. You find the same sort of knickknacks in a shop at Perugia or Civita Vecchia as in a dollar store at Green Bay. The breath of the locomotive dissolves the peasant costumes and manners and customs like frost on a window pane. English cockneys, like the one we have seen, go over the road every thirty days, and sell goods at Bruges, Venice, Cairo, and probably at Bagdad and in the vale of Cashmere, just as an American "drummer" jumps off and on with his samples at all the stations between Chicago and Little Rock. I should like to know why they should not. Distances are nothing like as great, and customers are a hundred times as plenty."

"To imaginative people," said Detmold, "antiquity and the foreign, being so different from the ordinary circumstances of life, are an approximation to the ideal. When this resource is cut off,

when we have all traveled around the world three or four times apiece, and a glare of daylight is let into everything, what is going to be left to us?"

"One thing at a time," replied Hyson. "When we get through with what there is, no doubt we shall be furnished with more. Perhaps some method will be devised for effecting a close connection with the planets."

The young men rolled down through the market piazza to the gray Roman amphitheatre in the Piazza Brà on trackways of stone, laid to facilitate the passage of vehicles. They traversed the length of the Corso, with its Roman arch and its palaces by San Micheli, passed out upon the bridges below which waterwheels were turning in the current, and glanced into churches and museums and up at the battlements of an old mediæval castle by a battlemented bridge. They viewed the city from the hill of San Pietro, the ancient stronghold of old Dietrich of Bern, and from amid the neglected cypresses of the Giusti garden.

It is a thick, rich city, full of spires and towers. The Adige, cold and swift from the glaciers, passes through its glowing mass like a marrow of ice. Over the undulations of the surrounding heights sweep modern bastions and lunettes, and battlemented walls surviving from the Middle Ages. The travelers paused here and there at outlying *osteria* to take a light refreshment of cakes and wine. The wide boulevards of the suburbs glared. The foliage peeping above the inhospitable garden walls was parched and dusty. The visitors turned back among the shadows of the tall houses for relief.

Hyson was sufficiently appreciative of the whole, but Detmold enjoyed it with a passion. Architecture that depends for its effect upon form alone has the gravity of sculpture; the Lombard-Gothic, with its Byzantine affiliations, is like painting. This quality of the quaint city permeated the young architect in every fibre. He could have embraced the red marble lions that supported the columns of the porches. Bathed in such a glow of light and color, they seemed almost to have a benign warmth and vitality of their own.

Towards four o'clock they crossed the Ponte di Pietra, and turned again into the Corso near Santa Anastasia and Hyson's hotel. They dismissed the conveyance and stepped in to enjoy for a moment the coolness of the church before going to dine. Its exterior, unfinished since the thirteenth century, is of rough brick, spotted and time-stained. The interior is such a surprise as when one discovers a heart of precious crystals within a clumsy geode. The thick columns separating the numerous aisles, and the series of sculptured and frescoed chapels, are all of the richest materials. There is an elegant simplicity in the details. Bands of flat, painted ornament follow and accent the construction in place of the uneasy moldings of the North. The pavement is a mosaic of soft tones, white, red, and bluish-gray. To our friends, who raised the curtain at the door-way, after the long dazzle of the day, the church had for a moment the obscurity of twilight.

An elderly gentleman, with his hands behind him, stood in the nave at a distance, directing his attention to some feature of the ceiling which a younger man was pointing out. Nearer the entrance, two ladies, guide-book in hand, were inspecting an elaborate altar. Detmold's heart gave a great throb. He was sensible of a gracious presence in the church, more pervading than its impression of artistic splendor or religious awe. It was Alice.

"We are in luck," said Hyson, with animation. "Here are the Starfields, now."

The ladies turned at the same moment, and the recognition was mutual. Miss Alice Starfield, the taller of the two, was above the middle height. Her expression was marked by sweetness and candor. There appeared also in it a trace of haughtiness that might have been merely an indication of reserve, and at times of archness that was a little derisive. It would hardly have been safe, therefore, to trust to its element of sweetness as an indication of perfectly

tame and unvaried amiability. Her light brown hair was dry and profuse. Some careless strands of it strayed over the forehead. She wore a hat looped up at one side, in which was a gray and white wing. The prevailing tones of her costume were gray, but there were delicate touches of color disposed about it which gave to the whole an intangible bloom.

No one would have gathered from anything in the demeanor of Alice that the relation of Detmold to her was that of a rejected suitor who had recently left her in a mood of bitterness and despair. She greeted him as pleasantly — with just the faintest shade of inquiry in her glance — as his companion. But the remembrance which was so momentous to Detmold produced in him, as the only means of concealing his agitation at this unexpected meeting, an unusual reserve. He thought wildly of attempting to carry it off cavalierly, to impose upon her the idea that he was no more distressed than herself at what had happened; but he had neither the disingenuousness to belittle the sincerity of his passion, nor the flow of spirits at command to play the part successfully. He wondered at her lightness and gayety. The situation which involves the happiness of two lifetimes seemed to him to have the seriousness of a kind of sacrificial rites. He could have expected the participants to walk apart in pensive attitudes, as if amid colonnades of Egyptian sphinxes. He watched the countenance of Alice to see if he could not detect some expression of relenting, or even of constraint, — some trace of feeling corresponding to his own, upon which renewed hope might be based. There was nothing but blooming animation. If anything, there was an increase of self-possession and reconcilement to herself involved in the presence of a lover who thought the ground she walked on fit to worship. Not that it was a conscious reveling in her power; but the incense of such admiration can hardly fail to intoxicate a little involuntarily. A companion so much in her presence as Miss Lonsdale noted a brighter lustre in her eyes and a heightened color in her cheeks.

The heart of Alice beat faster for the meeting. Was it pleasurable or unwelcome? She was deliberating, while she talked, how one ought to treat a rejected suitor whom one perhaps likes well enough as a friend, and whom one has rejected in a surprised and agitated moment, because she has never thought of him before as a lover, because she knows him too little, because she is not in haste to marry, and because at any rate time to think of all these things was to be gained by refusal, but none at all by acceptance.

"You cannot have been here long," said Hyson, "or we should have known it."

"No," replied Alice; "we only arrived from Bergamo a couple of hours ago. Our hotel is close by. As we were not at all tired we ran over to have a glimpse of this delightful church before dinner. Mr. Castelbarco called just as we were starting, and was kind enough to come with us."

"Is your hotel the Torre d'Oro?"

"I think so, — some such name as that."

"So much the better," said Hyson. "I am there, too. We are going to be neighbors. And how is Mrs. Starfield, with whom I became such good friends on our trip to Chamouny? I hope you have not left her behind."

"Oh, no; mamma is here, but she is so indifferent. She prefers comfort to improvement whenever we let her have her own way in the least."

"We must cure her of that. Leave her to me. I have a method. I shall introduce to you a number of persons whom your mother would not let you marry on any account. They will give you invitations, and Mrs. Starfield will go out as chaperone, every time."

"Please don't," said Alice.

Mr. Starfield now came forward with his companion. It was Antonio, the younger Castelbarco. He was a tall, well-shaped, handsome fellow, with fine eyes and the characteristic silk-like mustache of his countrymen. The father of Alice had a close-trimmed beard beginning to be touched with gray, a

keen but kindly eye, and the chary speech and self-poised brusqueness of a successful business man. He gave the impression of taking the antiquities and show articles of travel, in which it was now his duty to manifest an interest, with a good-natured tolerance which was yet not lacking in respect. His habit of thoroughness did not abandon him even here, or suffer him to leave uncomprehended anything to which he gave his attention. He discerned the purpose and the admirable ingenuity of many of the mediæval devices in which the rest saw only chaotic picturesqueness. He would purposely mispronounce at times some of the difficult proper names, to enjoy the remonstrances of the young women, who pretended to be very much ashamed of him. In the presence of this keen and disciplined merchant, Detmold felt himself hardly more than an aimless trifler. Hyson, whose present pursuit quite disembarrassed him of any such sensibility, if he had ever been hampered by it, took Mr. Starfield apart to confer, as between fellow business men, upon the prospects of irrigation.

The glance of Castelbarco followed the soft and engaging figure of Alice as she moved, with undisguised admiration. As often as he could, he advanced to her side, with ingratiating politeness, to explain to her some of the surrounding objects. She responded to his attentions with a graciousness that was the gall of bitterness to Detmold.

Miss Lonsdale and Detmold being thrown together, strolled slowly after the others, the latter, well versed in the details of the place, acting as cicerone.

Miss Lonsdale, a niece of Mrs. Starfield, was a young lady of a year or two beyond thirty. She had some property in her own right; she was well informed, of fine manners, and of an apparently amiable disposition. There was a cold, somewhat nun-like sweetness in her smile, from which it could be rightly inferred that she had once been pretty, and that she was now devout. She was one of those ladies, proportionably more numerous in the upper than in the lower strata of American society, who, not averse to marriage, and possessed of social advantages and personal attractions which charm those about them, yet wither and grow old without finding partners to complete the harmony of their lives. It may be that young women of wealth and station outnumber young men in parallel circumstances, or that the latter oftener step down to choose than their places are supplied from below in the circle they have left. This is one of the ill adjustments of life, probably some time to be remedied, that countless small cliques and societies are seen revolving monotonously without touching, while in their contact and crossing, if such a thing might be, there would seem to be limitless possibilities. Perhaps even in the whole, if reciprocals could be brought together, there is a supplement for every deficiency and a realization for every ideal.

Miss Lonsdale did not appear to repine that her lot had not been differently fashioned. At her home she devoted herself to enterprises of benevolence. She had given much attention to theological questions, and had passed through numerous creeds from Presbyterianism to Ritualism, and recently, by a final step, to Catholicism. Like most new converts her devotion was extreme. It was mainly to gratify her sentiment of reverence for the holy places of the newfound church that she had come abroad. She had been at Lourdes, Einsiedeln, Loretto, and other pilgrimage spots, and spoke of them with grave enthusiasm.

Detmold found her conversation interesting, but chiefly, it must be confessed, on account of the incidental mentions it contained of Alice. He kept the conversation at these points as well as he could. He heard of her artistic achievements in the way of taking the likenesses of old ladies, or good-natured waiting-maids, or little beggars hired by the hour. How had she stood the fatigues of the mountains? He was distressed to learn that, although assuming a bravado of athleticism, she had not escaped here and there during her journeys some serious attacks of illness from fatigue and climatic influences. How was she pleased

when they met the poet Freiligrath at Wiesbaden? What did he say to her, and what did she say to him? He was devoid of tact in this, and presently perceived Miss Lonsdale flashing at him glances of suspicion, upon which he dropped the subject so precipitately that her suspicions were confirmed.

But he had learned among the rest that the business of Mr. Starfield would probably keep the party at Verona a month, if the weather was endurable; and that while there Alice would endeavor to get permission to pursue some studies in painting at the Museo Civico.

The visitors strolled irregularly in the great church, now massing at the summons of one to note some special feature of interest, then dividing differently and scattering again. Detmold and Castelbarco found themselves together.

"It is a singular man, your friend," said the Italian, indicating Hyson, who stood at a little distance with Alice.

"On account of his antics at the café last night? Oh, you must not mind that; it was only a freak. He is a very sensible fellow, I assure you."

"Perchance so. For a moment myself and my comrade of the evening did esteem him to be *in*sane. But how charming is your countrywoman, the Signorina Starfield! I did know her as a child, when I was your comrade of school at Wardham. She was even then beautiful. She remembers me of my bad English, and laughs me now of it."

In another shifting of positions, it was Detmold who was left with Alice, before one of the chapels, where she stood engaged in inspecting an altar piece. She had deliberated and deliberated, and arrived at no conclusion. Unable to think of any better course, she addressed him simply as if nothing had happened.

"What do you think of Carotto?" she said, turning to him with a frank smile.

What did he think of Carotto? Heavens! He had abandoned the labors on which his success in the world depended and crossed the better portion of two continents in search of her. He had tossed and wrestled and agonized with himself. He had pleaded to her and been repulsed with scorn. It was as if a great chasm had opened, or the deluge had come and creation been constructed anew; and now, after all this, they were to come together and talk jauntily about Carotto!

Well, he did not know that he had thought much about Carotto. He had hardly had time to go into the peculiarities of the minor painters. He thought, perhaps, that all of Carotto's strong points, and many others, could be found in his master, Mantegna. If one took an interest in Carotto, however, and wanted to see his best productions, they were at San Tomaso and Santa Eufemia.

"Oh, I do not," she hastened to explain. "I only wish to do my duty by things a little when I fall in with them. I am trying to be conscientious, to make up for lost time."

"You must have seen almost everything. It is a long time that you have been abroad."

"But I have not made use of my opportunities; there were always so many people about, and so many distractions. We fell in with one party of friends after another, and stayed with them and traveled with them. You saw how it was at Paris. It was pleasant, of course, but one could not get about rapidly. Now that papa has come I shall make better progress. As soon as he has finished his business here he will do as I please. Do you think I shall like Verona?"

Her manner was conciliatory, and she seemed talking a little against time that nothing unpleasant might have a chance to occur.

"It will be very quiet after the great capitals, and it has not many startling curiosities."

"Why do *you* like it?"

"It has a kind of picturesqueness for which I used to have an especial fondness. But it is a matter of business with me more than of liking. I am making drawings of the buildings."

"In order to erect similar ones at home?"

"Possibly fragments from them here and there. It is our work to patch to-

gether odds and ends from the past to make something endurable for the present."

"But you can pick out all the merits and leave the defects. That is what modern architects do, is it not?"

"I wish we did," muttered Detmold.

"The works of architects are more prominent before the community than those of any other profession. I should think you would all be very conceited. It must be a splendid thing to look up at some great block, or church, or public building that attracts everybody's attention and say, That is mine; I made it. I should feel a head taller, for my part."

"Speaking from a very limited experience, I think it is rather agreeable."

Alice had reflected so much, at least, that she was far from satisfied with her conduct in the interview at Paris. She would have had the words and circumstances of it much different. Detmold's avowal had been sudden and unforeseen, and had greatly disconcerted her. In reviewing their acquaintance from the first, she could not now deny that there had been aspects of his previous course which might have afforded a sufficient intimation of what was likely to occur, if one had only thought to place the right construction upon them. If his long series of kindnesses and attentions had not been merely friendship and esteem but affection, why, that was quite a different matter.

She did not repent her answer, but it was a source of discomfort that a more severe opinion than was just should be entertained of her. Now that all was over, so far as her conduct had been harsh and even rude, perhaps it might be atoned for by extra consideration. Perhaps even something of their former intimacy might be reëstablished, if she was sure that he would never — that is — yes — that he would never broach the unfortunate subject again. If such a condition could be guaranteed, and provided that they themselves were passably reconciled to the situation, it would seem that the presence of her rejected suitors need not be oppressive to any woman. In the atmosphere of tender reverence so created, it would not be strange if she should feel herself something very precious, and be raised by it to a nobility beyond her normal self.

Alice rattled on about her father's plans at Verona, and her own desire to spend some of her time while there in copying, either in the churches or at the Museo Civico.

"The churches are damp, and the light in them is bad; you will do better at the Museum," said Detmold. "The light is from the side and not very good there either, but you will find subjects."

At the approach of Hyson and the others her manner was less free, and presently the party separated. As the young men took their leave, the Starfields hoped that they should see them soon at their hotel.

Detmold and Hyson dined together in the Piazza Brà to the sound of military music. Detmold confided to his friend, guardedly, the story of his passion and its unhappy fate.

"There is mismanagement somewhere," said that quick-witted adviser, briskly. "I should judge that she liked you. One cannot tell without knowing all the circumstances, but as a general rule it does not pay to collapse too quickly. The course of true love does not run smooth, and no woman wants it to. A woman cannot afford to be won too easily. You must keep asking. I make it a rule to ask about three times," said he gravely, plunging his fork into another morsel of roast fowl."

"Then you have been engaged?"

"Oh, a few times; not lately, you know."

"And how do the engagements come to be broken off?"

"Incompatibility of temper, usually."

W. H. Bishop.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A LIBRARY, and perhaps a fairly amusing one, might be fabricated out of the tales which travelers tell each other, especially during the prolix times of ocean voyaging, when the monotony of the days and the vastness of the sea seem to justify man in being interminable. I will venture to collect a few pages of such material, reported as nearly as possible from the utterances of the steamer smoking-room: —

THE PROFESSOR'S HORSE STORY. — "Look a here! What d' you give your hoss for the bots?"

"I give him a pint 'f turpentine."

Next day: "Look a here! I give my hoss a pint 'f turpentine, 'n' it killed him 's dead 's a hammer."

"So it did mine."

THE CAPTAIN'S DOG STORY. — There was a dog in Dublin who believed in the Cunard line. That dog knew the whistle of the jackass-steamer which towed the Cunarders into dock. Whenever that particular whistle blew he would hear it and recognize it, no matter if he was a mile away. He would quit whatever he was about, whether it was a nap or a fight, and make for the harbor. Well, everybody on the line got to know him, and every cook felt bound to give him a bone. That was what he expected and what kept up his interest. He was just a stockholder, you see, looking sharp after his dividends. But at last he met a most extraordinary fate, such as no other dog ever did meet, to the best of my knowledge and belief. He had just got his regular ration when another dog, a much bigger beast, pitched into him, gave him a most fearful mauling, and took away his dividend. Now what do you suppose that dog did? You can't imagine. He hobbled straight down to the dock, and jumped in and drowned himself. It 's a solemn fact, upon honor. He was a dog of great intelligence and high Irish feeling. When he got licked on the Cunard dock, and lost his Cunard bone besides, he could n't want to live any longer, and he just committed suicide.

THE SURGEON'S DOG STORY. — There is a very knowing dog, and also a very grateful one, in Newhaven [England]. I am acquainted with his case, because I am on duty there and see the creature frequently. This dog, you must understand, is a Dalmatian, or spotted coach dog, which makes his history the more remarkable, for the breed is not noted for brains. Generally speaking, its accomplishments are limited to sleeping by your horse in the stable, and jumping at his nose when he is on the road. Well, this Dalmatian fell blind; he had a cataract on both eyes. He went groping about the streets and tumbling into gutters, until he stirred up the compassion of my brother in surgery, Beach. Beach, by the way, cares nothing about dogs; he has no fondness for them whatever. But he said it was a pity to see this wretch struggling and suffering in that style, if the thing could be helped. So he got hold of his subject, had him tied and chloroformed, operated on him, and removed the cataracts. The sight, in short, was restored completely.

Ever since then this Dalmatian has been a monster of gratitude, and absolutely worships and haunts and bores his benefactor. It is n't because Beach feeds him. Not at all. Beach is n't of that sort. He is not a dog-fancier nor a dog-provider. He might think a dog wanted an operation, but he would never think he wanted a bone. Well, all the same, the Dalmatian adores him. He is a savage brute; he will bite anybody else, including his master, but from Beach he will take any sort of maltreatment. Perhaps the most curious thing about the case is that he keeps some account of time, and knows the days of the week and the hours of the day. This is very extraordinary, of course, but it is absolutely certain.

Beach, you must understand, lives out of town, and only comes in twice a week to attend to his duties there, once on Wednesday, at ten in the morning, and once on Saturday, at three in the afternoon. Well, his old patient never fails to meet him on the right day and at the correct hour, just as accurately as though all Dalmatians were born with chronometers in their mouths. He never mistakes one day for another, and never goes on either day at the wrong hour. As Beach drives in, the dog meets him a little way out, follows him through his round, sits or stands by him, watches him devotedly, attends him homeward a certain distance, and then leaves him. Nobody can call him off, not even his master. By the way, if Beach comes to town by some unusual road, and so misses the dog, the latter immediately sets up a persistent search for him, going in succession to every one of his haunts, and among them to my quarters. How he has learned that Beach and I have some relation to each other, I don't know; but he has learned it perfectly, and is just as mindful of it as either of us.

Once I undertook, just for the curiosity of the thing, to detain him in my office. I put my arms around him and held on with all my strength. The result was that after a violent tussle I found myself on the floor, and the big brute off like lightning after his dear Beach. Anybody else would have been badly bitten. He only spared me out of consideration for my obvious relations and my supposed intimacy with his benefactor.

Now, the beast's gratitude is perhaps nothing remarkable; a great many dogs show affection and remembrance of kindness. But how upon earth does this Dalmatian know the day of the week and the time of day?

THE MERCHANT'S STORY. — Yes, it was rather a curious start that I had in business. The first thing I did, after having saved a little pile of money, was to set up a shanty in Sioux City. I had all sorts of traps to allure Indians, and I wanted to buy any kind of peltries, scalps excepted. But I was a new arrival, and the noble red man could n't believe in me without help, and I found trade rather dull. Late one night, however, as I was sleeping among my stock, there came a tremendous banging at my door; and when I unbarred it, there was a tall fellow who seemed to me a little drunk; and said he, "I want a butcher knife."

"All right. Come in," said I.

"I want a reliable one," says he. "I want it to kill a man with. Give me a good strong handle. I want a knife that I can put in and turn it around."

Says I, "I think I can suit you. Walk in and take a look."

I knew him by that time. He was a Virginian, a splendid-looking fellow, and belonged to a good family, as I understood. But he had gone wild on the frontier, and done a great many illegal things, and been forced to herd with the Indians. The consequence was that he spoke their language and was a person of influence among them. Well, I felt a little doubtful about his intentions, not knowing but what I was the man he was after; but all the same I got out my stock of tools and showed them. There was one, nearly two feet long, which I had bought for a cheese knife. Says I, "I think that would answer your purpose."

"Yes, I should think it might," says he. "How much is it?"

I told him the price, — about four shillings, I think.

"I 'll take it," says he. "But I have n't any money."

Under the circumstances, seeing he had the knife in his fist and was ready to turn it around, I thought I had better offer to trust him.

"You 'd better not," says he. "You don't know me from any other gentleman."

"But I 've got to trust you," says I. "You 've got the butcher knife by the handle, and I 'm at the sharp end of it. Besides, I believe I can trust you."

Off he went, and I heard no more of him for a time, not even whether he had killed a man. But some weeks later he

put in an appearance and paid for the knife.

"And now, youngster," says he, "I like the way you treated me when I roused you out for that trade. You did n't show the white feather. Some men, hustled up at that time of night, would have been scared. But you behaved every way like a gentleman, and now I want to behave to you as one. There are some Indians coming in to-day, and I 'll bring them to your shanty to trade. Have you got any rum?"

I had n't any rum; I did n't keep it.

"Well," says he, "we must have some rum. No rum, no Injun. Give me a couple of dollars."

I gave him the money, and he went off. When he came back he had a demijohn full of drink, and some tumblers. An hour or so later the Indians appeared, some two hundred of them. First came the warriors with their rifles, bows, and tomahawks; then followed the squaws, stooping almost to the ground under their loads. My man halted them, but they did n't want to trade with me; they did n't know me. There was a long palaver, and at last he threatened to kill some of them if they did n't follow his friendly advice; and the end of it was that they gave in, to save a quarrel. They crowded into my little shop, and drank my demijohn empty, and bought my stock clean out, and filled me full of peltries. I made twenty-five hundred dollars that season, and went off in high spirits to lose it somewhere else, and then to pick it up again. As for the Virginian, I lost sight of him, and never learned how he ended. I did n't even inquire whether he put his butcher knife in and turned it around. It seemed to me too delicate a subject.

The Captain's Ghost Story. — We had lost a man overboard, and of course everybody was thinking of him. About two hours later, just at dusk, there was a Portugee sailor at the helm, and I was standing near him watching the ship's course. Of a sudden this Portugee let out the most fearful yell that I ever heard in my life, broke away from the helm, flew along the deck, and plunged into the fo'c'sle. I caught the wheel myself and bawled to the mate to bring that man back. He rushed forward, and was gone a devil of a while. When he returned he said that the man would n't come.

"Won't come!" says I. "That 's a pretty story to tell on board ship. Why don't you make him come?"

"But I can't," says the mate. "He held on to the stanchions like a vise. He says he 'll die before he 'll come."

So, thinking the Portugee had gone mad, I ordered up another man. But this second steersman had scarcely got to his post before he too let off a screech and broke for the fo'c'sle. By Jove, I did n't know what to make of it; I began to think there was some disease aboard, some sort of a catching frenzy. I took the helm again. But just as I was wondering whether I would have to steer the ship across the ocean myself, I chanced to turn my eye windward, and I saw *something*. You must remember that it was dusk, and in fact pretty darkish. Well, through that darkness I saw a white object rise over the taffrail, wave at me in a threatening way, and drop again as if into the sea. Now, I never did believe in ghosts, never, even in my childhood. But for one moment I was thoroughly startled; I thought the drowned sailor was there. The next moment the object rose again, and I discovered what it was. It was not a ghost, it was the cabin table-cloth. The steward had hung it over the side to dry, and the wind now and then lifted a corner of it.

The Other Captain's Brigand Story. — It 's a lovely country, the Mediterranean shore, every spot of it, every mile of it. Ever been there? Is n't it a beautiful country! If ever I get off duty I mean to take a trip to those regions every winter on the vessels of our line. Beautiful views every place you land at, and plenty of fine fishing and shooting. When I sailed there I used to go ashore at every port, and stroll off into the country with either my gun or my fishing tackle. In the course of one of those tramps, a few miles out

of Messina, I had a curious adventure. On coming back from a fishing boat I found myself tired, and stopped at a little wayside tavern to take a bottle of wine. There I fell into conversation with an Italian, a nice-looking fellow enough and very pleasant in his manners. That man spoke English as well as I did; he had been in America, he said; learned his English there. I liked him so well that I gave him a cigar, and then another, and shared my wine with him. We were sitting under the porch in front of the tavern, and everything around us was pretty, and I had an agreeable half hour. At last I looked at my watch, found it was getting late, and said I must go.

"Let me see that watch," says the Italian.

I handed it to him; it was a nice watch; there is the very one now. He looked at it, gave it back to me, smiled, and said, "If you had n't been so polite to me, I would have taken that watch away from you."

Well, you see what my build is; I can stand a pretty good tussle. I smiled at him, and said I, "I don't believe that *you* could take that watch."

"Ah," says he, "*I* would n't have taken it; but I 'll show you who would."

With that he gave a whistle; and upon my soul and honor, if five or six armed men did n't start up all around us! two of them, if you 'll believe it, from behind a wall just across the road. After he had let me look at them he gave another whistle, and they all went to cover.

"Good evening, sir," said he. "I wish you a pleasant journey."

"Good evening, sir," said I, and started for Messina.

THE NEGRO SAILOR'S STORY. — Wah, wah, wah! See that young un tryin' to liff that anchor? That reminds *me*. My little gal see a rock in the field 'bout 's big 's a long-boat. "Oh, pa," says she, "may n't I have that rock to kerry home 'n' build a house with it?"

"Jess 's lieve," says I. Wah, wah, wah!

— It is frequently said that there is no longer anything dramatic in this century, but one would have to go back a long time to find so impressive a sight as, according to all accounts, was Thiers's funeral. The government would have hailed commotion as an excuse for denouncing radicalism, but the republican leaders and the great mass of the people of the Parisian mob — as it is called by its enemies, not without cause — understood too well what they had to do; so that, although the procession passed through some of the most ungovernable parts of the city, amid thousands of men who, by tradition, experience, and feeling, were ready to seize the first omnibus that passed by, unharness the horses, let the passengers proceed on foot, and build a barricade around the omnibus; who could have been roused to fury by a single imprudent shout, yet, in spite of all this, the cortége wound its way through long lines of silent men, who stood like statues, suppressing almost every movement. At times some rash person would raise his voice to cry, "Vive la République!" but the republican leaders who were following the body to the grave would raise a hand in admonition, and silence would return. And when one considers of what this multitude was composed, it is impossible not to feel deeply the significance of its self-control. Restraint has never been thought the ruling characteristic of the Parisian populace; but here was an instance of remarkable comprehension of what was at stake and of the proper method of action on the part of a fierce army of citizens, many of whom had fought against what Thiers represented and directed only about half a dozen years ago, but who now recognized that he had been, and that those who felt with him were still, their best friends. The whole story may be found at length in the Continental journals, but I have from a private hand this curious fact: As the procession was passing through the crowd my correspondent heard an odd rustling sound, and after looking about for its origin he at length discovered that it came from a crowd composed, apparently, of workmen, who stood motionless, but who could not keep themselves from *whispering* the cry,

"Vive la République!" It seems to me that there is something very touching in this slight outbreak of intense feeling, when all the circumstances are taken into consideration. It was certainly French, and none the less interesting on that account.

— One who writes on Certain Americanisms in the August number of The Atlantic seems to be unaware that his contention in regard to the Greek origin of "skedaddle" has better foundation than *skedannumi*. There is a Byzantine form of the same verb, *skedadzo*, which comes far nearer the word in question. His statement that "skedaddle" is in use in Lancashire I have had confirmed by a Lancashire man, but long ago I have been aware that the word was in use in the neighborhood of Aberdeen, in Scotland. Aberdeen is a university town, which favors his idea that the word may have originated with the student class.

— A friend has suggested to me an idea which I should like in turn to have suggested to some romancer. It is, I think, a quite new explanation of that not infrequent experience, a recollection of a former life. The lines of Wordsworth on the subject, though the most beautiful that he ever wrote, have become as trite as "The boy stood on the burning deck," or "On Linden when the sun was low." One is almost afraid to quote any of them. Still, let me offend a very little: —

> "Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting.
> The soul that riseth with us, our life's star,
> Has had elsewhere its setting,
> And cometh from afar
> Not in entire forgetfulness."

That may all be true in a different sense from what was in the poet's mind. What if the continuity should be from parent to child instead of from state to state? Has not all science been teaching us that a man is mainly what he inherits? And how much of our very souls are certainly derived from our ancestors? We have — how often! — their passions, affections, powers, and habits; why not their memories too? A savage has the dread of wrathful frowns drilled into him by bitter experience, and therefore his progeny, to the thousandth generation, shrink and wail in infancy at sight of the knotted brow. The child remembers unconsciously what his far-away great-grandfather learned painfully. Is it much more wonderful that a man should remember consciously though dimly something that happened when the powers and qualities of his soul were in other flesh?

I do not insist on the hypothesis. But it certainly has probability enough for the romancer's use, and would have lent itself finely to the weirdly suggestive treatment of our noblest master in the field of fiction — Hawthorne.

— Mr. Henry James, Jr., said in a recent essay, "Alfred de Musset is an example of the wasteful way in which nature and history sometimes work; of their cruel indifference to our personal standards of economy; of the vast amount of material they take to produce a little result. De Musset's exquisite organization, his exaltations and his weaknesses, his pangs and tears, his passions and debaucheries, his intemperance and idleness, his years of unproductiveness, his innumerable mistresses, his quarrel with a woman of genius, and the scandals, exposures, and recriminations that are so ungracefully bound up with it, — all this was necessary in order that we should have the two or three little volumes into which his *best* could be compressed. It takes certainly a great deal of life to make a little art! In this case, however, we must remember that little is exquisite."

Now, is it really possible that any one thinks Alfred de Musset's "exquisite" art was in the least promoted or developed by the slough of sensuality into which he seems to have laid himself down in very early manhood and never to have risen from again? If so, why should not the millions of men before him who have done the same thing have found therein his inspiration, and become great poets also? For my part, I cannot think that it was by any means "nature" which "wasted" Alfred de Musset, but Alfred de Musset who wast-

ed nature. In any country, under any circumstances, he would have been the great poet, the marvelous artist; for his was the true Midas touch of genius that turns everything it chooses into gold. Unfortunately, with few exceptions, he chose to glorify with it nothing but various phases of the social corruption and decay of which he himself was so willing a factor. His flies were all preserved in the most precious amber; but he did not find the amber in the sewers. Heaven sent it to him. The sewers furnished the flies.

I have noted with interest the discussion in this Club of Mr. James as a novelist, and it seems to me that the "unsatisfactoriness" of which almost everybody complains in his presentations comes precisely from the mental attitude which permitted him to write as above of De Musset. He is not content with depicting the surface and being a "painter of manners" merely. He insists upon going deeper than that, but he does not go deep enough. So we feel defrauded, as if we had assisted at a vivisection from which no valuable physiological principle had been demonstrated. Mr. James only pretends to apply the æsthetic test to things, apparently, and I wonder whether, according to his own standards, this is quite correct "art." I can hardly think it; otherwise he would not sometimes so entirely fail of his effect, as, for instance, with the London Athenæum reviewer, who thought the *intentionally* strongest side of that very tragic book, The American, was the humorous! But this very vagueness and inconsequentiality is an expression of a phase, and a very noticeable one, of contemporary Americanism; and this is one reason why Mr. James is so valuable. He embodies in himself a national vein that no one else does so absolutely. He is "original," and that, even without his brilliancy, mastery, and finish, would make him interesting. *With* them he is much more interesting; he is fascinating. This blowing, waving flower that glides past on the air, or floats upon the tide, without any remembrance of what it was cut off *from*, or any plan about where it is going *to*, is, to speak as Mr. James himself would, "deliciously" characteristic. American literature would be perceptibly dimmer without it, and it is impossible to help following with the utmost pleasure its *insouciant* career.

— Just at present there seems to be a lull in the Walt Whitman controversy, which lately raged so fiercely in both hemispheres; so perhaps it is as good a time as any to take a dispassionate view of his work, from the stand-point of one who is neither willing to bow down before him as the John the Baptist of a new dispensation, nor yet to discard him as a worthless and meretricious pretender.

I wonder how many of your readers have read his Drum Taps, or indeed how many ever think of him as the author of anything except Leaves of Grass, which have acquired a very unsavory odor. But this is not at all fair. The world is altogether too prone to assume that men must remain as it first finds them; and thus it often makes amendment pretty nearly impossible. In his case, it has not prevented the amendment, but it has effectually shut out all hopes of that present popular approbation which would be its most natural reward.

The indictment preferred against Whitman has three counts: first, he is nasty; second, he is tedious and prosaic; third, his singing is a "barbaric yawp." The first is true only of those unfortunate Leaves, which yet contain some fine lines; for in his subsequent writings it would not be easy to find a single gross passage. The second is true only when the demon of cataloguing gets hold of him, or he feels the imperative necessity of pressing everything into the service of the Muse. But this is only sometimes. When he crams prose into his lines, he obviously does so in obedience to a cast-iron theory, and in flagrant outrage of his naturally delicate taste.

Now as to the barbaric yawp: I maintain that there are passages of his poetry which show him to be one of our very first masters of verbal melody and har-

mony, and do not find it at all surprising that he should have attracted toward him two such diverse but veritable singers as Swinburne and Tennyson. Widely as they differ in all else, they agree in an almost preternatural sensibility to that finer inner music of words which no language can fully define, and no training can alone make perceptible.

It is only fair to give an instance or two not yet hackneyed. Whitman is alluding to the dead (I should premise) as he sees them in visions: —

"Sweet are the blooming cheeks of the living,
Sweet are the musical voices sounding,
But sweet — ah, sweet! —
Are the eyes of the silent dead."

Note the succession of vowel sounds varying with every line, yet each group so perfect in itself and so completely in unison with its burden of sentiment. And that delightful break in the third line; and the weird utter close! A bit like that may be carried in one's head for a life-time and lose nothing of its pleasure-giving power.

Sometimes you strike a line that reminds you a little of "the multitudinous seas incarnadine." For example: —

"With the Continental blood interveined."

The stately march of the big Latin words at their best is not often made so obvious. They are apt in other handling to become pompous; and then they are not poetry.

Whitman also employs a sudden break in the sense with such power as to send a thrill through you: —

"Saw from the deep what arose and mounted, —
Oh, wild as my heart and resistless!"

And sometimes he strikes upon a refrain that is as grand and spirit-stirring as the noblest martial music: —

"Have the elder races halted,
Wearied,
Over there beyond the seas?
We take up the task eternal,
And the labor and the lesson,
Pioneers, O Pioneers!"

The dragging dullness of the first three lines is admirably contrived to give full effect to the startling vigor of the closing invocation. Though by nature and association something of a conservative, I am half tempted to become a radical (at some more convenient season) on the strength of that same.

In other passages there is a quiet impressiveness, both of matter and manner, that cannot soon be forgotten: —

"Silent, upon her dead gazing,
I viewed the mother of all."

But I think I have given citations enough to make good my assertion that the barbaric yawp keeps very good time to music. Whether the lines will bear the test of school-boy scanning is not the question at issue. But the most careless observer must see that the poet does not always ignore even mere conventionalities.

On the other hand, one cannot find warrant in his books for supposing that he has anything of vital importance to say to the world which it has not often heard already. He seems to have dipped into the fringes of the sunrise cloudland of science and the new philosophy, and his reports of the poetry of that realm partake more of the mist than of the light. I should rather call him a dazzled smatterer than a sage or prophet. Yet here and there one finds a suggestive passage: —

"I believe there is nothing in the universe
That has not an immortal soul."

"A doubt crawled before me,
Undulating like a snake."

And who has ever more succinctly presented the gap between mere information and soul-satisfying knowledge than he who left the learned man to weigh and name the hosts of heaven, while his late auditor

"Walked forth in the mystical moist night air
And looked up in perfect silence at the stars"?

But perhaps he is at his very best in dealing with merely human topics, and modern ones at that. Of all the literature brought into being by the battle of the Little Big Horn, I know nothing comparable to those simple lines, straightforward as a sword thrust, which tell the story of

"The cavalry companies fighting with sternest
coolest heroism,
The fall of Custer and of all his officers and men."

And when he rises to the peroration beginning with

> "The grand tradition of our race,
> The loftiest of life upheld by death,"

he is very nearly on a par with the best parts of the Commemoration Ode. But a few lines cited from so condensed a poem can give no adequate idea of it.

Finally, he is the author of the most successful poetization of modern machinery. A Locomotive in Winter contains lines of first-rate descriptive power, and shows an eye for nature that is not limited in its range to nature untouched by man. What can be more apt than

> "The tremulous twinkle of thy wheels"?

What prettier than

> "Thy long-trailing vapor pennants,
> Ending in delicate purple"?

Where can you find such a union of mechanical accuracy with poetic power as

> "Thee in thy panoply,
> Thy measured dual throbbing
> And thy beat convulsive"?

It is treading on delicate ground; but how well he treads! And his final address to his subject as the

> "Type of the modern
> Pulse of the continent"

certainly does not lack strength.

All things considered, it may well be claimed that this translation of machinery into poetry is the department of art for which Whitman is best fitted by nature, and which now offers to him the widest opportunities. Some magician's touch is needed to evoke the melody and beauty now surely latent alike in the water-driven saw-mill and the big Corliss engine. Will he be the man?

— I was reading, the other day, Phillips Brooks's Lectures on Preaching, and came upon this passage: "I always remember one special afternoon, years ago, when the light faded from the room where I was preaching, and the faces melted together into a unit as of one impressive, pleading man, and I felt them listening when I could hardly see them; I remember this accidental day as one of the times when the sense of the privilege of having to do with people as their preacher came out almost overpoweringly." This is what the preacher remembered. I wondered whether mine might not have been one of "the faces melted together," for I had a very vivid recollection of just such an afternoon. I turned to my diary in which I sometimes record impressions, and found this entry: "Sunday, September 17, 1871. I went this afternoon to Trinity to hear Phillips Brooks. I went at three, and found myself an hour too early, so I went first to Bromfield Street, thinking to hear Prentiss. He did not preach, but Gilbert Haven, who was forcible and arrogant. I had heard a windy sermon in the morning. Perhaps this was the reason why, although the service at Trinity was grateful, I was a little indifferent to the preacher when he began. Partly, too, the stream of his eloquence must needs gather force as his thought cumulated. I was led on by it, drawn into the rich tide of his thought, and now occurred a singular phenomenon. Hardly perceptible at first, a storm was coming on, and though I saw no rain there was a gathering darkness in the building. It increased steadily with the movement of his sermon, and as it deepened the solitary pulpit light became the sole illumination of the church. Its whole flame was cast upon the red cushion and the side of Mr. Brooks's half figure and face. There was a glow of color upon the speaker's enkindled visage; all the church was dark; I could see a head here and there indistinctly in the murkiness, but that living light glowed more and more intensely. The darkness deepened the stillness, and the voice of the preacher, growing more fervid and passionate, came full and strong from that central glory in the gloom. It was the apotheosis of the pulpit." This is what the hearer remembers. The two impressions complement each other, and may almost be taken as summing up the matter of these lectures: Be a person and regard your congregation as a person.

RECENT LITERATURE.

If those persons who take up The House Beautiful[1] spend a good deal of their time in looking at the pictures, it will be Mr. Cook's fault. Certainly the charm of drawing and engraving which comes from careful work and felicitous touches appeals here both to the uneducated and to the connoisseur, and it is plain that the author has expended unstinted labor and zeal in securing for his book a delightful harmony. It is a pleasure to handle and to read a book so conscientiously made, and the good taste which presided over the book becomes at once an intimation that the author will not lead his followers far astray when they enter upon the subject of the book itself.

Even when the book has been read, the pictures will remain as the chief consideration; and in saying this we intend only to express strongly our sense of the excellent manner in which Mr. Cook has performed his task. If he had had but a single person whom he wished to instruct in the art of indoor life, it is very certain that he would have found his best way in taking his friend to this or that house or shop and pointing out the very object which he has taken pains to represent in these wood-cuts; and his personal talk about them could hardly have been more informal and good-natured than is the writing with which he accompanies the pictures. He says very well in reply to the objection that his models are not of practical use because not procurable by the general public: "My main object in writing these pages is not to dogmatize nor to give definite rules for doing this or that, nor to give people precise patterns to follow. On the contrary, it has been urged from the beginning that people should follow their own taste, and do the best they can to make their homes pretty and attractive in their own way. . . . These cuts are meant to indicate my general taste in furnishing a house, and what seems to me likely to be pleasing to many people besides myself." We are glad that he confined his objurgations of unnatural and unseemly furniture to words, and called in the aid of pencil and graver only to show that which he could praise; for it is to be feared that ugly things might have lost some of their deformity if so skillfully drawn and engraved, and it is rare indeed that it can be right to expend good artisanship in reprehending bad art.

Mr. Cook proceeds then upon the principle that taste in household decoration as in any other matter of art is chiefly formed through a familiarity with beautiful and becoming forms, and accordingly he moves through the different rooms of the House Beautiful, — the entrance, the living-room, the dining-room and the bed-room, — pointing out the advantages of this and that mode of treatment, and calling attention to what is good in chair, table, grate, rug or carpet, table furniture, chamber furniture, curtains, and whatever goes to make up the appointments of any simply ordered establishment.

We miss mention of wall papers, though he had his chance when speaking of hanging pictures and Japanese scrolls, and we wish that in his zeal for the living-room he had not ignored one feature of the House Beautiful which is coming to be more regarded by architects and by those who wish to make the most of their home life, — the hall, a term which seems to savor only of the House Grand, but really plays a most important part in rendering a simple house the House Beautiful. The peremptoriness with which in many houses the visitor is received by the entrance and ordered up-stairs or down cellar, or through some suspiciously dark passage, is little less than insolent, and the hospitality of a house is borne on its face when a generous hall welcomes one to the interior and not merely to the threshold. It was not Mr. Cook's aim to plan or arrange houses, but if he could have assumed a hall parenthetically, he would have had an admirable opportunity to display certain forms of fire-place, chair, ceiling, and wainscoting, beautiful in themselves and adapted only to this place.

The details which Mr Cook presents are all interesting, and there will be few persons of educated taste to quarrel with him as to most of the conclusions which he reaches. The book is not a formal treatise, therefore he has suggested the principles of furnishing and decoration rather than formulated them. It will be looked at and read with

[1] *The House Beautiful.* By Clarence Cook. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1878

most pleasure by those who do not much need it, but it cannot fail to stimulate a love of beauty in household ware, even among those who would be lost in a fog if they took it for a guide. It is what it purports to be, a record of many excellent fancies and a suggestion of more; as such it will be to many almost as satisfactory as a visit to a house where pure taste presides; it will make them dissatisfied with the false things in their own houses and quicker to discover what is genuine and worthy.

— The publishers have rather paid honor to the best and highest literature than consulted the ordinary holiday mood in choosing for illustration Hawthorne's supreme romance, — the great wonder-book in which the deep life of our Puritanic date suffers forever, — The Scarlet Letter,[1] insurpassably tragic, as Evangeline is insurpassably pathetic, among works of imagination, and destined by the perfection of its form to endure with our language. They have given it due state in printing and paper; they have invited to illustrate the story the artist who perhaps unites more fine qualities than any other, and they have called to her aid the brilliant, sympathetic, and characteristic touch of our best engraver. If the result is not perfectly satisfactory, it must be because it is not within the scope of any one artist to interpret all the phases of the always deepening, always darkening tragedy. We all know in what Miss Hallock has hitherto excelled: the innocent tenderness and grace of young girlhood; the entreating pathos of some unhappy woman's face; the sadness of an aged visage; the brightness, the light of some festival scene; the joyous gayety of love-making; the sweetness and serenity of family groups and all the aspects of domestic peace. Her successes in a different direction rather than her failures will surprise those already acquainted with her work; and we think that the more these illustrations are studied the more they will be found successful.

At first, as in the case of Hester Prynne on the scaffold, one does not accept them as expressions of the predominant feeling, yet a little reflection convinces that the air of joyless absence among other scenes, the look of dull oblivion, with its subconsciousness of present agony, in Hester's face, — half-averted and forgetful of the babe that hangs so heavy in her hold, — is the feeling which art could best and most movingly picture there. It is a triumph which contrasts with the failure of the second scene on the scaffold, when Dimmesdale, Hester, and Pearl stand there together, by night: Hester with rather a St. Cecilia-ish, Madonna-ish, upturned face, and Dimmesdale in a dishabille which does not at all correspond with the scrupulosity of costume attributed to him by the author on that occasion. The scenes of Hester, Dimmesdale, and Pearl in the forest are not so good, either, nor is the final scene on the scaffold after the election sermon; but that in Governor Bellingham's house, in which Hester appeals to Dimmesdale to keep the grim authorities from taking her Pearl away, is most finely and dramatically presented, and has a deep thrill in it. All the figures, in their various poses and expressions, are excellent. The mother and child, passing through the hall, are also admirable; in these two scenes chiefly does Miss Hallock seem to have caught the real Pearl, though we must except the pretty half-page in which the elfish child sits on a rock dabbling her foot in the pool. Hester Prynne's return to prison, after her hour on the pillory, is one of the good things; it is very good indeed; the figure is grand, and the heavy fatigue in the beautiful face most touchingly expressed; and the three studies of faces — the Puritan matron faces among the spectators, the young maiden faces in Mr. Dimmesdale's congregation, and the faces of the magisterial group in the election-day procession — are all well imagined and extraordinarily well realized. Several landscape bits, too, are thoroughly and characteristically fine, especially that sad perspective of forest, with the white birch fallen across the pool in the foreground, and that winding woodland road with Hester and her babe in her arms in the foreground, and the Puritan figures in the background, following her with their eyes as she walks rapt and drearily brooding away. Chillingworth is often too theatrically fancied; Dimmesdale is most successfully portrayed in the scene at Governor Bellingham's, which is, on the whole, the most satisfactory, the most perfect scene in the book, — entirely and nobly beautiful, and as yet quite unapproached in power by anything in American illustrative art.

We have already indicated our sense of Mr. Anthony's value in such a work as this; it remains merely to say that he seems here to be at his best. We must praise also the tasteful head-pieces of the different chapters, by Mr. L. S. Ipsen.

[1] *The Scarlet Letter.* By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Illustrated. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1877.

— Mr. Avery, in Californian Pictures,[1] had the difficult task before him of illustrating scenery which has been more bewritten and bepainted than perhaps that of any other part of our country. Repetition in some measure was inevitable, but grudging justice must allow that the author has done much to make California novel again, and has produced a book which those who have or have not been there may alike recur to with pleasure and advantage. His first endeavor is to possess his reader of a general idea of the Californian topography, climate, and landscape, and then to enter with him upon the exploration of particular scenes. In all he has an agreeable air of unboastfully and sincerely liking what he writes about; he is simple, clear, and graphic, and his enthusiasm never lifts his feet from the solid ground. The chapters of prose description are separated from each other by pieces of descriptive verse, in which we have noted the same pleasant qualities of naturalness and faithfulness. The poems have sometimes indeed a Bryant-like freshness and truth, with something of a naturalist's joy in minute detail; they are often very good without ever being first-rate. They keep in acceptable form the general high level of the prose. Up the Western Slope of the Sierras, On the Summit, Head-Waters of the Sacramento, Ascent of Mount Shasta, The Geysers, City Scenery, Santa Cruz Mountains, The First People, The Trinity Diamond, are the titles of chapters which will convey an impression of the scope and variety of the work. They are not mere recapitulations of the facts of the landscape, but are enlivened with a genuine sense of beauty and a feeling for character that forbids them to be tiresome. Four of the illustrations are by Thomas Moran; three by W. H. Gibson; the rest by Alfred Kappes and C. A. Vandenhoff. They harmonize with the literary quality of the book; they are fresh and good, and seem generally to have caught the picturesque when it was not waiting to be sketched; their charm is solid and lasting rather than surprising, and the whole book, which is of course elegantly printed, deserves to survive many holidays.

— In The Atlantic for January we had the pleasure of calling the reader's notice to the magnificent series of etchings from the old masters, by William Unger,[2] which Mr. J. W. Bouton is republishing from the Leyden impressions, — numbers in stately folio, with admirable letterpress comment accompanying the finely mounted plates. We then noted the general character of the work, of which five numbers containing thirty etchings had been issued, and praised the good sense and good taste with which the text had been confined to a slight historical account of each subject and a description of the coloring of the original. We have now to acknowledge the five numbers which complete the work and add a treasure of forty etchings to those of the first five numbers.

Of the entire set so great a majority are etchings from pictures of the Dutch school that one feels an overlargeness in the title of the work, though perhaps it could not have readily been made more accurate. Of the seven etchings which are not of the Dutch school, one is after Nicolas Poussin, the rest after Venetian masters, — Titian, Tintoretto, Palma il Vecchio, Moro, and Veronese, — who indeed are more at one with the Dutch in that instinctive sympathy of coloring which allied the northern and southern lagoons than any other painters. The great Dutch masters share the glory of this reproduction among them in the proportion of nineteen to Rembrandt, five to Rubens, four to Van Ostade, three to Steen, two to Hals, and so on; a distribution in which Wouverman, Paul Potter, Teniers, Camphuizen, Fabritius, Hondecoeter, Van der Meer, Brouwer, and the rest, have their part too. In fine, whoever has this series may be said to have the Dutch school at hand, always excepting, of course, its coloring, which alone these wonderful etchings cannot give. Tone, chiaroscuro, sentiment, humor, spirit, are all here with extraordinary equality and the subtlest sympathy of execution; and these qualities constitute in vast degree the character of Dutch painting, which concerned itself so largely with unidealized life. Looking at these etchings, one sees the origin of *genre* art, but simple, sincere, and unsentimentalized genre. Pieter van Leer's Mountebanks; Jan Steen's Marriage Contract, and Twelfth Day; Van Ostade's Village Public House, and Joyous Company; Van der Meer's Success and Jealousy, — such subjects suggest by their mere

[1] *Californian Pictures.* Prose and Verse. By Benjamin Parke Avery. New York: Hurd and Houghton; Cambridge: The Riverside Press. 1878.

[2] *Works of William Unger: a Series of Seventy Etchings after the Old Masters.* With Descriptive Text. By C. Vosmaer. Numbers VI., VII., VIII., IX., X. New York: J. W. Bouton. Leyden: A. W. Lijthoff.

names the modern English school of story-telling pictures, a kind always dear to the popular heart, and, as we believe, capable at its best of affording the highest possible pleasure to all but technicists and amateurs, just as singing delights unaffected people more than instrumentation. In these Dutch pictures is felt the Dutch ancestry of the English mind and heart; and their taste is native with all of English blood. In fact, much of the modern French painting, especially of animals, seems traceable to the same affluent source. Do their best they can but paint cattle as Paul Potter painted them, only not so well, with such clear and positive truth. But it is in the interiors of the dusky taverns and the rich houses, in the wild, free, clumsy dances, the mighty drinking-bouts, the lusty love-making, that our race finds itself at home. Those lumps and rolls of men and women, so uncouth, so jolly, are friendly and kindred with us; they are our peasant elders and ancestors; and in the fine types we find the best of our contemporaries. The two exquisite portraits by Rembrandt, of Haringzoon and Bruyningh, are of such Puritan delicacy that one looking at the young man, with his delicate, winning smile, full of refinement, cried out that he was like the best sort of Bostonian. We must do ourselves the justice to own that we have improved in the matter of women, and that the loveliest of those Dutch beauties are not quite up to the Anglo-American average pretty woman in beauty or refinement. Yet how charming is that head of Rembrandt's young-girl wife, in the transparent shadow of her hat, with the wonderfully painted hand along her cheek! And how exquisitely simple and arch is the smile of the triumphant lady in Van der Meer's Success and Jealousy!

Among the other more notable etchings is a haying or harvest scene, by Wouverman; a cattle-piece of four cows, by Potter, marvelous; a white peacock and other fowls, even more marvelously painted, by Hondecoeter; a man reading, by Rembrandt, extraordinary in characteristic effects; a winter scene, by the same master, very sketchy, but cold, cold in its rude verity; a delicious portrait, by Frans Hals, of a man smiling; many besides, which it is idle to go on naming and ticketing. We can but repeat our heartiest praise of this series, and express the hope that the enlightened spirit which has prompted its republication here may be richly encouraged. It is in its way quite unmatched among holiday books.

— Unmatched, unless by two other republications of Mr. Bouton, former numbers of which we have already noticed with warm commendation. One is the third part of Racinet's Costume Historique;[1] the other is the second volume, for 1877, of L'Art,[2] the illustrated weekly review of M. Ballue. This number of the Costume Historique is rich in thirteen plates in color, with certain details done in gold and silver, of which one illustration is double size. The large plate represents the court of Louis XIV., when that king was young and in the glory of his perfectly established autocracy, and when his nobility, dispossessed of all power, remained to decorate his presence and his reign. The scene is a famous one: Louis receives Cardinal Chigi, nephew and legate of Pope Alexander VII., who comes to Fontainebleau to render satisfaction to the king for the insult offered in Rome to the Duc de Créqui's people. It is from a Gobelin tapestry after designs by Lebrun, and is extremely interesting, not only for the dress of the sumptuously, somewhat effeminately costumed court, but for the curious portraiture of the different personages, noble and ecclesiastic. All is executed with that delicate finish characteristic of these illustrations, which is quite as exquisite in the reproduction of a Russian peasant interior. Here there are details of structure and decoration which we recommend to the notice of those architects who are endeavoring to give us, in our houses, something novel, beautiful, and cheap. The colors are those of fact, of course, and the house is the work of the peasant who lives in it. As we see him, he stands at the head of his table asking a blessing on his meal, and the picture is not only æsthetically instructive, but is very pleasing. A Hindoo procession, with nautch-girls dancing in the lower half of the plate; a dozen figures of Persian women in different costumes; a plate containing as many figures illustrative of Polish peasant dress; one of seven deliciously-tinted heads (with details of the coiffure in gold and silver) of Russian peasant girls;

[1] *A. Racinet. Le Costume Historique. Cinq cents Planches: trois cents en Couleurs, Or et Argent; deux cents en Camaïeu.* Avec des Notices Explicatives et une Étude Historique. 3e Livraison. Paris: Firmin Didot et Cie. 1877.

[2] *L'Art.* Revue hebdomadaire illustrée. Paris: A. Ballue.

and one of twelve Breton peasants, men and women, contribute to the ethnographic study of costume. These are all not only instructive but charming for a hundred qualities of work. In fashion as distinguishable from costume there is but one plate, containing twenty half-lengths, illustrative of the coiffure and the corsage at their most piquante and bizarre period, from 1794 to 1800, — a really fascinating group of heads, which one may pleasurably peruse for the bold and quaint styles, and for the faces, which every epoch seems to characterize by its peculiar expression. Certainly, it is amusing to see how politics affected at that convulsive period ladies' headdresses and waists! There is a plate, equally fascinating in its way, of French cavalry costumes of the fine-gentleman age of Louis XIV. and Louis XV., trumpeters and drummers on horseback; and there is one, very curious, of ladies of the different religious orders, the noble sisters of which did not, in the seventeenth century, forbid themselves some striking effectiveness of dress. The feudal times are represented by one plate showing knights in combat, very stiff, very realistic; by another, very stiff and very realistic in its people in civil dress, including Lucretia, in the costume of the fourteenth century, not so much stabbing as carving herself; and finally by a delicious piece, containing two full-lengths and several half-lengths and heads, showing the patrician Italian coiffures and female costumes of the sixteenth century; these are very remarkable for their fine details in the metallic tints, as well as for the softness and richness with which the colors are used.

The plates in camaïeu are Costumes of Greek Women (classic); Roman Religious Sacrifices; Roman Religious Sacrificial Utensils; Civil Costumes of the Upper Classes in France, during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; Ecclesiastical Furniture of the Middle Ages; Household Furniture of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; Mediæval Armor; Carriages of the same period; and the Funeral of the Stadtholder Frederick Henry-Friso, who died at the Hague in 1647. This last is of double size, and contains seventy-three principal figures, representing many historical personages and all the military and civil orders. It is of unsurpassed interest as a picture of the times, and will repay the minutest study. The other camaïeux are of not less value in their way.

One of the most interesting series of papers in L'Art is that on the great Spanish painter Goya, by Charles Yriarte, which is illustrated by some half dozen of Goya's most striking etchings. Striking is indeed a word that has had too much force taken out of it by long use exactly to describe these etchings; let us say they are stunning in their bold, fierce vigor. There is, for example, the Rain of Bulls, as it is called, — five bulls plunging through blackish space; there is the satirical piece, Other Laws for the People, with the vast elephant swelling on towards the shrinking deputation at the left, his small eye wicked and his trunk turgid with wrath; and there is the comic scene, Que Guerrero, with the rude group falling back in explosions of plebeian laughter from the menaces of a scarecrow, — all which we commend for the reader's vivid sensation. M. Yriarte relates many curious facts in regard to the painter, who was quite unknown to the French public until 1830, when he was introduced to its knowledge by Victor Hugo, then in the ferment of his romanticism, and naturally full of Spain.

The Paris Salon of 1877 is amply studied, both in the letterpress and the illustrations, several of which are delightful. Among the etchings is a wonderful portrait of an unnamed lady, by Chaplin: she rests her hand on the head of a shaggy hound, and drowsily regards you with a certain elegant insolence that charms and that is evidently to the life. Guillemet's Falaises de Dieppe, an impressive stretch of sands and sea overlooked by stupendous cliffs, is another of the etchings; and Doré's group in plaster of Fate and Love is represented in wood-engraving, as is Detaille's Salute to the Wounded (now owned in New York), and Beyle's tall Algérienne, who has too much the air of standing to be painted, ravishing as she is. There is also a valuable illustrated paper on the provincial art exhibitions during the year, and the artistic season in London is treated in several articles on the Royal Academy, and one on the Grosvenor Gallery. The latter article gives a good many studies by pupils of the "Slade School University College," to which we call the notice of teachers and students here; those on the Academy reproduce the painter Leighton's statue of the Athlete Strangling a Python, which those who saw his pictures last year at the Centennial will like to see; an etching of Macbeth's Potato Harvest in the Fens, full of reality and pict-

uresqueness, most pleasingly reproduced; and a picture by Mr. W. J. Hennessey, of New York.

This volume of L'Art has among its innumerable attractive traits an essay, with illustrations from his own pencil, on the author Théophile Gautier as a painter, and an essay on Madame de Saud (Madame Henriette Browne, as she called herself after a Scotch ancestress), who has for many years contributed such remarkable Arabic and Moorish pieces to the Paris Salon. The Iconographie Voltairienne is continued, and the gate of the Loggetta in the Square of St. Mark, at Venice, supplies the principal Italian subject.

In music there is an essay on Gounod. That on Déroulède's play, The Hetman, at the Odéon, should be full of charm for all lovers, and full of instruction for all votaries of the drama. It is entertaining abstractly as being the first literature to turn the tables on Poland, and represent her in her former character of oppressor instead of victim of the Cossacks. The portraits of the principal actors in their telling points and the whole costuming of the play are extremely interesting. As much may be said of the general character of the article on the English actor Irving, and Miss Ellen Terry. When this and all else is said we have but intimated the riches of a single volume of L'Art.

— The northwest of Europe, into which this tour[1] is made, is hardly more than a day's journey from Paris. It includes Holland, the former kingdom of Hanover, now a Prussian province, and Denmark, but not Sweden nor Norway. The title gave promise that some of the interesting researches among the curious ancient timber churches of that section might be renewed. The kind of detail of which it is thought worth while to constitute a considerable part of the contents is an evidence of the truth of the statement in the preface of the unwillingness of the French "to quit *la belle France*" for purposes of travel. To a traveling nation the appearance of things so close at hand would have been familiar enough to render a description of their merely superficial aspects at least unnecessary. M. Narjoux does not journey as an architect simply, or rather he journeys as an architect for the most part off duty, capable of looking about him at miscellaneous matters like an ordinary person. He receives impressions from sunsets and national manners, has a couple of pages to spare for the strolling American show of the "Jenkins Brothers" in Hamburg, and a full chapter, to say nothing of scattering paragraphs, for the exposition of German perfidiousness in politics. A human interest is thus given to his book which will probably improve its chances of popularity with the general reader. The exclusively technical portions are few, and scarcely beyond average comprehension, especially when illustrated with the numerous plates — a little hard in execution — which form one of the attractions of the volume.

Only, M. Narjoux's profession naturally inclines him to a class of observations which escape the ordinary traveler, and it is these which give his work its value. As a general critic he is not more profound than some non-architectural observers, nor does he draw any striking interest out of the public monuments coming in his way, — though this, if he be correct, is mainly the fault of the monuments. But when he penetrates into the heart of private life, as he does in selecting, in the leading localities he visits, blocks or single dwellings upon common streets, and illustrates, with their designs and ground-plans, the personal habits and traits so reliably deducible from this sort of observation, he hits upon a novelty which is usually passed by because it seems so glaringly apparent.

The Dutch, like ourselves and the English, occupy separate houses. M. Narjoux considers this a mark of their unsociable disposition and of an indifference to display, unlike the Frenchman, who prefers his lodging, no matter how contracted, in a great hotel, some share of whose magnificence of façade, staircase, and *porte cochère* he can arrogate to himself. These small houses are monotonously uniform, varied only by some differences in their curved or step gables. They are very neat and close shut, having the lower windows protected by the wire screens, with landscapes, which are quite prevalent in Philadelphia. The women have "spy-mirrors" at their upper windows, which allow them to see everything that passes without being seen. The Dutch colonies and long commercial connections give an Oriental flavor to the homes of these most practical and unimaginative of people. "The furniture is almost always composed of the productions of Java,

[1] *A Journey of an Architect in the Northwest of Europe.* Translated from the French of Felix Narjoux, by John Peto. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1877.

China, or Japan. Immense jars, hideous Buddhas, jade vases, and unsightly bronzes are seen in abundance." Rare plants and tulips are arranged on the floor of a conservatory in the rear. The only artistic feature apparent is the prevailing taste for flowers. These furnish little points of color which sparkle with extraordinary freshness against the gray background of the constant mists over the dead levels of the country. M. Narjoux's style in speaking of these watery landscapes, with their black and white feeding cattle, resembles Taine's, though his appreciation of them is not at all the same.

His air in making this tour is not the preparation of a monograph from which possibly suggestions may be drawn for use at home. The architecture with which he meets is entirely grotesque and trivial, as in Holland, or imitated from French traditions, as in Germany, "though not a single German has had the good taste to admit it." The section upon Denmark treats interestingly of the buildings of a typical farm in Fünen, then of the mediocre buildings of Copenhagen, and at considerable length the collections of its museum, which is richer in prehistoric antiquities than any other in Europe. The ingenious plan of the summer hotel where the author stopped, on the island of Heligoland, will be found worthy of attention. The problem here proposed was how to arrange thirty bedrooms all with a southern exposure, the winds from the other three points of the compass being variously disagreeable. Instead of spreading them out in a row, it is managed by adopting a sort of flat-iron shape, with the point forward. The grand entrances are in front, the offices in the rear, and the apartments upon the sides, which are built in a series of notches, giving to each a south window. The whole is thus kept in a compact and convenient mass.

Hanover offers an interesting field for a study of the possibilities of modern Gothic for civil purposes. The extensive improvements begun in his capital by the late king are entirely in this style. There should be hints of importance in the copious representations of this work for our own practitioners.

M. Narjoux tries to be judicial with the Germans, but these are something beyond human nature. One almost sees him wring his hands as he recurs, in spite of himself, to those humiliating days of 1870. At first it is not so much, apparently, that he grudges them their victory, but that they do not know how to conduct themselves over it. They are *parvenus* in victory. "They do not understand, as we do, true glory and pride." But their gross manners and appetites, their lack of genius, wit, morals, is by degrees not spared, nor finally their cowardice. "They hide themselves in a hole or behind a tree," and rely upon their rifled cannon instead of coming out like men, complains this traveler, childishly unreasonable in his bitter memories, as though war were a pretty duel for the mere sake of the hard knocks, and not the most scientific use of force for definite purposes of state.

— The publishers are not backward in contributing their share to the prevailing interest in ceramics. It is their part to supply the theory and the full particulars which are naturally demanded concerning this pleasing new art, which practically had its origin for us in the late Centennial Exhibition. There had been amateurs before, who brought home some scraps of knowledge and a plate or two from their travels abroad, and blue dogs with yellow spots, in majolica, in the windows of fashionable crockery stores had not been altogether thrown away upon housekeepers indoctrinated with the traditions of worsted work. But the Centennial brought Europe to us; it created a public, the existence of which is a necessary preliminary to the rise of prominent figures in any of the arts, even collectors. There is the evidence of the shop windows to show that this public is demanding for its own use some of the best of the wares which there first fixed and charmed its attention. It is gratifying to find a firm connection established at last with an art likely to be understandingly cultivated among us long before painting and sculpture, whose advent it may assist in preparing. It appeals to the sentiment of abstract beauty animating both, and it is adapted to our present conditions, in which fortunes adequate to the purchase and accommodation of the more important works are none too common. No lofty or specially lighted apartments are needed to entertain these graceful treasures and to witness the agreeable zest with which collectors compare their small new acquisitions among themselves. There is hope, furthermore, in the fact that it is a taste adopted and hitherto largely cultivated by women, who are here our rather more leisurely class.

We shall need, to begin with, inexpen-

sive elementary works. Mr. Beckwith's useful little treatise is of this kind. Others are announced as in preparation. Of the more elaborate works, when we have passed the elementary stage the elegant volume of Jacquemart[1] appears the best. It is hardly less a manual than the nearly contemporaneous Marks and Monograms of Chaffers, and at the same time a historical and philosophic treatise. What commendations it calls for are due more spontaneously to the original version, issued from the press of Hachette et Cie, in 1873, than to the translation first sent out by Sampson, Low, & Co. in the following year, and now Americanized at little more than half the cost — for which they certainly deserve our thanks — by Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. Mrs. Bury Palliser, the translator, announces in her preface that the question arose with her of a free or a literal rendering, and was decided in favor of the latter, upon the ground of the danger of modifying the enthusiasm and nationality of the author and taking from the spirit of the work. Frankly, we think the decision a mistake. The foreign idioms are followed to the extent of becoming a decided detraction from the intrinsic charm of the work, and can hardly escape being a source of confusion to readers unfamiliar with them in the original language. The simpler literalisms recall one's early exercises in Fasquelle, — "The baker has he the bread?" and the like, — and the use of the peculiar French conditionals, as "Such will have been the first form of art" and "Such would have been the first form of art," when nothing more is intended than "Such *was* the first form of art," abounds. Nor do ceramists find the literalism always too clear in the exclusively technical parts. There is room for the suspicion that the choice, as it was finally made, may have been connected with some deficiency in the full and accurate vocabulary that should have been in command to do the undertaking adequate justice.

But, to turn from the translator to the original, whose polish, after all, is only slightly shaded and by no means destroyed in the process, we find an author who brings to his work sentiment, judgment, the enthusiasm of a collector, and the results of the research and experience of nearly forty years passed in similar pursuits. Jacquemart's first history of porcelain was published at Lyons in 1841. He is the author of numerous other works, both special and general, in the mean time, and occupies a distinguished position in the artistic world of France.

His plan embraces the art of pottery from the most remote antiquity down to modern times. The various divisions are graphically treated, in masses unencumbered by too much detail.

An indispensable preliminary to the elucidation of all the older periods is an inquiry into the religion, forms of government, and social customs of their people. The arts of antiquity, unlike those of our own eclectic and dilletante times, had something absolute connected with the conditions in which they flourished. It is of no assistance, either now or to posterity, in contemplating Doulton ware or Minton's tiles, to know that England is governed by a constitutional monarch, aided by a landed nobility and gentry and an established church. Nor would they explain anything besides themselves. But in China if we find a vase of such a green or with such a dragon or bird upon it, we know it belonged to such a ruler. The plan of the vase, the colors and divisions of its decoration, have a meaning. Nothing is left to mere chance. Some are for worship, some for presentation to friends; some may be used by military mandarins, others only by scholars. A capricious emperor, tired of all the blues in previous use, calls his master potter and cries: "Henceforth let the porcelain for the palace be of the blue of the heavens after the rain!" and by this rare and melting blue is his dynasty thereafter recognized.

In the ceramic art no chapters are so interesting as those of the Orient. Its genius seems to have been especially there. Vast towers of porcelain have been built there, and it is known that the walls of cities, like ancient Ecbatana, displayed the gorgeous spectacle of painting in seven colors, doubtless upon glazed terra cotta. The inspection of all primitive civilizations shows that the fabrication of utensils of clay is almost as early an instinct as the building of huts for shelter. It is impossible, therefore, to establish the date and locality of its first invention. China has this credit only because it has the oldest preserved records. It has, however, the legitimate title to confer its name upon the most valuable forms

[1] *History of the Ceramic Art.* By ALBERT JACQUEMART. Translated by MRS. BURY PALLISER. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. London: Sampson, Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington. 1877.

of the production in having pushed the art to its highest development, — delicacies of material, design, and color which have never been equaled, and which it is impossible to contemplate without the gravest doubts about the popular rating in civilization of a people capable of works of such power and feeling.

About one half of M. Jacquemart's space is devoted to the styles of antiquity and the Middle Ages. Modern times and the greater part of ceramics as we know them begin with the discovery by Della Robbia of a tin enamel in the middle of the fifteenth century, the height of the Italian Renaissance, which was as fruitful in this direction as in every other. The triumphs of the art till the end of the seventeenth century were attained in majolica and faience, stone-wares. The secret of porcelain was not discovered till late, and after laborious researches and happy accidents, which caused the process to be long shrouded in the closest mystery, and its products to be esteemed at more than their weight in gold. This Western development was independent and had nothing but itself to thank for its success. Yet no sooner was it in existence than the Eastern sentiment came and took possession of it, as if claiming the art for its own wherever found. The tendrils of Persian ornament, imitated from textile stuffs and what few patterns could be obtained, twined inextricably around it and have never let go their hold. This influence gives a unity to the whole which is agreeable to follow.

The pictorial embellishments of this volume render it a work of great value, irrespective of the letterpress. An original plate fortunately needs no translator. There are two hundred wood-cuts by Catenassi and Jules Jacquemart, and one thousand marks and monograms, but particularly twelve exquisite etchings in aquafortis by Jules Jacquemart. This artist, the son of Albert Jacquemart, the author, is spoken of by Hamerton as "the most marvelous etcher of still-life who has ever existed in the world." The present plates are in his best manner, and have no little to do with fixing the important rank of the publication.

They are drawings after rare specimens in the most precious private collections, — an Arabian votive lamp, a majolica ewer of Urbino, a sugar castor of Moustiero, a tea-pot and cup in old porcelain of China. The genius of the artist appears to revel deliciously in the sentiment of these dainty subjects. He follows all their delicate involutions of pattern and contrasts of tints with the greatest tenderness. What has the draughtsman of such subjects to do? To render blues, yellows, pinks, and subtle gradations of each in a sober correlative scale of black and white. What device is accessible to show the contrast of colors of the same depth in their own kind? M. Jacquemart's preoccupation with this problem of local color leaves a pleasing gravity in the work. There is no straining after bulging projection. The effect of roundness is left to be expressed, as it safely may, by the quaint foreshortening of the figures and patterns as they retire from the eye around the curving surface.

— To recur again to the Centennial, as one can hardly help doing in any questions of art of the present times, the East saw there with surprise, and perhaps a little confusion, the progress made by some Western localities in certain artistic directions. The school of Cincinnati, the centre of this enlightened interest, furnished specimens of wood-carving and ceramic decoration which were not vigorous in design, but were highly commendable for their very existence in a period which, besides them, had scarcely anything at all to show. The issuing of a little text-book[1] for use in the prevalent mania for "art pottery" will assist in retaining for Cincinnati the prominence already acquired.

Miss McLaughlin is entirely practical. She concerns herself with the most useful palettes of colors, their manipulation, and the most practicable methods of firing the pieces after they are painted. At present the art of painting in vitrifiable colors cannot flourish greatly except where there are potteries accessible. Almost her only disquisition, which it is to be hoped may be heeded, is an insistence upon the indispensable use of drawing. "The eye and hand must be trained and the taste cultivated before any result worthy of the name can be achieved." This lesson will be forced upon a large number of thwarted practitioners during the present fashion, and, with a better comprehension of the real genius of the achievements in ceramic art, will perhaps, instead of the production of astonishing works, constitute its value.

[1] *China Painting.* A Practical Manual for the use of Amateurs in the Decoration of Hard Porcelain. By M. Louise McLaughlin. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 1877.

— The first number of The Wild Flowers of America (noticed in the Atlantic for February) led us, from its general excellence, to look forward eagerly to the second issue. Our pleasant anticipations have not been disappointed. There are four colored plates of native plants: the iris versicolor, or larger blue flag; the arrow-leaved violet, and with this a pretty little early sedge, the carex virginica; the lance-leaved loosestrife; and the rudbeckia columnaris, or columnar cone-flower. The last is a native of the Northwestern States and possibly unfamiliar to our readers, though its relative, the beautiful rudbeckia hirta, well known to lovers of wild flowers, has within a few years become naturalized in the Eastern States. Rudbeckia columnaris, a handsome, showy, composite flower, takes its name from its tall, column-like receptacle. It is an instance of the vicissitudes of life. It was first known as a species of the genus lepachys, but is now referred to the genus rudbeckia, a rise or fall in rank (in this case we do not know which) that is apt to occur in the experience of plants as well as in that of human beings. Lance-leaved loosestrife, too, has just been restored by Dr. Gray to its rightful position as member of a separate genus, after having passed through a period of humiliation as species of a subgenus.

But the more interesting notices are those of the blue flag and the lance-leaved violet; for besides describing their appearance, their haunts, and their relationship to other plants, Dr. Goodale gives us an insight into the meaning of their structure, and shows us how curiously, in each case, this is adapted to an end, that is, that of securing cross fertilization. At first sight it would seem that in no possible way could the pollen from the anthers find access to the stigma; for in the blue flag, the anthers or pollen sacs are carefully, almost perversely, turned away from the stigma, and, more than this, are separated from it by a projecting shelf that forms an intervening wall, while in the violet they line the inside of a funnel which is completely closed by the style. But the path of the insect, the little bearer of pollen from one flower to another, is from the first made absolutely unmistakable by artful devices of sweet, attractive nectar hidden in the depths of the blossom, and colored petals so arranged as to lead to this by the most convenient route. Nothing in the economy of plants is more fascinating than these pretty and skillful contrivances to secure the continuance of life.

The violet has a double arrangement for this purpose. Besides the purple blossoms that we know, there are others, plain and inconspicuous, growing among the leaves near the ground. These seem to be more fertile than the first, and this is strange, since they are cleistogamous or close fertilizing. Perhaps we have caught the violet at a period of transition from a state in which close fertilization is the rule to one where cross fertilization is to prevail. Then the violet has a simple contrivance by which the ripe capsule throws its seed to a distance.

All these facts are presented in the text in a clear and vivid way which adds a new charm to the subject. The plates are chromo-lithographs from drawings by Mr. Sprague. The drawing is as usual excellent, but it seems to us that the color and shading are not true to nature, especially in the leaves. Here the present number falls below the first. In other respects it is a pleasure to the eye as well as to the mind.

— The fascinations in binding, letterpress, and illustrations of the two unique and charming quartos, Doings of the Bodley Family in Town and Country,[2] and The Bodleys Telling Stories,[3] have been so universally dwelt upon by the press that as the volumes are to be seen in every bookstore, and have already taken captive many a household, we need only allude to them here. Their author is the most serene and non-sensational story-teller for children, and therefore the best antidote for Oliver Optic & Co.'s "fire-water" that we have; he does everything with the complete finish that characterizes the work of those only who see their end from the beginning, and so are never in a hurry. He photographs his scenes on the reader's mind as perfectly as the sun would do it on a prepared plate, and apparently for the same reason, — he cannot help it. There are a thousand touches as exact and characteristic as these:

[1] *The Wild Flowers of America.* Illustrations by Isaac Sprague. Text by George L. Goodale, M. D. Part II. Cambridge: H. O. Houghton & Co. 1877.

[2] *Doings of the Bodley Family in Town and Country.* By the author of Dream Children, Stories from my Attic, etc., etc. New York: Hurd and Houghton; Cambridge: The Riverside Press. 1877.

[3] *The Bodleys Telling Stories.* By the author of Doings of the Bodley Family in Town and Country, etc., etc. New York: Hurd and Houghton; Cambridge: The Riverside Press. 1878.

"The trough was nearly full, and a green border lined the edges, and on the sides and bottom there was a green moss growing, which gently waved its languid arms when the children dabbled in the water with their hands; for the trough had been there many years, and no one had disturbed the moss. . . . The carry-all stood out-of-doors, backed on to the border of a flower-bed, and stretching out its shafts in a comfortable, after-dinner fashion; but the horse was in his stall, and Martin was in the hay-loft." "The ground of the hen-yard was riddled with countless scratches, and the hens and the roosters fluttered about, picking up the corn that the children scattered, all of them running hastily after each handful, as if this time they were going to get something especially good, though a few prudent ones remained busily picking over the last scatter." "D. Scupper's store was a square, thick-set building, near the end of a road, which, after coming all the way over from Hyannis, and taking pains to go round an immense bowlder that refused to get out of the way, found itself stopped dead by a bank that stumbled off into the water, and so, being disinclined to go back to Hyannis, sauntered about the Point a little, and made itself convenient for a few houses and sheds."

The characters and events of the story are as pleasing specimens of every-day humanity and its "common lot" as are the descriptions of the every-day world. The sensible, sympathizing father, the comfortable mother, their young children, — ready, inventive, irrepressible Phippy; important but manly and generous little Nathan; tender, timid little Lucy, — their roguish and good-natured college cousin Ned, the hired man Martin, his mythical friend "Hen," Mr. Bottom the horse, the pig that Nathan bought with his own money, and fed and fattened so assiduously in order to sell him to his father in the fall, — these are the innocent personages of the tale, which meanders along with its innocent episodes, like a deliberate brook that stops every once in a while to collect itself into a quiet pool. The death of a turkey-chick, a play at Indians in a little grove not far from the house, Nathan's attempting to enact Professor Wise and fly down with an umbrella as a parachute from the roof of the pig-sty, and his consequent sprained ankle, a winter coast with their cousin, — such are the eminently non-heroic incidents that find their daily counterparts in thousands of just such American families as the Bodleys. We fear that not many of them, however, so entirely redeem their lives from monotony and materialism as, in a quiet way, Mr. and Mrs. Bodley managed to do. And here comes in the greatly valuable lesson of the book. Its pages are, yet as if unconsciously, steeped in the atmosphere of American history. Their home is in the suburbs of Boston, and Mr. Bodley takes his children on several historical drives in order to show them all the places and buildings in or near the city that were at all connected with the Revolution, — drives which might be repeated by organizers of children's picnics and excursions, and certainly by every father of a family living just out of Boston who owns a carry-all, to great advantage. Most vivid and beautiful sketches are given of General Warren, the brave orator of Boston, and of Patrick Henry, the inspired one of Virginia; the children are so familiar with the early story of their country that their plays are full of it. "Sometimes they were Northmen just landed; sometimes they were a party from Plymouth on the lookout for Indians; sometimes they were judges hiding from English officers; and sometimes they were Revolutionary soldiers and their families, guarding themselves against attack from the enemy." Some of the episodes related — as the history of the ship Constitution and the story of the exploit of the Americans against the Algerine pirates — will be as new to many parents as they are to their children; and amid the shameful American neglect of what should be the dearest study to us in the world, that of our national history, these popular books may do much toward reawakening in the land that love and pride in our country and in its great historic names which have too long been in a heavy slumber among us.

Beside the historical conversations, the Bodleys often entertain each other with stories and recitations in prose and verse, and we entirely agree with the author in the high importance he evidently attaches to the practice of committing to memory poems and parts of memorable speeches, and of reciting them in school and in the family. It is a precious fertilizer of the mind and heart, and quickener of the fancy, that of late years has been too much crowded out by technicalities and definitions, "barren, hard, and dry as stubble wheat." Longfellow's Skeleton in Armor, Browning's Pied Piper of Hamelin, Cowper's John Gilpin, several heroic ballads from Percy's Reliques,

and a variety of humorous poems, — some apparently original and some selected, — The Story of the Little Rid Hin, The Battle of Bumble-Bug and Bumble-Bee, Harry O' Hum, Picture Bob and his Wonderful Cob, etc., enliven the beguiling pages of these delightful books. But the highest favor the author confers in this way, either upon children or their elders, is in his rescue from neglect and forgetfulness of the fairy poems, with their exquisite illustrations, of the most delicate genius that America, the home of delicate and ethereal genius, has yet produced: Miss Annette Bishop, — alas, too little known, too early dead!

In the preface the author says: "It is hardly likely that her scattered poems and pictures will ever be brought together into a volume, and the writer has introduced them here, hoping thus to please another generation of children than those who first enjoyed them." All thanks and honor for the appreciation and the rescue, but how strange and sad that such work as this should only by favor of a brother author, as it were, be lifted out of oblivion! The very spirit and witchery of the elfinland dwelt in this fairy pencil, and the dainty poems are fitting accompaniments. Taken together, nothing so nearly embodying the grace, perfection, and ideality of a flower was ever conceived and brought forth by human brain.

— Mr. Warner is happy in a singularly fortunate title for his book on boyhood;[1] in a time when brains are cudgeled to invent bizarre and striking names, he has had the luck to find one that is not only very pretty and taking, but that accurately describes his charming little study. There is no continuous narrative; there is scarcely an incidental story or record of adventure in the volume; the boy John is not even surnamed; what is expressed is the essence of a country boy's life in a New England hill town thirty or forty years ago. In the process, many facts must be stated, but they are those which characterize the average boy John rather than any particular boy John. Being a Boy, in fine, is what almost any one remembers about Having Been a Boy. The reminiscences are not sentimentalized, but they are touched with the greatest tenderness, — with the kind of compassion which one feels for one's own childhood, the sort of smiling regret one has for it. Something at once very delicate and very free is in the recognition of the narrowness of past joys and hardships; a humorous surprise that they should ever have sufficed to elate or depress, and a gentle wonder that one should have been the restricted being one remembers. But this is only one trait of the study, which is as far as possible from aiming at the reader's sensibilities. It is full of delight in the summer and winter surroundings of this average boy, and of love of nature revealing itself in bits of sympathetic description, which brighten and not, as description so often does, burden the page. The boy is a good fellow, because most boys are so; and he is a little cruel and a little lazy because most boys are thoughtless and occupied with their own affairs to the exclusion of the work they are set to do. The work John was set to do was what a less rigorous and more enlightened generation would think rather too much for a boy, and his friend and historian justly satirizes the impression once prevailing (perhaps it still prevails in the country), that because his duties were all desultory he never needed a thorough and stated rest. His enjoyments are all sketched or intimated in Mr. Warner's lightest and pleasantest manner, with that constant humorous insinuation which is the principal charm of his manner. Thanksgiving, coasting, a children's party, sugar-making, the artillery company, woodchuck hunting, fishing, — these were the delights, few and simple, which brightened John's year, somewhat overfull otherwise of hay-spreading in the summer, foddering of cattle in the winter, and going for the cows, and turning the grindstone at all times; and we commend the good taste and the good heart with which these things are treated to grown people sick of the vulgarity and foolishness of most books for and about children. A boy, too, may read the whole book without getting any nonsense from it into his head. It is clean, wholesome, and refined, and recognizes without mawkishness the many gentle and noble traits of a manly boy's character. No boy can help being better for reading this fine and humane book; and we fancy an intelligent boy being vastly interested in it, though much of it, the humor especially, will have its best effect with his elders. Among chapters which we would particularly commend is that relating to John's slight love-affair, which is not distorted and disproportioned as it often is by writers who wish to deal comically with such phases of boy life, but is treated with respectful deli-

[1] *Being a Boy.* By Charles Dudley Warner. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1877.

cacy, and strictly subordinated, as it should be, to nearly all his other interests; another is the chapter which gives an account of John's earnest endeavors to "get religion" during a revival; this is both touching and wise, and is a suggestive color in the wholesome picture.

We have hinted that Being a Boy is a book rather for elders than for youngers; but this is to be understood only with respect to certain literary flavors which the elders have learned particularly to relish. In fact, actual experiment has taught us that it will have a charm different in kind, but not in degree, for boys, and we would gladly see it in their hands, for they can get only good from it, — politely, yet frankly suggested lessons of gentleness, kindliness, and generosity; and if they are city boys they can learn from it delightful things about the country, and add to the love for it which is born in every true boy. It is a beautiful and amiable book, which must become dear to its readers, young or old, as a friend becomes dear. It has a personality, sweet and charming; and the lover of Mr. Warner's humor will find it here in a thousand furtive turns and twinkles. What can be more *like* him than the postulate that the chief disadvantage of being a boy is that it does not last long enough? In this all his kindly-humorous sense of the preciousness of boyhood is intimated; it is the key-note of the book. Every one will like the tenderness with which a boy's sensibility is remembered in such a little story as that of the boy whom the lady mortified by her present of a cent in return for his gift of sweet-flag, and whom the "smart" young lady insulted by asking first if his mother was well, and then, on his innocent reply, demanding if she knew whether he was out. The precepts of the book, in which boys are advised not to be cruel, or rude, or false, are in that tone of sarcastic appeal to a boy's good sense which touches him more keenly than any moralizing, and awakens in him that abhorrence of meanness which is one of his best safeguards. We cannot quote from the book as we could wish, in proof its abounding humor, humanity, and grace, and must content ourselves with referring our readers to it as something which is as good in quality as it is new in kind.

— German novels have for a long time been popular among American readers, who have swallowed indiscriminately whatever publishers have seen fit to give them; but among the rather motley collection thus made, Werner's novels deserve good mention. Vineta,[1] the last one to appear, is certainly readable. It deals mainly with life near the Polish frontier during the revolution of rather more than a dozen years ago, but it is by no means filled with matters not belonging to a novel. On the contrary, the usual subject of fiction has due prominence, and a new turn is given to the story of the young girl with two lovers, to which the picture of political intrigue and rebellion forms an impressive background. Often in German novels there is to be noticed a tendency to exaggerate the qualities of the different characters: the indolent man, for example, never lifts a finger; the rough man is always rough as truly as the genteel lady of the game is always genteel; but here there is no such working in plain tints without lights and shadows. The mental ripening of Waldemar, the frivolity of Leo, the frankness of Wanda, were clearly seen by the author and are clearly portrayed. The plot is an ingenious one, and the chance it gives the author to draw the various conflicting interests of the ambitious princess, for instance, who is intriguing for Poland, and of her son, who is averse to such doings, of the girl who is enthusiastic in behalf of her down-trodden country, etc., has not been neglected.

There are very few recent German novels with more life in them than this. The reader does not have a sort of sympathetic pain with the subject, which is, as it were, dragged out to cover more space than it should properly do; on the contrary, there is decided repose and certainty in the author's treatment. The legend of Vineta, it may be said, by the way, has wonderfully little to do with the story, which is good, for all that.

[1] *Vineta, the Phantom City.* From the German of E. Werner, Author of Good Luck, Broken Chains, etc. By Frances A Shaw Boston: Estes and Lauriat. 1877

OSGOOD'S
LITERARY AND CO. BULLETIN

JAMES R. OSGOOD AND COMPANY, Publishers, Winthrop Square, BOSTON.

**** *The Books named in this Bulletin will be sent to any address in the United States, on receipt of the price, by the Publishers,* MESSRS. JAMES R. OSGOOD & CO., Winthrop Square, Boston. *Prices are given on the eighth page.*

HOLIDAY BOOKS.

By custom and general consent illustrated poems hold the place of honor among Holiday gift-books. The combination of poetry and art seems to the imagination just the fortunate union which produces a perfect result. For the coming Holiday season J. R. Osgood & Co. have prepared four small books, each containing a well-known poem illustrated by eminent artists.

"**The River Path,**" one of Mr. Whittier's most characteristic poems, in which nature, and pure, almost glorified human affection are beautifully blended, has been sympathetically illustrated. Poem and pictures together form a peculiarly attractive book.

"**Excelsior**" is certainly one of the most widely known and most popular of Mr. Longfellow's shorter poems: Everybody can repeat the well-worn lines, but with the artists' aid the ambitious young man, the Alpine village, the happy homes, the wise old man, the hospitable maiden, and the other scenes in the brief ballad are endowed with the charm of novelty, and the familiarity of the poem makes more attractive the pictorial representations of it.

From "Christmastide."

"**The Rose,**" by Mr. Lowell, tells a pretty love-story in few verses, and tells it with great charm of suggestion and delicacy of feeling. Mary Hallock Foote and other artists have depicted the poet in his tower, tossing a rose from the window, the maiden on the shore finding the rose, and poet and maiden finding each other, in a series of very engaging pictures.

"**Baby Bell,**" the exquisite ballad which alone would have made Mr. Aldrich famous, if he had never written anything else, has been illuminated by beautiful sketches. The way "the dainty Baby Bell came into this world of ours," the charm she wore, the beauty that blossomed about her, and her going "out of this world of ours," are depicted very tenderly and engagingly.

Each of these four finely illustrated, tastefully bound little books is a "thing of beauty," just suited to the graceful uses of the holiday season.

"**Christmastide**" comprises the four poems above-named, with all the wealth of illustration that has been lavished on them. Sixty-seven pictures designed by the best American artists — Moran, Hart, Appleton Brown, Reinhart, Colman, McEntee, Waud, Jessie Curtis, Homer, Gifford, Kendrick, Mary Hallock Foote, and engraved by Anthony and Linton, make "Christmastide" one of the richest books, artistically, ever prepared in this country for gift purposes. In printing, binding, and stamping it is as perfect as American skill can render it, and the approaching Holiday season will doubtless show that the American people appreciate a tasteful and every way beautiful gift-book.

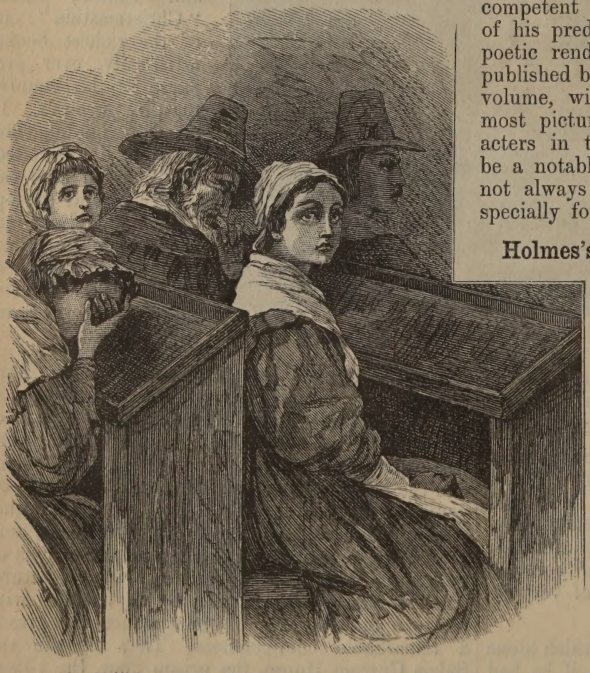
Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," with Mary Hallock Foote's noble illustrations, must rank as one of the most noteworthy Holiday volumes of the year. The story itself is one of the great masterpieces of literature, holding the memory and the imagination of mankind with the grasp of genius. Its leading characters — Hester Prynne, Arthur Dimmesdale, Roger Chillingworth, and little Pearl — live among the immortal creations of fiction, because of their intense truth to nature. The illustrations are admirably in keeping with the tone and character of the romance, and give it a remarkable completeness. They include the Salem Custom House, the prison door, the village

gossips savagely censuring Hester, poor Hester standing with her child on the pillory, then going back to prison, Chillingworth upbraiding Hester, her lonely dwelling, lonely walks, Hester playing with Pearl, the Governor's breastplate, Hester before the magistrates resolutely asserting her claim to Pearl, Chillingworth and Dimmesdale together, the virgins of the church, Hester and Dimmesdale with Pearl on the pillory at midnight, Pearl on the seashore, Dimmesdale and Hester in the forest, the procession before the Election Sermon, Dimmesdale's confession and death on the pillory, and Hester's return. This list shows the number of the illustrations, but they must be seen and studied to be duly appreciated. Beautiful and forcible as many of Mary Hallock Foote's previous designs have been, in "The Scarlet Letter" she has manifestly surpassed all that she has done heretofore. The engraving of the pictures is in Anthony's best style, which is simply the *best* style there is. Altogether "The Scarlet Letter" is a sumptuous gift-book.

From "The River Path."

"One Summer" Illustrated. — This charming story has pleased so many thousands in the reading that it has been determined to produce an illustrated edition of it. Who could picture the pretty heroine Leigh, the brilliant brother-in-law Tom, "Gem" the thoroughly Yankee boy, or Philip the hero, better than Mr. Augustus Hoppin? His pencil would instinctively sketch them in their true characters, and the multitude of readers who have found delight in the story will experience a duplication of the delight in looking over Mr. Hoppin's graceful, witty, artistic designs. "One Summer" with these embellishments will add to the holiday resources of at least one Winter.

Frithiof's Saga. — An English critic, speaking of Tegnér and his most celebrated poem, says, "His Frithiof Saga, though not a regular epic, — for it is rather a bundle of lyrical poems woven into one epic cycle, is yet a complete and great poem. We have had five or six translations of 'Frithiof,' none of which give any conception of the exquisite beauty and splendor of the original." A new translation has just been made by Mr. L. A. Sherman of New Haven, who, in the judgment of competent critics, has succeeded better than any of his predecessors in producing an adequate and poetic rendering of the great saga. This will be published by J. R. Osgood & Co. in a large quarto volume, with many engravings that illustrate the most picturesque and striking incidents and characters in the poem. This handsome volume will be a notable Holiday book, with an enduring value not always possessed by beautiful books prepared specially for gift purposes.



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which will be most heartily welcomed by the many thousands of Dr. Holmes's admirers.

The Faed Gallery, a new Heliotype Holiday book, is uniform with the Dresden and Titian Galleries, and other large quarto books previously published by J. R. Osgood & Co. It contains twenty-four Heliotype Engravings of the best and best-known pictures of Thomas Faed, the famous Scottish painter. "Highland Mary," "The First Break in the Family," "Music hath Charms," "The Last of the Clan," "The Mitherless Bairn," and other similar pictures, mostly of lowly people and domestic themes, form a gallery that will enlist the interest of large numbers. A biographical sketch of Faed and descriptive letter-press accompany the pictures.

The Millais Gallery contains a score or more of Heliotype Engravings, representing many of the most notable paintings of the eminent English artist Mr. J. E. Millais. Everybody is familiar with "The Black Brunswicker," "The Huguenot Lovers," "The First Sermon," and others of these pictures; but some of them are comparatively unknown, and two portraits of Stella and Vanessa, whom Dean Swift's love and writings have made famous, are not yet to be had in popular engravings in England. This book contains a full account of Millais's life and career as an artist, and is produced in the same elegant style as the other Heliotype books.

From "Excelsior."

Raphael and Toschi, Smaller Edition. — To give the Raphael pictures and the Toschi Engravings a more nearly universal circulation, these two collections, of twenty-four Heliotypes each, have been reproduced in small quartos, instead of large ones. They have the same letter-press as the larger books, but the Heliotypes are reduced in size. In this tasteful but inexpensive form ($ 5.00 each) these exact copies of Raphael's masterpieces in sacred art, and Toschi's excellent engravings of Parmegiano's and Correggio's frescos, ought to be circulated everywhere.

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Other Heliotype Books. — The choice Heliotype volumes issued heretofore are by no means antiquated or obsolete. A perfect work of art survives the changes of time and the whims of fashion. The masterpieces of Titian, which are grouped in "The Titian Gallery"; the "Gems of the Gray Collection" of engravings formerly at Harvard, now at the Boston Art Museum; the "Dresden Gallery," comprising the Sistine Madonna, Correggio's Magdalen, Saint Cecilia, and other magnificent pictures from the famous Dresden Collection; the "Gallery of Great Artists," containing fine portraits of twenty-four of the eminent masters in art; the superb animal pictures in the Landseer Engravings; the noble gallery of sacred art in the engravings and studies of Raphael's paintings of the Visitation, the Holy Family, and the Bearing of the Cross; William Blake's remarkable "Illustrations of the Book of Job," and Elliott's "American Interiors," — these Heliotype books are not only beautiful works of art in themselves, and therefore peculiarly suitable for Holiday gifts, but they afford excellent resources for art study and comparison of the styles of different celebrated artists.

"The Skeleton in Armor," last year's Holiday book, must still be fresh in the recollection of those who keep informed of Holiday art works. So doubtless are "Mabel Martin," "The Hanging of the Crane," "Snow-Bound," and the other Holiday books of previous years, which retain their beauty yet and are altogether too exquisite to be neglected.

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Mr. Aldrich's New Story, "The Queen of Sheba," having run through the Atlantic Monthly, much to the satisfaction of its readers, is now published in book form. It has won nearly all the good adjectives critics use in speaking of the

From "Frithiof's Saga."

stories they delight to honor and to read, and is likely to repeat the history of Mr. Aldrich's other stories, "Prudence Palfrey" and "Tom Bailey's Adventures," charming all who read it, and causing them to wonder why any one reads cheap trashy stories when he might read Aldrich's. It may be permitted to suggest that one of Mr. Aldrich's books would be a very sensible Christmas gift, and his four volumes of stories and two of poetry together would form a very graceful gift to make and a peculiarly grateful gift to receive.

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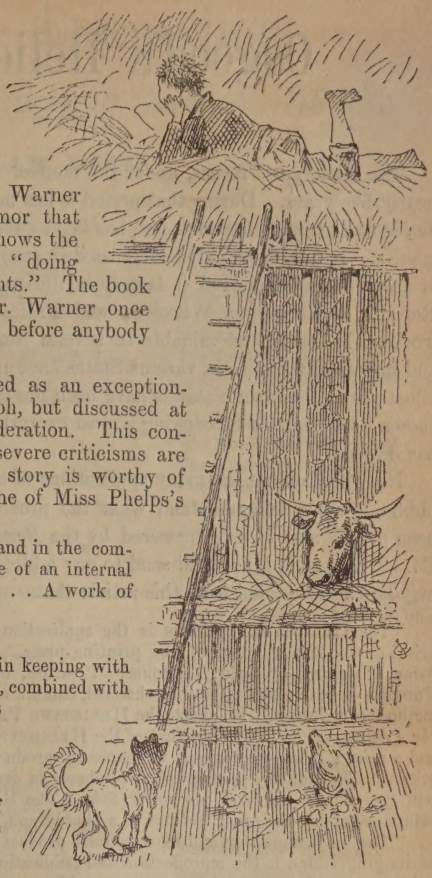
Joseph Cook's New Book, "Transcendentalism," containing a second instalment of his famous Boston Monday Lectures, is nearly ready. The lectures comprised in this volume do not, like those in "Biology," discuss the questions at issue between Religion and Science, but what the author calls the New England or Boston type of scepticism. Ralph Waldo Emerson and Theodore Parker are taken as leading representatives of this sceptical tendency, and the lectures are in a general way devoted to stating the position of these illustrious heresiarchs and to showing wherein the writer regards it as untenable and unsafe. In brilliancy and pungent eloquence the lectures of this series are quite equal to those already published, and this book will doubtless enlist the enthusiastic interest of thoughtful readers even more and more generally than "Biology" has done.

Mrs. Diaz's New Book, "The Jimmyjohns and other Stories," is of the same general character with her other books, which have delighted young folks and charmed older ones in a very remarkable degree. Mrs. Diaz has the genius of youth. Boys and girls she knows through and through. She knows what they are, and what sort of books they enjoy, and she has the happy gift of writing these in the most natural and attractive way. Her "William Henry" books have been read and laughed over in thousands of families. The "Story Book for Young Folks" is a treasure-house of entertainment. Her "Jimmyjohns," with its capital stories and pictures, will be in great demand for Christmas stockings, if parents are on the lookout for a good thing.

"Being a Boy." — Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's new book is not strictly a juvenile, — rather, it is that and more. Every bright boy will enjoy it, and men who remember their boyhood or who have had any experience with boys will find it not only very true to boy-nature, but humorous and delightful to a rare degree. It has the exquisite flavor of "My Summer in a Garden." The various features of boy life and character are touched with a precision that proves Mr. Warner to have been a genuine boy, and with a delicious humor that cannot fail to charm everybody. The adjoining cut shows the author's idea of the way an intelligent boy combines "doing chores" with improving his mind by the "Arabian Nights." The book is full of quotable sentences, such good things as Mr. Warner once humorously complained of Dr. Holmes for saying just before anybody else could say them.



From "Being a Boy."

"The Story of Avis," by general consent, is treated as an exceptionally important novel. It is not dismissed in a paragraph, but discussed at length as a book demanding the most respectful consideration. This consideration is not by any means uniformly flattering; severe criticisms are made, but they are made in a way to indicate that the story is worthy of criticism. The *Congregationalist* takes exception to some of Miss Phelps's ideas, but says:

> In breadth of conception, in depth of thought and feeling, and in the completeness of workmanship it is a novel of a high class, and one of an internal character as high as its outward execution is remarkable. . . . . A work of great power and beauty.

The Springfield *Republican* observes:

> The characters are all carefully drawn, the conversation is in keeping with the persons, and there is a depth of humor and a keenness of wit, combined with general force and resource of intellect, which distinguish Miss Phelps above most of her countrywomen who write novels.

The Providence *Journal* says:

> It is a love-story, as well as a story with a purpose, and develops the same charming descriptive power, intensity of tragic action, warfare with wrong-doing, and fearless defence of right and justice, which have won for the author no common name and fame. Readers by the thousands are already poring over its scenes of absorbing interest, and "Have you read Avis?" and "Do you like it as well as 'Gates Ajar'?" will be oft-recurring questions among the novel-reading world for weeks to come.

From "Baby Bell."

"Vest-Pocket" Books. — These little books have quite won the critical and the popular heart. They are voted too pretty to find fault with, and so good that there is no fault to be found. The New York *Tribune* remarks:

> The unique publishing success of the season has been Osgood's Vest-Pocket Series. These little volumes now count up a hundred, and there is scarcely one in the whole list which is not classic. They do not supersede the regular editions, but there is no admirer of Tennyson who is not grateful for an "In Memoriam" which can be thrust into the space a letter would occupy in his duster or travelling-bag, and has, nevertheless, all the elegance of typography and illustration that the text deserves. Gems from scores of the best English and American poets and essayists are thus given in full, and in each case something is selected which illustrates the author's characteristic charm. Everybody likes little books, and hence the success of this miniature series, which holds so emphatically infinite riches in a little room.

These hundred volumes are put up in four boxes, each holding twenty-five. One of these, or, better, all of them, would be a host of a Holiday gift. Any combination of the volumes might be made to suit the taste.

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The Heliotype Process, under the control of James R. Osgood & Co., has been before the public nearly five years. During that period it has been employed in a variety of important work, of a scientific and artistic character, and has been attended with a surprising development and most important results. It has been extensively used in scientific work of the highest class, the United States Government having employed it largely in illustrating the Medical and Surgical History of the War, the Reports of Lieutenant Wheeler's and Professor Hayden's Explorations, and many other important works. It has proved valuable to several State governments in illustrating their geological surveys, and historical societies in various States have employed it in reproducing objects from their collections. Illustrations for town histories have been produced readily and cheaply by its means. In short, it has shown itself capable of copying almost everything that is found in nature or that the ingenuity of man has devised.

Notwithstanding the many applications of the Heliotype Process which have become familiar to the public, few people understand what the process really is. The questions often asked about it have been plainly and clearly answered by the *New York Tribune* in a descriptive article which Osgood & Co. have reprinted, and will send to any address upon application. For present purposes, however, it may be briefly quoted from this article that

"The HELIOTYPE PROCESS is the application of the well-known principles of photography to the art of printing and the practice of the printing-press. Photography is purely a chemical (or actinic) process, as its name ("writing by light") implies. Printing, on the other hand, is purely mechanical. The HELIOTYPE PROCESS is both chemical and mechanical, combining the chemical principles of photography with the mechanical methods of printing. In short, the HELIOTYPE PROCESS may be comprehensively described as *Photography in the Printing-Press.* The product of the HELIOTYPE PROCESS is called a HELIOTYPE. It is both a photograph and a print; it is a photograph mechanically produced, and it is at the same time a print having a chemical origin. The ordinary photograph is produced in evanescent materials, and will fade; the HELIOTYPE is printed with permanent ink, and can never fade. The HELIOTYPE, therefore, may be defined as a photo-mechanical print, possessing the exact features of a photograph, together with the permanent qualities of ordinary printing.

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"The publishers call these reproductions HELIOTYPE ENGRAVINGS, and they produce them on a thick sheet of handsome paper of a uniform size of 19 × 24 inches, and at a uniform price of One Dollar each. This low price is but one of the cardinal excellences of this enterprise. Several of the HELIOTYPE ENGRAVINGS are before us, and they sustain most favorably the test of careful comparison with the originals from which they are copied. Of course, accuracy of outline was to be expected from the nature of the process, as well as the preservation of the general characteristics of the picture; but we were hardly prepared for such perfection of work as is shown in the more delicate contrasts of light and shade which constitute so much of the expression and effect of an engraving. If one of these dollar HELIOTYPES were framed and hung upon the wall it would be difficult for any one — even an expert in engraving — to distinguish it from a steel or copperplate print.

"The publishers seem to be alive to the importance of this undertaking. They have established special agencies in each large city and town in all the Northern and Western States, every town with a population of over ten thousand inhabitants being provided with a HELIOTYPE GALLERY, where the pictures can be seen and bought. These arrangements are usually made with one of the most prominent bookstores in the town, where all who are interested in art and one of the latest and most important adjuncts to its development, may examine the HELIOTYPE ENGRAVINGS."

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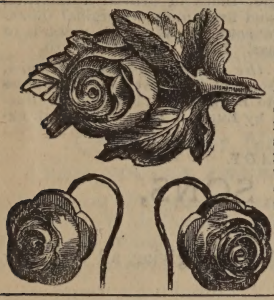

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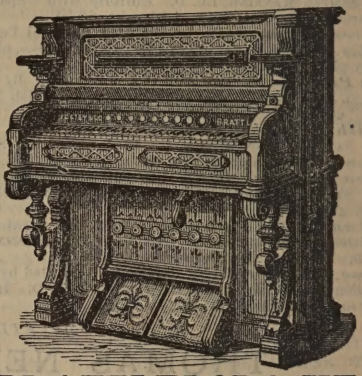

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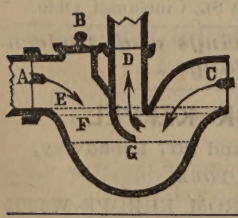

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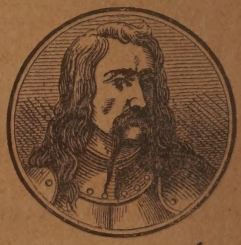

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